

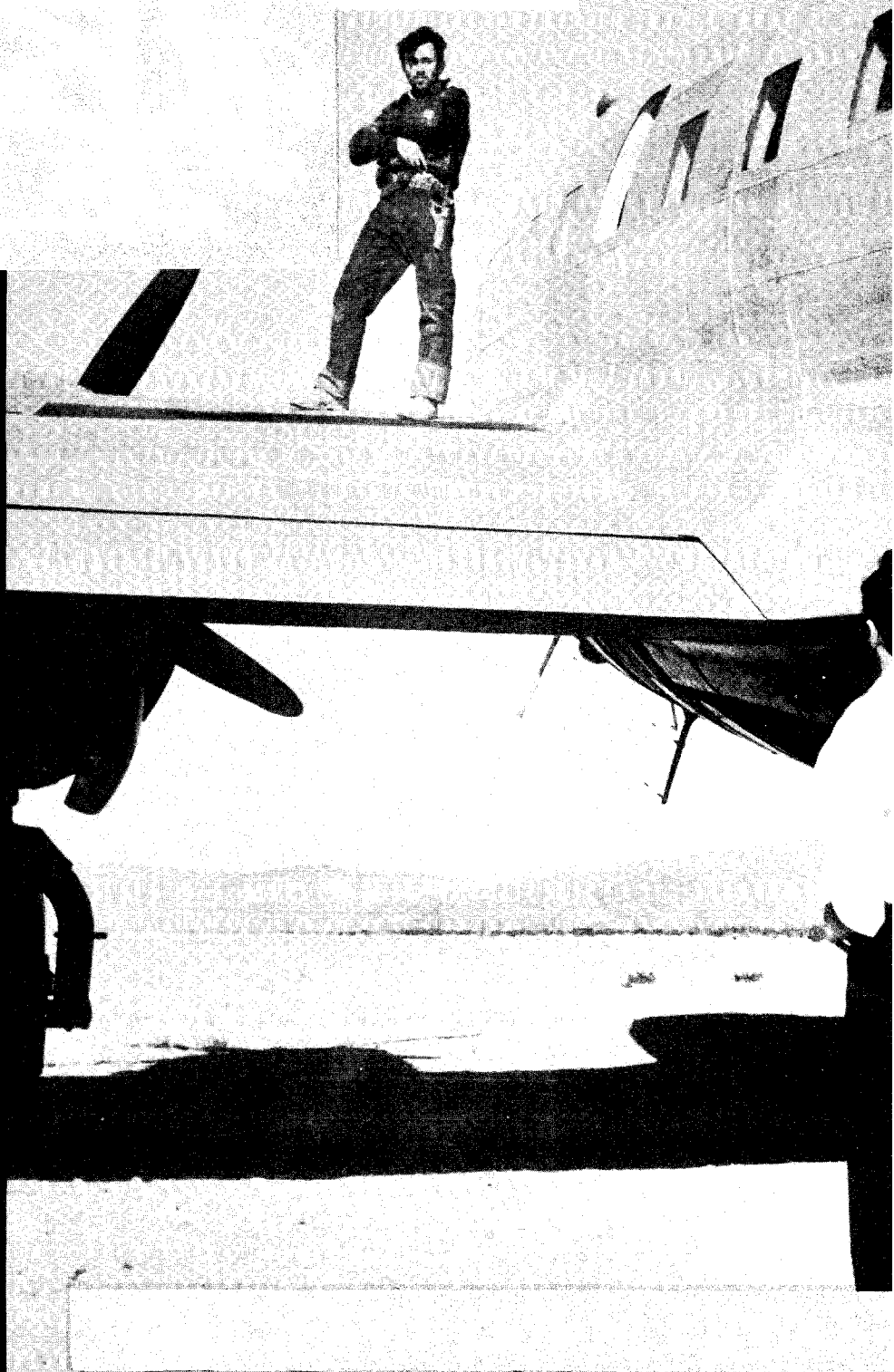
FAITH AND FREEDOM

The Monthly Journal of Spiritual Mobilization

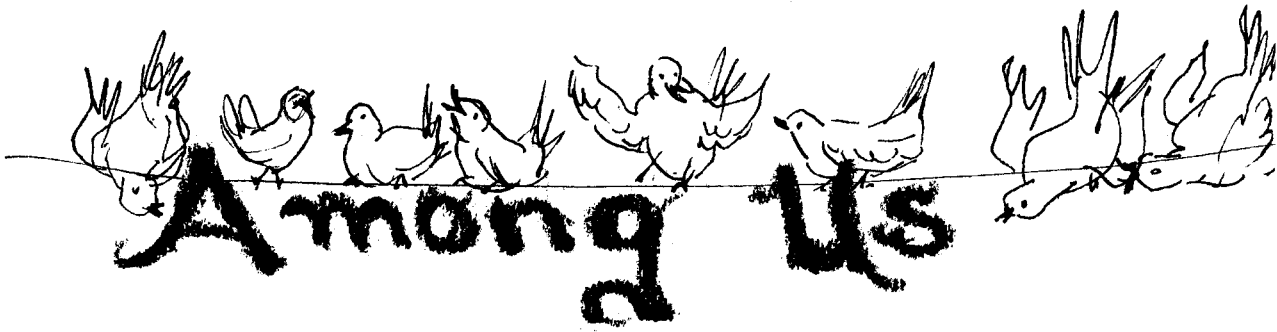
JANUARY 1956

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THADDEUS ASHBY



Our interest in the fabulous Finn twins begins after they bought their airplane. We believe that surplus planes should be sold by open bids on the free market. But after the Finns bought their plane it was their property, and the government tried to take it away from them. When the Finns went on hunger strike for 23 days, they almost died. Why were they willing to die? Just for an airplane? No, they believe that, when the government takes away the liberty and property of one man, it affects the liberty and property of all men. They believe that your freedom depends on mine. They were willing to die for a principle. Each of us has a point—a point of no return, it's been called—where we assert our individuality, our freedom, where we say: "I will now fight for what I believe is right regardless of the consequences." Many people believe the Finns were foolish to take on so big an adversary over what appeared to be such a small issue, an airplane. But the Finns had reached that point: they couldn't help themselves; they would fight for what they believed to be right, even though the consequence was death.

The government accused the Finns of making their many dramatic gestures solely to get publicity. But reporters, who can smell pub-

licity seekers a mile off, and who have delved deeply into this case, agree that the Finns are not seeking publicity; that's why the reporters give it to them: because they are fighting a dogged, dramatic fight, with no "angle" or "racket" except their belief in the Constitution which is almost a religion with them. Their reticence made it hard for Thad Ashby to get their story. They fear that, if they collaborate with any reporter, they will feed the theory that they are only after publicity. To get this story Ashby went to the Senate hearings, lectures given by the Finns, talked to Tom Devlin, of the *Los Angeles Examiner*, who knows more about the Finn story than anybody—but most of all he talked to the beautiful actress and singer, Patricia Lynn, best friend and staunchest supporter of the Finns. She graciously allowed him to plow through the scrapbooks she has kept on them over the years. She has told Ashby facts about them which they would never tell themselves: during the war, for example, they were heroes, and between them could jingle with most of the medals the Air Force gives out. But they never wear medals, except on their actions, which you must watch to know whether you consider them as valiant as Ashby does.

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As a journal of opinion, *Faith and Freedom* opens its pages to expressions of thought and belief on controversial questions. In publishing the magazine, Spiritual Mobilization, as an organization, does not necessarily endorse its contents.



I first saw the Finn twins at the Senate Subcommittee hearing, October, 1955. Conducted by Senator William Langer of North Dakota, the hearing inquired into whether the Finns' Constitutional rights have been violated.

From the press table across the room, the Finns looked tall, erect, dignified, but with crinkles of Celtic humor making crow's feet around their bright blue eyes. Both have curly brown hair; in many ways they looked identical. Both looked tired, calm, infinitely patient; both run on some inner spring which doesn't run down.

George looks poetic; Charles looks like a fighter. When I walked up to them I suddenly realized they were short. Their erectness, the way they have of holding their heads high, make them seem taller than they are. They are both a great deal taller inside than outside.

I suddenly understood how they could arrest United States Attorney Laughlin Waters, though he stands over six feet tall. In the news pictures showing the Finn twins leading him with a pair of handcuffs away from the Biltmore Hotel after their "citizens' arrest," they appeared barely to come up to Waters' chest.

Why did they arrest him, a U.S. Attorney? Why did they fly their airplane (which the government claimed it had seized) far away to a hidden airstrip in the remote mountains of Nevada which newsmen called Shangri-la? Why did they pull a 23-day hunger strike

which almost killed them and wasted them away to skeletons? Did they do all this for publicity? That's what the government claims.

Though admittedly dramatic, what's this story got to do with liberty?

The Finns bought a \$70,000 airplane, held title to it, and tried to use it. The government (for reasons we'll explore) tried to seize the airplane and eventually took it away from the Finns.

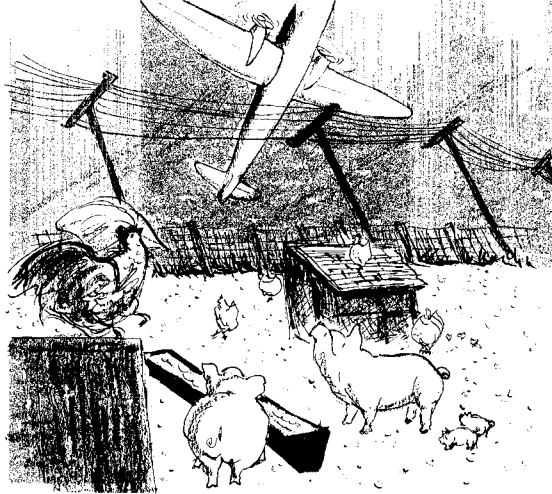
The Finns have been using every strategem they could think of to get their airplane back—they have "stolen" their own property back—seized another airplane belonging to the government—and finally made a "citizens' arrest" of the U.S. Attorney who was holding their plane.

Will the Finns get their property back? Are the unconventional methods they are using to fight the government morally right? What can you do when the government seizes your property? What will happen to you if you fight?

Why are so many people interested in the Finn story? Why do people like the story of David and Goliath, where a small boy, armed only with wits and guts, brings a tyrant to the ground?

Let's plunge in and find out.

It seems the fabulous fight between the Finns and the government started when the Finns bought an airplane from a school in Bakersfield. They had just got out of the serv-



ice where they had been flying the Berlin Airlift. They wanted to buy airplanes and build up their own airline. They knew this was a big idea, but they felt that it could still be done in America.

Their friend Jack Schuler, a pilot who owns his own plane, told them of a C-46 airplane up in Bakersfield which belonged to a school. The school had bought this surplus airplane from the government for \$200, on condition that the school would scrap the plane when they no longer needed it.

But the Finns found out that, fortunately for them, somebody had rewritten the law, rescinding the scrap stipulation, making the law now read that, if the school held the plane for more than three years, they wouldn't have to scrap it: they could sell it any way they saw fit.

When the Finns pointed this out to the school officials and offered \$21,000 for the plane, the school officials said:

"O.K. with us, if it's O.K. with the Federal people."

Feeling encouraged, the Finns went to see the Civil Aeronautics Authority in Washington, D.C.

"Register the plane in our name," the Finns asked.

"Can't be done," said the CAA. "The school can't sell that plane except for scrap."

"That part of the law was rescinded," the Finns told the CAA and showed them the law.

"We can't do it," the CAA said, "it's against our policy."

"But plenty of planes have been sold in just this way," the Finns pointed out. "You've licensed them, so you ought to know."

The CAA started the Finns on a run-around by showing them a letter from the Federal Security agency; the letter asked the CAA not to register "school" planes.

The Finns said: "We're not going to quit that easily." They went to the FSA and ran into a fellow who told them: "We have no authority over planes. That's up to the CAA."

Back they trotted to the CAA. "That's not up to us; it's up to the FSA." Back again, and forth again. How convenient administrative law was, the Finns thought; it worked so nobody had any responsibility—but all the agencies had authority. Discretionary law—the bureaucrats let you do what's convenient for them—stop you from doing what's not convenient for them.

"The FSA says you have full authority," the Finns told the CAA.

"Well," said the CAA, "we want to study it to see that the title won't revert."

"Are you going to register that plane," asked the Finns, "or do you want a suit of mandamus against you?"

The Finns had studied law enough to know of this suit you can bring, requiring the government to obey the law.

The CAA hemmed and hawed and stood on one foot and then the other, and finally registered the plane in the Finns' names.

Patricia Lynn Takes Off

With the plane officially registered, the Finns could complete the deal with the school. The Finns liked the plane so well that it seemed to them to have a personality almost human, and, as the skipper of a ship speaks of his ship as "her" and "she," they speak of their airplane. They named her the *Patricia Lynn* after the beautiful singer and actress who stuck by the Finns through their whole time of trouble and—defending them—spent a great deal more of her money than she could afford.

They arranged to lease their plane to International Airports Inc. of Burbank. International paid the Finns \$15,000 as an advance on the lease, and took a mortgage on the ship to protect the advance. (Here one day the Finns didn't have two dollars in their

pockets—now they had \$15,000.)

The Finns went back to the school, paid the school officials \$13,000 down, and used \$2000 to get the ship ready to fly. They knew that this wouldn't be easy. They had no machine shop, no big money for mechanics, no tools. For tools they used old plumbing fixtures. They wired the airplane together and bandaged her pipes.

[Throughout this whole story I keep reaching points where I say: "Here's where I would have given up." Or: "That would have stymied me." Or: "They should have known this was impossible."

I probably wouldn't have bucked the Washington bureaucracy, on the theory: "You can't win." I wouldn't have tackled that repair job. I wouldn't have given the government so many opportunities to make life miserable for me. But, when I see them doing all these things, and winning, it brings a lump to my throat and renews my faith in other "impossible" political causes.]

They knew the repair job would be staggering because the plane had been sitting around for six years, a shorn lamb before the untempered sandstorms. The Finns had to go through every single system in the airplane. Her nervous system, bloodstream, guts, brains, ears and voice—electrical system, hydraulic, flight controls, radio.

During the six years that she sat in the school yard, somebody had cut the runway down from 3000 to 1200 feet. The Finns had never flown a C-46 before; when they looked in the book to find out how much runway she needed, they read: minimum take-off distance: 1600 feet. The Finns were 400 feet shy.

They thought they'd better hire pilots who had flown C-46s before, to take her off the school-yard for them.

The pilots took one look and said: "You've got 1200 feet, then a fence, then pig pens, then telephone wires. We don't need that kind of money."

People gathered around and said they'd bet this airplane wouldn't clear those wires; the only two who bet she would were the Finns sitting in the cockpit.

Newsmen came out to photograph the

impending crash. Fire trucks and ambulances appeared. The Finns marked off the school-yard with big markers every fifty feet. One of them would pull back on the stick, the other would yell off the markers. They agreed to take off when they hit 60 miles per hour, or the fence—whichever came first.

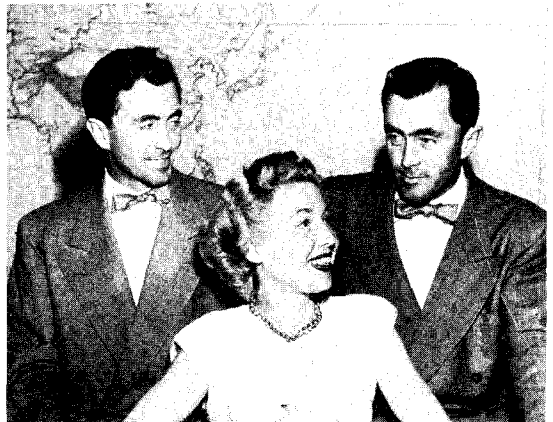
George lost the toss and took over the controls. Charlie stuck his head out the window. They carried just enough gas to get to Bakersfield; she was stripped down to her bones. At Charlie's command George would pull her off the ground. George put his feet on the brakes, poured her engines wide open, let his feet off the brakes, and they roared down the runway. They gained speed. Charlie yelled off the markers. All of a sudden he gave a great big yell and George pulled. They got off the ground in 900 feet.

George wasn't frightened until days later. He learned that Charlie yelled "Stop!"

"You Figure This Out"

The *Patricia Lynn* was a sweetheart of a ship. The Finns could feel she wanted to fly. They climbed to 5000, and listened to her purr.

At Burbank they turned her over to International Airports Inc. International, the Finns later told reporters, kept the plane under wraps for about seven months, and wouldn't pay the Finns any more on the lease. The Finns couldn't get her out and couldn't fly her. The Finns thought International had agreed to make further repairs and to outfit her as a passenger ship. Instead, they tore her down, spread her guts all over the floor of the



hangar and left her that way. The Finns didn't know what to do.

This packet of trouble would have made me yell "enough!" But not the Finns. Like *Oliver Twist* they asked for "more!" The "more" was another surplus airplane, a C-47, for sale in New York. But, when they tried to register her in Washington, they ran into trouble. They believe the "inside boys" saw the Finns as trying to muscle in on their surplus plane racket. One plane, O.K. But let's not make a habit of this.

The Finns wrinkled their brows. Their eyes, calm as blue Irish lakes, began to blaze. They started to fight. In fighting, they unearthed some facts that made the influence peddlers decide that the Finns needed intimidating. One official said to George:

"Finn, you're an interloper, an antagonist, you're working against the best interests of the United States Government, and we're going to have you investigated."

I would probably have run for my cave. Not the Finns.

The Government Makes It Rough

Once more an official told them: "The government won't let you buy these planes; the government won't let you fly them; the government won't put up with your kind of activity at all." (This from the man who allegedly allowed one inside operator to buy 700 of these same surplus planes.)

The next thing the Finns knew the FBI began following them around. Project harassment had begun. For eight months the FBI asked the same questions over and over: "Where did you buy that plane?" "How did you fly it away?" "How did you find out about it?" "What's your purpose?"

At the end of the eight months, the government suddenly sued the Finns for \$198,000.

Now it seems to me this is a very clever plan for a government which wishes to make it rough for the citizen who won't knuckle under. Even if the government loses the suit, the taxpayers cough up the court costs—and the defendant has gone to all kinds of trouble and expense to defend himself; (the case has cost the Finns \$40,000 of their own and their

friends' money so far). So it seems like a perfect set up for the government. It costs the officials nothing to institute a suit, and there are so many laws (we're all breaking at least one every minute) they can take their pick.

Common crimes: if, when you open a pack of cigarettes, you don't tear the tax stamp in half, you are a lawbreaker. If you lose the tag on the bottom of your mattress you are a lawbreaker. If you use certain bottles as vases to keep flowers in, you are a lawbreaker. Better not make any trouble for the government or they'll catch up with your criminal record.

"They'll Never Get Off Your Backs"

One thing for sure—the Finn twins didn't intend to give up the *Patricia Lynn*, not for scrap—not without a scrap. But how were they going to fight against the vast resources of the Federal Government?

"There's one way," a politically-hep attorney told them. "Get yourselves some political pull."

This suggestion didn't sit well with the Finns, but they decided to play the string out just to see what was tied to the end. Without agreeing or committing themselves, they listened and recorded everything that the politicians told them.

The Finns were put in touch with a fellow Irishman whom we'll call Pádraig H. O'Hoolihan, a former postmaster of a famous city near Los Angeles. "He knows everybody in California who is anybody in the Party, and he will certainly help straighten this matter out.

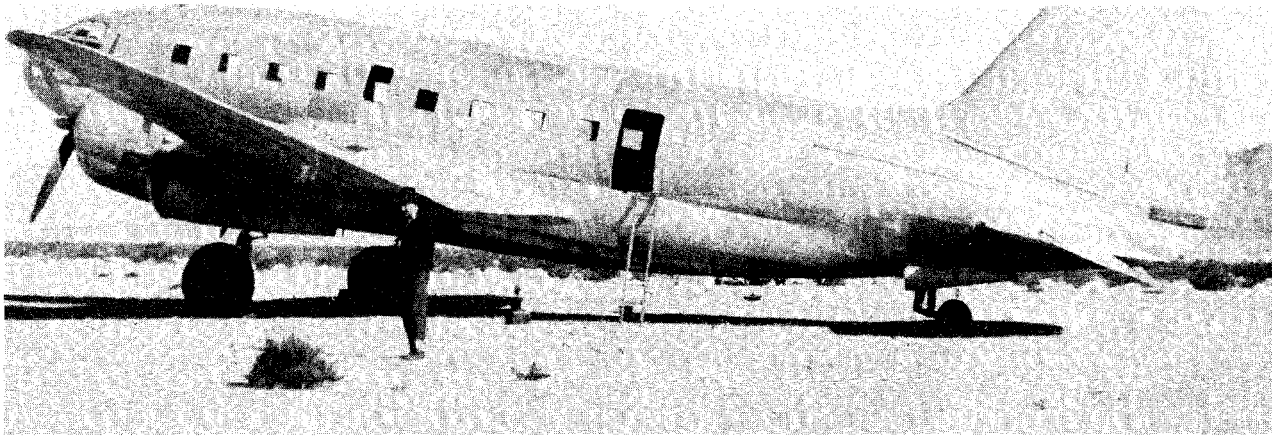
Just to see how these things were worked, they went to see Mr. Pádraig H. O'Hoolihan. He wouldn't see them at first and kept putting them off. But then one day he got down to the bare-faced facts:

"Finn, I'm all tied up today, but tell me one thing," he says, "how much is that airplane worth?"

"\$70,000," said George Finn.

"Why," says O'Hoolihan, "what are you doing this afternoon? I think I can take care of you after all."

He made an immediate appointment for himself and the Finns with a Congressman



whom we might call Frank DeCamp.

"Don't worry about a thing," Congressman DeCamp told the Finns. He picked up his telephone and called the U.S. Attorney's office. He said: "I don't want any more interference with the Finns' private business. I am going to take a personal interest in this case—I will introduce them by letter, so you will know them when they come in." DeCamp hung up and said to Padraig H. O'Hoolihan:

"I think we should get an attorney in here. Who do you think?"

It's Who You Know

O'Hoolihan thought of one we might call Peter Wolfe. So the Finns went out to Wolfe's office.

"I am not interested in the law," said Wolfe, "so don't bother me with the law. What you need is a nice introduction to the right people. Everything will be taken care of. But," Peter Wolfe said, and here came the big *but*. "I don't quite see how I fit into this picture financially. If it were a tax case I could really sock you."

Wolfe continued, turning to O'Hoolihan. "Paddy, will you take care of my financial interest?"

O'Hoolihan said he would. And he did. The Finns lunched with Padraig H. O'Hoolihan, and picked up the tab. The only time the Finns were ever offered a free meal by the politicians was while they were in jail. But then they were on a hunger strike.

Now O'Hoolihan made a 33½ per cent proposal which the upper-bracket five-percenters make. He said: "Boys, we will form a corporation. And into the corporation we will put your C-46 airplane. I will take one

third of the stock and you each will take one third. So you will actually control and own the corporation. Now occasionally and from time to time you will voluntarily contribute campaign funds to the Honorable Frank DeCamp's campaign.

The Finns knew they were in with the right people. But it was all so new to them, they asked: "Now, lookit here, Mr. O'Hoolihan, are you sure this thing can be handled in this manner? We've already been sued by the government for \$198,000. How can you help us when it's already in court?"

O'Hoolihan winked his eye and said: "You go down and see the U.S. Attorney and tell him I sent you."

If You Don't Play Ball . . .

So off the Finns went to the Federal Building—they didn't get to see the U.S. Attorney, but they saw his deputy, whom we will call Mr. Epsom: Mr. Epsom came out into the waiting room to see them.

"We're George and Charles Finn," they said.

Epsom said: "Is this what you want?" And he took out of his pocket a long envelope and gave it to the Finns. George opened it, and read what appeared to him to be a letter which stated that the government would take no further action in the Finn case, without giving the Finns a ten-day notice of any proposed action.

"Well, I guess this is it," said George. And Attorney Epsom turned around and walked away. That was all, no further conversation.

Charles Finn said: "What did we come down here for?"

George scratched his head and said: "I

guess this is the way they put something on ice."

They went back to see Pdraig H. O'Hoolihan, Esquire.

"Paddy," George said. "This method looks quite successful, all right—but is it honest?"

"Now then," said O'Hoolihan, "What do you mean, is it honest? I've been in politics for 30 years and it's no time to start asking that now."

The Finns decided it was time to let O'Hoolihan know that they had been playing the string out to find out what was on the other end. Now they knew. "No dice, Paddy," they said, "we don't want any part of this. We believe we have an inherent right to buy and sell and engage in business in this country. We will not submit to dividing up our business with government officials."

"Oh?" Paddy said. "Well, look here now. You've trod on somebody's toes in Washington and that's where all your trouble is."

"We'll take our chances," the Finns said.

"Listen, boys," Paddy said. "You're not going to use that letter, are you?"

"No, we're not going to use it."

"Well, then, you won't mind giving it to me?"

"Yes, we won't give it to you."

As the Finns went out the door, Paddy called:

"Boys, if you don't play ball, they'll never get off your backs."

In his thirty years in politics, the Finns are convinced, Pdraig H. O'Hoolihan never spoke a truer word.

Shuffle Off to Mexico

The Finns decided that they would take their airplane away from International and lease her to a company in Seattle, Washington. They charged that International hadn't repaired the airplane, as the lease stipulated, hadn't outfitted her as a passenger ship, instead had torn her down and left her dismembered for seven months, but worst of all, hadn't made any more payments under the lease. The Finns were losing \$5000 per month by leaving the *Patricia Lynn* spread out all over International's hangar floor.

Then, too, something funny was going on. Somebody, not the Finns, had filed a flight plan to take the *Patricia Lynn* to Mexico. The Finns found this out from two T-men, who wanted to find out why the Finns were going to skip to Mexico with their plane. Who had filed that flight plan? The Finns didn't know, but they had an idea.

The government's suit hadn't been dropped. The government (or some of its friends) still wanted their plane.

Florabel Muir summed up the Finns' suspicions in a *New York Sunday News* article: "The Finns claim, and their assertion is given weight by government record, that sharp operators were picking (surplus planes) up for a fraction of their worth, and selling them at huge profits to foreigners. Where are all the surplus planes? Who has them?"

"Whisked out of the country on the way to South America and Cuba and taken from there, many of them, behind the Iron Curtain.' Whether George (Finn's) suspicions . . . are true or not, the ships have certainly been leaving the country in droves. William Frazier, Chief of the Division of Surplus Property Utilization . . . admitted as much to the *New York News*."

Finns "Steal" Own Airplane

The Finns remembered that their New York surplus plane had been sold out from under them, whisked out of the country and flown to Brazil. They were afraid, now that somebody had filed a flight plan to Mexico, that somebody with government connections was trying to make off with the *Patricia Lynn*.

The Finns told Lockheed's chief of operations their story. He told them his experience gave him reason to believe they'd run into foul play, and if they wanted their airplane, the Lockheed guards wouldn't interfere.

They made their decision and plunged in—despite the pleading of their friends, who warned them of the great odds against them.

The Finns "stole" their own airplane back. First they repaired her themselves in International's hangar, then one night with several of their friends they staged a commando raid, rolled the *Patricia Lynn* out of

the International hangar, took her down to a rented parking space on the field. After a skirmish with International guards, the Finns warmed her up and taxied to the runway.

Dawn was breaking, and they heard a police siren crooning a faint hymn to the sun. The tower gave them a red light. The police car gained. Desperately the Finns begged for permission to take off. As people often do who stick to their cause with faith in the triumph of goodness, eventually, they got the green light.

As the police car pulled along side, the *Patricia Lynn* gave a groan and lifted herself from the earth, her hastily repaired engines coughing, smoking, heating up. Skimming the pinetrees they limped through the Tehachapi Pass, and glided down the other side to Bakersfield.

Why did they take the risks they took this night?

If I understand the Finns correctly, they took risks like this because they are living a belief, a belief that reads: People who fight for their rights can do "impossible" things, superhuman things. The plane was rightfully theirs—and they would protect their property on principle against unscrupulous private interests, or against the whole Federal bureaucracy.

It may seem to you, as it first looked to me from news stories, that the Finns were playing cops and robbers to see who would outwit whom. I didn't see the spiritual message of this story until I waded in. Then I saw why so many people, people of the stature of Joseph Scott, famed G.O.P. leader who nominated Herbert Hoover for President, as well as ordinary people, rushed to help the Finns.

By risking their lives for their beliefs, they symbolize one lonely man against the collective, a hero soloing against the system. Think not of the Finns, but of this tradition of *one* against many—not the Finns, but Prometheus against the gods, David against Goliath, William Tell against the State. Forget the Finns a moment and think of the saints, the martyrs, the scientists; Joan, Galileo, Bacon, Pasteur. Of course it is absurd to say that the Finns

compare even remotely with any of these—but perhaps it isn't too presumptuous to say that they stand at the foot of the same lonely mountain.

In this age of enormous conservative conformity to the State, when two men, not intellectuals, but men of earthy wit and fire, mount the barricades to defend their private property against the most powerful political force on earth, perhaps we can say they stand at least at the tail of that line of far greater heroes.

It's easy for a conservative like me to dismiss the Finns as troublemakers, publicity seekers, naive rebels, who should devote their talents to something I, in my limited vision regard as more rewarding. And yet, it is hard for me to dismiss any man who will die for an ideal, who will mount a barricade which I, in my safe comfortable life, have not yet dared to mount.

Why did they take their plane to Bakersfield? Would she be safer there?

The school official in Bakersfield who had sold them the plane was beefing legitimately because the Finns hadn't made their final payments. The Finns decided to let the school seize the plane for back payments. That way the government couldn't get her, and whoever filed that flight plan couldn't fly her to Mexico. Then the Finns would reason with the school official, pointing out that the best way to get paid would be to allow the Finns to lease the ship to a company which would pay them.

At Bakersfield the Finns piled out and called the DA and told him the plane was in his jurisdiction, called the school official, told him, if he wanted to seize the plane for back payments, come, get her.

The DA and the schoolman were too nonplused by this to know what to do, so they didn't seize her. Under the impression that the school would seize her, the Finns went back to Los Angeles, called up the U.S. Attorney's office and said:

"We want to be honest with you. We want to tell you what we've done and what we're going to do next, so you won't accuse us of conspiracy. After we get that airplane repaired, we're going to fly her to Seattle and

lease her to another company. If we make any money, you can sue us, and, if you get a judgment, we will pay the judgment: if you have a case, or a legal leg to stand on.”

According to the Finns, the U.S. Attorney’s office didn’t object.

The Seizure Was Illegal

After he said he didn’t object, the Finns returned to Bakersfield.

They were surprised to learn that the school official hadn’t seized the plane. But that was nothing to their surprise to learn that the U.S. Attorney had sent a marshal out to seize the plane. Nobody had served any papers on them. They learned of the seizure from friends in Bakersfield.

So they went back to the law library, and for about six weeks studied the law of seizure of private property.

Suppose you drove your car down to the filling station to have it washed. When you went back to get it, suppose the station manager told you: “You can’t have your car back; the government has seized it.”

The law says you would have the right to ask: How has the government seized it? Did the government get a court order? Did the government post a guard on the car, paste a sticker on the car, serve papers on you showing the order authorizing the seizure. That’s the only way the government can seize ordinary private property.

But the government had done none of these things when it seized the *Patricia Lynn*. It posted no guard on her, pasted no sticker on her, and served no papers showing any order.

The marshal had told the airport manager the plane was seized, and left some papers with him. The marshal asked the airport manager to watch the plane because it was seized, which would be comparable to the government asking the filling station manager to watch your car, because the government wanted it.

The Finns felt sure this “seizure” wouldn’t hold up in court. All the law books they could find agreed. The Finns went to the marshal and told him so. “Give us our airplane back,” the Finns said, and read him the law.

“I guess you better talk to the U.S. Attorney,” the marshal said.

The Finns went to see Liela Bulgrin, the lady U.S. Attorney. She sent them to the judge. The judge sent them back to the marshal, and they completed another government cycle. Finally, getting nowhere with the officials, they went back to the law library and made sure they were right.

And They Would Prove It

After eight more weeks of study, they decided to prove that the seizure was illegal. They would fly the airplane away, and see if the court could convict them of contempt action. If the plane had been seized properly by the marshal, and you flew her away anyhow, you could be convicted of contempt of court. If the plane hadn’t been seized properly, then she belonged to you, and you had the right to fly her anywhere.

The twins had to smuggle provisions aboard the *Patricia Lynn* without being seen by the airport manager. In the dead of night, they backed a truck up to the far side of her middle and stuffed her with food, heavy duty clothing, camping equipment, a stove, flashlights, guns and ammunition.

A few nights later, the weather favored them with a California fog which you could eat with a spoon. They borrowed a gasoline truck and crept through the fog. The pea-soup murk hid her so well they almost didn’t find her; they found her by accident when they nearly drove the gas truck through her fuselage.

It’s hard to gas up without a great ruckus. They knew the airport manager would hear all this clanging and rattling, because his house lay just a hundred feet from the ship. If he awoke and called the marshal, the Finns would be in trouble.

For some reason he didn’t wake up. They couldn’t take off before dawn in this muck, so they waited, and the chill of the morning ate into their bones. They saw the mists turn purple, blue, charcoal grey, dishwater, and then they could see the whale-like bulk of the *Patricia Lynn* looming through the fog, like a big, soft, friendly ghost.

They fired up her engines. Usually, on a cold morning, you pre-flight (let your plane warm up) for at least 20 minutes, but they would have to pull her off cold, risking a stall on the takeoff. The minute her engines coughed into life, they saw a light flick on in the airport manager's house.

The Manager Almost Stops Them

Charlie taxied the teeth-chattering, sneezing *Patricia Lynn* down to the runway. The runway was shaped like a V. They had to go clear to the end and then make a 270 degree turn and go back out the V to take off against the wind. Just as they were running up both engines, checking the magnetos, they saw the airport manager speeding toward them in a county car.

He had no authority to stop them. But "with more guts than brains" he drove the county car right under the *Patricia Lynn's* nuzzle, narrowly missing her roaring props. It was courageous of him, the Finns thought.

He wedged his county car beneath her; being 27 feet above the ground in the cockpit, the Finns couldn't see him. They were afraid to move the ship for fear they'd run over him and scratch up the *Patricia Lynn's* lovely skin.

George jumped out of the plane. The manager still sat in his car. George didn't know what to do. He looked at the manager; the manager looked at him; finally, the manager spoke:

"Listen here, Finn. You take this airplane back to the line." He thought he had them.

"Well," said George, "you take your car out from under the props; I can't move the plane with you there."

So George climbed back in without giving the manager any commitment at all. The manager drove his car out onto the runway in front of the ship.

The Great Disappearance

As Charlie Finn turned the *Patricia Lynn* around to take her back to the parking line, the manager moved the car slowly in front of them. They suddenly opened the throttles and veered off across the pasture, over plowed

ground, bumping and bouncing the *Patricia Lynn* like a pogo-stick.

The airport manager whipped his car around and raced along side of them. He started to cut in. Charlie gunned the engines and veered over toward the car. The manager had to swerve aside. Fortunately he did, for nothing would have stopped the *Patricia Lynn's* 30,000 pounds.

They staggered her off the plowed field, taking off cross-wind. They felt the lift you feel in your stomach when you know you're airborne at last. They hedge-hopped her right along the deck, so that the airport manager couldn't keep her in view.

They headed South, and when they reached the Mountains, turned East, went through the Tehachapi Pass, and coasted along under the brow of the mountains, so they'd be harder to spot. Then they took a heading toward Death Valley, and just over the border in Nevada they found the abandoned air strip, which they had been thinking would make an ideal Shangri-la in which to hide a fugitive airplane.

Here they let down, cut her engines, and looked around. Far off, across the desert, a car was raising dust against the sky, heading straight for them.

They had let out too many sighs, held their breaths too long, felt their hearts leap too often, to waste any fears on this oncoming car. They sat, their hands on their guns, and waited.

A palsied car pulled up. A middle-aged woman, plump, unofficial and unarmed, got out of the car.

"I just drove over to see if anybody was hurt," she said. "Nobody ever lands here, excepting in emergency."

She asked no more; in Nevada, people don't ask many personal questions of strangers.

"No," they answered. "We're all right." They looked at her face and made one of those quick decisions they were always having to make: shall we trust her?

"Lady, we want to hide this plane here for a few days. It's our plane, but the government is trying to take it away from us, and we're hiding out."



"I'm the caretaker of this field," the lady said. "Or was. They closed it up and I lost my job. I'm mad at the government, too. You stay here as long as you want. I hope you get away with it."

It's funny—how, when government gets too big, it steps on more and more toes, and more and more people feel like becoming outlaws—it's an expression of revolt, sometimes proper, often not—but it all reacts against the government. Nice to know, if you ever feel like revolting—people pop up out of the bushes ready

to take on the government at the drop of your hat.

The Man Hunt

As the woman drove away they saw a silver flash in the sun, and Jack Schuler's light plane lazily circled in a gliding turn and touched its wheels to earth.

Jack had arrived according to plan, so George Finn climbed into Jack's plane, as casually as if stepping into a taxi at Hollywood and Vine, and rode back to Los Angeles to appear on a television program that night. Charlie stayed to guard the plane.

On the TV program George explained that the airplane had disappeared.

This left the FBI considerably confused. They figured that both Finns couldn't be on that airplane, what with one of them on a television show in Hollywood, and the other one supposed to be with the plane in Mexico.

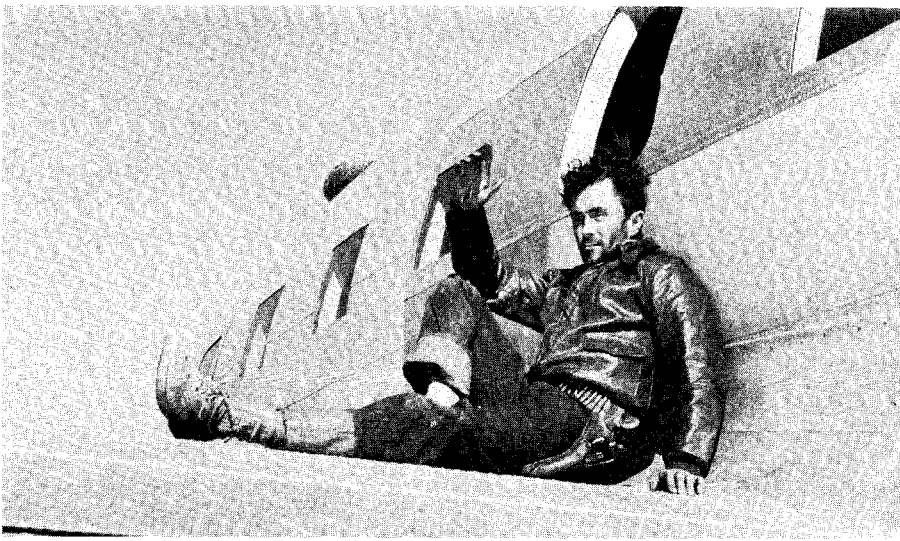
The newspapers went wild. Radiocasters jumped up and down. TV announcers couldn't hide their excitement.

"The giant C-46 two-engine airplane thundered off Kern County airport Sunday. No radio contact has been established with the plane since its take-off with the Finn brothers George and Charles at the controls. A nationwide alert failed to uncover any sign of the 44-passenger aircraft. Civil Aeronautic Authorities believe the two Los Angeles men may have landed in Mexico or South America . . . Destination of the Finns was not known . . . The C-46 had not been serviced for flight since June 14, 1952, (the CAA said) and is not airworthy . . .

"Mexican authorities were alerted by the U.S. Attorney's office today to be on the lookout for a missing C-46 transport stolen from a Bakersfield airport Sunday. The mystery ship was believed to be within 400 miles of the U.S.-Mexican border, said the assistant U.S. Attorney, Liela Bulgrin, because it had gas for only a 600 mile hop . . ."

Monday morning George Finn went to court in Los Angeles and made a motion that the government's case be dropped.

"The government doesn't have a legal leg to stand on," George said calmly.



Judge Harry Westover denied the motion. Then the U.S. Attorney stood up and said: "We should hold this Finn, here, in contempt of court. The other one disappeared and the airplane has disappeared."

Westover said: "I read that in the newspaper this morning." He said to George: "Now just which Finn are you?"

George figured: well, if he doesn't know which one I am, he can't charge me with anything. So George stood on the Fifth Amendment, which shows that this Amendment is good for something. "Your Honor," George said, "I can't give you that information—it might tend to incriminate me." George had read this wording in the newspapers.

Shangri-La

The press now took up the Finn case with intense interest. Never before had two "criminals" so captured the public's curiosity.

"Yesterday . . . Judge Westover ordered the Finn twin to give his first name, and, when he refused, cited him for contempt of court . . . The twin who appeared before Judge Westover, had been ordered into custody of the U.S. marshal and taken to the county jail. He staged a furious tussle with the marshal's booking office when he refused to be fingerprinted or give away information about himself. *Cuffs and chains used.* It required the efforts of Deputy U.S. Marshal George Rosini, James Blanco and Charles Ross to handcuff his arms and put leg chains on him—then literally carry him across to the city jail where

Federal prisoners are held . . .

"One of the flying Finn twins, the one in jail, told Judge Harry C. Westover today the government was persecuting him for accidentally foiling a graft deal in New York in 1951. He claimed he inadvertently interfered with the sale of a surplus airplane, thereby costing a government official a fat kick-back fee. And since then, a big ring of surplus plane buyers has been out to ruin him economically. That's why his brother, the other flying twin, headed for Shangri-la with the C-46 airplane, and that's why he won't tell what his name is, he said."

The furor in the press attracted the attention of two prominent lawyers, Bernard Cohen and his son, Henry. The Cohens decided to defend the Finns.

The Cohens recommended that George give his name in court. They promised to fight it out for him and Judge Westover promised to let him go free, if he would only, only tell his name.

"All right," said George, "my name is George Finn." And when George stepped out of the courtroom a U.S. marshal served a warrant on him and rearrested him.

The charge? Transporting stolen property, namely a C-46 aircraft, to the Republic of Mexico. Quite a serious charge, George knew, and soon he found himself facing U.S. Commissioner Calverly.

George's attorneys, the Cohens, pointed out to the commissioner that the government hadn't seized the airplane legally—therefore

the Finns hadn't stolen her from anybody. How could they? They owned her.

"From whom," asked the Cohens, "did the Finns steal the plane? Who stole it? And where did the plane go? The complaint does not specify." Commissioner Calverly couldn't answer any of these questions so he let George go on his own recognizance, without bail.

When George got home he found his apartment full of newspapermen. They wanted to know what happened to the airplane.

Right at that moment the telephone rang. George's landlady answered. "It's for you, George. Slim's Corners, Nevada calling."

Charlie Finn had walked twelve miles to a telephone out in the middle of the Nevada desert. Charlie had heard about George's arrest on his portable radio. All day, it had been on the newscasts. That phone conversation tipped off the newsmen, and by using their heads they figured out where the plane was.

The *Los Angeles Times* reported the phone conversation:

"Charles Finn called his brother George C. Finn at the latter's apartment yesterday, as a *Times* reporter was talking to George about the litigation that swirls around the C-46 transport. It was the first George heard from his brother since the latter flew the ship out of Bakersfield January 18th. 'Someone should have shown up by now,' George told his identical twin in Nevada, 'but when they do show, be nice but firm . . . We're doing fine down here, so just sit tight and relax. The whole case is going to break wide open pretty soon . . . Sure I've been in and out of jail for not telling them my name, but it didn't amount to anything. About flying her out again, I don't know. I'll see you before dawn, and we'll have a conference. Meanwhile, use your own discretion . . .'"

The press now knew where the plane was (they may have traced Charlie's call) and they scrambled to get there. They used their own airplanes to find the hidden field which they had christened Shangri-la. The press raced to beat the FBI to Charlie Finn. They wanted to interview him and photograph him with his gun, the plane, the lonely field, the wild mountains, before the FBI carted him away.

The press won the race handily. Before the FBI got there the press got a good story from Charlie. They found him dirty and bearded. They took pictures of him that showed his revolver swinging backward in his hip-holster, gun-fighter style.

Shangri-La Besieged

He told them how he had planned to taxi the big plane between a couple of mountains and camouflage her—ready for take-off, should a raiding party appear. He told how he slept in the plane and cooked his meals over a rock fireplace he built near the runway.

When the FBI arrived Charlie was standing on the wing of the *Patricia Lynn*, talking to reporters who were on the ground. The two FBI agents brought with them an old time Western sheriff, wearing a ten gallon hat. He grinned and stood around with his hands in his hip pockets.

They stopped at the wing, looked up, squinted, and the FBI spokesman flashed his badge and said: "We're the FBI."

And Charlie said: "What can I do for you?"

"We have a warrant for your arrest."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Charlie, "I have a piece of string here; you tie on your warrant, and I'll draw it up and read it."

The two agents hemmed and hawed. The old time Western sheriff didn't say anything, but his eyes twinkled. The FBI agents stood on one foot and then on the other and looked quite flustered. Finally their leader said:

"Well, we don't have the warrant with us, but there's a warrant in Los Angeles."

"Well," said Charlie "that's a horse of another color. Listen, you fellows have pushed us around long enough. You tried to take our airplane. You tried to destroy our business. You investigated us without a complaint against us. You tried to put us in jail. Now you come out here and you don't even have any legal papers. You're not going to take me in."

Hold Up the Towel

Charlie dropped his hands. His gun stuck out handily. He'd been alone in the wilderness for eight days. He had a long growth of

beard. His clothes were dirty. His looks combined with that pistol on his hip made him look like an old time desperado.

The FBI men hesitated. They had come out to bring him in—but . . . They exchanged glances. They didn't know what to do. They looked at the sheriff. He just folded his arms and grinned. He wasn't going to pull this hot chestnut out of the fire for them.

Just then they heard a motor drone. Every one looked up, and twinkling in the morning sky, they saw a little airplane circling the field.

"Do you know who's in that plane?" they asked Charlie.

Charlie said: "Well, I don't know. But just a minute." He stepped into his "office" and got a bath towel. He threw the bath towel down to the chief agent, who caught it, blinked and looked astonished.

"That pilot's going to land here," Charlie said. "So you take this towel down the runway and let the wind wave it, so you can tell the pilot which way the wind's blowing."

The FBI agent had come out to arrest Charlie, not to help him out; so, according to Charlie, "he did the only thing a government official could do. He handed the towel to his assistant."

The assistant took off down the field, flapping the towel in the breeze.

They Don't Get Their Man

The plane landed, and George Finn climbed out. George, a photographer, and a reporter walked over to the agents, and asked:

"What's going on?"

"We came out to arrest Charles Finn," they said.

"Have you got a warrant?" George asked.

"Well, no, we don't have a warrant with us."

"You'd better go get a warrant," advised George, "otherwise you're going to have some trouble."

"Why?" asked the FBI.

"Do you remember the Judy Copland case? You arrested Judy Copland and spent a couple of hundred thousand dollars trying to prosecute her and you didn't have a warrant—so she went free."

"Yeah, but if we leave here, the airplane

is going to be gone when we get back."

"That's your problem, not the Finn's problem. You should have come out with proper papers."

Charlie stood up on the wing, his arms folded, his hand resting in easy reach of his low-slung gun. The newspaper men looked as if they'd side with the Finns. The FBI men chewed their lips, and finally decided that they needed reinforcements, as well as legal documents.

So the FBI agents climbed in their car and drove away. Charlie climbed off the wing and he and George embraced. The photographer, Ray Zeleski, wanted to take a picture of Charlie up on the wing, with George on the ground standing next to the friendly sheriff, with them looking up at Charlie, just as he was during that tense moment. Later *Life* magazine used that photograph. (See cover.)

George had come to relieve Charlie, so that Charlie could fly back to Los Angeles with the reporters, to clean up and shave. George and Charlie changed clothes, George took the gun, and Charlie took off, calling:

"Give my love to the G-men."

No Dice in Las Vegas

The next day the FBI came back to the abandoned airstrip, which hadn't seen this much traffic since the war. This time they came in force.

They had about five carloads of agents, two or three men in each car. They had rifles with telescopic sights. They had shotguns and pistols and tear-gas bombs. They had a battering ram, should Charles have barricaded himself inside.

When George stepped out on the wing, they leveled their guns, and the cars fanned out, and started moving slowly down the strip, bristling with guns like a pin cushion. The head agent yelled: "Stay where you are, Charles."

With all those rifles and shotguns and pistols and tear gas bombs trained on him, George felt like he might shortly become a sieve. The head agent had a large piece of paper, which he waved like a flag. He called:

"Charles, get down off that plane and sur-



render your guns.”

George saw that argument might be inappropriate. He got down off the plane, looked at the warrant and surrendered his gun.

“Now, Charles,” the agent said. “We are going to take you to Las Vegas, and we’ll have to send a couple of Air Force pilots over here to fly this plane out. I want you to tell me honestly. Have you done anything to this airplane so that it won’t fly?”

“I wouldn’t fly this airplane out of here if I were them,” George said.

“Now look, Charles,” the agent said. “These will be pilots like you, maybe some of your old buddies from the war, and you wouldn’t want to risk the lives of one of your old buddies, would you, if they try to fly this plane out and you’ve done something to it?”

“That’s their concern,” said George. “I wouldn’t fly her out if I were them.”

“Charles, they will just be doing their duty.”

“No, they won’t,” said George. “If they fly this plane it will be illegal. The government has no title to this airplane, and hasn’t even seized her yet, not legally.”

“Then you won’t tell us whether you’ve disabled this airplane?”

“All I say is,” said George, “I wouldn’t fly her out if I were them.”

“All right, then, Charles, you get into that car and don’t try any funny business. You really are under arrest now. We had to go all the way back for this warrant to arrest Charles Finn, and we aren’t standing for any nonsense.”

All the way back to Las Vegas, George tried to make them see some reason to his side of

the story. He poured his heart out to these FBI agents, telling them the whole story from the beginning to this ride across the desert.

They said nothing, and when he finished, he thought maybe he might have made a dent on their hearts. But the only comment came from the driver: “Charles, where’d you buy this gun?”

George wrinkled his brow, feeling helpless, feeling a little sick. He said, softly: “Here I’ve been trying to get you to see the truth in this story. And you let me talk, and all you were interested in was some stupid little thing like where I bought a gun. Aren’t you concerned with principles, with right and wrong, with whether a man has a right in this country to do business? All right, I may as well tell you now: you’ve got the wrong twin. Your warrant for Charles C. Finn isn’t worth the paper it’s written on. You’ll have to let me go.”

The FBI agents stared straight ahead. They began to fidget. One of them said: “Tell me your full name.”

“I can’t do that,” said George. “It might tend to incriminate me.”

The agents looked very embarrassed. They knew they were in Las Vegas, and they knew they had a warrant for Charles, all right, but now they knew they had George in custody. Just to make sure they took his fingerprints, and the fingerprints told them this was George sure enough.

Now the FBI doesn’t like to be in that position. It doesn’t like to arrest people without a warrant, because that’s unconstitutional (except for a citizens’ arrest) but the FBI doesn’t like to feel foolish either. It would have killed them to let George walk out that door.

They held George in Las Vegas illegally until a warrant arrived from Los Angeles. Then they held him on \$5000 bail.

“I Have Slipped the Surly Bonds of Earth”

George stood looking out of the jail window at the smears of flame in the desert sunset, striped with bars. He didn’t mind being in jail too much. He was getting used to that. What he minded was: he might never see the *Patricia Lynn* again. They had her now.

You might wonder how two men could go



through so much just for an airplane. In the first place, they weren't doing it just for an airplane, they were doing it because they believe that in America the government should recognize a man's right to do business, without harassing him, and without granting special privileges to any groups; a man should be free to fulfill his own highest potentiality.

And in the second place, the Finns didn't think of the *Patricia Lynn* as just an airplane, just another bucket of bolts.

A wrench tore at George's heart as he stood by the barred window and looked northwest toward where she sat, nesting down for the cold desert night. And he thought of the day he and Charlie had first seen her, their chariot of fire, their airplane, their Old Girl, who had done things for them which her designers said were impossible.

George closed his eyes and remembered the day they had seen her standing in a school yard, her nose in the air, as if scanning the far horizon, looking for a mate.

He remembered how she spread her vast archangel wings above them. And how when they repaired her, their hands became extra gentle; their touch light as a surgeon's; they repaired her with love in their fingertips.

George heard with his memory's inner ear the noise when they started up her engines; vibrations and throbbings shook her as if she sobbed for joy to know she now could lift her spirit and tear loose from these prison moorings which held her tied to earth.

He thought how, above the armpits of her wide soaring wings, two great hearts beat

and throbbed, jutting forth to bite into the air. And from her depths they heard a sound like the cry of a great exultant bird—it was the sound of her will to fly.

George smiled. Other pilots said it was impossible to do the things she did. Yet she did them, and this endeared her to the Finns, because everything they had done in this whole fight was "impossible," and all their friends said it was "impossible" for them to win. They felt at home with the *Patricia Lynn*. She was like them. They knew they would win, just as they knew from listening to her that first day that she would fly.

Despite the years she had been laid up earth-bound, misused as a schoolroom (like carrying laundry in a gold chariot) they knew she would fly—just knew—from the mystical feel that you get when you seem to hear the spirit of an inanimate thing speak to you, and tell you she feels in harmony with you—for she knows you love her.

And then they suddenly knew why ships and planes have names.

They named her the *Patricia Lynn*. She is their sweetheart. They feel her calling now. They feel her great noble urge to lift her wings and lift them in her pointed beak as an eagle might lift two eaglets. She wants to soar with them, to answer, when the high wild lonely places call, Come away, come upstairs, above the thunderclouds, toward the sun.

And sunward they'll climb.

When they see her again. . . .

Standing in jail, the red sunrays lighting up his face, George hadn't the faintest idea what desperate measures he and Charlie would take to get her back. He would have been surprised to learn that he and his brother would make a "citizens' arrest" of a U.S. Attorney, that they would go to prison, that they would almost die on a 23-day hunger strike, or that famed attorney Joseph Scott would ride to their rescue, or that the United States Senate would appoint a subcommittee to investigate the Finn case. Our February issue will contain all these miraculous events which keep things lively for the fabulous Finn twins.

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

We were not the only publication to break into print on the Kohler strike (see *Civil War: 1955, Faith and Freedom*, December, 1955), *Time*, *Life*, *Look*, *U.S.A.*, and many others told of the issues in this terrible strike. It still continues, though the surface violence on the picket line has practically disappeared. The issues which divide: demands for a union shop; demands for arbitration on disputes which do not involve interpretations of the contract; demand for a union pension plan to replace the Company's; and, finally, a guarantee that all strikers be hired back.

A few of our friends thought we should have given more attention to these issues; and less to the impact of the situation on those involved. They felt that an analysis of the issues would have convinced readers that the company's position was sound, and that of the union unsound. Perhaps so. But is that really the underlying problem?

In most business negotiations between buyers and sellers, there are differences of opinion about what each party in the transaction should give and receive. "Shouldn't I get more coffee for my dollar than the grocer offers?" "Shouldn't I receive more pay for the job I do?" The reasonableness—or unreasonableness—of each viewpoint should not permit the introduction of violence or coercion to settle the dispute.

That was our point. The real question that needs to be looked into in these labor disputes is not whether the employer or employee seems to us to be fair or unfair in what he offers to exchange, but what means are used to settle the dispute.

In other words, it is a moral and spiritual question. What happens to the lives and souls of the persons involved?

It is significant, I think, that much of the mail received by Mr. Kohler from Americans across the country shows that thoughtful persons are beginning to see the grave moral dan-

gers of allowing the monopoly power of the union movement to run rampant over the rights of individuals.

Here are typical letters received by the Kohler Company during the first twenty months of the strike:

DEAR SIR

Who provoked the violence in this case and in what manner? Did the Kohler Company provoke violence when it complied with the statutes forbidding extortion payments? Would it be ethical to join a musicians' union if that union threatens theater owners with stink bombs unless a standby musician is hired? Is compulsory unionism ever ethical? Can it happen in a free country?

Should the Kohler Company compromise with sin? If all the employers in this country had the full 33 feet of guts there would be no such threat to freedom in this country as compulsory unionism.

FARMER

RFD #1, Baldwin,
Wisconsin

Racketeering and strong-arm unionism is doing American labor a great disservice. A courageous stand and presentation of the other side of the matter, such as yours, is bound to be justifiable as to result. And appreciated by the great majority of thinking labor. We intend to build a new home this year. We will specify Kohler products throughout; positively.

ADVERTISING MANAGER

Pennsylvania

This is one of the most graphic illustrations of the power of mob rule that I have seen and the situation should be an object lesson for those who remain in a state of apathy about such developments.

SCHOOL TEACHER

Iowa

I realize how great the temptation must be to give up the fight and get back into business. Financially, it might temporarily be to the

benefit of the Kohler Company to do this, but you would certainly jeopardize the future of the company and the livelihood and freedom of its employees.

PRESIDENT

Steamship Line

Sometimes I think it seems that some Americans have been conditioned by the revolutionaries of gradualist socialism to the point of surrendering without any effort at opposition. The example you have set, if followed by others in business and industry, could go a long way in helping to put these creepies to rout.

SMALL BUSINESSMAN

Missouri

To think that these things could happen in this country and age without protection from the county and state authorities is unbelievable.

RADIO STATION MANAGER

Your anti-labor tactics make you a disgrace to America. Why don't you go back to Germany? The Nazis are looking for a new Fuehrer. We are cancelling all orders with firms that handle Kohler products.

C. C. L.

Your case proves that not everyone falls for the usual union propaganda but intimidations and reprisals that are flagrant violations of law keep many defenseless members under coercion.

SAWMILL WORKER

I am a member of Local —, United Steel Workers of America, C.I.O., and work at Kaiser Aluminum. We are bombarded with leftist propaganda. I have copied some names of fellow employees and would like for you to send them the (description of the strike) so they will get an opportunity to hear the other side of the story. Never forget that many patriotic citizens are behind you in your fight. Lots of others just don't have the information.

UNSIGNED

Herbie—wake up. You're dealing with men. A man with your resources could do so much good. Why not try it?

UNSIGNED

It is a frightening situation when the majority of the country from the President down to the humblest worker is *scared* to enforce the law or to appeal to it. Your chicken-hearted fellow

manufacturers, particularly those who could easily afford to close down rather than be held up, are in reality financing your troubles.

FARMER

Vermont

I am a member of the Steamfitters and Plumbers local. To express my views in a union meeting would be to invite disaster—but I do express my views on the job. I figure I can hold my own there. Unions do not strike against companies but strike against people. At the union hall, this statement is frequently made about nonunion workers: "I hope the so-and-so and his family starve to death."

To club a man down on his way to work is not one of the better occupations. Churches, political parties and other groups could hardly champion labor leaders if the American people knew that union leadership advocates violence against humanity. Murder and violence—in labor's name—is only the thin veil that evil men operate from behind. I shall honor you and handle Kohler products with gentle care.

PLUMBER

I do not know when the people of this nation are going to stage an overdue Boston Tea Party on these labor racketeers and their goons.

MEMBER

Oklahoma House of Representatives

Independent surveys made by *Freedom Story* sponsors consistently reflect enheartening grass-roots response from "pulpit" clergymen. In one poll, clergymen voted a thumping 12-1 approval of the unique radio program.

Now comes a heart-warming report on clerical reaction to *Faith and Freedom*. Two years ago, a Midwest foundation gave subscriptions to all the clergymen in that area. Shortly after, the ministers were asked for their opinions. Only 16⅓% responded favorably. But after the same group received the magazine for two years, two-thirds of those replying approved.

Clearly clergymen hunger for better answers to social problems. If you feel *Faith and Freedom* helps fill that need, why not provide ministers in your community with subscriptions. The amount you contribute for such subscriptions is entirely up to you! ≠ ≠

Scribbling on the margin

by Gerald Heard



Is there such a thing as Progress? Nowadays, fashionable people doubt it. Many clever people still believe that being blasé means being wise. To think that our society has advanced, so they say, is a 'vulgar error,' the crude ignorance of the uneducated who assume that what they are and where they are must be superior to any person or place that existed in the past.

Of course, we make more machines—but does that make us wiser? 'It is not growing like a tree, in bulk, doth make man better be.'

More skillful surgery, even better housing, may not prove we're making progress. Perhaps such 'improvements' are no more than defenses. Could it be that we are getting more delicate, that we break down more easily and so need more protection?

Are we getting weaker, not stronger? Perhaps we can use this guide to judge Progress: look at those things that we do spontaneously, not deliberately; those things that, as we say, 'grow on us,' that we do 'without being told.'

Take, for instance, the phrase 'Gracious Living' which grows more popular each day. Sometimes people laugh at that phrase because advertising men have found that it appeals to us—still, I think that it's a good one.

'Gracious' stems from the word 'grace'—a very difficult word to define because it is so embracing. Theologically, it means, of course, a free gift. Then it must mean something that comes naturally, easily to the giver.

Grace means an unrestrained surplus of vitality. Its effortlessness comes not from languidness—but from energy. 'Gracious living' does not come as a result of our being able to make ourselves comfortable, but from our ability to put others 'at their ease,' to make them feel unafraid, honest—that they can be 'themselves' with us.

This means the very opposite of 'awkward living,' for not only does it give us a pattern into which we know how to fit ourselves, we

know, too, how to fit others in. As artists say, we can compose. We have mastered the art of composition.

Indeed, 'be gracious' means 'be composed.'

An old fashioned phrase? Yet today, I believe, we find that it says better what we mean than that quacking cliché of the last decade—'Relax, relax.' (Nothing is more relaxed than an egg you've dropped on the floor. But it's in a much worse mess than when it was all balled up in its shell.)

The cheerful notion that we may be growing in graciousness has been re-awakened in me by reading, recently, a book on universal politeness that has just come out.

It is *Courtesy*, by Sir Harold Nicolson. He's an acquaintance of mine from way back, and he knows the world as well as any man I've ever met. Bred and brought up in the old world school of diplomacy, the art of international manners, he left it and took to writing books. He left diplomacy when he found that trickery and abuse had taken the place of courtesy and skill.

Bearding The Terrible Turk

I have often heard him say that there was, in his opinion, no graver 'vulgar error' than the stubborn prejudice of the uninformed which holds that diplomats are over-educated persons who have dispensed themselves of the common man's obligation not to lie. A fibbing negotiator ruins communication just as a fraudulent stockbroker spoils credit.

Even in the XVII Century the witty Henry Wotton could get into hot water with James the 1st and his council for his too sharply edged quip—that a diplomat is a man who lies abroad for his country. He had to plead that he had intended no 'double entendre' jest but a mere statement of the fact that a diplomat, in order to serve his homeland, had to accept long periods of voluntary exile.

And that remarkable, courageous and enter-

taining nobleman, Busbecq (who, incidentally, discovered the lilac which, providentially, avoided being christened the Busbecqia), tells us in his fascinating diary-letters how he negotiated with the Terrible Turk's most dangerous manifestation, the Caliph Sulyman, who called himself the Magnificent.

Gentlemen Join Hands

Sulyman had probably murdered his own father—he killed all of his sons who showed any spirit. In the end, the only one left to succeed him was an alcoholic called, memorably, Selim the Sot. This despot (who when he sacked a grand vizier, generally had him strangled to boot) also held that any diplomat whose country went to war with Turkey should be the first casualty of the conflict.

The Russians respect diplomatic immunity in Moscow immeasurably more today than did Selim in Constantinople in the XVII Century.

Nevertheless, Busbecq (with his neck in a halter) and his opposite number, Ali the Grand Vizier (who certainly had the noose hanging over his head if his master, Sulyman, thought that Turkish interests were not getting the lion's share), found each other to be men of honor.

They became friends and by the courtesy of gentlemanly frankness kept the peace between East and West when it looked as though chaos would sweep Christendom to the Atlantic seaboard if the diplomatic cards were let slide.

These dove-swallows flew in a very early spring. Nicolson believes that this spirit can win. If this gentlemanly frankness and gracious honesty does win, we can hope for honorable peace.

Using this standard of values, Nicolson has given us illustrative studies of such men as Dwight Morrow, Ambassador, and George the Fifth, King. Both men spoke frankly and honorably. And so, because they could be trusted, made real contributions to international respect and integrity.

Now, as a senior maker of mores and a judge of manners, Nicolson has, in *Courtesy*, summarized his views. And he agrees with that Bishop of Winchester, William of Wykkam, who said, 'Manners maketh man.'

The Gospels say the same thing with a deeper insight, and a greater diagnostic power, 'The tree is known by its fruits.'

And the French give us two additional slants. The first, we get from their common saying, 'The style is the man.' The second comes from their translation of the Beatitudes which throws a charming light on this subtle matter of apt force and honorable pressure. Our own King James version renders the text: 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.' In French, this text runs: 'Blessed are the debonair for they shall inherit the earth.' Look up both 'meek' and 'debonair'—the quality which they hold in common appears to be gentility.

Certainly, the Western societies haven't the best of manners as yet—but they are improving. Just remember, the political controversy between those two great scholars, Milton and Salmasius. Salmasius called the sightless poet a 'blind puppy,' while the author of *Paradise Lost* certainly felt no obligation to indulge in diplomatic manners. Compare an XVIIIth Century election with one of today: compare the manners of Western societies with those of the Dictators!

Look for Angels

Harold Nicolson believes that we may be learning to differ on points with gracious tolerance and so building up a world that waxes richer in achieved values because, as courtesy counsels us to do, we are learning to value differences. He thinks that such an atmosphere of graciousness may be forming on some of our smaller 'campuses.'

All of which reminds me of the ideal of education as it was put before me by a fine scholar who headed English education. 'In a phrase,' he said, 'education is learning to entertain a new idea, to entertain a stranger and to entertain oneself.'

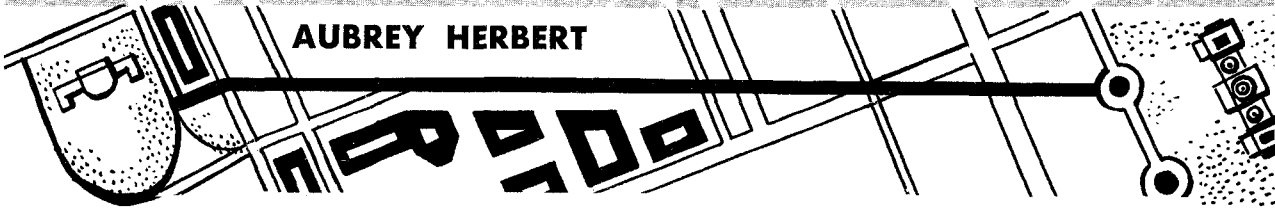
Certainly, such a person—open minded, friendly, interested—may hope, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews said long ago, to 'entertain angels unaware.'

And when we find we can grant such hospitality—isn't this to have progressed toward Paradise?

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ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

AUBREY HERBERT



The Democrats hope to make foreign policy a key issue in the coming campaign. We welcome this refreshing change from the miasma of bipartisan silence that hung over previous elections. Unfortunately, the Democrats do not attack the global interventionism of the Administration, they direct their fire against the "Geneva spirit."

The recent report of the left-wing, highly influential National Planning Association, which called for stepping up the cold war, increasing foreign aid, and bigger arms budgets, showed us what shape this attack will undoubtedly take in 1956.

Thus, the Democrats prepare to justify the historic label which unmerciful critics have tried to fasten on them: "the party of socialism and war." These critics say that war spending and war inflation give socialism and the bureaucracy a shot in the arm. What's more, they point out, the mass base of the Democratic Party—the labor unions—stand to prosper in the glow of inflation and armament contracts.

What about the Geneva spirit? What happened to it, and why? Some pro-war Democrats explain it this way: the Administration was "taken in" by Soviet smiles at Geneva; the conference lulled us into a peaceful, budget-cutting mood; and Soviet wickedness finally revealed itself at the second conference, ending the Geneva interlude. And a good thing, too; for now we can return undisturbed to the halcyon days of the arms race and the simmering "warm" war.

I'm Sticking My Neck Out

I realize that I will be ducking barbs and slings for the next month—but I would like to risk reporting on the Geneva conference in an unpopular way, which unfortunately will make my name "mud" with some groups in both parties.

In the first place, the summit conference at Geneva achieved, in my humble opinion, one

lasting, monumental success, which no later squabbles can erase; it made clear to the anxious peoples of the world that neither side wants to wage a nuclear war obliterating the human race. Here was something to "smile" about. Secretary of Defense Wilson, believed by some reporters to have shown a greater grasp of the need for peace than any other man in the Administration, pointed this out after the break-up of the second conference.

A Fist Thumped the Peace Table

What happened then at the second Geneva conference? Why did it accomplish nothing? The press searched for an explanation in the personality of Mr. Molotov, and hung on his every grimace. But I believe the key to the failure of the conference was not in personality, but in the issues, and the positions taken by the powers.

And here is the opinion which will bring the wrath of Mars on my vulnerable head—I believe the United States and its allies came to a second conference with an amazing series of unnecessary demands on the Russians. For no good reason, in my opinion, the unification of Germany was placed at the top of the agenda—as the necessary condition for any general agreement. What was the hurry? It is sad to see Germany partitioned, but it has been split for some ten years now. Other countries—Korea, Vietnam, Ireland—are also split, but no one felt impelled to put their unification in the rush category.

Not only did we put German unification first, we demanded it on our terms and no other: we insisted that Russia abandon East Germany, and agree to unification and German entry into NATO. Further, we refused to include the East German government in the unification talks. What did we offer in return for these generous demands? Nothing.

No government in the world would have accepted such terms, except a vanquished

enemy. This was not negotiation; it was the delivery of surrender terms. No wonder that Molotov's smiles turned to frowns. And since Russia was not vanquished, she wasted no time in spurning these demands.

The Reluctant Bride Bridles

Our stand on disarmament was no better. For eight years, we had set forth our disarmament plan, involving simultaneous reduction of atomic and "conventional" arms, prohibition of atomic weapons backed by international inspection. For eight years, the Russians refused.

Finally, they appeared to accept the principle of these proposals. And as soon as they did so, the United States, like a reluctant bride, announced that "conditions had changed," forgot disarmament, and talked only about Eisenhower's theatrical aerial inspection plan. Exchange of blueprints is all well and good, but it does not lead to disarmament.

On the final topic of East-West contacts, American policy again took on the flavor of delivering surrender terms. We asked for great modifications of the domestic Soviet system—such as elimination of censorship, changes in the ruble rate, etc. Russia asked for changes which are proper between governments: freer trade being the prime example. We absolutely refused to discuss lowering trade barriers.

Aside from these American stands, the Geneva conference was plagued by an undercurrent of demands that Soviet Russia free its East European satellites. Again we put on the air of ultimatum!

Did Dulles go to Geneva in the spirit of a conqueror instead of a negotiator? It seems to me that he did. But why? Two answers seem plausible—perhaps the truth blends both. On the one hand, the Administration, particularly the "Liberationist" wing may have thrown their weight around the conference—accidentally, or ineptly—hoping to impress world opinion: German elections, exchange of blueprints—and then head for home.

Secondly, the State Department may have fallen for its own propaganda: that Russia was on the brink of revolt, that ten years of cold war had stirred up the Russian people, and

that Russian peace overtures were simply signs of grave weakness instead of rational pursuit of peace. The State Department should have heeded Senator George "Molly" Malone's warning of this summer. Travelling the length and breadth of Russia, Malone (R., Nev.) pointed out that he saw no signs of revolution in Russia, and that our government had better wake up to that fact.

Where our foreign policy will go from here is anybody's guess. But one thing is certain: the leftists will offer their favorite answer for all foreign problems: bigger gobs of foreign aid. The Yankee dollar—seized from the taxpayers—will continue its destined course down every kind of foreign drain.

The significance of the 1955 elections lay not in the number of mayoralty races won by Democrats or Republicans—but in the surge of a tax rebellion throughout the country. In state after state, taxpayers accustomed to rubber-stamping local government requests for more money, suddenly turned and voted them down by large margins.

A Voice Booms "No!"

New Yorkers hadn't rejected a constitutional amendment (almost always a request for new funds) in ten years. Now they suddenly defeated a \$750 million highway program, and a sewer bond issue. Ohio voters defeated a CIO plan for greater unemployment benefits by a landslide. All over the nation, voters turned down funds for: parking lots, schools, water development, slum clearance, etc. The mighty array of taxpayers rose in revolt.

Neither party gave this development much publicity, but rest assured that the politicians are worried. Politicians, regardless of party, are interested in expanding the tax funds at their disposal. Nothing alarms them like the prospect of the sleeping giant—the people—awakening to the issues involved. It looks as if the people are becoming aware of the fraudulent nature of the welfare state—that they purchase their own "welfare" with their own money, less a rakeoff to the bureaucracy. Both parties fear this most: that the taxpayers will at last make their wishes known by voting one great audible "No!"

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DR. FIFIELD

FEW who think as I do were delegates at the recent White House Conference on Education. I was disturbed by the recommendation: "federal support without federal control." Happily, some spoke out vigorously against this; I am sure others would have done so if they could have been recognized on the floor.

I don't say the delegates were "stacked." Worse, they were probably representative. And this underlines my fear that the nation is still continuing to swing alarmingly toward the collective left.

The issue of federal aid to education is an old one. My good friend, Dr. Donald J. Cowling, President Emeritus of Carleton College and Chairman of Spiritual Mobilization's Advisory Board, has led the fight against this aid. "States Rights" and the belief that forces which control the educational process dominate the life of a nation have been the successful arguments which opposed the encroachment of the federal bureaucracy into local education.

Be A Captain!

As Montesquieu put it in the first days of our Republic: "No nation that starts voting benefits to itself can endure free." Unfortunately, we have no libertarian, anti-collectivist party to champion that belief today.

The proportion of collectivists at the education conference is typical of the distribution of the political left among clergymen. Most pastors favor federal benefits, subsidies, regulations—refusing to recognize the threat to the dignity of man as a child of God. And these pastors are able to influence the majority of laymen. Only a very small minority resist.

So the battle for men's minds, bodies and souls continues. I see some reason to be optimistic, however. A small, steadfast and steadily growing group of clergy and laymen—extremely dedicated—are being counted in the opposition. They are not cowed by the fact that we have now reached the point of "stoning our prophets"—MacArthur, Manion, I could name a hundred.

A farmer I met recently belongs in this dedicated group. He had heard our *Freedom Story* and read our literature. He wasn't in favor of farm supports (which I think will be increased in the coming months in an immoral attempt to win votes). No, my friend the farmer put it this way: "We don't need support from the government. On the contrary, we farmers could help the government by bringing some horse sense to bear. We should get off our stilts, out of our fool's paradise, down to reality, and start reducing the size and influence of government. Make man again the captain of his own soul."

Thrilling words! I'd like to hear from clergymen especially, and others, who share his point of view and who are acting as part of a loyal opposition to the destruction of freedom under God.

JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

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