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FAITH AND FREEDOM

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FAITH AND FREEDOM

Faith and Freedom is a voice of the libertarian—persistently recommending the religious philosophy of limited government inherent in the Declaration of Independence. The chief intent of the libertarian is not pedagogy, but the further discovery and application of the Creator's changeless principles in a changing world.

While speaking against the present-day Goliath, the totalitarian state, we work for no special interest. Freedom under God is in the interest of every man of faith, whether he is in a factory or on a farm, in an office or in the pulpit. If a government or a philosophy does not serve to safeguard his freedom—whether he is in a minority or a majority—then that government or philosophy is his enemy. A Communist, Socialist, Fascist or other authoritarian government is always such an enemy; and a democratic government espousing a paternalistic philosophy straightway becomes such an enemy.

As the journalists of Spiritual Mobilization, our editorial policy is based on a profound faith in God, the Author of liberty, and in Jesus Christ, who promoted persuasion in place of coercion as the means for accomplishing positive good.

Our credo is the long-standing credo of Spiritual Mobilization: Man, being created free as a child of God, has certain inalienable rights and responsibilities: the state must not be permitted to usurp them; it is the duty of the church to help protect them.

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THE LUCILLE MILLER STORY

WILLIAM JOHNSON
THADDEUS ASHBY

A short, dumpy woman with calm brown eyes became famous last May. The newscaster on NBC's World News Roundup told the whole world about Lucille Miller.

"Mrs. Manuel Miller of Bethel, Vermont . . . was hauled into court on charges of inciting young men to avoid the draft. In court her behavior was considered odd by the Judge on the bench and he directed Mrs. Miller be examined by a psychiatrist. The upshot being that an order was written committing Mrs. Miller to a lunatic asylum.

"Well, this morning she's on her way to the mental hospital as planned. But it took a 12-hour siege and several tear gas grenades to do the trick. Mr. Miller, Justice of the Peace Miller, in fact, who's been a respected pillar of the community for years, was entirely opposed to having Mrs. Miller put away. And the authorities who came to get her yesterday were told quite firmly to

go away. Judge Miller said he was upholding the Constitution and that no one was going to come into his home and take his wife away from him.

"To add force to his words, the mild-mannered husband held an efficient-looking rifle in ready position. 'I will prevent any intruder from crossing my threshold,' he said.

"The troopers became impatient about ten in the evening. They fired enough tear gas to envelop the entire house in smoke and about ten minutes later the besieged couple gave up. . . . No shots were fired during this 12-hour siege but the Green Mountain Rifleman will be top conversation around Bethel for quite a while."

Those are the naked facts. But was Mrs. Miller really insane? What were the real issues? To find out, let's go with Bill Johnson, editor of Faith and Freedom, to Bethel, Vermont.

You can reach the valley where Bethel lies by train—but the bus runs faster and oftener.

Rocking chairs lined up on the front porch help the old hotel's guests keep an eye on the cars and people passing down the main street. It is June and the trees are leafy green.

You ask the timeless woman who clerks and

cleans up: "Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Miller?"

"Yes." She studies you. "Whole stream of people come to town looking for them. FBI men, reporters and like that."

"Know where I can find Mr. Miller?"

"Sure. He'll be bringing his children back

to school at one o'clock. He drives a new green heavy-duty station wagon. You walk down to the school now and he'll be along soon."

The clerk had told the truth. At five minutes to one I saw a new green Chevrolet carry-all pull up across from the school. Three children, twin girls, aged ten, I guessed, both on the plumpish side—a boy, a little older, piled out of the car.

"Bye, Pop!"

"Bye."

I walked across the highway. A round-faced khaki-clad man sat behind the wheel. Frayed galluses held up a pot belly.

"Mr. Miller?"

"Yes."

"I'm Bill Johnson of *Faith and Freedom* magazine. Perhaps you know of it."

"I do. You've come a long way, from California, haven't you? Would you like to come down to the house?"

The Miller Household

Down the main street, and around the bend in the White River, the Millers live in a sprawling white clapboard house; tin roof, green shingled front porch. The childrens' swing sways above a lawn which tilts over into the river.

"What do you do, Mr. Miller?"

"I'm in charge of the machinery at the plywood mill. I design and make their new equipment right here."

"Can I see your shop?"

"Sure. Come on back and we'll talk."

Past a potter's wheel, a wood lathe, vises and metal-working tools, we sat down at Manuel Miller's desk.

"One of the old-timers in Bethel keeps telling me how my father would be ashamed of what Lucille and I are doing."

"Your father was a Methodist minister?"

"Did you get your ideas on freedom from him?"

"Yes, he came here as a school teacher, changed over to preaching because there was no church here. Born in Canada, he always loved America—especially the tradition of rights for the individual. I remember so well his telling me how insignificant little minori-

ties had the right to stand up against all the people. He was especially proud of free speech."

"How would he feel about what you and Lucille are doing?"

"He'd understand the issue. When he was alive, folks didn't seem to respect him as a saint. Vermonters, you know, are noted for their practical sense. Don't let abstract principles get in their way too much."

"Did your father's principles ever get *him* into trouble?"

"No. Pop would give away our clothing. Many was the time he gave away his last cent. But it was his belief that God would provide for those who acted according to God's will. And we always got along."

"Do you feel he prepared you to meet the trouble you're in now?"

"Yes he did. He gave me a good education. I went to engineering school. It was as an engineer I learned to follow principle and not to play it too much by ear. The same holds true in politics. You can't escape the consequences of ignoring principles."

"What will happen to the children if they send both you and Lucille to prison?"

"Lucille and I believe we must live up to the Lord's principles and that He will take care of us and the children. It proved true with my father; it will be true with us."

"When will Lucille get out? I am right—she's in St. Elizabeth's hospital in Washington?"

"Yes. And God knows when she will get out. She was sent down for observation and treatment. I understand they have been holding Ezra Pound down there observing and treating him for ten years."

"Tell me, why do they think she is crazy?"

Lucille's Story

Lucille's story, Manuel said, has been building up for a long time. It started back in the thirties before we were married. She spent her summers at her mother's cottage up in Randolph Center, one of those Vermont spots where the arty set gathers.

Some of the arty men and women who came up there are known now as Communist Party

Members: Lee Pressman, Nathan Witt, John Abt, Marion Bachrach. They talked ideology with Lucille for hours on end. She liked the people personally but never bought their communism. She knew what the score was.

We didn't give much thought to the Randolph Center Communists until the mid-forties when the machinations of the Communists began to show up in our national government.

Lucille tried to tell local people that some of these arty summer visitors were Communists. But most natives hotly denied it. For the visitors were very charming and ingratiating. Lucille never claimed they were not pleasant.

Almost without exception, prominent people said there wasn't a word of truth in anything she said—and even if there was, she had done a disservice to the community.

A Court Test of the Draft

For a couple of years the pot simmered on the back of the stove. Then in 1952, as the presidential campaign started, she wrote some letters to the papers pointing out that the extreme left-wing pro-Communist people were throwing all their strength behind Eisenhower. The editors published these letters together with editorials crying for action against this “unChristian,” “unAmerican” woman who thought these “distorted” thoughts.

Lucille began to send out mimeographed pamphlets which told how the socialistic forces are undermining our constitutional republic. Over and over we said that the Selective Service Act violates the Constitution.

But almost everybody (Manuel continued) accepted the draft without question during World War II, but as time went on the draft was renewed again and again in peacetime. The government sent our involuntary soldiers into the hellholes of the world, we began to wonder if the people would ever insist that the Thirteenth Amendment means what it says in plain English. Nobody should serve in anybody else's service against his will.

People say we've got to have a big army to defend ourselves from Russia.

I'm not opposed to a big army when we need one. I think we should pay young men whatever we have to pay them to volunteer.



If it's hard to get volunteers, it's usually because we're trying to send them to a foreign war—not because an enemy is invading our shores. I'm not opposed to fighting in self-defense; I tried to defend our home with a rifle when they came to take Lucille to an insane asylum. But I am opposed to forcing somebody else to defend you if he doesn't want to. If you want him to defend you, why not pay him enough to get him to do it willingly.

So, (Manuel said) we tried for a long time to persuade somebody of wealth and influence to make a court test of the draft. Nobody would. Finally Lucille said:

“I'll test it myself—anyway it's time somebody tried the Constitution out to see if it still works to protect small people.”

Lucille started writing to every young man she read about who had appealed his draft status. She told the young men that the draft law was unconstitutional and she enclosed a copy of the *Rifleman*. She sent one copy each to Judge Gibson and the district attorney; she didn't want to do anything undercover. She was perfectly willing to gamble on a jury trial.

She knew she was violating the Selective Service law, but she had never heard of a test case based on the Thirteenth Amendment. We knew we weren't lawyers. But we thought we might get some publicity which would make people stop and think about the draft and how it violates the Constitution.

Lucille didn't get a lawyer to plead her case originally. We didn't have money to spend on lawyers to carry the case up to the Supreme Court. We knew it was a Constitutional case and it would cost a lot of money to take it all the way up. We figured we'd take it as far as

we could. Then, if anyone wanted to pitch in and help—fine!

*A lawyer would question the Millers' decision to test the draft as a violation of the Thirteenth Amendment's "involuntary servitude" clause. They would be obliged to cite *Gara v. United States*, which arose just after World War II. Gara tried to test the case on that same clause. A lower court had convicted him of advising young men to evade the draft. The Supreme Court held against Gara.*

I was proud of Mom at both hearings. She contended, you know, (Manuel reached for a booklet) that the draft law violates this section: "Neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude, except as punishment for a crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States. . . ."

Of course, when the prosecution pulled the switch on her and said they wanted a psychiatrist to check her mental condition, she was caught off guard.

Judge Gibson sent her down to Brattleboro Retreat, a private mental hospital. Gibson is a big shot down there at Brattleboro. That's 93 miles away. He could have sent her to the Waterbury State Hospital—50 miles away.

But Gibson was prejudiced. He knew Lucille from before. Why, her mother used to play cards with Judge Gibson; then Lucille had called him names in print. According to judicial ethics, he had every reason to disqualify himself.

At the hearing (Manuel said), a month or so later, after Lucille came back from Brattleboro she still refused legal counsel. She didn't want anybody the government would appoint. All she demanded was a fair and speedy trial on the draft issue.

Of course, (said Manuel) they didn't pay any attention to her argument. What can you expect from a judge Lucille had called a half-baked Marxist? How could he be expected to be unbiased?

It's funny. The papers praised Gibson for the humane way he handled the case. He didn't force strict justice on her, they said,

just allowed her to be cured at the insane asylum.

(Manuel leaned backward and hooked his thumbs in his suspenders.)

"Gibson proclaimed that Lucille is a manic-depressive," said Manuel, "unable to assist in her own defense."

Manuel showed me a much-handled paper, written by Lucille Miller; I tried to imagine her in court, reading this in her defense:

"At the arraignment I pleaded not guilty and demanded speedy and public trial by jury. . . . The United States attorney then made a motion which was accepted by the court that my sanity should be tested before my constitutional rights to a trial should be granted." (He should have said "recognized." Rights aren't granted.)

"Article VI of the Bill of Rights of the . . . Constitution says: 'In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial.' The second word in this paragraph is *all*.

"And the Constitution means all. There is no qualifying statement concerning the nature of the accused, so it clearly means that any and all accused persons shall enjoy this right, whether they are sane, virtuous, sound in mind or limb, or none of these things.

"The section of the U.S. Code invoked by the United States Attorney was obviously intended to afford persons of questionable sanity a protection against the rigors of trial *if they ask for such protection*. It certainly was never intended to deprive an accused person of his constitutional rights to a trial, if he demands one. . . ."

I asked Manuel: "Was she excited when they examined her?"

"Who wouldn't be? If an unfriendly judge locked you up in an institution, would you be calm?"

"No," I said. "By the way, I want to show you something." I took out a letter from a friend. Manuel took it and read:

". . . I understand there is a move on to

change our penal codes, to give criminals indeterminate sentences, to be released only when pronounced cured by state psychiatrists. This means there would no longer be a rule of objective law, but a rule by the state psychiatrists, a potential tyranny exactly paralleling 1984. Some individualist could be railroaded to jail for stepping on the grass, and kept there for forty years, because he hadn't yet 'adjusted' to the conformity of the state. . . .

"Sure," Manuel said, "they could keep people in asylums without a trial or a conviction, just for observation—for life, if they say so. There's no appeal, if they think you're crazy."

"How did they word it exactly when they said Lucille was crazy?"

Manuel hunted for a note and said:

"They said she showed signs of elation and exaltation and exhibited a spirit of grandiosity. They also said she was irritable and easily angered."

"Very likely," said Manuel, "Gibson's ideal of American womanhood is one who would be reduced to whining subservience at a fraction of the indignities and threats Lucille was subjected to. Lucille was threatened with mental liquidation—lobotomy—as well as with other 'treatments' both painful and damaging if she wouldn't stop her attacks on the enemies of our country."

When Is Mama Coming Home?

When Manuel finished his story, I asked: "Do the children miss her?"

"Terribly," Manuel said softly and looked down at the planks of the floor. He looked up after a moment.

"They're a bit too young to know what it's all about. David just turned twelve and the twins, Helen and Josephine, are ten. We have talked about human freedom a lot in front of the kids and they understand a lot. I told them not to worry about their mother; that everybody was going to help her get out. I told them she'd be back pretty quick.

"I've tried to divert their minds.

"They've cried a little. Mostly they choke it back. They ask:

"When is Mama coming home? I don't know what to tell them. She writes all the time,

telling them to keep their spirits up, telling us that she's fine, that it's not a bad place at all. I'll get her letters for you. You'll have to read between the lines."

Is the *Rifleman* Anti-Semitic?

"I want very much to read them," I said. "But first I want to get one thing straight. Something's been bothering me. I won't beat around the bush with you." I reached in my pocket and got out a copy of the *Rifleman*. "I'd like to find out," I said, "why you hate the Jewish people so much."

I showed Mr. Miller these words from the *Rifleman*:

"Forrestal learned the Jews' plans for betrayal and he warned us. . . . Lewis Johnson saw the Jews about to throw the Korean War and he rebelled against them. . . .

"One requirement for any public office is unceasing solicitude for the wishes and preferences of the Jews."

I said: "Mr. Miller, I have to tell you that we at *Faith and Freedom* disagree with you completely on this issue. We don't blame humanity's troubles on any religion or race. That letter I showed you a moment ago—would you read the rest of it?"

I handed it to him; he read:

"I understand that the *Green Mountain Rifleman* is an anti-Semitic paper, although I've never seen it. The anti-Semites are the most vulnerable people on the Right. But anti-Semites are people, and they deserve the same kind of rights that anyone else has."

"That letter," I said, "was written by a Jew who has been defending you. I agree with him. I think you are wrong about the Jewish people, but I don't want to see you lose your Constitutional rights."

Manuel leaned back, clasped his hands behind his head.

"I should have taken time to tell you about this anti-Semitism. It all started from some of the things we put in the *Rifleman*. We never regarded the *Rifleman* [500 circulation] as much more than an expanded personal letter. Our readers know that when we mention the word 'Jew' we are referring to certain Jewish political organizations and not to the Jew as a

race or religion. It was just a matter of space. We only send out a single mimeographed sheet. We couldn't print a paragraph of qualification each time, so we relied on our friends to make the distinction."

"That can be dangerous."

"I realize," Manuel said, "how it might be possible for someone reading one of the *Rifleman*s for the first time to believe we are anti-Semitic. The fact is that we are not. Should a neighbor be in need, we make no distinctions as to race or religion. Nor have we ever criticized anybody because he was a Jew."

"How did you come to start writing about them?"

"Not until several Jewish organizations attacked Lucille. . . . They said that she was a vicious person with a warped mind. What they really resented was the way Lucille was exposing the Commies up in Randolph Center."

"A reader could draw from your paper the idea that you think communism is a Jewish plot," I said.

"No," said Manuel, "I don't see any conspiracy among the Jewish peoples. But I do believe that orthodox Jews get an upbringing which makes them tend toward socialism."

"If it weren't for this issue I believe you'd get more support," I said.

"But in spite of that, we've got a lot of letters." Manuel reached down and pulled open a drawer revealing stacks of postcards and letters. He picked out a card at random:

"... We're praying for you all the time . . ."

"Most of the cards are like that," Manuel said.

Any Local Encouragement?

"Are the people in Bethel that friendly?"

"They're decent with the children—though some of them hate us like the dickens. The top-social levels find us very tiresome. Neither Lucille nor I have ever attacked local people. Been careful not to."

"Any of them encourage you?"

"The top businessmen in town are solidly behind us. That pleases me very much."

I looked around. "What are these platters?"

"Lucille paints that woodenware for the souvenir trade. I turn them out on my lathe. She's



a good artist; paints animals mostly, like that deer there. She specialized in animal art at Chicago Art Institute."

"I would have thought her muscular trouble—what do you call it?—sclerosis?—would keep her from painting?"

"No. It affects her walking, and her shoulders. A rupture throws her stomach out of position. Her father had it before her. He lived to be 72."

Manuel wanted to show me Lucille's letters, so he took me into the house. I walked around the living room, waiting for him. A sudden pain stabbed my eyes. Tear gas still clung to the room. It smelled like a child's wet bed.

"The place is still a mess. The police broke all the windows, just to be mean."

I turned and saw Mrs. Shurtleff shuffling toward me, Lucille's 74-year-old mother. Grey hair, plus cowboy boots!

"Now, Lucille, she's brave. Just laughs at her physical troubles. And modest, she is."

"Lucille gets all her brains from her father. A prominent lawyer in Chicago. Used to write briefs for all the other lawyers. We travelled all over. I went to school in Philadelphia—managed to keep my broad A."

"I don't know what I'll do if both Manuel and Lucille are taken to jail. I don't even think about it."

"Why didn't Lucille mix much in town? She's too busy. She gets out her woodenware, turns out the *Rifleman*, does all her housework besides. Works at night, writing."

"The children are brave little soldiers. They adore their father. They do whatever he says. But they miss their mother. Every day they ask when I think she'll be home."

Manuel came in and handed me a packet of Lucille's letters. He walked me to the front door and said:

"Here's where we made our stand the day they came to get Lucille."

"Did you intend to shoot if they took her by force?"

"No, the safety catch was on. Lucille said she wouldn't go with them. I told them they'd get it if any of them made a move to cross our threshold."

"Were you bluffing?"

"Sure. It worked. They left for reinforcements. Came back with forty State troopers."

"Was there much of a crowd?"

"Our neighbors made a complete ring around the house. The police roped the people back. Told them there might be some shooting."

"Was there?"

"No. They didn't try very hard to come in. Reporters were coming in and out, right in the line of fire, talking to Lucille all the time."

"What did they ask her?"

"Mostly why she was risking her freedom. She told them she wanted a public trial, not to be quietly hidden away in a booby hatch. She told them she wanted to put the spotlight on the draft law. She said she was willing to take a chance on going to prison, if she could get people to resist the draft law. We weren't resisting arrest—we wanted her to be tried. We were resisting the order to commit her in an asylum."

"Where were the children during the siege?"

"In school. They let David call Lucille. He was sobbing so hard Lucille could hardly understand him. He said:

"Mother, please let them arrest you or they will do terrible things to you."

"Lucille asked him where he was and she could hear a hand being slapped over his mouth. Before the receiver was slammed down she said:

"Don't worry, honey, the newspapers will come to our defense.' But I doubt if David heard her."

"What time did you give up?"

"The siege lasted for twelve hours. About ten that night they had floodlights all around the place. From out there they shot tear gas

bombs through the windows. Lucille passed out. When I couldn't stand it any longer I crawled out on the roof, up there, above the porch."

"Was Lucille all right?"

"She was unconscious until they got her to the hospital. They took her down from that window up there; brought her down in a basket-stretcher. Drove her away in a hearse."

"Can they keep her locked up indefinitely?"

"I don't know. Westbrook Pegler is doing everything he can to get her out. But there is no guarantee that he'll succeed."

What The Neighbors Said:

I talked to some people around Bethel about Lucille Miller. At the hotel the woman who had directed me said:

"Haven't you heard? She's mental. They sent her to an institute."

"What kind of reputation does she have?"

"Her—she's a Communist, or was during the war. Now she's supposed to be something else. I don't know what to take her for. I know we're behind times in Vermont—but not that far behind. Did you see that newspaper picture of her wearing that sloppy dress?"

"I believe so."

"She doesn't take care of her house or her children. Sits around, writes, paints and like that. Brought a bad reputation to this town, she did. We might be behind the times, but nothin' like that."

"What about him?"

"Oh, he's from a good family. Father was a Methodist minister. Folks say she's to blame. He's still on the school board, you know. Don't know how he gets away with what he does. Me—if I get drunk, they throw me in jail. But he holds off a hundred state troopers with a gun and he's still loose."

"People pretty mad at him?"

"Well, the affair brought good business to the hotel. But I wish it had come for different reasons."

Like the hotel clerk, most townfolks didn't like the kind of fame the Millers brought down on Bethel.

The town clerk greeted me icily:

"We Vermonters consider this a little

strange. So many California newspapers are covering this thing in Vermont. No, I have no comment as an official of the town.

"I've studied the legal circumstances. It is a question of due process. . . . I've worked personally with Mr. Miller for years but I am looking objectively at the case.

"I think there are some axes being ground.

"What? I wouldn't care to say.

"Whether Mrs. Miller is insane, is a matter for a specialist."

Effie Morse, a neighbor of the Millers, works as secretary to the City Manager. Before answering my questions, she said:

"First, I want to know who you are."

She looked at my identification and nodded.

"I'll be glad to set you straight about Lucille and her family. Lucille talks way over my head. She's always been highly respected. There is no filth in her house. Her children get everything they need. They may not have draperies or rugs, but that doesn't mean they don't live right.

"Lucille never mixed much with the community. Lucille's mother always took the children to school functions. Some people thought that was strange. I wish I had half the brains Lucille has.

"The people of the town haven't bothered to find out what the trouble was all about."

The Miller family doctor said:

"I'm not a psychiatrist and this is a highly technical matter. (But) she has caused no disturbance in the neighborhood. She is not a gossip. She has not done violence to anyone. She was quite capable of taking care of herself and her family."

I went back to the hotel and became completely absorbed in reading the letters which Lucille Miller had written to her family, starting with the first one she wrote after being taken away.

May 4—En Route to New York

Dear Pop: I'm all right. I feel fine. Don't worry about anything. You don't know how happy I was to come out of the ether and see Pop standing. God has given us a great victory without bloodshed. Keep out of the house until they say it's O.K. Everything is fine and we

shall all be together soon. Meanwhile be good kids and mind Pop. . . . Dave, your white pants are in Pop's suitcase.

P.S. I let Fuzzlyruzz out—feed him outdoors until the gas fumes are gone.

May 5—New York

Just getting into New York City and I hear I have to go to the Federal place where I won't be able to write or phone . . . I want only one thing and that is for you not to worry. Believe me Pop . . . I am still thanking God for the happy ending . . . I am sure you are out on bail by now as Jack said they cannot stipulate cash bail so your property would be enough. Esther says the kids are awfully good . . . Who knows, maybe I can get to your trial. Oh, Pop, you're a great guy! Merely the greatest. Tell the kids not to mind anything. I'll be home soon, I know. . . .

May 7—Washington

I haven't had a line from you yet but two of our friends were up Saturday and said everything was O.K. and you are home. . . .

The management had a fit over these visitors whose identity I am not to reveal. . . . "They" only let these visitors stay 20 minutes and wouldn't let us say anything. They had one of the help butt in twice for lengthy wrangles over their credentials. Then they weren't satisfied and made them go. Oh well, somebody'll get a chance to get here sometime. . . .

Did the gas smell get out of the clothes? Did Dave find his pants for the band O.K.? . . .

Think of you often today and follow your course to church and back and pretty soon you will be fixing cocoa and egg mixture, etc.

Don't worry about my being blue. I'm not half as bad as at Brattleboro. It was a godsend, that little preliminary bout because it toughened me up so that they can't even nick me here. I manage to fill up each day with something. We have had much laughter and singing. The food really is good . . . I never touch potatoes, bread, cake or anything as I propose to gain no more weight. There is no danger of my getting to like booby hatches but I can manage to make myself comfortable . . . I just want you all to get along O.K. I can

hold out for years if necessary but I feel sure it won't be necessary.

May 9—Washington—St. Elizabeth Hospital

Dear Pop & Everybody: I'm getting along fine so do not worry a bit. The food is very good. This morning I got not *one* but *two* oranges and other extra fruit as well as scrambled eggs, coffee, etc. People here get showers or baths *every day* which is quite a luxury.

I sit out on a wonderful big porch here and listen to the birds . . . lots of cardinals . . . so much shrubbery and so many trees that the birds carry on their regular nesting habits just as tho they were in the woods—so that is really very nice, not only for them but for us.

My bed was very comfortable and I slept very well. They let a fellow get up as early as she wants to here and come right out on the porch as early as she likes. And that I do like very much.

May 12—Washington

Dear Pop: I know the Lord is with you today and every day. We have so many things to be grateful for. . . .

As for the teeth, I wonder if you had better send them. Some people here have had their dentures taken away, so wouldn't it be as well to wait. . . .

Hope the children will help you with the work and mind Gramma after a fashion. It is possible these Department of Justice people will get sick of all this business and let me go after a while. Meanwhile, I hope the original issue will not be forgotten.

I like the pigeons here so much better than at Brattleboro. They were real wacky and gruff at Brattleboro but here they are gentle with a soft southern accent: "prrooo! proo! prrooo—you-all!" . . .

I'm very glad I won't have to take any treatments or drugs. I wake up every night and think of all you folks and what a wonderful Pop you are. . . . I know you won't be worried about anything because you are so much stronger and more philosophical than I am.

May 13—Washington

Hope you are all fine and dandy getting ready

to eat peas and go to the movies. Just had an interview with another doctor and he reiterated the promise that there will be no treatments of any sort—that they are just confining me here until Brownell orders me transferred back to Vermont, so I will just be patient (but not *too* patient) and know that everything will be O.K. at home.

The doctor was saying they are going to put in a television set here. She asked me if I wouldn't just love that, but I expressed lofty disdain. I am nagging them about getting more Bibles because the Gideon Society would be glad to furnish them. The first Bible came pretty hard but maybe the next half dozen will be easier. . . .

Do not worry about anything.

May 14—Washington

I am sure everything is all right with you because our strength and our faith are in the Lord and our eyes are to the future and our pain is washed away by the opportunities which the Lord is offering us to serve our nation. . . . Hope you are getting all my letters but it doesn't matter too much about my letters because I am all right and not doing anything interesting anyway, while you are doing terrific things every day.

The paper today told about some guy named Craven who killed an old man and his wife and was sent over here for a sanity test. They discovered he was sane enough to stand trial, although he had been in some kind of mental institution for 6 years before this latest escape. One of the doctors who arrived at this conclusion was R.I.—just saw him this A.M. before I had read the paper or I would have had some rather searching questions to ask. . . .

Hope the girls are breaking in their new shoes and they'd better put a strip of tape on each heel the first few times they wear them to school. Have Grandma sew some suspender buttons on the pants which you *were* wearing for Sunday at the time of my hasty departure. Then you can wear the brand new ones for Sunday. You are the nicest Pop in the world!

May 15—Washington

The time has come for me to point out to all



and sundry that this institution is painting itself into a corner on this question of my legal competence or sanity. . . . Now if R can rule [Craven] of sound enough mind to assist in his own defense, how is R going to refuse me the same distinction. They ought to clear themselves by being fair enough to admit what all the world concedes already—that whatever my shortcomings I certainly am sane enough to assist in my own defense. . . .

Tonight we are going downstairs to see a TV show called “We the Mentally Ill” with cast chosen from this institution. I protested that 10 P.M. was way after my bed time and that my enthusiasm for the show—or for the whole idea—was somewhat less than the enthusiasm of a woodchuck for a fox-fight but this is one of the social occasions I can’t squeek out of.

May 16—Washington

The trouble with you and me is that we didn’t kill our grandparents, because that seems to be what it takes to get a trial nowadays. No doubt some fool in the office will construe this as evidence of deepseated homicidal trends.

Just wrote a letter for a poor little colored woman to her sister: “Please come and get me out right away.” Alas, poor little souls. How awful to be deserted, forgotten, and still able to suffer just as much or more as those who are not deserted or forgotten. . . .

To all who come I express buoyant hope and pack them off with the message “it’s earlier than you think!” It startles them but I guess they like it.

We’ve got only one [Bible] and it takes quite a beating. Tell me, is it nice to see ladies pulling hair and screeching curses over a

Bible? We wouldn’t have this one if a young prostitute, its original owner, hadn’t decided to travel light on her homeward journey!

May 17—Washington

At this moment you must be enroute to Brattleboro [for trial] . . . I woke up early this morning wondering if you were getting up as early as that but decided you weren’t since you aren’t jumpy like me. . . . When I pray it is not with anxiety, not in a sense of pleading or begging because I know all things are in God’s hands and with God all things are possible. I pray to God in the same way you taught me to pray: for guidance, for enlightenment, for counsel—and these are always forthcoming on the spot. . . .

I’m sorry the gas is so awful but I feel we had no choice but to do exactly as we did. I regret so much having you all suffer for my sake this way.

I was glad to hear about the special meeting over the new school building. I was wondering about that the other night. It seems nice that everything hasn’t stopped just because I had to get stashed here. I hope you will tell me about things because that gives me something to think about besides just this business. . . .

I’ll go to bed early so tomorrow will come quicker. I hope to get a letter tomorrow sometime but if it doesn’t come until Wednesday, don’t worry about my being desolate as I am getting very tough solely because I consider everything in the hands of Almighty God. All I have to do is be true to my conscience and God will see to the rest. You taught me to feel that way and thank you so much Pop!

May 18—Washington

Guess spring has come to Ward 8 for sure. Little Janice, a very pretty girl who hasn’t spoken aloud since I came, all of a sudden started dancing, kicked off her shoe, tossed it gaily in the air; caught it; walked around the room with it on her head; then put it on her foot and turned a somersault. . . .

You are such a wonderful Pop.

May 20—Washington

Had a long interview lasting part of morning

and all of afternoon with a woman doctor. She gave me this pen and two notebooks for me to write the whole story of the Vermont case in a wealth of sufficient detail. When booby hatch people set an inmate to writing her memoirs—tell me; is that bad? . . .

Right now I know the kids are making last minute preparations for movies. Wish I'd remembered last Tuesday to write you where I keep your Friday night candies—in the left-hand dish cupboard on the top shelf in a glass way at the back and to the right. That has been the hiding place for Pop's Friday night candy ever since Friday night movies. And Dave and the girls have been so good about refraining from raids. There's still some in there. Hope to be home by the time they're all gone to replenish stock. . . .

A publisher of small but intellectual books brought me five of them; two were translations of Confucius. Confucius he say: "Man not able to get out better keep busy translating Confucius!" Huh! . . .

May 22—Washington

In the [newspaper] clipping was a nice picture of you for me to carry around in my pocket until I wear it out . . . I can hear little Ella singing the neki hokey momba right now. She made it up herself and she made up the words too. And when I say "made up" I mean it—because their ain't no such words. . . . Have lots to read, paper, books, magazines, everything. Also have the "epic" I'm writing to earn my board. Hope these people here will soon notify Brownell that I'm fit to be tried!

May 22—Washington #2

I know that you are facing the trial with confidence and serenity just as I am. We believe in God and nothing can distress us. . . .

I see by Friday's *Star* they are getting ready to push the draft law now that UMT is dead for this session. No surprise. . . . I noted with amusement in the same *Star* an item suggesting they give reservists 4 sessions of 4 hours each with *big pay*. The sponsor of that scheme thought it would accomplish a lot more than a 2-hour-a-week session in which there was more glad-handing and chatting than anything

else. He's so right.

May 23—Washington

Don't be afraid that I'll get impatient or be disappointed if negotiations drag and the days go by without any apparent progress. I have got to the stage where I am truly patient in a philosophical way and I would much prefer to lose days or even weeks of freedom and have the thing done correctly from your standpoint and your opinion. . . . Some people are going with you to your trial, aren't they?

May 24—Washington

Yesterday at about 10 they suddenly took me into the dressing room and changed my clothes for me to be introduced to O, the big boss man. . . . O explained that this was merely an introduction, that he would have "ample time to get to know me better." I at once objected to the term *ample time*. . . . This scene was devoid of fireworks on either side. There was none of the fury of the Brattleboro staff inquisition. It was plain to me, however, that they wished to make an impression of firm resolve and it is my belief they are anxious to have me go out on a writ so they would then be rid of me. . . .

The scenes [on TV documentary] were from a California Institution. The narrator said: "Manic-depressives cannot be trusted to voluntarily seek aid they need so vitally. That is why they *must be compelled for their own good* to come to an institute for treatment." See what they mean? Manic-depressives are the latest fashion—even more so than allergies.

May 26—Washington

Gee, I wish somebody would come. Horton was supposed to come. Last Tuesday the people waited for a whole hour and they wouldn't tell me anybody had come. Then only gave me a few minutes.

May 27—Washington

It was hardly a surprise, of course, about the chickenpox. I am so glad Dave is having a light case. Of course, all cases are light unless there are complications. I know you'll keep him from starting out too soon and won't let

him play in the swamp or river or sit on the ground or anything until he's really over it. . . . Just warn [the children] that if they feel sickish or cross that they must try to hold in and not get Grandma all upset because they'll feel better right away and mustn't get discouraged. They have lots of things to look forward to.

May 27—Washington #2

Yesterday they said they were going to put in their decision on the Rule to Show Cause right away and I probably would have to go to court Tuesday. Today they tell me that since this is a legal quest, the District Attorney is going to respond to the Demand to Show Cause with the help of the District Attorney of the Vermont federal district.

May 29—Washington

I like to think of home but do not picture me as ravaged by homesickness for I am not. Anyone who cannot endure captivity which was foreseen, should not embark on so perilous a course. . . . Tell [the children] we'll have our Memorial Day picnic later on.

May 31—Washington

At last I got your letter but you didn't say a word about your hearing so I gather that there was nothing to say except what Blanche had told me, to wit: that the trial had been postponed for another week. . . . I can't tell you anything about what happened in court today because I haven't heard anything about it myself. I don't know whether there was one lawyer or a dozen or no lawyers at all.

June 1—Washington

We have a wood thrush here that is the noisiest thing you ever heard, unless mayhap it's a mocking bird making like a wood thrush. . . . I can't seem to read the books K & B brought me and I can't seem to write any letters either. . . . Hope you don't mind. You are really quite a hero and not just to me alone either.

Mom

St. Elizabeth's mental hospital. Big grey building. Long bars on narrow windows. A

woman sits somewhere behind those walls, wondering if the world has forgotten her. You haven't forgotten. You want to see her, to do what you can. Maybe get a Habeas Corpus writ. Anything to get her out.

But first you have to get in. How do you do that? You're not a relative—you don't even know Lucille Miller.

They stop you at the desk.

"I would like to see Mrs. Lucille Miller."

The woman's eyes jump from her paper to your face. Her eyes search you.

"Are you a relative?"

"No." Hope sinks.

"Are you a newspaperman?"

"No." You swallow. "Just a friend." You do feel friendly toward her—though you've never seen her.

"Just a moment."

White-coated officials with rimless glasses go into a huddle, buzzing with heads close together—a head pops up, looks you over, pops down again.

You wish you hadn't come. You get the crazy feeling from the way they look at you that maybe they'll lock you up.

The huddle breaks up. A white-coat picks up a phone and says: "Ward eight." Sotto tone. Guarded eyes on you.

Five minutes tick by. A burly attendant (female) in a starched grey uniform marches to the desk and halts.

"This way, please."

She unlocks a door, you pass through, she locks it behind you. She unlocks an elevator. You pass in. She locks it behind you. The elevator takes you up. Fourth floor. Doors bang. Keys click. The heavy chatelaine ring jangles in the matron's hand.

A thought panics you. What if you don't recognize her? What if she says: "I don't know this person." You saw her once in a pitiful newspaper shot: wash dress, high tennis sneakers, face distorted from tear gas. You will watch the matron closely. Her face may show it when she sees Lucille Miller.

Meet Lucille Miller

The door on the far side of the room opens. A woman stands quietly—framed in the door—

way. Her hands folded in front of her. The matron looks at her, head tilts up with recognition. You want to rush over to her—but what if it's the wrong woman?

She is short, a dumpy black-haired woman. But you didn't remember her features as this distorted. Her head is angled down to the right. Her right shoulder sags a good three inches lower than her left. Her stomach sticks out. Maybe she's really crazy. You've made a horrible mistake. You wish more than ever you had stayed home.

You're here: go through with it!

You rush over to the woman, fling your arms around her—

"Lucille, I'm so glad to see you!" Before she can react you press your lips against her ear as if kissing her; whisper: "I've come to help you. Please pretend you know me."

She looks back at you with her brown steady eyes, instantly appraising you. Her fingers tighten on your sleeve. The clear, unfrightened eyes suddenly flood with tears. You feel warmed by that look. You feel the love in her eyes and the gratitude.

She is calm.

"I'm so glad you came, my dear," she says. A perfect actress, welcoming you as an old friend. Lying for the benefit of the matron. She's not crazy! The love you saw in her eyes, the quick-recognition that was an intelligent look. You forget her ungainly body, conscious only of the beauty in her steady brown eyes. You feel like an old friend. You are glad you came.

"Won't you sit down?" She gestured to a corner out of range of the matron's prying ears.

You sit beside her, awkwardly. Lucille Miller squeezes her hands, opening, closing them, the only sign she is distressed. She notices you looking at her hands:

"I don't do this as a rule. But . . . You see I wanted so much to make a good impression."

You feel a choking lump in your throat; you stammer: "I guess I'm nervous, too."

You smile at each other.

A blood-curdling scream runs through you like a sword from the other side of the wall; a thud shakes the floor. Silence. You sit, your hand frozen in mid-air. Then the unearthly

scream, high and silver, stabs your ears. You sit bolt upright, waiting. Lucille puts her hand on your arm, soothingly:

"That's Margie. This is the most violent ward in St. Elizabeth's." You look around timidly. A woman in a chair across the room sags dejectedly, head in arms. Others stare glassily into space.

Here, Lucille tells you, the incorrigible bed-wetters and floor defilers, sex maniacs, prostitutes, murderers, razor artists, stranglers, and screamers laugh and howl through the night. "The other half of this floor—ward 7—is a shade milder, kept so by the threat that any patient who wets a bed or kills anybody will be demoted to our ward."

Screaming, Swearing, Praying

"But in your letters home, you just talked about sitting out on the porch listening to the birds. Your letters sounded as if you were happy here. You didn't say you were locked up with . . . women like that—screaming."

"I didn't want Pop and the kids to worry about me," Lucille said, simply.

"Maybe some of your friends can get you a transfer to another ward."

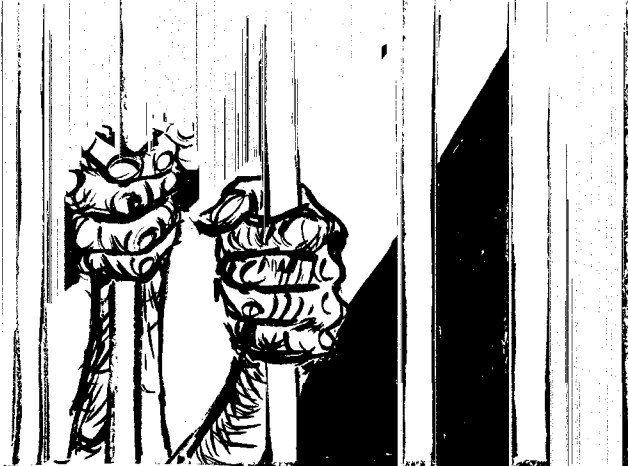
"I hope so. It's funny. The doctor that ordered me put away said I was a manic-depressive and that all I needed was some rest in a quiet place. So they put me in the violent ward. Listen! I'm getting used to it now. That's Mary shrieking, Louise tipping over furniture, and Margie swearing. I'm afraid of getting calloused to human misery. There's so much of it here. When they're not shrieking and laughing, then all around is quiet weeping and quiet praying."

"Are you in physical danger from the violent ones?"

"They've taken away anything you can pick up and throw. They won't let me have my false teeth. They don't even allow Bibles as a rule; somebody might throw it. Many are really insane and many others suffer dreadfully—but some look and act completely normal. Probably here for suicide attempts or threats. . . ."

"Do any of them improve?"

"Not while they're in this ward. A Mrs. K



used to make an awful racket here, I moved her down to ward 4 and she can't make a sound. It bears out my contention that disturbed patients get worse when you put them in with noisy demented patients. I used to let out the most unearthly roars and dog noises whenever any of the other inmates would howl or swear. Now she's quiet as a mouse."

All around you wait: begin to hear the sirens. Lucille Miller smiles apologetically. "Sounds like a zoo and tornado. What always surprises me that only 40 odd inmates do mean ODD females, unarmed and un-

equipped can create such pandemonium. "Have you tried to help any of them?" "Yes. There's a poor girl from North Carolina who's attached herself to me. She's heard voices calling god-awful names."

Paul Wolfe, who like Mrs. Miller, has been forcibly confined to a mental institution against his will, asks: What is mental illness?

"Is it not the inability of an individual to adjust to the 'norm' of the society in which he exists? Although a semi-nude woman on the streets would probably be classified as mentally ill, a fully-clothed girl in a society in which semi-nudity is the 'norm' might be hardly described."

"Our government has a system of checks and balances; at least we do not put a man in jail until he has been given a fair trial to defend himself. But what do we do with a citizen who exhibits an inability to adjust? We attempt to 'cure' this supposed mental disturbance by placing him in a totalitarian society, where he is 'under observation' for four hours a day."

"We admit the innocence of the 'mentally ill'; yet we place them in the custody of a handful of psychiatrists, who decide the fate of patients' release according to their ability to adjust to new, and necessarily more rigid standards of behavior."

sure she would get punched and would I tell her what to do. Sure I would. I told her what I always tell them: I said: 'You merely have a devil. Jesus Christ will cast it out for you if you will just believe.' She talked and talked and I answered 'just believe!' over and over again. . . ."

"Did it help her?"

"Yes, it quieted her." Lucille looked up modestly and smiled, laughing at herself. "At this rate I shall become an evangelist—like John the Baptist. Pass the roasted locusts, please. Or did he eat 'em raw?"

We laughed together. She sighed. "My sense of humor is a big help—here."

A wild-animal cry rent the air and reverberated through the halls. Screams, pattering matrons' feet.

"Is it like this all the time?"

"It's worse at night."

Your jaw drops two inches; how could it get worse? Lucille smiles to reassure you. "If you have to be put away in an asylum, you might as well be in the worst ward. I can make a better study of the way other innocent people suffer, if I'm in the worst place."

Can We Get You Out?

"Lucille," you say tensely, "a lot of us want to get you out. We've been talking about getting a Habeas Corpus writ. We wanted to find out what you want. We could get you out, if they honor the Habeas Corpus, in a couple of days. Shall we do it?"

She looks at you a moment. "God bless you," she says. "I do want to get out. But if I crawl out through a legal loophole, that will let them off the hook. I would be giving up all the principles we have fought for all these years. I can't do that, just for my personal freedom. There are people who make staying out of prison more important than principle—but I am not one."

Another scream chills your spine; your hands quiver.

"How can you stand it in here?"

"Don't feel too badly for me. I have many friends who want me out. But there are women in here as sane as you or me—without hope—no family, no friends. Ezra Pound has been

in here for ten years. Friends who have visited him say he is sane. Worry about the others—not about me.”

“How do you keep your spirits up, Lucille?”

“I read the Bible. We’re not allowed to have them. This Bible was left here by a reformed prostitute. One day some women were screaming and howling like dogs. I began reading to them. It quieted them. They gathered around and listened. It seemed to calm them. They asked me to read every day.”

“The keepers let you—”

“They’re glad it keeps them quiet. We’re plowing through Exodus like steamshovels. Hope I won’t be here long enough to finish the whole Bible, but however long or short my stay, that will keep me going.”

The matron looks at her wristwatch and pops to her feet. Time’s up.

How can you help this woman? She knows what she wants. She will not sacrifice her principles just to get out of here.

“What can I do for you, Lucille? Name it.”

“Tell my family I’m all right. Don’t tell them how bad it is here. They mustn’t worry about me.”

“Of course. But isn’t there something else I can do for you?”

Tell the Boys About Conscription

“Tell all the Americans you meet about the issue—the issue that started this, drafting young men. Tell them that the Thirteenth Amendment protects us against involuntary servitude. Tell the boys it’s wrong for them to be forced into the army against their will. That’s the issue. Don’t worry about me. I am in God’s hands.”

You left her with a strange feeling. That *she* had cheered *you* up. You thought about her in the weeks that followed. One day you felt your spirits lift. You read this letter from Lucille Miller to Westbrook Pegler:

“Freedom seems so close to me now that I can almost feel it. . . . Even though it may be weeks before freedom actually is mine, yet I have that funny squeezed-up feeling that people get when they are right on the edge of the long-awaited. My only regret is that all of these other poor devils must be denied this delight



although they have never deserved this bitter captivity. They don’t know when freedom will come. They are not sure it will ever come. It is a sad prospect to think that maybe release will come only with death. . . .

“Glad as I am to be approaching freedom, I do not begrudge an hour of this captivity because there is no way to understand this outrageous business except to be committed. People visiting can pick up ghastly sights and sounds but you have to live here, sleep here, eat here among half a hundred unhappy, harassed people to understand.”

Then, a few days later, buried in a newspaper you read this obscure little notice: **DRAFT FOE FACING JAIL; Vermont Woman Is Released From Mental Hospital.** (Your heart beats faster and you smile. But what’s this about jail?)

“WASHINGTON, June 22 (UP)—Mrs. Lucille S. Miller, the Vermont woman who joined with her husband in a twelve-hour stand against state troopers, was released today from St. Elizabeth’s Mental Hospital.” (Hooray!)

“A Federal Court order declared she was sane and able to stand trial in Vermont. (So they were forced to reverse themselves! She was right to waive Habeas Corpus.)

“She is under indictment for an alleged attempt to influence young men to avoid the draft.

“The Millers attracted national attention when they resisted efforts of two United States Marshals to take her into custody for transfer to the hospital here. State troopers finally forced their surrender with tear gas after Mr. Miller stood them off for twelve hours with a rifle.”

(So they gassed her, brought her to Wash-

ington for rest and quiet, threw her in Ward 8, an experience which would drive you crazy, then they declared her sane, which she and her husband knew all the time anyway.)

Homecoming

Lucille's mother put on her new dress which she had bought for the occasion. "Helen! Josephine! David! Time to get ready, kids."

"Oh, Mom and Pop won't get here for another hour."

Well, we all want to be dressed when they come."

"Tie my hair ribbon, will you, Grandma?"

"Is my hair slicked down O.K.?"

"Should we be out on the porch when they come?"

"Gosh, I'm excited, Grandma."

"Me too, Helen."

Manuel had taken the carry-all down to Washington to get Lucille. They would be coming back to Bethel today. The kids in their Sunday clothes sat on the porch waiting for Manuel to drive up.

"There they are!"

"That's Mr. Wilson's station wagon."

"No, I think I can see Mom!"

"Grandma, here they come!"

"I saw them first."

The kids could be held back by Grandma no longer. They ran down the steps and out to the curb.

"Be careful. Don't go into the street."

Then they saw Lucille at the window. Her face lit up like a neon sign and the kids struggled to open the car door.

Then she was down among them, looking young and fiercely happy through the tears. There wasn't anything for them to say but: "Mom!"

"Oh, I'm fine, I'm fine."

Manuel leaned over the kids and took her into his arms. "Now you're home, Mom, everything is going to be all right."

They walked, arm in arm, up to the house.

"Maybe we can go on that picnic now, huh, Mom?"

"Sure, we will. . . . We'll have lots of time," said Lucille Miller. She turned and looked at Manuel, and fingers tightened on his sleeve.

Fit To Be Tried

Why was Lucille Miller ever taken away from home in the first place? The psychiatrists who examined her and declared her insane said:

"Cure from her present mental illness will be more assured and more rapid if she is placed in a mental institution under proper care and in a quiet environment. The present overstimulated home environment of Mrs. Miller would be apt to delay recovery."

You might wonder whether the government wanted to aggravate her condition or to cure her. Instead of putting her in a quiet environment, the bureaucracy put her first among criminals and then in a violent ward. Lucille Miller described her first night in custody:

"A pail of coffee, some used bread and some saturated corn flakes were thrust in for us. A taste of the coffee sent me back to drinking water. Johnny May drank all the coffee and was cheered. 'The highah up you gits in heah, the wise you is,' she gloated, 'and we is on the top flo'. Fust flo': bosses. Second flo': stealahs. Thoid flo': street walkahs. Foth flo': dopes. Fifth flo': simple assault. Sixth flo': cuttin' and killin'. Yeah man, that's us!"

But was Lucille Miller even slightly insane?

Just before she was released from St. Elizabeth, a prominent psychiatrist examined her. Dr. John M. Grimes wrote this opinion:

"To Whom It May Concern:

"At the request of relatives and friends of Mrs. Lucille Miller of Bethel, Vermont, who has today been released from St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington after considerable pressure was brought to bear, I called on Mrs. Miller yesterday at the hospital to determine the extent of her 'mental illness.'

"I am a graduate of the University of Chicago and of Rush Medical College, have had extensive training in psychology and psychiatry, and have been engaged in the practice of psychiatry for more than a quarter-century. I have had quite extensive experience in 'mental hospitals' and have published two books dealing exclusively with mental patient care in America.

"Mrs. Miller's mental status is not at all hard to evaluate. She is not and has not been 'mentally ill.' She is highly intelligent and has had some college training. Her mind is unusually

alert. This alertness has expressed itself since early childhood by an aggressiveness which persons who do not discriminate carefully sometimes call a 'manic trend,' but it is not even closely akin to a 'manic-depressive psychosis.' It is a lifelong habit of behavior found in many 'normal' persons, which makes it easy to 'step on other people's toes,' and Mrs. Miller seems to have indulged this habit once too often, for the indulgence has now deprived her of the freedom to which she is entitled as an American citizen. However, to call her insane and enforce a regime of treatment and imprisonment is a travesty on justice and a violation of the human rights for which our forefathers fought and died.

Subscribed and sworn to before me
this 22nd day of June 1955

Leonard J. Stone, Notary Public

My commission expires Oct. 21, 1959

Signed: John M. Grimes, M.D.
5121 S. Kenwood Ave.
Chicago 15, Ill."

Sentenced to Prison

Manuel Miller was, on August 8, 1955, after being found guilty of "obstructing a Federal Officer," sentenced to one year and a day in prison and fined \$1000.

Lucille Miller was sentenced to two years in prison. They have appealed. Judge Ernest W. Gibson, in suspending the sentence, told Mrs. Miller:

"As long as you are a law-abiding citizen you will be *allowed* to rear your children, and have complete freedom of speech; if not, you may have to serve a sentence of 2 years in prison. I should have given you a longer sentence because I think this is a serious offense."

I italicized the word *allowed*.

We Americans have never thought that government *allowed* us freedom of speech. The only constitutional law on the subject forbids the government to pass laws restricting freedom of speech. *Allowed* somehow implies that we're all living and exercising rights by permission. And who gives permission? Nobody.

The Millers have run up against a machine and most people defend the machine—not those brave souls it crushes. Though the judge suspended Lucille's sentence so that she could

care for her children, Manuel goes to prison. How will the children eat? Lucille Miller prays that: "God will take care of us."

Despite denials the Department of Justice hasn't been able to keep down the ugly suspicion that its judges and psychiatrists put Lucille Miller away—not because she was insane but because they wished to suppress free discussion of a tyrannous law.

The Nearest Voice Man Knows

I pondered Judge Gibson's message, as he passed sentence on Manuel and Lucille Miller, and my mind went back to my bus ride back from Bethel, Vermont.

As I sat in the bus, the Miller's martyrdom crowded Vermont's pine-darkened hills out of my mind. I wondered then what verdict would be passed. Whoever passed judgment, townspeople, legal authorities, psychiatric specialists, can't know all of the Millers' motives. Could they know whether the Millers did wrong in following their consciences? Were they only guilty of exercising free speech? They told young men that the draft was immoral. They told young men that they ought not to go if the draft violated their consciences. What if a man believes he should warn others against evil? But keeps his mouth shut because of man-made laws? How would God judge him?

Only God knows for sure whether Lucille and Manuel were performing His Will and acting upon His Principles. Until God performs His judgment, man must live by that little spark of celestial fire called conscience. It's the nearest voice man knows to the voice of God.

And so when I think of Lucille and Manuel Miller, I think of Thoreau's beautiful conclusion to *Walden*:

"If man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Temporarily absent this month to make room for the complete treatment of *The Miller Story*, our columnists Gerald Heard and William Schlamm will be back with us in October.

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

The children are back in school. I have tucked away my road maps. The days are growing shorter. As I write, I can see a patch of golden-rod on the top of the hill. Summer is over. It left with wonderful memories.

I hope this summer enriched your life as it has enriched mine. One rare experience will always stay with me. Some friends, who were searching for the same thing I was, went with me high up into the mountains at Idyllwild, California. There, thirty of us gathered under the tall pines to try to find out how we can progress spiritually.

Guided by my good friend, the philosopher-historian Gerald Heard, we searched for the road that leads into "the beyond within"—man's soul. Our adventure—perhaps it would be more accurate to say our briefing session for a life adventure—lasted just one week. But each one of us—retired businessmen, ministers, writers, college students, businessmen, teenagers—was exhausted from our workout in that pine-scented spiritual gymnasium.

Like the rabbit at a dog race, Heard's mind always ran out in front; but never so far that he got out of stretching distance. His keen brain plus his mastery of how to tap the infinite in each person exercised our spiritual muscles so much that it now pains us too much to stop our workouts. By this test you may judge Heard a perfect taskmaster.

Spiritual Muscle Builders

Our search stemmed primarily from Mr. Heard's article which ran in the January 1955 *Faith and Freedom*: "Wanted: Spiritual Muscle Builders." Heard added his vast store of psychiatry to our religious study; in fact, he called psychiatry the "science of the soul." He told us that men "require of a church, not merely that it yield salvage and preventative work, but that it set before the world a dy-

namic way of thinking, a creative approach to the social problems of mankind." And further: "We must try to communicate a new vision of life's worth, a demonstration of how rich life might be when it is lived to its full demand."

I wish you might have joined us there, and I want to share with you a few jottings made as Mr. Heard spoke. I've put them on the next page.

The Kingdom Without God

The presses will soon be rolling out a new book which features the work of Gerald Heard and our Edmund Opitz. Published by the Foundation for Social Research here in Los Angeles, it is called "The Kingdom Without God." The book looks into the social action movement and tries to show a better way of aiming Christian thought at today's problems. I've read the early drafts and am vastly pleased with what Gerald and the others who contributed have done. I hope that you will agree with me when you have a chance to read it. When the book is bound I will be happy to save a copy for you, if you will let me know.

Could you do me a favor? Next time you're in your local library—better yet, make a special trip—see if *Faith and Freedom* is in the periodical racks. If it is, tell the librarian you're glad it's there. If it isn't, tell the librarian then he may receive a complimentary subscription simply by sending us a request. We have a special foundation grant to make this possible.

And while you're about it, try to find out what reactions the librarians have had to the magazine. I'd appreciate having your evaluation of their comments. Many thanks.

Gerald Heard . . . and a few jottings

"The universe can be understood only by a free creature."

"God has given us a mind and a body (the mysterious means to find Him), the wish to find Him, and the company of fellow explorers."

"The mind is a lens, not a mirror."

"A spiritual achievement is a step, not a nest."

"The real obstacle to believing in Christ is not the strain on our credulity, but the demand on our characters."

"The more perfectly a thing moves, the less disturbance it makes. The sin Jesus condemns most often is anxiety. Hurry spoils God's work. Rubato playing is required for the art of living as much as for the art of music."

"Societies are not murdered. They commit suicide."

"Obey nature in order to rule it."

"Jesus said, 'knock!' Too often we go up to the door and merely stand waiting for it to open."

"Before mind can speak to mind, heart must speak to heart."

"You cannot persuade another person unless you can communicate to him the belief that you are bringing him, not what you think he should have, but what he realizes he needs."

"God cannot be used as a means unless He is the End."

"The full saint is curiously unnoticeable. It is half saints who are great characters. The holy are understanding rather than outstanding."

"Truth is more than accuracy, righteousness more than efficiency, loving more than liking."



ALONG PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

AUBREY HERBERT

Politics has struck its dullest season in many years. Gone are the spirited and fundamental debates of yesteryear. Politicians argue now whether postal wages should be increased by 7.5% or 8.2%, or whether minimum wage rates should be raised to ninety cents or one dollar per hour. But these splits fail to shake the earth; nobody really cares. The dream of the "liberal" pundits—a bipartisan domestic policy—has come true.

The Democrats, bereft of issues for 1956, must fall back on personalities. (They charged that Air Secretary Talbot used his high office for his private profit.) The Republicans, likewise devoid of issues, nail their hopes to Ike's personality. The Eisenhower press writes eloquently of Ike's chief virtues: his sincerity, warmth, and charm.

In our television era, politicians—like soap—are "sold" to the public in attractive and gaudy packages. Unlike soap, however, we never get a chance to unwrap and test the contents of the package. When we gauge an office seeker by his smile or by the charm he gives off, we chase a will-o'-the-wisp. We poor voters, bombarded by press releases and staged TV appearances, can't know a man's true character. We can only judge his policies, for different policies cause different results. So we must learn to tell the difference between a man's smile and his ideas.

Furthermore, not the man who carries it out, but his *policy* touches our lives most profoundly. Let debates on principles and issues disappear from the political world, and the voter may as well toss a coin to select one "personality" over another.

One interesting debate in the 84th Congress took place in June, during the burial of the Dixon-Yates contract. Suddenly, the legislators found themselves plunged into the fundamentals of the TVA—the nation's showcase

of socialism. Reviving an old Fair Deal project opened the sluice of argument: Should the taxpayers build a generating plant for TVA, so that TVA can supply more electricity to the Tennessee Valley. Representative John Phillips (R., California), led the fight which killed this perennial plan. Let's look at the arguments Phillips and his backers used.

Rep. Phillips: "We have paid into the budget of the TVA year after year . . . more than \$1,800,000,000. . . . we are away beyond any reasonable consideration of the firming up of power."

Rep. Charles Halleck (R., Indiana): "Are we to continue to spend hundreds of millions of the taxpayers' money . . . from all over the country, to enable the people of the TVA area—and heaven knows I do not object to their being aided within proper limits—to expand steamplant power production ad infinitum when we know . . . its disadvantages to the rest of the country?"

Rep. Frank Bow (R., Ohio): "Perhaps it is time to wean it (TVA). It is no longer a child. It is now in a position to go on its own. . . . I do not believe this is a question of a fight on TVA."

Rep. Leslie Arends (R., Illinois): "The continued existence of TVA is not in question. . . . The basic issue is whether . . . we shall promote Federal public power rather than private enterprise. It is essentially a question whether we believe in socialism or whether we believe in free private enterprise."

Rep. Charles Nelson (R., Maine): "Where private utilities cannot develop it (power), certainly the Federal government should. But we do most strenuously object to asking our (Maine) workingmen to pay in taxes for building an artificial steam plant to produce low-cost power which ultimately results in taking away their jobs."

Rep. Kenneth Keating (R., New York): "There is a proper sphere in this great country

for both public and private development. There are some projects so vast that they do not lend themselves to private development (but) . . . we are dealing not with the original construction of TVA, but with . . . whether we will permit further expansion to be paid for from the pockets of all the taxpayers, or . . . whether we are going to stand four-square for the furtherance of private enterprise and initiative."

The leftists wisely saw that these resounding arguments were against socialism yet accepted the TVA system. They noted that those who argued against handouts for one region failed to attack *all* regional subsidies so the leftists scored these telling points:

Rep. William Natcher (D., Kentucky): "It is true that this section of the United States has benefited as the direct result of the establishment of the TVA but . . . should we, as American citizens, destroy our national parks which are owned by the Federal Government due to the fact that the immediate sections receive great benefit therefrom?"

Rep. Joe Evins (D., Tennessee): "The gentleman from New York (Taber) . . . talked about how much money of the taxpayers of the city of New York was spent on the TVA. I would like to advise the gentleman that in the State of New York alone the Federal Government has spent \$308,945,000 on rivers and harbors. I wonder if he thinks this is mistreatment of the Tennessee taxpayers."

Someone should have shown the courage of libertarian principle to answer *Yes* to these fundamental questions. But one congressman, Representative Bruce Alger, a freshman Republican from Dallas, Texas, brought the fresh breeze of clear principle into the debate. How shocked his listeners must have been when they heard: "I have a practical solution . . . that we sell the TVA to the people in that area. . . . The development of power . . . is not the prerogative of the Federal Government. It is unconstitutional. Public power, by definition, is a form of socialism and no oratory can conceal or change it. . . . Government is to protect our rights and freedoms, not compete with them. . . . If socialism is bad, for us in the United States, then a little bit of it is bad. Any

degree of a disease is as bad as the disease itself. . . . Let the Socialists stand up for what they believe. Let those who believe in free enterprise so state. . . . Two wrongs do not make a right. A bad law should not be continued or tolerated by a reduced appropriation. Let us sell the TVA. . . . let us not argue the merits of another steam generator, the elimination of fertilizer manufacture, or more or less annual running expense."

No one commented on this brilliant suggestion, in Congress or out. The legislators continued on their former ways. But as long as men like Bruce Alger serve in Congress, fighting for fundamental principle, America may feel hope for the cause of liberty.

Our government punishes one airline company while it subsidizes another. One airline, North American, receives no subsidy and yet pioneered in low-cost aircoach service. Showing an excellent safety record, North American forced the other reluctant companies to enter the cheaper aircoach field. Yet the Civil Aeronautics Board, the Federal agency that dictates to the airline industry, is warring unceasingly against North American.

First, the CAB charged that North American had infringed on American Airlines by using the word "American" in its title. We had never thought that "American" was a private monopoly of any company or group. Curiously, the CAB never charged Pan-American Airlines with equal guilt. But then, Pan-American is not competing with such disturbing efficiency. In reversing the ruling, the United States Circuit Court blasted the CAB, and found that the Board had exceeded its authority by an attempt to foster monopoly.

Now the CAB has revoked the operating authority of North American on technical grounds. Senator Sparkman charges that the governmental regulations were designed to be discriminatory, and CAB Vice-Chairman Joseph Adams has strongly opposed both attacks on North American. This hamstringing of a young airline clearly shows the role of our many regulatory agencies: they harass private enterprise and promote a monopoly. ≠ ≠

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DR. FIFIELD

SOMETIMES WE FIND IT difficult to determine what causes events when we see only their effects. Some things we observe in the world may be accidental—others are assuredly part of a great conspiracy.

We ministers believe it is wrong to judge the motives of people. We cannot know them. If a man errs in ignorance, he should be treated with charity and grace. If he errs wilfully he should be dealt with according to justice.

But if we consider only damage done, it doesn't matter whether men err wilfully or accidentally.

Remember the little child who moved a stone which started an avalanche which destroyed a Swiss town? Yet some individuals have set in motion wilfully and knowingly events that destroyed immeasurably more than a Swiss village. Who shall pass judgment upon them?

Our Mission

Times that try men's souls are times which humble thoughtful men and make them recognize the fallibility of their judgment and the limitations of their understanding. I am increasingly suspicious of people who presume to know the answers to all current questions. What causes our world-wide problems? Nuclear fission, world communism, and general trends of secularization? Whether we are seeking to place blame, or give credit, or predict the outcome, the answer seems to me almost imponderable.

Only this we may believe: however many problems afflict our time, God still lives in this world, and God is greater than the sum total of all the nuclear forces, infinitely greater than the political forces which are making our problems. Recognizing this, it seems to me, lies at the heart of our mission to spread the Christian gospel as revealed by Jesus Christ. This feeling of a mission ought to lie at the heart of every minister's message in these troubled times.

Spiritual Mobilization's dedicated men and women do not think of themselves as potters; they think of themselves as clay. They are working to become a force through which the power and wisdom and purposes of God may move toward fulfillment in our troubled world.

Here may be a reason why so many more clergymen across the nation are becoming interested in Spiritual Mobilization and making common cause with us on behalf of the things that matter most.

Please send me your opinion concerning how Spiritual Mobilization can improve any of its many services.

JAMES W. FIFIELD, JR.

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