

machine, drawing back from a group in front, and not seeing
Reverend ~~Kentner~~ ^{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 ^{this} ~~that~~ conversation was not new, ^{it was} ~~was~~ an ex-
tension of a painfully ^{un} ~~re~~solved 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, ^{that made} ~~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.

* A teacher of history at the ^{Case Institute Technology} ~~Case Institute~~ in Cleveland,
and active in CORE, white.