

## J O N A S

### Q u e s t i o n s

1. Give your estimate of the strong and of the weak points in Ben Mickle's character.
2. On what basis has he been adjudged insane?
3. How do you account for his failure to win any followers?
4. To what extent would you explain M.'s difficulties in terms of low intelligence?
5. Discuss his explanation of what makes a man go crazy. How do you account for such a high degree of insight in a man with a mental age of only eight years?
6. How would you explain his "signals"?
7. What psychotherapeutic principles do you recognize in the treatment of this patient?
8. What was the matter with M.'s religion? What can we learn from this case regarding the nature and meaning of religion?

### R e f e r e n c e s

- |                  |                                 |                                                                  |
|------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Shaw, Bernard    | Saint Joan - Preface            | pp. 17 - 27                                                      |
| Coe, G. A.       | Psychology of Religion          | chaps. 11, 12, 16.                                               |
| Hutchinson, E.D. | Insight in Relation to Religion | PSYCHIATRY, VI. (1943)<br>pp. 347 - 57. See<br>COLLECTED PAPERS. |
| Campbell         | Delusion and Belief             |                                                                  |
| Boisen           | Exploration of Inner World      | p. 312                                                           |

## J O N A S

Benjamin Mickle - age, 40; race, Negro; education, none; civil condition, single; occupation, laborer - for the last few years a self-appointed preacher & prophet.

### I N T R O D U C T I O N

Shortly after my arrival at the Worcester State Hospital my attention was drawn to a Negro patient whose happy, interested expression contrasted sharply with the gloomy and despairing or silly expressions of the other patients on the back ward where he was kept. I talked with him and found him not unintelligent. He stated that he was a Baptist preacher, brought up in South Carolina, who had come North and was now in the hospital on account of his religion. An examination of the medical record gave confirmation to his own story and indicated that his case was one of peculiar interest to the student of religion - a border-line case with many elements of valid religious experience. I therefore undertook a study of his case and an attempt to modify or re-direct his religious drive. This study has now been in process for more than four years. I cannot claim in that time any great success in the matter of treatment, but he has proved a fascinating study, a quaint, child-like, pathetic and at the same time vivid and picturesque personality with something of the heroic about him. The case raises some of the most important problems both in religion and in psychiatry.

No better introduction to this strange prophot of the Lord can be found than the letter which he carried with him on his journey. Here it is:

St. Luke's Church  
Rev. J. H. Wiley, Pastor

507 West Walberg Street, Savannah, Ga.  
July 2nd, 1921.

Christian Friends:

This is an appeal to the public in general for aid. I, the under-mentioned, whose name is herewith attached, beg most respectfully to state that I am by God's help endeavoring to get to Nineveh to assist in carrying the gospel of Jesus Christ to the people of that country.

I must confess that I have been a wicked man, but ~~unlike~~ like the blessed Apostle to the Gentiles, ST. PAUL, I have been converted and to-day I feel the call to labor in the Lord's vineyard. I am convinced that I am called to duty for my Lord.

I therefore beg most respectfully to invoke your kind Christian sympathy which will by God's help assist me to pay my way to that far off country.

Thanking you for your kind gift, may God bless yourself and family.

( signed ) Rev. Benjamin Mickle

P. S. Please allow me 20 minutes to speak. I am a No. 1 speaker.

This letter came to my attention several months after I had begun my work with him and I at once questioned him in regard to it.

"What do you know about Nineveh?" I asked.

"Nineveh done been destroyed two thousand five hundred years ago." he replied.

"How long have you known that?"

"I didn't find that out till after I started on my journey. I thought Nineveh was a sure enough city till after I got clean to New York."

One of the satisfactory features of this case is the fact I have the patient's authorization to tell his story. One morning on entering his room, I found him in an unusually happy frame of mind. He had, he explained received unusually good signals that night. The Man Above had been talking to him very plain.

"What did he say to you?" I inquired.

"He talk to me about them papers. The Lord says to tell you not to destroy them."

"What papers?"

"Those papers where you done took down all the things I done say. You see, I can't talk to the doctors like I talk to you. He says you are to advertize me."

### THE MEDICAL RECORD

The pt. was turned over to the hospital by the police after having been arrested for vagrancy near Barre. In the police station he gave utterance to so many strange religious ideas that they considered him insane.

He states that he is on his way to Nineveh to recall the people of that wicked city from their unrighteousness. The Holy Spirit constantly prompts him as to his conduct towards his fellows. His occupation is working for the Man Above. He is glad to talk to the doctor as a godly man who understands him and his high mission here on earth.

The physical findings, including the Wasserman test, are negative.

The mental status showed no confusion or impairment of consciousness. His memory was good both for recent and for remote events. There were no impulsive actions and his speech was relevant, but he refers constantly to his mission and is absorbed in listening to the voice of the Lord.

The diagnostic summary was as follows: "Dementia Praecox, paranoid type; based on delusions of grandeur of a religious nature in an individual who is following explicitly the hallucinated voice of God and whose entire life is under the direction of that voice."

His personality is thus characterized: "An average colored laborer, fond of banjo playing and dancing, suddenly converted into a religious crank."

The prognosis is given as poor and the treatment as institutional care.

The following progress notes will tell the story of his life in the hospital during the period before I undertook to deal with him:

- May 10, 1923. Pt. wants to have a room by himself so that God can talk to him without interruption. He is entirely absorbed in listening to this voice, which commands his every dood. He says he is well treated here and believes his jail sentence is part of God's plan to help him carry out his mission.
- May 14 He says that God talks to him thru a telescope. If he talked directly to a man, that man would die. He has helped in the ward work, but he wants to be by himself because the other patients annoy him. He wants to listen to God's voice without being interrupted.
- June 29 He is on Lincoln 3. He is up and about and is neat and tidy in appearance. He says that Jesus talks to him three times a day.
- Feb. 24 He had trouble with another pt., F. L. to-day at Hillside, where he has recently been transferred. He claims that L. struck him, and that three others set upon him. He ran outside and began to throw stones, then came into the kitchen, seized a hatchet knife and assumed a threatening attitude. He was sent to Salisbury 2.
- For nearly eight months before this he had been on parole, working in the Quinby dining room. He refused however to do ordinary work. It was for this reason that his parole was taken away and that he had then been sent to Hill-side.

### THE PSYCHOMETRIC EXAMINATION

The Stanford Binet test was given only in part because of the pt's inability to write and read. The results indicate a mental age of 8 years. Thruout the test his attitude was eagerly co-operative and he was naively delighted at each success.

Here are some of his answers:

In the ball and field test, which resulted in a failure, he made a simple straight line to the centre of the circle, remarking "Something tells me to come in and go to the right and stop in front of that mark (a watermark in the paper). I works by the Spirit, you know.

Fables His explanation of the story of the Fox and the Crow was as follows: "A fox is a kind of dog that loves to play around a chicken anyhow. He think he can come thru with his sweet talk."

Vocabulary - 21 words defined correctly. Here are some of his definitions:  
Ramble - "It's just like as if you goes into the woods to hunt a coon or a rabbit or a possum and you has to travel round this way and that to find that beast."

Hysterics - "It's when a person's mind comes and goes and he talks by spells."

Nerve - Now that's another nationality. It's what makes you do things you don't want to do.

Curse - "The devil he deal with all such jobs as that."

Lecture - It's just like you setting down here asking me all sorts of questions to see if I'se crazy.

The Healy A test was a failure. It required six minutes and 100 moves, which were entirely trial and error. He was however greatly delighted at his final success and said, "I asked God for patience and God said, 'Mickle, you must be just as cool as a watermillion on ice.'"

The performance tests yielded about the same results as the Stanford Binet, a median score of 8 years with a quartile deviation of 12 - 3/2.

These results are to be discounted because of the subject's lack of training to permit him to cope with the problems presented, but they indicate that we are dealing here with a childlike and primitive mind, an individual capable of acquiring a certain amount of skill in certain simple kinds of work, but quite at sea where the conditions are at all complicated.

#### THE PATIENT'S STORY

It is not difficult to get Bonnie to tell his story. He has evidently told it many times and he enjoys telling it. Here is the way he gave it in the first interview:

"I was born in Charleston, S.C., lived twenty years in Savannah. I used to be a wickod man. I was called first in 1901 to go and preach to the heathen race. I had been very wild and rough, very fond of frolic. I went home one Sunday morning from the frolic and laid down after breakfast on my bed. I see a white man, a big man all dressed in white clothes - It was God's spirit talking to this man, Yes, me -. He took me by the hands and say, Mickle, you are arrested. There is a wicked city over in that direction. It was on sale 60 or 70 years ago to be destroyed. But before I destroy it, I will send a man to notify the people. This people never was repented of their sin. There is four and a half million head of people in that city. I tell him, I can't read or write and I'se a wicked man. He say, I jest want you to go down there and stand up and I will talk thru you to the people myself. And after you get thru talking I will sweep that whole place out. That nationality is very unruly.

"But I went out, and I went back to the gaming table. I worked as brakeman on the Seaboard Airline four years. After that I went back to Savannah and worked four years toting furniture for the Benton Transfer Company. I was with the Benton Transfer Company when I was arrested this last time.

"In 1921 the Spirit came by where I was working and said, 'Come and God with me' I went home to my house. He say, 'You remember, Mickle, what you promised God? You remember you promised God you would go to that wicked city? I want you to go there now. There is a man namod Ananias. He will tell you what to do.'"

"After I am baptized in Savannah, I am a No. 1 speaker. You see I am just a young preacher, a Missionary Baptist preacher, but I'm the biggest missionary in the U. S. My first sermon I preach in Albany, Ga. I preach only ten minutes. Then I preach in Americus, Ga. (Here follows a detailed itinerary of his trip thru Alabama, then back to Georgia and from there up thru the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont to the Canada line, then back to Massachusetts, all on foot). When I got back to Worcester, I had walked 3400 miles. I was on my fifth pair of shoes and I had been arrested seven times, I was a give-out vessel and I'm very happy when I end my journey walking into Worcester Hospital. I am very happy for the work belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ. I felt a great rejoicing when I landed in the wicked city of Worcester."

Because of the distance to Savannah it was not possible to make any social-environmental investigation. For our knowledge of his early life we are forced to depend upon his own account. The information secured from many interviews is as follows:

#### Early Influences:

In reply to the question why he had never gone to school this information was secured: "I had to work. My father was a bright-skinned man. He go all around. He leave my mamma. My mamma, she marry another man. He fight me. My father was converted afterwards and became a preacher. He come back and want to take me, but my mamma, she wouldn't let me go."

It is to be noted that his mother was at least inclined to be fat. According to Ben's statement she weighed 175 lbs.

#### Work Record:

He was thus put to work very young. According to his own account he was a good worker, able to earn \$30 to \$35 a week. He seems also to have kept his jobs for considerable periods. He thus worked four years as a brakeman ~~and~~ on a railroad and seven years with a transfer company. He claims also to have earned quite a bit as a "banjo picker."

#### Sex Adjustments:

Ben says of himself that in his younger days he was a "bad man after the wim-mens." He was "a man crazy after big fat women." He claims to have been "a very lucky man with female folk." With one woman he lived for four years and ten months. "She weighed 220 lbs. She love me pretty well. But I give her up. The Spirit told me, "It's a wrong thing for a single man to live with a woman."

He seems no little occupied with matters of sex. He rarely brings up the subject spontaneously and when questioned on the subject he answers without hesitation or evasion. He claims to have no use for "female folk." Asked why, he explained on one occasion, "If you eats a lot of corn and that corn make you sick, you doesn't have nothing to do with that corn any more."

#### Home Life:

He states that he was always very particular about his room. He kept it looking very nice and he didn't allow any one to come inside, except at his special invitation.

#### Recreations:

Since his conversion Bennie has forsworn amusements of all sorts. They are inconsistent, in his estimation, with his calling as a preacher. Here in the hospital he attends dances and movies and base ball games and looks on with evident enjoyment. Questioned once about dancing, he explained that he liked to go to the hospital dances because he had never seen crazy people dance and he wanted to be able to tell his friends about it down South. "I goes and I looks on and I laughs." he added.

"Probably you used to be something of a dancer yourself." I suggested.

"Deed I was," he replied. "Whenever they used to put down two or three or four dollars for the best dancer, I always got that money."

He claims also to have been quite successful as a prize-fighter.

#### Habits:

M. says he used to be very fond of "frolic." This term may be taken to include booze. At least according to his own account he got away with considerable whiskey. He has however never needed whiskey to make him fight and several times he has served terms in jail because of his quarrelsome disposition.

#### Health

He claims that he has never been sick. Here in the hospital his health has been excellent.

#### Religious Life:

M. says that his father and mother were Methodists. He was brought up to say his prayers every day and to go to church and Sunday school. When he grew up he became a "wild man" and didn't go at all, not at least until after his first call.

The account of the two calls has already been given. A more detailed account of the second call will serve as an account of the onset of his present condition. That account is as follows:

"Yes, sure. I had been attending meetings. I was going to Rev. Danright's church. He was a Missionary Baptist preacher. I had been going to his church about four years. Yes, he did say something to 'sturb me. He talk about shooting craps and running around after other men's wives and getting drink. All that hit me pretty. Yes, he had been holding a revival meeting and I had been going pretty regular. He was a fine fellow and a good preacher. He had been converted just like me. But when I went and asked him to baptize me, he wouldn't do it. He say, "That the way God call you? I don't deal with no such man as you." I feel pretty bad at that. I go to Rev. J. H. Wiloy. He baptize me.

"Did Rev. Danright think there was something wrong with me? Yes, he did. He thought I was a crazy colored man. But he's badly fooled. It's an awful queer thing that a preacher don't know a religious man when they see him."

M.'s chief delight is his conversations with the Man Above. The Man Above appears to him and brings him comfort and counsel and warning. Sometimes he brings a choir of angels who sing to him. His common word for these conversations is "signals." If he gets good signals during the night, he is happy. If for any reason the signals do not work properly, or if they are disquieting, he is irritable and cross.

Asked if these signals were like my own voice in talking to him, his answer was, "No, he tell me things to tell you. He speak most like a natural man, but he don't speak like a natural man. No, when God talk to me, it ain't no idea that comes into my mind. There's a man down in there (pointing to his chest). But the Spirit don't talk like you talk. He don't say no dozens of words. I don't hear him with my ears. I hears him here (pointing to his chest)."

Not infrequently in the course of a talk with M. a far-away look will come into his eyes and he may explain, "He's talking to me now." This is apt to happen when for any reason he is deeply moved, as when something is said that really affects him.

M. is somewhat canny regarding his ideas of grandeur. He rarely gets farther than to say, "You don't know who I is." Once or twice he has gone farther, saying "I am behind Norah and Jonas and Paul." Usually he identifies himself with Jonah. This identification seems to be due to the circumstances of his second call. "I tell God," he said once, that I feels like Jonas." It seems that God agreed and gave him the commission to preach to Nineveh.

## P E R S O N A L I T Y

In appearance Mickle is about five feet, six inches in height and weighs about 135 lbs. In color he is dark. His head is slightly bald and what there is left he keeps closely clipped. He has snapping bright eyes and he wears generally a pleasant, happy expression. When he walks he takes very long strides with a peculiar swing of arms and hips. He gets over the ground with remarkable speed. He has energy to spare and in his movements he is quick as a cat.

In his speech one notices at once the soft Southern accent. He enunciates very clearly and talks rapidly and smoothly, often with grace and vigor. He has a high-pitched infectious laugh.

In intelligence, as shown by the psychometric, his rating is low, but he is no fool and is often surprisingly sharp. In many ways he is very childlike. He bears considerable resemblance to the little girl with the curl. He is of an extremely explosive type and when he gets angry he stops at nothing, using any weapon that happens to be at hand - shoes, chairs, cups, flowerpots. He gets over his temper outbursts quickly and he never holds grudges.

His entire life is organized around the idea of himself as the prophet of the Lord. In behalf of his mission he has made greatest sacrifices. His journey must have been a very severe experience, and it is not without reason that he refers to his call as an "arrest by the Lord." In any case he looks upon his stay in the hospital with all the discomforts of Salisbury 2 as the lesser of two evils and he has no desire to run away.

His attention is thus concentrated on the inner world. His chief comfort and strength is found in his conversations with the Man Above. Within the limits imposed by his delusional system the advice he thus gets is generally sound. The Man Above reproves him for losing his temper. He tells him to look upon the hospital experience as a school and assures him that all is meant for his good, even the packs and set-backs.

He is in many ways quite frank and open. I have never detected in him any clear attempt at deception, tho he will often try to turn the conversation when it gets on delicate ground. If I ask him whether he has been in any wrecks recently ( "wreck" is his term for "fight" ) he may reply, "What for you talk to me about wrecks? Talk about something pleasant. Talk about God."

The reaction pattern of bluffing is in him very noticeable. His ideas of grandeur vary inversely with his consciousness of success. If he remarks, "I feels very happy to-day. I has so much power, so much power." I can be fairly sure that something is wrong. When things are going well, the ideas of grandeur seldom crop out. On one occasion I asked him to read a certain passage in the Bible - this was before I had discovered that he was illiterate -. He took the book and then handed it back, saying, "The Man Above says I musten't have no dealings with that book." "What do you mean?" I asked. "Did you try to read it and find it too much for you?" He nearly doubled up laughing and said, "You got it boss. You sure got it. He been talking to you."

His delusional system is thoroly fixed and organized. His life is unified around the idea which has carried him thru his 3000 mile journey. There is in him no confusion, no uncertainty. He always knows his own mind. His ideas may be peculiar, but he can always give a reason for them and he never hesitates an instant in making his decisions.

He takes great pride in his personal appearance. He washes his teeth regularly and keeps his clothing and his room very neat. One of his ambitions is to have a "preacher coat." On one occasion he said to me, "I receive a very nice signal last night. I got a suit of preacher clothes. I was told to keep it on. Preacheers should not wear short, boy coats." He insists also upon having rubber collars, explaining, "Us preachers can't wear the other kind, they wilts on us."

He is one of the most skilful beggars I have ever encountered. One of his devices is to approach one with his ingratiating smile and the plea, I has three

peennies here and I needs two more to get me some candy." He rarely failed to get his two peennies. On one occasion I took him down town and got him a number of things he wanted - a rubber collar, some ham, a glass of jelly and was starting to call for something else when he stopped me. "If you has a hoss or a mule, you gotta be careful not to work em too hard."

No consideration of M.'s personality would be complete which did not recognize his courage. "I never moans or cries," he remarked once after a serious reverse which involved the withdrawal of his parole, "I just keeps right on." I can testify to the accuracy of this statement. He has a true fighting spirit. He never whimpers. He never indulges in self-pity. If he gets blue, he does not show it except in the increased ideas of self-importance to which he gives expression. Neither does he make excuses. After a fight with a certain patient in which he got rather the worst of it, his only comment was, "He sure some man." He is of the aggressive type but he could hardly be called a leader, for he has never had any followers. But he is himself no follower of anybody else. "I wants to be different from anybody that ever lived," he said once, "I wants to look different, walk different, talk different."

More than anything else, M. is to me a work of art, if not an artist himself. I have found no little enjoyment in some of his quaint expressions and stories. Here are some examples:

#### The Conversion of Paul

You see, I was called just like he call Paul. Paul was a very wicked man. He went thru the world 'stroying people. One day God come along while Paul was going out to kill people. God knocked Paul a double somersault off the hosses. Paul rise up and say, 'Lord, what will you have me to do?' The Lord say, "Go down there Paul. There is a man named Ananias. He will tell you what to do." Paul became the finest preacher what ever has been in the United States.

#### Jonah and the Whale

God tol' the whale, You take Jonas back to Nineveh and put him in dry-dock. The whale started back. He went three hundred miles an hour.

#### Advice to Preachers

A preacher, preachin', must branch off on three roads, first, second, third. On the first you makes them open up their eyes. Then you comes back and yoh throws off another switch an yoh digs in after the way people live. Yoh tells them they's getting worser and worser. On the third yoh opens out and yoh knocks 'em sprawling all over one another.

#### What Makes a Man Go Crazy

What tears a man's min' up worse'n nos' anything else is to have something kivered up in yoh mind. It's jes' like as if yoh shuts up milk or meat. They gins to stink. That's what keeps a million thousan people here in this 'sylum. They's minds is all muddied up. My mind used to be that way, but God cleaned it out. God jes' politely took a scrub brush an' scrub it out. But I ain't never been crazy. That comes from worriation an' I never worries. I jes' gets mad an' that lets the stink out that quick. But God is curing me of that now.

When a man worries, the worriation goes into his heart an' the heart get sick. The heart telegraph it to the brains an' the brains they gets addled up jes' like addled eggs.

#### What Makes a Man Go Crazy: Another Explanation

Dr. A. and his wife and two of their friends went in once to see M. Asked what it was that made a man go crazy, M. turned to one of the visitors and said:

"You'se a young man. You loves this sister here (pointing to Mrs. A.) more than she love you. Once your mind get set on one thing, your brains gets blood shot.



They go like a clock. Soon as your brains gets like that, you'se gone. If you lose yoh mind on a woman, you'll never get it back. If you lose your mind on moonshine you will get it back.

If you love a woman you should not show it too much. A woman is one of the funniest things in the world.

Then worriation will make a man go crazy. Perhaps you lost your job. You had your mind fixed on what you'se going to do with yoh pay. Then you gins to worry. Soon as a man gins to worry and scratch his head, his hair get white. He go crazy and his brains gits addled up.

Or perhaps you gits married. You married that sister cause she got pink cheeks and a couple of gold teeth. But that sister is poor in her mind. She pull you back. That make you crazy.

#### T R E A T M E N T

On July 28, 1924, M. was in the packs. He had been in them twenty five days for fighting. He had taken this discipline in characteristic fashion. Dr. D. had not sent him there. It was the Man Above. The Man Above meant it for his benefit and he requested that he be kept in the packs thirty days.

After getting authorization from the superintendent, I visited M. and made an agreement with him, delivering myself somewhat as follows:

"Listen, Ben. Four years ago God arrested you. He gave you a very difficult task. He told you to go and preach to Nineveh, the wicked city which refused to believe. And you left everything and started out. You walked 3400 miles. You used up five pairs of shoes. You went thru all sorts of hardships. You have been tired. You have been hungry. You have been wet. You have been cold. Seven times you have been in prison. For one year you have been in the hospital. Twenty five times you have been in the packs. But all the time God has been with you. He has been with you in Salisbury 2. He has been with you in the packs. He has enabled you to stand it there.

"God told you to go and speak against Nineveh. He said he was going to make a great preacher out of you. He said he was going to speak thru you. All this time he has been doing just that. But he has been doing it in ways you have not quite understood. Listen, Ben. God didn't tell you to preach against Worcester. He told you to preach against Nineveh. You did not understand what he meant. He meant the real Nineveh, the city of unbelief in the hearts of men. And now you have done your work. You have delivered your message. And God is well-pleased with you. He wants you to be free now. He wants you to be happy. He wants you to marry and have a home of your own. He wants you to support that home. He wants you to work like five hundred.

"But wait, Ben. Sometimes you lose your temper. Sometimes you forget yourself and fight. You must be very careful about that. Every time you fight you hurt him. You must learn to have patience. And you must learn some other things too. You must learn not to think of yourself too highly. God wants you now to be a man like other men. He wants you to work with your two hands. And he wants you to go on preaching as you have been preaching, not by what you say but by the kind of life you live. Do you think you can do that?

"Before you can be free you must stay here in the hospital and work for a little while longer and show that you can really control your temper. God wants you to finish the sermon you've been preaching all these months."

M.'s response was most enthusiastic.

The following progress notes, abbreviated and selected from fuller accounts will give an idea of the difficulties encountered not merely in dealing with M, himself, but also with the institutional situation.

August 1. Just back from Northfield where I spent two days. In my absence M. had been taken from the packs and sent to Lincoln 1. He has been getting along well, but he expresses great concern because he has been taken from the packs before completing his thirty times. The Lord had commanded him to go three times more. This little matter was accordingly arranged for him.

Aug. 4 M. has just finished his ordeal in the packs. He does not hesitate to express his relief. "I'se so glad! It sure am punishment. God said to me, 'When you get rhru with those two schools in Salisbury 2 and the packs, I've got three more schools for you to go thru. You sure will be a great man when I get thru with you. You will be one terrible fellow.'"

M. shows no disposition to work, however. I had arranged for him to do janitor work in the library. He would not hear to that. "They play jazz music on that there victrola. Besides there's too many people there, too many female folks. God says I'se not to go and I can't jump God's orders."

His message of doom is still uppermost. "God tell me, after you preach to Worcester, you get out quick as you can. I going to 'stroy that city. I going to make one grab. If you are not gone you get mashed all to pieces."

Aug. 8 Ill reports of M. to-day. He lost his temper last evening and started to throw a cup. He was brought to my study. He entered defiantly. Questioned about the cup throwing, he said, "I didn't throw no cup. I started to but I stopped myself. Something say to me, 'Don't throw that.'"

In the course of the conversation he surprised me by saying, "You don't understand who I is yet."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I don't want you to run from me. I don't dare to tell you. But I'm behind Moses and Jonas and Paul."

Near the close of the conference I asked M. if he believed in Jesus. He said, Yes. I then asked him to listen to the words of Jesus and I read him the saying about turning the other cheek and attempted to interpret it to fit his situation.

His defiant attitude disappeared. He seemed greatly impressed and said, "Now you'se talking plain, as plain as the Man Above."

Aug. 16 A week of ups and downs. Found to-day lying on his bed in a disgruntled state of mind. The Man Above had informed him that that preacher, instead of studying to put him on A 2 and give him a parole was studying how to get him to work. The Man Above say, "I done tol' you not to work."

I explained to him that I had just been over at the Industrial Room to see if they would give him lessons in weaving or basket-making and that they had refused to take him because he lost his temper so easily. He seemed impressed by this.

Once more I proposed that he take care of my room and the chapel. He replied that it was entirely too much work.

He then volunteered, "I tell you what, if you want me to work, to make baskets, you put me in a room by myself and give me the stuff. I make them fine if no one bother me."

Aug. 18 M. reports, "I received a very nice signal last night. I got a suit of preacher clothes. I was told to keep it on. Preachers should not wear short boy coas. I hope and pray that God will make me different from any man in this world, preach different, talk different, walk different. I want to show people that God has had his hand on me."

Aug. 19 M. informs me, "The Man Abive been working me pretty hard last night. He say to me, 'You stay right in that ward. I stay with you and help you. That preacher want you to go up and scrub floors. Don't you go up. He won't pay you nothing.' No, I can't take your way out. If I do I'll be destroyed. It's better to do what God tells you even if you lose your life. I was sent here to preach to Worcester and I can't jump ny orders. There ain't no chance to save Worcester."

At this point a patient rattles the door. M. becomes very angry and calls to him in an exceedingly peremptory tone of voice. I pointed out to him that if any patient had spoken to him like that he would have wanted to fight. He objected, "That man stone crazy. Crazy people don't count."

Aug. 22 M. found in his room. He remarked, "Had a bad night last night. Fellow in other room 'sturb me and I couldn't work. The Spirit wouldn't come." "You have to work to get the Spirit to come?" I inquired. "Yes, you must have a clean room and be all right yourself. You've got to be clean."

Aug. 24 M. and his room-mate both found in room. Both get up when I enter. M. orders the other man to sit down in a very peremptory tone. I tried to impress upon him the importance of learning to get along with other people. M. was little impressed. He replied that if he had been a soft easy crab on Salisbury 2 he would have been in "tinitory" long ago. They would have slapped off an arm or a leg and slap him in one of those furnances they keeps going. He saw these furnances one day while he had a parole and the Spirit came and said, "That's where they burn people up. One mustn't be a soft crab thru the world."

Aug. 26 M. in real trouble to-day. He lost his temper last night and actually struck another man. He was brought to my study. As he entered the door, he remarked without waiting for me to speak, "I been brought into court so often, I wonder if I be found guilty."

"What have you been doing?" I asked.

"I been doing nothing. I nice and quiet. Between four and five o'clock this morning I on my knees praying, when the door open. Man in next room came to door and hollow and laugh. I told him to stop. This was the word he said, "You black son of a bitch! You ain't got nothing to do with me." I hit him a lick. I smash him across the head with my shoe. Then the supervisor came up. He say, you go back to your bed, Mike. I went back. The other man came and he cuss me again. I ran out of my room and grab a flower pot. I going to smash him. The supervisor say, No, No, put it down. I put it down and went right back.

"Did you get orders to take that flower pot?"

"No! But he cuss me three times. That's enough. When I'se a wicked man I no take that."

I told him then that we would have to put him back on Salisbury 2. M. was defiant. He remarked, "Then I throw over the bucket sure."

I then read him Matthew 5, 38 - 48. He was much impressod. He said, "The Lord have mercy. That's strong." In closing the interview I said to him, "Look here, Michle. You've been saying to me that I don't know who you are. You are right. I thought I knew. I thought you wore a man that God really had dealings with. But you haven't been acting like that sort of a man. But you still have a chance. Even on Salisbury 2 you can show you are a man with whom God talks. You can show this by being quiet and brave and gentle."

M. replied, "You sure nash my foot that time."

Aug. 29 M. the center of a considerable fracas last night. He was found in the packs. Without waiting for me to speak, he said, "I'se feeling very happy Doc, very happy, so much power."

Questioned about the fracas, he explained that sometimes he had "fits of mad" but he would get over it after a little while.

He then requested some chewing tobacco. No, not for chewing. He had received a cut in the back. The Man Above had told him to get some chewing tobacco and put it on. I suggested that perhaps the Man Above had meant iodine. That was the same color as chewing tobacco and it was just the right thing for cats.

Aug. 30 The greatest fracas to date. M. broke a dozen flower pots last night, sling- ing them around quite proniscuously. I summoned him to my study. On the way up he

repeated several times "I'so feeling good, so happy! so strong!" Once he added, "When God gets his hand on a man in this world, you can't do nothing with that fellow."

Once in the office I drew out the statement I had made to him in the beginning of our plan of treatment and read it over to him. His attitude was defiant. He complained bitterly that we had not obeyed God's orders to put him on A 2. I then read him Jeremiah 18 as impressively as I could. I told him that he had failed, that like the potter's vessel he would have to be made all over again. I told him furthermore that in his failure he was hurting God. It was true that God went in the packs with him. But he, Mickle, was taking him there. He was crucifying the Lord afresh. The interview was closed with a word of prayer.

M. departed without a word, walking with extreme rapidity.

Ten minutes later the charge attendant reported that he was on a regular rampage.

Sept. 2 M. received orders last night to make all the beds this morning. He carried these orders out. He made twenty eight and did a good job.

When interviewed he was in the most tractable mood I have found him yet. He explained that the thing which had made him sore was that the orders to put him on A 2 had not been carried out. If that had been done he would have been the best nigger that ever was and he would have worked like five hundred. But how could he do this when he was living with all these stone crazy people. If only we would put him on A 2, his fighting days would be over.

I replied that I did not want him to give up fighting but to give his attention to the "old stale man" inside of him. That would be a hard fight and God did not make things easy for those He loved.

M. agreed enthusiastically. He said, "He sure am telling you right."

Sept. 3 M. made all the beds again to-day but his mood was less tractable. I expressed pleasure at his making the beds and suggested that he must be a regular whirlwind of a worker when he got started. He replied that he sure was. He used to earn 30 to 35 dollars a week shoveling coal. He could shovel more coal than any two men. When he was a fireman on the railroad his engineer used to say that he wouldn't have any other fireman than that little nigger.

Sept. 5 Leaving in two days for a ten day sojourn in Maine. M. called in for an extended interview. Upon entering he inquired, "What for you bringing me here? Got a lecture this morning?"

I explained the situation and he replied:

"Why you follow me up this way, rough as I is. There must be something good in this black man."

Sept. 19 Just back from Maine. Reports on M. very unsatisfactory. He is still fighting and was himself severely struck on the jaw by another patient. He is now kept in solitary confinement at night and during the day in packs.

Visited in the packs, he was not talkative. He said he had been fighting like five hundred. "But I feels better now, better and better, so strong, so much power."

Sept. 24 In the course of to-day's interview he remarked that he heard that he might be sent to Bridgewater. I asked him what he thought ought to be done about it. He replied,

"Let me make you sensible. It's just like you had a wild horse which have a way of running away with a wagon for several years. He kick, He kill people. Everybody afraid of him but you. But you love that horse. You take him and you bring him down little ny little. You wan't whip him. If you did, he'd kill you. But if you get him tame, he'll be the best horse in the world. I'so that way. I was born with that bad trick. I'll have to have it purged out of me."

Sept. 28 He complains that the fighting is getting very bad on his ward. This place is just like a jail. I expressed perplexity as to just what to do. He said,

"Let me show you. If I were you and I come down to see a man that was locked up like me, I would go to the doctors and I would say, 'That man down there is having a very rough time. He find it hard to live among stone crazy people. Let's try that man and see if he won't do better outside. The way it is now, you is fishing around the edge. You don't go after the right thing."

In the course of the interview he let fall this remark, "If I show you in full who I is, you all dash into that lake and drown yourselves. I don't tell you who I is, if you can't see for yourselves."

At this point I talked to M. very severely and asked him what he would do with a dog that had fits of being mad. He replied that he guessed he would kill that dog. I asked him what on earth could be done with him when he got fits of mad except to lock him up so that he couldn't hurt people. Besides how could any one possibly believe that God had dealings with a man who acted as he did? Then I read him the passage about Jesus and the little child, and asked him how he could expect to enter into the kingdom of God when he was so big that everybody would run from him. Certainly Jesus had said that no man could enter who did not become as a little child.

I added that I was talking to him roughly because I liked him and saw something in him. I saw a man with a lot of pluck and faith who had sacrificed a lot for what he thought was right.

He sat thru the harangue with bowed head and said only, "Ho talking to me now."

Before leaving the ward I inquired of the charge attendant how he was getting on. The attendant said he was doing rather well, that really he was not so much to blame. Tim, another pt., had been bothering him a lot, snatching food away from him and doing other things of that sort.

Sept. 29 M. in happy frame of mind. He explained that twice yesterday another patient had struck him and he had not struck back. He had just walked away. I patted him on the shoulder and before I left he was feeling happy enough to sing for me a couple of negro spirituals.

October 8 M.'s case was presented at staff for the purpose of considering my recommendation that he be given something to hope for and work for. I urged that he be placed on a short period of probation and that at the end of that time, if he behaved well, he should be placed on a better ward. I urged that provision be made for prompt reward and prompt punishment.

The hesitation which several members of the staff felt regarding this recommendation was changed when M. himself appeared. He came in quietly, took his seat and gave answers that were relevant and intelligent. He was neither embarrassed nor excited. Asked a question or two about his past life, he replied, "I has to tell the story in my own language. You mustn't rush me none." He thereupon repeated the story of how he became a Missionary Baptist preacher.

In answer to questions he gave a straightforward account of the trouble at Hillside and of the recent trouble on S 2, which indicated that the situation had really been a trying one.

When asked what should be done for him, he replied, "Lot me make you sensible. You put me on A 2 and give me a ground parole and I'll work like five hundred and be the finest nigger what ever was."

The decision of the staff was in favor of the proposed plan but the probation period was set at two months.

Oct. 9 M. was informed to-day of the result of the staff conference. He was first dismayed, then angry at the length of the trial period. "I can't stand it. I can't keep from fighting here." he exclaimed. I put it up to him that God wanted him to do things that were hard and to show the stuff that was in him. When I left he was fully resolved to do his part.

Oct. 16 A week of ups and downs. He has had some trouble which will set him back

on his probation period. He was ~~as~~ much distressed when I informed him of this and came as near crying as I have ever seen him. I read him the introduction to the Book of Job and applied to his situation. He was much interested and came around enthusiastically to accept the situation.

Before I left I gave him a new coat which I had just got for him thru the Y. It was a double-breasted, two button affair, perhaps a trifle small. He was greatly delighted but described it as a "ham-sandwich coat." He explained that he called it that because a ham-sandwich would be all that he would be able to eat without expanding its girth too much.

Oct. 18 Found busy writing down a lot of numerals. He explained that the Man Above had told him he must learn to read and to figure. When I returned to the ward two hours later I found him scrubbing the walls energetically. The attendant stated that he had volunteered to do this.

Oct. 26. No actual violence on M.'s part during the past eight days but his mood has been variable. Much of the daytime he has spent locked up in ~~an~~ room by himself, working on baskets. He has taken to the basket-making eagerly and is not without aptitude. He has been locked in the room at his own request. He wants the other patients kept out.

This morning I found him busily at work on a basket, but he was shaping it wrong. I showed him his mistake as diplomatically as I could, but he was much irritated. I asked him if he didn't want to be corrected when he made mistakes. He replied, "Doc, you mustn't 'scourage me too much. You mustn't throw water on my fire." He then told me how one time down south, before he was converted, his boss, a big man, had corrected him and how he picked up a brick and smashed him on the head, and kicked him when he was down. I asked him how he could kick a man when he was down. He replied, "That's the way we do in our country. We never lest them up if we gets them down."

I urged that fighting even to resist evil was unchristian. His answer was always, "What for did God give me these two hands?"

Nov. 2 M. still fighting. It appears however that he has not been wholly to blame. His charge that three attendants had set on him and beat him up without his having done anything is probably true. At least these same attendants were later detected in brutal treatment of their patients and were discharged.

This morning he was seen shortly after his return from the Catholic services, which for some weeks he has been attending regularly. He explains that the Man Above told him to go there because the singing was so good, almost as good as when colored people sing. This morning however he was disgruntled. "That preacher, he no preach," he complained, "He just stand there like a big barrell of molasses. He look like a toady frog ~~blowing himself~~ sitting on a bank blowing hisself." He then turned to my own services and what he said of my own preaching was even less complimentary.

Dec. 6 During the past month my part in the case of Ben Mickle has been one of passivity. I have not seen him every day, but I have been watching. Thruout the entire month his attitude has been unusually good notwithstanding the fact that he has been involved in two very serious difficulties. He has of his own accord washed walls, he has "squabbed" the floors most vigorously and he has spent nearly two weeks in the packs, most of the time of his own free will. In fact he sentenced himself to 20 days in the packs, until finally his physician ordered him out. He was very happy over this and the Man Above gave his approval.

On Nov. 24 he got in a mixup with O. S., a man older and somewhat smaller than himself. Two days later he beat up Louis S. with a swab, breaking his arm. Because of these two difficulties it is proposed to send him to Bridgewater. According to the first reports these seemed inexcusable affairs. I have discovered

since however that I did M. injustice. In both cases the other men were the aggressors.

Jan. 1, '25 The past month has been one of intensive work on M.'s case. I have seen him every day and have given much time and thought to the problem which he presents. The outlook is now more encouraging than it has been at any time yet. The difficulties also stand out in clear relief.

The satisfactory attitude noted in the last report has continued throught the present month. He has shown a genuine determination to "cut out that fight" and to "keep his promise to Dr. Bryan. At this time his efforts bid fair to be successful. There was one narrow escape when after staying all day on the ward to avoid trouble, he went out for a little while among "the boys." He had not been long outside when one of the pts. made an unprovoked attack upon him. He apparently got much excited but managed to restrain himself.

Since his transfer to a room on the south side two weeks ago, he has spent most of his time in it, busy with his rug-making. The door he keeps fastened with a string in order to keep "those crazy people" out. He takes much satisfaction in his room and he likes the rug-making, altho the two rugs which he has produced look, as he puts it, a good deal like a pair of pants." Their color scheme is certainly a marvel of irregularity.

While he has thus succeeded in "cutting out that fight", his attitude has not been entirely satisfactory. He is still very high and mighty. He knows more than anybody else and is inclined to assume that he is helping me rather than receiving help. But even so his ideas of grandeur are less marked and he talks less about them.

Feb. 9 M. has now been for five weeks on A 3. His behavior during this period has been neither entirely satisfactory nor entirely disappointing. He has not gotten into any fracas and he has been "working like five hundred" at his rug-making. On the other hand he has proved impervious to all attempts to teach him to make better rugs. He has at times been quite irritable, and he has been taking constitutionals out of doors without the formality oas a parole.

He also failed to pass a "moral test" to which I subjected him. It had been my understanding that he was to spend some time on one of the Lincolns before going to Appleton. He insisted that he had been promised that he would be sent direct to Appleton. I therefore put it up to him to stay voluntarily on Lincoln for another month in order to prove that he was really a religious man and could keep his temper under trying conditions. He flatly refused and the main result of my effort was to lessen my influence with him. He has refused ever since to come up to my study and he reproaches me with the fact that, "God told you to go down to S 2 and hitch up that pony and bring him out and you wasn't man enough to do it. He explains his refusal to serve any time on Lincoln in the following words: If you has a hoss or a pony and you loads that hoss very hoavy, you'se got to lighten that load sometimes. I'se that way. I'se been six months on Salisbury 2. It S a rough ward and I'se very tired." On another occasion he remarked concerning Salisbury 2, "I say to the doctor the other day, You wouldn't be put in here yourself for \$10,000. It takes a man with brains to stay in this ward and not go crazy."

May 3 The past three months have been eventful ones in the life history of our Negro prophet. Until near the end of March he remained on Appleton 3. All that time he worked dilligently at his rug-making. He made sixteen rugs in eight weeks and used up rags so fast that there was great rejoicing in the O. T. department when one of their teachers succeeded in getting him interested in bead work.

He was however often irritable and he did not fit in woll with the discipline of the institution.

On March 17, a conference of ministers was held at the hospital. Sixty three were present and M. was the star performer. A suit had been secured for him, which

fitted him nicely and of which he himself approved. He said it was a "regular business man suit." He was also supplied with a rubber collar. "Us preachers," he explained, "has to have rubber collars. The other kind they melts on us." He really looked very well and he told his story very effectively, winding up by saying, "When you enlists in the Army of the United States, you enlists for three years. When you enlists in the Army of the Lord, you enlists for yoh life." At this point some of the Negro brethren among our guests burst forth in fervent amens.

After the conference M. grew more irritable. He didn't like it that his speech had been cut short. He had sent word that he must have forty minutes to tell his story. He was given fifteen. Altho he took it nicely, it seems to have rankled. In any case, on returning from a trip to New York, I learned that he had threatened another patient with a knife. Asked for an explanation, he angrily refused. It seemed necessary to have him transferred back to Salisbury 2. An examination of his room revealed an old broken table knife hidden in a basket of rugs, also two stones and a bar of wood. He claimed that he had these things to use in his rug-making, but they had the appearance of weapons.

Upon his transfer he was put at once in the packs. He was at first angry and indignant, but on the whole he has taken his set-back remarkably well. One of his first requests was for his beads. He explained that he felt much better when he had something of the sort to do. He has been working steadily at that and has developed remarkable speed. His designs are however characteristic. He has now been five weeks on S 2 and during all that time he has not given the least trouble, neither has he shown his usual irritability.

#### Conclusions and Recommendations

Mickle has been for me full of surprises. At first I was greatly disappointed in the results. While not underestimating the difficulty of the task, I did think I could do something with him. At times I have felt ready to quit. But each time when the outlook seemed most hopeless, he has risen to the occasion in ways which I least expected. The outlook seems to me more encouraging now than at any time yet.

Looking back over the last ten months I note progress in several directions. In the first place, he has made good on his promise to "work like five hundred." Of course he is and probably always will be very particular about the kind of work he does. He will probably always have to work by himself and in his own way. But he is occupied, and even tho the output is of no great artistic merit, or utility he has made a step in the right direction.

In the second place, he no longer looks upon those in authority as his enemies and with this improvement in attitude has come a decrease in irritability. Five weeks on S.2 without any trouble is for M. a real record, something which would have been impossible six months ago.

In the third place, he has shown a capacity for adapting himself to the situation far greater than I had credited him with. The way he has taken his present sojourn on S 2 seems almost a miracle in the light of his behavior last fall. Perhaps M. is right when he says, "I'se learning my lesson."

He is also talking far less about his ideas of grandour. I do not mean that he has given them up. He still thinks the end of all things is coming soon and that he is the Prophet Jonas. But he says less about this and he is beginning to find satisfaction in winning the approval of the doctors and other hospital officials.

I feel therefore that he has earned a trial on another ward. Such a transfer is further indicated by the fact that the O. T. teacher who did so much for him is now gone and it is difficult for the young women to go into S 2.

In making this transfer I would however insist that he fulfil the conditions which he failed to fulfil last time, that he stay for a certain length of time on the ward without parole and keep his word about not going out. I would not make this period a long one however. It should not tax unduly his powers of resistance. I recommend therefore that at the end of a week he be allowed to go outside and



visit his praying places, but with the definite understanding that his is to work six hours each day in his room.

The developments of the last five weeks indicate that within certain limits M. is amenable to discipline and able to learn. I would therefore subject him to a somewhat severer regime than when I had given up hope. I would watch him closely and when he becomes irritable or fractious or disobedient I would take away his privileges, being careful always that the reason should be made clear and that he should have no grounds for feeling that he was being dealt with unjustly. It is likewise important that good behavior should be promptly recognized and rewarded.

June 15 M. is still on Salisbury 2. Just when arrangements had been made for a transfer, there was a flare-up. He got after another pt. with a chair, tho he was stopped by an attendant before he actually hit him. Following this he was unusually good and went one step in advance of anything he has shown thus far. Three times another pt. came into his room and stole his beads and threw them around, and Ben, tho he caught him in the act, merely reported the matter to the attendant instead of taking matters into his own hands. And this was not due to fear, for the other man was not physically his equal. Dr. G. was greatly pleased and promised him a transfer. But nothing was done. Then after a period of waiting came more fights.

It is clear that now is scarcely an opportune time to transfer Ben to a parole ward. The moment to have made such a transfer was right after he had reported the theft of the beads without taking matters into his own hands. To make the transfer now would be interpreted by him as a response to his violence. But it is also clear that taken in its entirety, M.'s behavior has been remarkably good and that he ought to have a new chance. I therefore offer the following plan:

1. I would point out to him the seriousness of his losses of temper, explaining that normally he would have to remain at least one month longer on S 2, but that in view of the fact that he had done so well the first five weeks we would shorten the period of probation to two weeks, dating from the last fracas.

2. When the transfer is made I would have a clear understanding with him that his continuance on the parole ward would be conditioned upon attitude rather than upon actual assault and battery and that he would be sent back for relatively slight offences and for determined, relatively short periods.

This plan would involve the use of two rooms, one on S 2 and the other on Appleton, to the extent at least of having it understood that there was likely to be a good bit of interchange between them.

- 3 I would make it clear to him that he must continue to work.

Sept. 9 During the eleven weeks since my last summary, M. has suffered several changes of fortune. At present he is rejoicing in the possession of a room on A 1 and of a parole which permits him to "get the breeze" and visit his "praying places."

Toward the end of June Dr. Hill and I visited M. and made him a proposition. Notwithstanding his recent difficulties in consideration of the good spirit he had shown last March and April he would be given a parole and placed on a parole ward, if at the end of two weeks he had succeeded in keeping his temper. It was to be understood that he should work five hours a day on his beads.

To my great surprise he did not jump at this. He replied:

"The Man Above tells me to stay right where I is. But I wants you to put me on the ground so I can get the breeze." He went on to explain that on S 2 the patients understood him and he understood them. "You see," he said, "I'se got these boys trained.

His request was promptly granted. He was given a parole while still on S 2. He was greatly delighted and for nine days things went beautifully. Then came a "wreck." One of the pts. made a noise before his door and perhaps called him a few names. M. came forth and chased him down the corridor. Then in some way -

no one knows how - he got mixed up with Manuel T. They had it hot and heavy and both emerged considerably damaged, Manuel with a head bruised and bleeding from the impact of Mickle's slipper and Mickle with a very black and swollen eye.

Mickle took the whole matter, including the loss of his parole, quite stoically. His only comment was, as he pressed his swollen eye, "That was sure some man."

We then made a new deal with M. We promised that at the end of ten days of good behavior, we would talk with him again.

But a few days later came another "wreck." There were apparently some extenuating circumstances, but as a result the case was taken from me and no new promises were given.

The situation looked very bad for M. But once more he rose to the occasion just when I expected it least. He succeeded in keeping his temper under very trying circumstances. On one occasion another pt. "popped" his rubber collar. Another time Tin W. invaded his room and devoured a quarter of a pound of boiled ham which I had just got for him. On both occasions M. succeeded in restraining himself and merely reported the matter to the attendant.

As a result of this exceptional behavior Dr. Hill again saw M. early in August and renewed his parole and promised him the first vacancy on Appleton.

The danger point is now in the cafeteria, but thus far M. has been getting along beautifully. I went down the other day while M. was standing in line unaware of my presence and was interested to find him the center of an animated conversation. Several of the pts. were telling stories and exchanging jokes and M.'s were evidently the chief attraction. One pt. called attention to M.'s bald head. M. replied that he was growing brains instead of hair. The woman in charge informs me that his conduct thus far has been irreproachable.

April, 1926 The past six months have been fairly happy ones for M. Until the first of November he continued to "enjoy the breeze." At that time he received an invitation from one of the Negro preachers who had heard him at our conference last March to occupy his pulpit. According to Carl Hutchinson, who had taken my place during my absence in Chicago, we should have known nothing of this if Ben the next morning had not been extremely hoarse. When questioned about his hoarseness, he told of his exploit and was very proud of the fact that he had "preached with so much power" that he had lost his voice. When admonished that he was not to engage in any further preaching he became very irritable. Since in other ways he had been getting troublesome, he was sent back to S 2.

On January 1 he was given his parole again and held it until April 4. The withdrawal of the parole was occasioned by some very threatening talk. He defended himself by saying that the attendant had been drinking moonshine and beating up the patients. He took it surprisingly well. I went in that afternoon half expecting to receive a volley of missiles. Instead I found him adorned with a pleasant smile. He said he had been talking to God and God had told him all the things he had to suffer. It was later discovered that M. had been right regarding his complaints about the attendant. The man had been drinking. M. now has his parole again.

One thing which partly accounts for his ability to endure such set-backs is his explanation of the imminent end of all things. He has even gone so far as to set the date. It is June 12. On that day he is to preach to Worcester. The great event is to take place down on the shore of Lake Quinsigamond. There people will congregate. They will come out as they did to hear John the Baptist on the banks of the Jordan. And there will take place his apotheosis. He has promised me a place of honor on this occasion.

I pointed out to him that a good many other people had had such an idea and had found themselves mistaken. I inquired what he would do if things did not work out the way he thought they should. His reply was prompt. "If they doasn't, then I takes a job and work like five hundred."

It seems clear that much will depend upon the way we handle this situation.

If we shut him up and thus interfere with the natural course of events, he is going to put the whole thing down to diabolical interevetion.

If on the the other hand we can co-operate with him in giving his prophesy a fair chance to materialize, then there may be a chance to modify some of his ideas, especially if we can interpret the thing in such a way that he can accept it.

June 1 The time of Ben's apotheosis is now close at hand.

In the two months or more that he has spent on A 1, his attitude has been excellent. Most of the time he spends either at his praying places, which he visits at regular intervals, or else walking solemnly back and forth about the grounds. He has stopped working at his beads. This was made necessary by his unwillingness to use anything but the large beads which Hutchinson had supplied during my absence and my own unwillingness to pay the much greater price of these boads. He has however put in some time each day cutting grass. He likes Morris the man in charge of the grass cutting, and Morris has discovered his weakness for peppermint candy and has usedt this as bait.

Thruout M. has been in a happy state of mind. He has been receiving daily "signals" in regard to the approaching event and has frequently talked over his plans with me. He has agreed that the apotheosis is to be wholly a miraculous event. Everything is to take place thru divine intervention. The Man Above is to arrange all the details. He is going to advertize him. It is he who is going to bring the crowd together, five million head of them. The preaching is to take place on the shore of Lake Quinsigamond. After ho has delivered his message he is to start at once for Indianapolis, Indiana, in order to avoid the wrath to como. He is very anxious to be properly equipped for the journey and has asked me for a suitcase in which to carry his Bible. He has agreed that in order to prove beyond doubt the miraculous nature of the event, he will go into seclusion in the days which precode it. The Man Above is to come and liberate him. If things do not work out as he hopes and believes they will, then Dr. Bryan may give him a job and he will work like five hundred. It is going to be a good ending whichever way it turns out. In any case it will be a great relief to have the matter settled one way or another.

I received a visit from him this morning. He talked again of his hopes and plans but showed a changed position in regard to some of these matters. He was distinctly irritated when I mentioned the matter of his going into seclusion. There were indications that the great event might come off earlier than the twelfth of June. He suggested that I should keep the date to myself.

This morning's interview indicates that we should not wait much longer before placing him in seclusion. In order to get the best results I suggest that he be given an opportunity to explain his ideas to the staff and that the superintendent explain to him the conditions of the test.

June 5 M. stole a march on me and started forth early on the morning of June 2, He was brought back by the police next day. The following is his account of his adventure:

"You know, I tell you I was sitting on the point of a needle. Well, Wednesday morning God come and push me off that needle. He say, 'It's time for you to go.' I try to see you and Dr. Bryan to say goodbye, but they tell me, Dr. Bryan don't get up this early. He sleeping. I light out across the field to the shore of the lake to find the preaching place God fix up for me. But I couldn't find it. I walk on and on till I get near that other crazy place (probably North Grafton). There I meet God on the road. God say to me, 'Where is you going, Benjamin?' I say, 'I'se going to Indianapolis, Indiana. God say, 'This ain't the way to Indianapolis. You'se lost, Benjamin.' I walk on and on. In the evening I meet a man with a badge, a policeman. He say, 'Where is you going?' I say, 'I'se going to Indianapolis, Indiana.' He say, 'This ain't the way to Indianapolis. This is the way to Boston. You is in

Wellesly now. My, how tired you is. You is limping and the sweat is rolling off your forehead. You come with me and I give you a good bed and something to eat.' The policeman took me to the judge, a big stout man. The judge say, 'Who is you?' I say, 'I'se a profitt and I comes from Worcester Hospital. I'se going to Indianapolis, Indiana.' The judge say, 'Well you is a nice little fellow. We gives you a good bed to-night and to-morrow we sends you back to Worcester.'"

M. presents the picture of a very much puzzled and rather defiant person. He has been quiet and orderly since his return and he talks no more about preaching to Worcester. Instead he talks about Indianapolis. If I remind him of his previous agreement that if things did not work out as he hoped, Dr. Bryan might give him a job and he would work like five hundred, he becomes extremely irritable.

Sept. 15, 1926 M. has come a long way since the episode of last spring. He has received orders to make himself useful and is now actually working.

Following the disillusionment of last June he was held for some time on S 2. He had been perfectly honorable in his dealings with us, but his eyes were so insistently turned toward Indianapolis, that I could not see my way clear to recommending parole. Early in August Dr. Moyle "set him down on the ground again," with the understanding that he was to do some work and that he was not to leave without notifying us. He had not had his parole a week before the orders came to start for Indianapolis. He at once tried to see Dr. Bryan to say good-bye. He also tried to see me. It was thought best to shut him up. Thru some mistake however he was let out. Happening to look out of the window I saw him starting toward the gate. I followed him and found that he was planning to go. The orders had come and he could not jump his orders. I asked if it was anything like the other time when God arrested him. He agreed that it was. I then reminded him of the hardships he had suffered on his journey and of his feeling of relief when he walked into Worcester Hospital. I then suggested that if he were going to be arrested anyway, it might not be altogether a misfortune to be kept where he had a nice warm bed and plenty to eat. This he did not agree to. But he went with me to the supervisor's office. I told them there that he had gone and gotten himself arrested just after he had won his parole. He was sent to S 2.

Next morning his orders had been changed. He was to stay here and make himself useful.

He was soon given his parole again. For about a month now he has been working for the gardener, whom he likes very much and who also enjoys him. He is still sleeping on S 2 and eating on L 2.

I recommend that he be transferred to a parole ward. Everytime we are able to reward him for good conduct, we are so much ahead in the task of establishing his confidence in us.

I must not fail to record that in the Labor Day celebration M. took part in the pillow fight. Unfortunately he tumbled off and lit on his nose. He immediately received orders that he was not to do frivolous things like that again.

Feb. 7, 1927 During the past four and a half months M. has been continuously on parole. He has in that time done work under the direction of the gardener. He has cut grass and in the winter he has showelled snow. It is true that his work has not been regular, neither has it been satisfactory. He works hard when he does work but he is hard on tools. The gardener tells me that he broke two shovels in one morning and that lawn mowers do not fare well in his hands. During this entire period he has been eating and sleeping on S 2 and in all this time there have been no fights. He has got along well with both patients and employes. Most of his time he spends walking around the grounds, visiting his praying places and parading up and down the walk.

On January 29 it was brought to my attention that he had been annoying a young woman who works at the hospital. She had been in the habit of cutting across the

grounds each morning on her way to work. She observed that Ben seemed to be waiting for her each morning. On one occasion he said to her, "You are not afraid of a black man, are you?" On another occasion he asked her for money. Once or twice he attempted to walk by her side. In order to avoid him she went the other way. After a few mornings he met her down by the gate and said, "I caught you this time, didn't I?" On one occasion he is said to have remarked, "Well, if this isn't my old sweetheart, how are you my love?"

That morning, after I had received this information M. dropped in to see me. He was in high good humor. In the course of the conversation he referred scornfully to a certain man who had the women folks on his mind. This gave me just the opening I wanted and I inquired about his recent adventures. He at once demanded particulars - time, place, person. He disclaimed having done anything more than say good morning to some of the sisters who spoke to him. Under further questioning he admitted that he had spoken to Miss X, that he had asked her for money, and that he had also asked her if she was afraid of a black man. He denied that he had been thinking about her much or that he had addressed her as "my love." With a tone of conviction he said, "I speaks to the sisters if they speak to me. If they don't speak, I don't worry my head about them." He discussed the matter without embarrassment and without irritability, showing real dignity and self-respect. On another occasion, he remarked, "Course I says good morning to the sisters, if they's nice-looking. If they's not nice-looking, I just walks along by. But if t they's nice-looking, I says 'good morning, sweetheart' and I pulls my hat to them. You know, us preachers down South, we likes the sisters."

However, on February 1 the matter was brought to the attention of the superintendent and M. was locked up.

He took the set-back quietly, asking the reason for the action and telling the supervisor to report to Dr. Bryan that he had not made any fuss.

His behavior since then has been irreproachable. He has been quiet and friendly and has asked for his beads again, explaining, "It ain't good for a man to stay on this ward and do nothing." However he refuses to have anything to do with the small beads, and the large ones he uses with such rapidity that the cost is prohibitive.

July 18, '27 The past five and a half months have been for Ben a period of fairly consistent good behavior. The entire period has been spent on S 2 without any parole. He has borne the confinement remarkably well. He has indeed indulged in some attempts to "train the boys." Whenever a "stone-crazy patient" has been stupid enough to make a noise in front of M.'s door when he is talking with the Man Above, M. has sometimes emerged with belt or slipper to drive the offender down the corridor. But he has shown no animosity because of his set-back and he has made some important steps forward in the matter of co-operation and participation in the activities of the institution.

Early in May arrangements were made for M. to have a limited parole. But obstacles were encountered. The wife of one of the employes objected. She claimed that M. had at one time threatened one of her children. So far as I could learn there was no evidence beyond the report of two small children in regard to a single occasion. Ben denies that he has ever lost his temper with any children. He does acknowledge his interest in children and is proud of his ability to interest them.

Because of those obstacles I have had to rely upon opportunities to send him out with the students when they take patients out on hikes. He has also taken part in volley ball, developing some degree of skill. He has also during the last three months been attending church services quite regularly, something which before he had never deigned to do. He has also been attending choir practices. He seems to find real enjoyment in them, especially when they sing "Old Black Joe" or "Way down upon the Suwanee River." He becomes however very indignant if Mr. Beatty sings

such a thing as "Big Brown Bear." He regards this as foolishness which should be beneath the dignity of a preacher.

Feb. 18, 1929 For the past year and a half the situation has remained unchanged. M. is still on S. 2 and he is still bearing his confinement with surprising fortitude and cheerfulness. He still attempts to "train the boys," but there have been no serious difficulties and his attitude has been remarkably good.

Last summer when the students were here, we started to take M. out with the group, but he began to go on ahead, and several times he wandered off and did not come back until nightfall. Some of the women employes heard about this and sounded an alarm. M. was loose around the grounds and of course no woman was safe, so long as he was at large! Instead of blowing over, as I hoped it might, the fear of M. is apparently increasing and he is being exalted into a sort of mythical "bogym-an."

I have during this period kept in touch with him right along and have done what I could to make him comfortable. But I have done no intensive work. It is, as I see it, impossible to accomplish anything unless we can promise him something. The difficulty now is not with Ben. I am still convinced that he could make a social recovery, that marked progress had been made, and that his ideas and attitudes are capable of much greater modification and improvement. The difficulty now is in the minds of the hospital community and in the many complications arising out of the hospital situation.

This record would not be complete if I did not acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. Brayn and Dr. Hill and to other members of the staff for their willingness to support me in this experiment. But they also had institutional attitudes and prejudices to reckon with. It is always very difficult to adapt an institution to the needs of an exceptional individual, especially of one like Ben Mickle, who delights in being different from anybody else that ever lived.

#### A D D E N D A

Asked what could be done to help him out of his "mad spell," he said, "God don't snatch things out of a man like that ( here he makes a quick motion with his arm ). He does things easy and slow-like."