

Last week we had the thrill of getting our first orders ready for shipment. It was the climax of many months of preparation - putting up a new building, assembling machinery, and gathering together the multitude of necessary supplies. As we loaded up the station wagon, the address labels brought to our mind the names of some of you who have stood by us through these troubled times, and we sorta had the feeling that you were near. It was a joyful moment.

When the station wagon arrived about noon at the express company, located in the heart of Americus, Conrad Browne began unloading the parcels. As he reached in to pick up the boxes, a powerfully built man tapped him on the shoulder and asked what he was doing. Con glanced back and said, "I'm taking some packages to the express company." The man then seized Con and dragged him out of the station wagon and said, "You think you're smart, don't you?" With that, he took off Con's glasses and began punching him in the face. Since we are pacifists, Con offered no resistance, nor did any of the people standing about come to his aid. The unidentified man then left Con bleeding profusely at the nose, face and mouth. Con then went inside the express office and asked the agent, who had not witnessed the assault, to get him to a doctor. This was done, and the agent phoned the Farm to report the event.

Clarence and Ora, Con's wife, picked him up at the doctor's office and went with him to police headquarters to report. Con was then brought home and put to bed, while Clarence finished unloading the express packages. While he was doing this, someone noticed that the station wagon had a New Jersey license plate on it. (Because the station wagon has been used both here and at the New Jersey community, we have both Georgia and New Jersey licenses. Since it had recently come from New Jersey, it still had the New Jersey plate on it, and the Georgia plates were inside the vehicle.) A policeman then took Clarence and the station wagon to headquarters, and the sheriff was called. Clarence carefully explained to the sheriff about the two tags, but he said it was illegal anyway since they weren't both displayed at the same time. He left Clarence with the city police, and after about an hour came back with a warrant for Con charging him with a "misdemeanor." He drove out to the farm, and in spite of our protests that the doctor had ordered Con to bed, he made him get up, took him back to Americus and lodged him in the county jail. Bond was set at \$500.

Koinonia immediately offered the \$500 cash, but the sheriff said he had to have a real estate bond. We then offered to put up our property, and he said he couldn't accept property from a corporation - that it had to be an individual. Since none of us here owns any private property, we were in a tight spot. Sore and bleeding, Con remained in jail the rest of the day and all that night while we searched for someone to go on his bond. Next day, a neighbor volunteered to sign, and Con was released. His trial will be the second Monday in January.

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Because there have been so many more requests for speaking engagements than we can possibly accept, we have tried to re-think our whole "missionary" program. Instead of speaking hither and yon, haphazardly, over the nation, we will make two or three extended tours during 1958 which will take us into practically every state. Two members will be sent out at a time, and they will be gone for about six weeks on each trip. We shall not be primarily concerned with big public affairs, but with gathering together those people who are searching for a new way of life under God. We shall be eager to talk with any individuals or groups who are interested in living in community as a practical expression of faith in Christ's way of love, peace, brotherhood and justice. We shall give more details about these trips in our future newsletters.

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Mr. Milton Heimlich of New Rochelle, N. Y. has suggested that we get up a special Christmas box of one pound selected pecans with literature about Koinonia. This strikes us as a very fine idea. If you wish one or more of these boxes sent to your friends, let us have the list and we'll do the rest. You may send your own cards, or we'll enclose one for you. The prices, postpaid anywhere in the United States, are: halves, \$1.85; pieces, \$1.65. For prices on other sizes, see our enclosed price lists - the one from Georgia and the one from New Jersey.

This year's pecan crop is the shortest in Georgia's history - less than 10% of normal. Seedlings (for shelling) are available, but the papershells are practically non-existent. We can fill all orders for

shelled nuts, but we must limit pecans in the shell to 10 lbs per customer - and we cannot guarantee delivery on even this amount. Your best buy, anyway, is shelled nuts, since one pound of them is the equivalent of three pounds in the shell.

To keep shelled pecans from becoming rancid, put them in your refrigerator. Store them in your deep-freeze and they will keep for years as fresh as you put them in.

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Little Danny Wittkamper, who was stricken with polio several weeks ago, is now at home and is rapidly improving. The doctors believe that he might be able to walk again by Christmas and that he probably won't have to wear braces.

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The peanut harvest is over, and our yield this year was approximately 50 tons, from about 100 acres. We were able to pick most of our nuts before the heavy rains, which damaged so much of South Georgia's crop. We didn't plant any cotton this year. That's a crop we just haven't learned to like. Our sixty acres of corn is good, with the yield estimated at seventy bushels per acre, which is twice the average for the state. We don't plan to pick it, but will turn the hogs in on it when they have cleaned up the waste from the peanut fields. Thirty-six acres of oats, planted several weeks ago, are up to a nice stand, and their brilliant green helps to brighten the landscape which was browned by heavy frosts last week.

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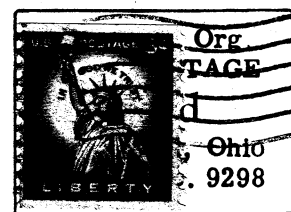
To each of you we send our warm greetings, thanking God always for every remembrance of you. Your loyalty, your love, your concern, your prayers have been to us as streams in a desert. Let us all keep the faith together during these troubled times for our nation. Do not despair or become cynical. Hold fast to the vision of peace and brotherhood under God. Let not the clamor and noise of men alarm you. The Lord God has the whole world in His hands, and His truth shall surely prevail. Stand, therefore, and having done all, stand.

--from all of us at Koinonia

Friends of Koinonia in Cincinnati have a new supply of the 12-inch LP record, "The Koinonia Story as Told by Clarence Jordan," at the same price, \$3.00 postpaid. The address is 901 Findlay Street, Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

## Koinonia Community

RURAL ROUTE 2, AMERICUS, GEORGIA



Mrs. O. K. Armstrong  
1407 Benton Avenue  
Springfield 2, Missouri

FORWARDING POSTAGE GUARANTEED