

When we could neither buy feed nor sell eggs, it became necessary to liquidate our 4000-hen laying flock. This left us with four empty laying houses, each 26 x 110 feet. We decided to "retool" and go from eggs to nuts. Two of these houses have now been completely remodeled for the pecan project. One of them will be used as a warehouse and for grading and cleaning the nuts in the shell, while the other will house the intricate cracking, shelling, grading and drying machinery for shelled nuts. New construction includes a 26 x 40 foot room for the tempering and sterilizing of the nuts before shelling, and an 8 x 60 foot room for drying, storage and toilets. All of the machinery is now in place, and we will be ready to begin operations very shortly.

While all of this has required a great concentration of energy on our part, it has really been made possible by the hundreds of people who have helped us raise the necessary capital. In our last newsletter we stated that we would like to have 2000 people lend us \$25.00 each at 4% interest in order to provide the estimated \$50,000. To date we have issued notes for slightly over half this amount. The notes have been arranged so as to have approximately \$5,000 per year come due over the next ten years. Practically all the earlier years have now been taken, so to finish up we will need loans which will run 6 years or longer.

The pecan season will be later than we had anticipated, and the crop is extremely short due to bad weather conditions. Prices will be higher than usual. We are enclosing our price list on both pecans and peanuts, and will greatly appreciate your orders. Being "green" at this undertaking, we'll need your patience and understanding, but we assure you that we'll ship nothing but high quality products.

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Little Danny Wittkamper, Margaret's and Will's 2-year-old son, was too young last year to get the Salk polio shots when the other children were getting theirs. Three weeks ago he was stricken. He was rushed to the Columbus hospital and, with his mother constantly at his side, he has now passed through the crisis. Only his legs seem affected, and it is not clear at this writing how much muscle deterioration there will be. The doctors are hopeful, and assure us that within a few months he should be able to walk again.

Like a sudden rift in spring storm clouds when the sunlight comes flickering through, Danny's illness brought a flood of friendliness and sympathy from the people all about us. The local chapter of The National Polio Foundation has been extremely helpful and understanding. Doctors and nurses have been kind and tender. Once again we felt a part of the larger community as all worked together for the welfare of a little child with polio.

A new tractor driver arrived here last week. His name is Timothy Mark Peery. Of course, he's a bit young yet and weighs only five pounds. The second son of Lee and Ann Peery, he arrived a few weeks ahead of schedule but was warmly welcomed into a home-made incubator which Lee and John Gabor devised. Ann is already up and about, and Tim is daily gaining strength.

There has been a lot of activity around the dairy barn the last few days, too. Bessie, Daisy, Lizzie and Merle have presented us with 3 sons and 1 daughter, all of which are black and each of which has been named "Peanut" by 5-year-old Lennie Jordan. Names he has given to other calves include "Shoe-Shop," "Cookie-Jar," "Woodpecker" and "Cucumber."

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The October issue of Redbook Magazine has an article about the situation here entitled "The Conflict of a Southern Town." It has some pictures of both Koinonians and Americus people, and the reading matter goes into the psychological and moral, as well as the historical, developments of racial tension as manifested here. Read it and tell us whether or not you think any useful purpose would be served by reproducing it and sending it to our mailing list.

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While we are talking about reading material, do you get the Petal Paper? It is published weekly by P. D. East at Petal, Mississippi. With sharp satire, humor and occasionally a few facts, he is waging a one-man war against racial bigotry. Subscription is \$3 a year.

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Perhaps you have read the newspaper accounts of the difficulties which the New Jersey Koinonia has encountered. The tiny, one-man leather craft shop has been closed by the authorities as being an "industry" in a residential area, even though it is located on a 120 acre farm. They also prohibited the packaging and shipping of pecans and peanuts, which requires no machinery at all, as an "industry." Housing regulations were pressed which would make it impossible to develop the farm along community lines. Thus, deprived of economic livelihood and faced with the inability to house the community in accordance with rather absurd - and hitherto unenforced - restrictions, part of the group has moved back to Georgia. This includes the Dreschers, the Paganos and their two children and John Gabor. For

the time being, the Atkinsons and Angrys, with the twelve children, will remain in New Jersey. Jim Jordan, who last year was sent to high school at Forest River Community in North Dakota when the situation here became unbearable, will also remain there.

If it should become impossible to maintain an integrated community in New Jersey, as it appears now, we will be faced with some very hard decisions. For nearly a year the Negro children have been going to good schools up there, and have blossomed out under their treatment as decent Americans. We cannot now, with a clear conscience, return them to the shabby, segregated Negro schools of this county. What must we do? Our hearts are burdened and our souls troubled. This is the agony of a bi-racial society. This is America's sickness. Until it is healed there will be a crying deep inside the children and a bleeding in the hearts of sensitive souls, and a restless displeasure in the mind of God. As followers of Jesus, we feel that a tremendous responsibility lies upon us in this hour. May God keep our faith from giving way to fear and our vision from becoming blurred by concern for self or safety.

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This is now the 19th month of the boycott, and as it continues to spread in an ever widening circle, we still have not become used to it. It seems to kill something inside of you when intelligent business men, leaders in their community and invariably members of churches, say to you: "We can no longer sell to you. It's nothing personal, understand, and we don't feel right about it, but we're afraid it will hurt our business." Or, as the president of the Citizens and Southern Bank in Albany, Georgia wrote to us last week when he closed our checking account: "We suggest that for all practical banking purposes you could much better be served by a bank in your vicinity." (1) No explanation was given as to why he had allowed our account to run two years ('55 & '56) previously, or any recognition of the fact that Albany is our "vicinity." (It is 30 miles south of us, and for many years we have done thousands of dollars of business there.) When we went to his office in an effort to get him to speak truthfully to us, he assumed personal responsibility for the action, said no one had put pressure on him, that perhaps he had crossed bridges before coming to them, because he was afraid that it might hurt his business. Incidentally, the Citizens and Southern Bank in Albany is one of a chain of banks which stretch throughout Georgia and many other states. The Bank of Albany has also refused to give us service, and the feed store there, from which we had been getting feed since the Birdsey store was bombed, has recently cut us off.

When such experiences with men who worship God with their lips and Mammon with their lives are repeated over and over again, we confess that bitterness and cynicism and despair begin to creep in. Were it not for the eternal love of God which we see in the face of Jesus Christ, these things would sweep over our souls and destroy us. It is He who "delivers us from the mouth of the lion." It is His cross which constantly calls us to compassion and forgiveness, and reminds us of the ultimate victory of love over hate, of truth over falsehood and of spirit over things.

But we know that this victory will not come simply by our maintaining a passive invulnerability. Sometimes it seems that we are a walled city, engaged primarily in repelling one attack after another. We must find more ways to contact the "enemy" with good will. Would that we could begin an avalanche of kindness. Surely the responsibility for taking the initiative in reconciliation rests on us. We believe that in due time God will open the right doors. May we have the faith to proceed.

We wish it were possible to tell each of you how much your friendship means to us during these troubled times. We thank God always for your sustaining love. Warm greetings to you from all of us at Koinonia.

Koinonia Community

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