machine, drawing back from a group in front, and not seeing Reverend Klunder, crushed him.* It was, you might say, an industrial accident.

As I sat there in the grubby room, Ruth Turner and David Cohen, a friend who had come in a few minutes before, almost forgetting my presence it seemed, began to go over the event. The dead man had been their friend, and the widow was their friend, and you could tell now that the conversation was not new, was an extension of a painfully resolved conversation that had been going on for weeks. How did the ideal values relate to the brute human fact? That was the question, or one of the many questions, and Cohen burst out: "What was he dying for then? He wasn't dying for freedom or anything else then, he was just crying out, 'I'm hurt, I'm hurt and dying, get me to a hospital'."

Then, more calmly, Cohen said: "We can go on asking the question from now on until the day we die whether his death was in *

Mr. Wes Lawrence, a prominent newspaper man of Cleveland, tells me that the driver was so shattered by the event that he does not feel that he can ever drive another machine.

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