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16 July - W - I spent most of the day on personal tasks: wrote the last two days' journal entries, paid bills to Dr. Fung (eye examination), Dr. Justin Williams (breast x-ray), and the telephone bill. I want to pay Dr. Schaupp in person so as to get the bill receipted and send it to the insurance company.

I made files for some of Carol's material.

At noon I went to the meeting of the Bechtel Women for Affirmative Action which was held in the Metropolitan Building. This was an informal meeting to discuss the next steps to be taken. Raising funds is one of their chief problems. A proposal to management has been submitted to allow secretarial salaries to be based on merit rather than position of supervisor. They have plans to poll all Bechtel women as to their desires by means of a questionnaire. Observing that they considered all Bechtel female employees their membership, I warned them on the basis of SFSC experience that such inclusiveness risks control being vested in a group which sides with management. After the meeting was over, I found that my remarks pleased several women who spoke to me about being more active in the organization. One, Barbara Gersh, who wants to have lunch with me, told me that the steering committee is already being used by management.

I put some documents in file folders for Carol.

At home I ate leftovers, washed the dishes.

I left for the Temple service at 7.30, picking up Magnolia and Mary. Most of the congregation was in the building but not all were upstairs yet.

There were the usual preliminaries. When rides were arranged I did not volunteer, as I had Magnolia and Mary to take home, and Contonia had asked me for a ride. I did not know how many children were with her.

I helped take the offering. Change was not on the floor yet.

Jim came on the podium about 9.30.

Jim spoke on the Chicago trip. They met some important people. The future will show what was accomplished. The healings were beyond parallel. The meeting the last night lasted until morning. The group wants to establish a Temple in Chicago. Two miracles took place on the buses. They got in to Chicago hours earlier than they could have if no mishaps had occurred. The buses will come back directly. Our people were graciously received by the Muslim leadership, though their temple here had not cleared the appointment as they said they had.

Birdie Marable wants renewed fellowship. We don't know whether we will accept her. Somebody has been calling at that house; had better tell.

"Socialism" is not a dirty word in Chicago. They met with Jesse Jackson's group and with another organization. If there are many cities like Chicago, people are going to break out of their bondage. We had an all-black audience. A doctor is coming out, he was so impressed. There was respect, reverence, awe, a difference between their attitude and ours. Familiarity breeds contempt. They wanted to start a socialistic church; they asked me.

An offering was taken by sum.

Jim commented on the number of surgeries in the country which were unnecessary.

Jim asked how many are looking forward to living in the promised land. Only a scattered few say they aren't. One young person said she felt it was for the old and the very young; the young should stay here. Jim answered that if there was a need, we all must go. Another, a man, wanted to stand with father. Jim: He's right, but I don't want to see you starve. One elderly woman: "If push comes to shove, I'll go." Another woman wanted to stay to fight if Jim stays. Jim said this is his home, he was here before Ford. "I resent their making a mess of it. If they won't let ten people go, none of us will go. We'll stand together."

Jim closed the meeting early. He asked everybody to come to the altar.

When I approached, he beckoned me to step up. He said: "Your sister? You know what happened in Chicago? Is this erratic behavior of hers a pattern?" I told him something about Dorothy, and he gave me more details of what happened in Chicago. He said she had "done everything to make us think she was an enemy agent." If she had said she was my sister, she would have got in without difficulty. He said everybody liked her. She was well-informed but very naive. I told him I was sorry she had given the Temple trouble, but he did not seem distressed.

The service was over about 11.00.

I took my riders home. Contonia had only one child with her.

I got home at 11.45.

I made popcorn. I ate it and a piece of toast and jam, reading Edmund Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

17 July - Th - I worked a couple of hours on the payment to the attorney on the Puerto Rican transit job, which has never been completed.

I tried to reconcile my bank balance. There is a $5.00 error which works out to my favor, but I could not find it, though I used the office calculator.

At noon I went to Dr. Schaupp's office and paid my bill so that I could get a receipt to send to the insurance office.

At home I exercised, washed my hair.

I ate dinner and washed dishes.

I washed clothes.

I packed tonight as much as I could for the Los Angeles trip, hoping to get ready earlier tomorrow than I usually do.

I went to bed about 2.00. I have had a pain in my neck this week and it was especially bad tonight. It was even painful lying on my side.

18 July - F - I slept about half an hour after the alarm rang this morning. My back still hurt me, but when I got up the pain had disappeared.

A message had come from Carol asking me to send documents on a WMATA case in which the Authority was being sued. I xeroxed the material and put it in the Gaithersburg pouch.

I tried again to reconcile my bank statement but still could not find my error.

I called Carol before lunch. She said the sun was out, though she was still not happy about the housing situation. She had found a house a few miles beyond Clarksburg, and she was thinking about buying it. Buying was no more expensive than renting. She might instead rent in Georgetown with a housemate. Both buying and renting are very expensive.

I finished the memo on the Puerto Rico attorney's billings after asking Carol about one detail.

I had intended to go to Cost Plus at noon and try to find a basket to replace the one in which I carry my thermos and lunch to work; it has worn out. But I learned that there was a special film to be shown on the employee's film series. I ate my lunch early and saw the film which was on "Holography." This concerned a system of taking three-dimensional photographs with a laser beam. It was too technical for me to understand much.

I worked again on my bank statement but still could not get it to come out right.

I decided to go to Cost Plus anyway. I walked over to California, bought some popcorn, and took the cable car. I got off at Kearney and took bus No. 15 to Fisherman's Wharf.

I looked around the whole store. They had many different kinds of

baskets. I couldn't find exactly the type I wanted, but I bought one, which is really too wide. It cost $1.99. I also bought some cufflinks to wear with a particular blouse I have.

I had a free cup of coffee at the Cost Plus coffee store. I had some trouble finding the place to take the return bus.

I got back to the office about 4.00 o'clock, having been gone two hours.

I went through my calculations in my bank book again and still did not find where I had gone wrong.

At home I ate, washed dishes, finished packing, dressed.

Mary had phoned she couldn't come to the Temple, as her asthma was troubling her. I picked up Magnolia, who had baked goods to take to the Temple for sale at a concession stand. She complained as usual because we arrived at service late. I was in my seat about 9.00, and though most of the Valley people had arrived, I got a good seat.

Jim was on the podium at 11.00. He said the people coming from Chicago were holding service in Los Angeles tonight. They had crossed the desert in 120° heat and were running out of water, but a cloud followed them all the way. He said he had been on the telephone constantly since 5.00 o'clock saving lives. Jim said we were a nation now. He needs people to help on the podium while he administers.

Jim took a second offering. He spoke bitterly of those who held back and those who caused trouble. Only two sold leaflets; retribution will come.

Pictures of the starving Ethiopian child on its mother's dried-up breast were shown.

A film strip of South American Indian life was shown. They were living free until the missionary came, taught religion. Then the traders came and a government which enslaved the people. "The white man is the disease." The exploitation of Central American people was shown -- life in the slums.

Jim said: Be ready to move, if not to the promised land, to a central place. There are some very threatening events. He is tempted to get out of the Valley. There we are surrounded by dangerous counties. The Temple is looking into the possibility of getting a large apartment house. The atmosphere of rural life is getting worse. We have mutual defense arrangement with the two M's (he had given some hints of what groups he meant by this appellation).

Jim led a discussion period. The first question was: What reason do these counties have for driving out blacks? Jim: No reason. It is irrational. A poll shows ninety percent of the people are racial bigots. They are willing to throw blacks into concentration camps.

A question was asked concerning what happened in Taft where blacks were driven out. Jim said, some of these things have to happen so that people will learn. I've tried to unify people till I was blue in the face. I've got temporary unity at the top. Yet there are folk sitting here thinking it won't happen to them. It only takes one time for white folk to bother you. I can't help you unless you let me.

The present "strike first" policy will make nuclear war inevitable. We can go back to the caves. We better be out of here.

Jim performed healings.

Jim asked all to come to the altar. I was one of the first in line. I went to the bathroom. I left the building at 1.30. I went out and moved my car into the lot. I took my belongings to the bus, which was already well loaded. I had difficulty getting a seat. I found one beside Lucy Crenshaw.

Lucy came from Indianapolis after one of the Temple trips East. She had never seen Jim nor attended one of his services but had read about him in the newspapers, particularly as head of the Commission on Civil Rights. Her daughter went to school with Jack Beam's son. When the Temple on its summer tour returned to Indianapolis, she was working for a black newspaper and our advance workers came to place an ad for the Temple meeting. The mother of Denise Buckmeister gave her incorrect information about the Temple, such as that we all had to share clothes, but she came anyway, with her son Ed, then sixteen. She has a daughter and grandchildren who remained in the East. She is now working as a typist for the State in the Medi-cal office in the Ferry Building.

I ate a sandwich I had brought. We didn't leave San Francisco until after 3.00. I went to sleep before we left.

I woke from a sound sleep at 6.00 when we arrived at the rest stop. I got off the bus to go to the bathroom and jogged. I went back to sleep when the buses started.

<u>19 July</u> - S - I woke at 10.00 when we arrived in Button Willow. We were told we should be back on the buses in ten minutes; it was actually half an hour before the buses were loaded.

I had gone to the bathroom, washed, jogged and took my vitamins.

I ate my food on the bus. I read some newspapers I had brought with me.

Carolyn Looman started to take the offering.

About 11.00 o'clock a tire blew out. There was no panic as the bus made a tremendous lurch, went to one side of the road and then to the other, then stopped at the side of the road. Changing the tire took

about half an hour, during which time we all remained quiet and didn't move. The offering was continued. After a little effort, our quota was reached.

I tried to sleep. I did not fall asleep right away, as some of the young people talked and laughed loudly. The day was warm, and windows were open on both sides of me, making a pleasant breeze.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 1.40. I dressed and got into service at 2.30.

Archie came out after testimonials were given. He and others had been in Texas, Florida and close to Canada getting supplies for the promised land. Jim came out at 3.45.

The choir sang.

Jim began to speak at 4.10 on the Chicago experience. The plane he had to take to Los Angeles by way of Dallas had been strangely delayed for half an hour. Our mailings didn't get to Chicago, but word of mouth brought a crowd. Miracles are necessary. But the beginning of knowledge is the fear of such power. The last days are upon us. Black newspapers are being forced out of business. Drugs are being given to black soldiers. The CIA brought heroin into the country to raise funds for its work.

Jim spoke strongly on his credentials. God is no respecter of persons. God has a body in all ages. "I am with you always. You shall do greater things than I do," said Jesus. Jacob wrestled all night with God. This mind that was in Christ Jesus is in me now. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. If you think you see a man, a man I am. But if you think you see God, God is here. God is able to do exceedingly, abundantly beyond all you are able to ask or expect. What matters is, "Who do <u>you</u> say that I am?"

Jim said: It's late. Why am I preaching thus? Someone's life is hanging in the balance. Your error is worshipping an unknown God.

Our buses made the trip to Chicago in forty-five hours, although you can't make it in less than forty-eight hours. "Today is the day of salvation." Don't let the white man rob you of your today.

While Jim healed a woman of a bad back disorder, he continued to preach on errors of the Bible. "The Bible kills but love makes alive."

The Temple is thinking of making a campaign in Hawaii. People who might be able to go are to turn in their names. I had just inquired of the workers whether a trip was being planned, so I could make arrangements for my vacation.

Jim took an offering by sum, saying this was the only offering. However, after more healings, he said the first offering was so inadequate

he took another, having the names of those giving written down. He went on with more healings.

Though the hour was late, he said people should come to the altar because the offering was so low. The service ended about 7.30.

Beulah Pendleton asked me to come home with her. I wanted to see whether I was needed to supervise any children. I saw Liz briefly; she said all were taken care of (many young people had gone to sell leaflets and would sleep in the church).

Liz told me that Dorothy had really been difficult. She had told so many lies that Liz didn't think she would have been allowed in. However, she left without expressing a desire to enter. She had even told the workers that she was in touch with "one of your principal enemies," by whom she might have meant Kinsolving. Liz said she wanted to talk with me more fully about the incident.

There was some delay in locating the woman who was taking us home and more delay in delivering some of the other passengers.

We got home about 9.00. Beulah gave me and the numerous children in the house frankfurters, canned corn and bread, and I had an orange.

Beulah suffered two unfortunate occurrences this week. Her daughter lost a seventeen-month-old son. The child was not even very sick but died unexpectedly in the hospital. The mother had a membership card in the Temple but did not attend regularly. Beulah's son was arrested on a charge of robbing a store of some $8,000. The children had telephoned Beulah while she was at church one evening. She said her son has been arrested several times on false charges, and police constantly harass the family. She gave her last three dollars at the altar today, and Jim gripped her hands. She knew he was aware of her problems.

I tried to read Wilson before going to sleep but could not stay awake.

I went to bed about 12.00.

20 July - Su - Beulah woke me at 8.30. I bathed and dressed. For breakfast I had two eggs, toast, bacon, and an orange.

Beulah had more children in the house than I have seen there before. They were sleeping in every corner. She told me that ten of them were children of the girl friend of her son (he has one of his own). The children call her grandmother.

The children's mother took us all to church. She was late and we did not get into service until 11.50.

Testimonials were being given. One by Henry Mercer made reference to the hostility with which some of the younger people treated him. He was cut short and Jim's voice came on the loudspeaker demanding that

testimonies keep to what God has done for you. Our church compared to others is like a rose compared with thorns in the desert. He will do his own preaching.

The choir sang and the young women presented African dances.

A tape of a former sermon of Jim's was played.

Jim spoke at 1.00. We must give the appearance of unity at all times. Others cannot reprove. The Council is always here to receive complaints.

Jim said one hundred people are badly in need of reducing their weight. The list is to be posted publicly.

In our out-patient clinic yesterday all the black nurses deserted; all examinations were left to the white nurses. One white nurse married to a black left also. Jim questioned the motive of those who marry black.

The rate of breast cancer is one in two among blacks, one in four or five among whites. Probably the cause is purposeful treatment of our foods.

Jim explained how severely he reprimands leadership. Terri Buford was up for one hour for one mistake, Larry Schacht for three hours while his weaknesses were reviewed. Jim asked Cathy Grauman why she married a black man. She said she didn't feel she was good enough for a white man.

A woman was put on the floor who stayed with Judy Ijames; she didn't help her with the work, hasn't got a job. Jim said by Wednesday he wanted her to have $100. She lives in a commune without bringing in anything. Jim: You have two weeks to get a productive job or move out. Wanda King was accused of using health as an excuse for not going back to work. Cynthia Jacobs had been on security and in security meeting, thereby not working at the clinic; she did not tell the nurses. Jim: The job of the nurses is more important than my personal security. He assigned the nurses who did not report to turn in $100 each. He told Cathy, who is now pregnant, that she was not mature enought to rear a child, left it up to her.

Jim read the list of those selling pamphlets, with the amounts raised.

In Carmel, an intellectual community, all blacks were driven out. Six counties have formed private posses.

I had written an application to go on the trip to Hawaii and gave it to Clare Janaro.

Jim intermingled offering taking with healings.

He had the congregation come to the altar. The meeting ended at 4.00.

I got in the line for dinner early, and it moved rapidly for a while,

but then it slowed down as people bunched at the top, with no hindrance from security. Glenn Hennington told me to sit at the table with the seniors and food would be brought to me, but I encountered a delay here too, which made me very irritable.

I changed clothes and went to the bus. The buses left about 5.00.

While the offering was taken, I read Wilson's book. I had intended to give $1.50 on the bus offering on the return trip but had received $2.00 from a woman for a loan of $1.00 on Saturday, so I gave it all.

It was a hot day, but the windows were open, so it was not uncomfortable. We were crowded, though, and the children were restless. I did not sleep much, if at all, before we arrived at Button Willow about 8.00.

We had an hour and a half for recreation. I ran. Patty Cartmell talked to me at some length about the episode in Chicago with Dorothy. She had been one of those who dealt with her. Among others were, besides Liz, Debbie Blakey, Tim Stoen and Mike Prokes, and as I later learned, Carol Stahl. Patty said Dorothy had stayed at the service trying to get in for eight hours. She puzzled them because she gave the "right" answers to political and social questions, while making statements that caused them to be suspicious of her. She claimed to be a reporter, she repeated people's names as if memorizing them, she said she had been working with one of Jim's biggest enemies (they thought she meant Kinsolving), she accused Temple members of sentimentalism, made fun of Jim's replanting weeds. Patty thought she was very unhappy and in reality envied me. She acknowledged Dorothy was attractive and well-informed; however, she remarked on her beliefs as being essentially optimistic, and I agreed that this was one of the most important impediments to her trusting Jim. Patty said Dorothy became nastier when she realized that she was not going to get in. I told her something of Dorothy's background.

I walked around seeing what people were doing and hoping to see Liz, but I did not find her. Carol Stahl told me her views about Dorothy which were not markedly different from Patty's. She thought the incident may have been good practice for the future. Neither she nor Patty blamed me for what had happened.

When I boarded the bus, I found that someone had eaten the orange I was saving, and it looked as if my wallet had been opened (I had no money in it). Others had lost food. On Chris Lewis's advice I reported the theft in writing.

A collection was taken by some members of the Council for a fund to give to Jim for work on his teeth, as they had learned he needed it badly and would not take money for himself from the people. I pledged $5.00.

I got to sleep eventually, probably about 11.00. I woke and got up at the rest stop and could not go to sleep again.

We arrived in San Francisco at about 4.00. It was drizzly. I took home Vernell Henderson whose car is in the shop and two others from her apartments.

I arrived at home at 4.45.

21 July - M - I pressed clothes for an hour, then unpacked.

I took my new Indian tote bag to carry my thermos and lunch to work. I decided the basket is too wide to use ordinarily on the crowded buses.

Betty Barclay was back from her New York vacation. She said it was hot and muggy, but she enjoyed seeing shows.

Valita was sick today and Dorothy and Nicci were out. The attorneys did not know how to get their work done. Maggie sat at Valita's desk. Betty Vasil assigned me to Tom Thomason and Fred Abbott, Nicci's supervisors. I did only one small memo for Fred, did some telefaxing and a telex for Tom, then typed a three-page contract draft for him.

At 12.30 I went to lunch with Barbara Gersh. We met downstairs and as it was a pleasant day we walked down to the park on the Embarcadero. We ate lunches we had brought. Barbara works in the Pipeline and Production Services Division. She received a degree in librarianship recently and Bechtel hired her as a librarian, but she doesn't really work in this capacity. She says librarian jobs are hard to find. She says her work is boring. She is of Russian ancestry but doesn't speak the language. She spent three months in Greece. She saw the effects of the dictatorship; even foreigners were cautious. I was afraid she was going to request from me some help in connection with the Bechtel women's group, but she said nothing about it. I told her about an article on word processing in Business Week which had been sent for Carol.

I finished Tom's contract and sent it to Houston by telefax by the 2.30 deadline.

I finished Sunday's journal entry.

I received a call from Carol. She seemed rushed so I didn't ask the outcome of her house hunting efforts nor when she is returning. I told her about the mail and received instructions from her. Failing to transfer her call to Walt Vreeburg, in the Insurance Department, I asked him to call her.

After work I went to Safeway on Church and Market to get some fruit for the rest of the week. It is at last coming down a little in price. I bought cherries and grapes. Because the check-out lines were so long, it took me an hour to shop.

At home I exercised.

I prepared food, ate and washed dishes. I didn't finish until 10.30.

I was very tired and decided not to type in my journal tonight but to get up in the morning and put in an hour.

I read Wilson for an hour. I fell asleep and missed the first part of "In Conversation."

I went to bed at 12.30.

22 July - T - I got up at 5.00 and before I went to work I typed in my journal an hour.

At the office I was not called upon to work for anyone and I spent a relaxing day.

I brought journal entries up to date. Then I listed all my July expenditures so far.

I prepared Carol's reading file and filed some of her materials.

At noon I saw the film in the employees' series. It featured poems of Robert Frost with scenes from his life and New England environment with some engravings of Norman Rockwell. The film was only about fifteen minutes long. I went out and ate my lunch on the PG&E steps. The day was warm and sunny.

I didn't hear from Carol.

After getting home from work, I ran in the Panhandle for fifteen minutes.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I typed from 9.30 to 10.30 in my journal. My progress is not encouraging. I have typed only five pages so far this week.

I mended clothes while listening to "In Conversation."

I took a bath. I have been slow to use cold water as desired by Jim. I don't have a shower and it is difficult to sit in a tub of cold water. This week I have been pouring cold water over my body.

I read Wilson for an hour.

I went to bed at 1.30.

23 July - W - I put in a call to Carol about 8.30. She said she'll take the Friday afternoon plane and be back in the office on Monday. She said she was very busy. She hadn't located housing yet. She talked to Tom and to Bob Garb.

I sent my medical receipts to the insurance company. I sent the premium for my car insurance.

I offered to Bob O'Neill and to Dorothy Stookey my help with any extra work. However, all I was given was the memo on the Puerto Rican attorney fees which had to be typed again for Garb's signature. Nicci was very busy today and I did one item for Tom.

At 11.45 I had lunch with Glenn Hennington at the Main Street building where he is working now. We ate our lunches outside. Glenn likes the people he's working with now better than those he worked with formerly. I told Glenn that I was looking for someone who would like to share my car so that I could cut expenses. What I want is someone who needs it to go to work on weekdays, and I could continue to use it on weekends. Glenn will try to think of someone. I consulted him as to how much I should charge under such an arrangement.

The weather had been foggy this morning but cleared up later.

This afternoon I added phone numbers, which Carol had left me, to her desk address book.

I took an hour's nap on getting home tonight.

I ate leftovers, dressed for service.

Magnolia phoned for a ride. I called Mary who said she had been sick with flu, asthma, and so on, and was not well enough yet to go to church. However, she was taking care of her great grandchildren.

We drove to the Temple at ten minutes to 8.00, arriving at the same time as some of the Valley buses were unloading.

I turned in the five dollars I had pledged for the work on Jim's teeth. (In April, 1976 I had not yet learned whether Jim actually used the money collected for himself.)

In the beginning of the service rides were obtained, announcements made. The congregation sang.

Liz told me Jim McElvane was seriously ill in U.C. Hospital with osteomyelitis.

The offering was taken. Each aisle is to have a floater, and I have been assigned as a floater in one aisle.

A tape of one of Jim's sermons was played. Shortly after it was started Jim entered on the podium; it was nearly 10.00.

Someone asked a question on interference with the printing of our newspaper which I did not understand. Jim said we should be more concerned with what the capitalist press omits.

Jim referred to the disrespect of some of those close to the body of the Father which discredits what he's trying to do. "If you can't

show respect, remove yourself from your special position. I am going to cut out laughter and show the seriousness I feel for this cause."

Jim took another offering.

Jim spoke of the trial of the whites who attacked Joe Wilson and Ronnie James in Santa Rosa. More people are needed to attend. The jury will start deliberating tomorrow. You who are there will be the determining factor, as the district attorney is not trying very hard. It is a white versus black situation. The black people in Santa Rosa will not be safe if the attackers are not convicted.

Jim: Remove Carrie Page. She has objected too much to certain words used in this service.

Our members raised more money than any group selling tickets for the youth group. We will get special mention in the newspaper.

Commendations were given.

Chris Cordell was questioned concerning money which was stolen from the Bogue home. He said he was joking; Jim decided he should take a lie detector test. He admitted he took one dollar. His natural parents questioned him. The counselors stressed that only Jim's love save him from jail before. Jim led the probe into his feelings. Rick Cordell stated he revealed hostility toward his dad who he believed was austere. Chris said his mother criticized his dad to him. Jim wanted people to be guided by this. You only lead your child to destruction by trying to get your child's sympathy against the other parent.

Marvin Wideman was brought up. He has been increasingly rebellious. He has been accompanying Chris. Members of a gang, of which Chris, Teddy McMurray and Marvin are the organizers, were named by Jimmy Cordell: Von Smith, Dean Scott, Vincent Lopez, Tommy Bogue and others. Jim was angry, called them pigs, fascists, a counter-revolutionary movement. They had been on the floor before and were told to disband.

Chris admitted he didn't go to the work projects. Julene Wideman admitted she was upset at Council for disapproving her daughter's coming back home. She didn't stay for the Sunday night service and took Marvin home. The counselors criticized her for her attitude. Evelyn, her daughter, said her mother was too easy on the children. Jim received reports this gang gave the junior choir and others a bad time. They didn't watch the films on black history.

Michael Briggs' grandmother gives the two Briggs children money, Jim said so that she can use them. She gave Tommy Bogue Michael Briggs' address, and Tommy wrote to Michael. Jim forbade the children from having anything to do with her. He said he didn't want to see any two of this gang together. Tommy had been moved to the Solomon house. Teddy McMurray said he didn't come up to the Valley because he said

a house couldn't be found for him. Liz thought Teddy was still at West House. Jim wanted the leadership to know where everybody is. He complained about the organizational failure and held Liz responsible. She is to check the placement of the summer work crews in the various homes twice a week.

Tommy received a letter from a girl in Los Angeles. Jim said her mother, Jean Gibson, was unacceptable in this temple. She had been guilty of welfare fraud. She passed bad checks. She took money without withholding being taken out. She faced seven years in jail. Jim got her out. Jim said he didn't believe she was honest. He ordered that she make restitution or be turned over to the authorities. She took up with a white racist. She tried to proposition Jim. We took care of her children. She's hiding up in Ukiah. "It's hard for us who are honest to face how despicable some people are." (I couldn't tell which of these offenses Mrs. Gibson had committed before going to jail, and which were recent.)

Another report was received that Marvin Wideman threatened another child. Jim said to Julene: If he doesn't change after tonight's discipline, he is to hit the road.

Mark Sly and a new boy, Rory Macon (who had stayed at my apartment the other night), took his mother's car (presumably Dee-dee's) to the white police to complain about the mother; she had scolded him about his grades. Jim took note of Rory, asked the nurses to watch him for kidney trouble. He said he saved him from dying from kidney trouble when young.

Sylvia James' companion, Reggie Upshaw, resented her pregnancy because she had a nice child by a former relationship. The doctors told her she shouldn't bear the baby or she'd die. He beat up on her before. She has had three abortions. Jim warned them. Jim decided he should box with a man twenty years older than he is. He refused. Jim: Either do it, or we're finished. Sylvia was now at home dehydrated from hemorrhaging. Reggie is the son of Ann Paterson.

Each member of the gang got fifty whacks each. Tommy and Chris are to be dealt with separately.

Tom Grubbs fought Reggie. Reggie put Tom down twice. Jim was angry because Larry Layton recommended Tom to fight; he could have been hurt. Larry knew Tom was frightened of fighting. Larry was hostile, wanted to see blood. Jim said he wanted Lisa to see how sadistic his tendencies are. Tom was put in a bad light. Jim had Tom fight Larry. Tom knocked him down. Larry apologized.

Lucy Crenshaw recalled how Larry answered a question she had when she was new. He answered that he couldn't relate to minorities because he was from a white upper class background. Jim's complaint about him was that he won't bear his share of the work. Others stated that his room was dirty. He wouldn't give a seat to a black sister on the bus. Mike Prokes said he was a leach and a parasite. Why is he here?

11/1/7 - K

Larry said this is the only meaningful thing there is.

Jim asked how many were here for protection. How many for principle alone? Few stood for principle alone. Some stood admitting they are here for protection and again, claiming they are here on account of devotion to principle. It developed that what Jim wanted was to know who are here solely because of belief in the cause, wouldn't call upon him though in grave danger. Finally, all decided they couldn't guarantee they would never want Jim's protection for selfish reasons.

Mae Spriggs said Larry was very hostile. Several agree. But the majority left it up to Jim to decide whether he should stay on Council.

The Macon boy got only ten whacks. Chris took the pain well. Jim wanted to know why he can't get his life straightened out, Tommy the same. Why can't you put as much interest into keeping a few rules? Think about it and tell me.

Mary Tupper has been a problem at work projects. She said she wasn't going to work at gardening. She was team captain. The rest of the team resented her not working. Several spoke of her attitude as getting worse. Ruth Tupper said she thought Mary should not be a leader, should get fifty swats, and have a work project at night. Rita Cordell has a bad attitude too.

Jimmy Moore told on himself, but there was a question about his motivation; was he saving himself some punishment when someone else turned him in? He said he wanted praise for telling on himself.

Jim had given instructions to Mike Prokes that a certain Janie should have counselor beside her. Apparently Jim had foreseen that something in the meeting would upset her. He had used his power to put her to sleep. When she awakened she would not know anything that had happened. Mike had not followed instructions. He forgot. Jim put to a vote what punishment Mike should get. Most voted for ten whacks, but some thought he should get fifty.

Jim insisted on taking ten stripes himself. Five were for Jimmy Moore and five for Mike. Jim had mentioned that if Mike received fifty he would take them for him, as he is a good worker. He was aware that Mike had no interest in living. "You wanted out so much, that you neglected something very important."

Jim was hit ten times. Almost immediately blood clots circulated in his system. They reached his head and he was in terrible pain. However, he vowed he would come through, as we still need him.

Those who had voted for fifty stripes for Mike, because they had heard Jim say he would take them instead, were required to file past Jim and look at his tongue which was ulcerated from speaking so much.

Mary and Rita both thought they should get fifty whacks, but on account of improper organization of the work crew, Jim exempted them. They're

too young to be in charge.

Jim said the most essential task which he could not neglect was to raise the necessary funds for the survival of this family. He took an offering by sum, requesting the names of those who gave. I put in another dollar.

Jim performed some healings.

On dismissing the meeting at 4.00 o'clock, Jim emphasized all should be sure to meditate at 6.00 and watch the speed limit because he had had to use his energy to keep himself alive.

I took home Contonia, Toby Stone and her two children, and Magnolia.

I got home at 4.45. I decided to sleep until 6.30, put up a lunch, but not eat breakfast.

24 July - Th - I took with me to the office some cheese and crackers and cherries, as well as my lunch.

I did not suffer greatly from lack of sleep during the day, although the pain in my neck returned. I was quite busy. I helped proof a contract for Bob O'Neill. John Braman dictated a letter and a memo to me, as Betty was in court today.

At noon I went to see the film, "The Emerging Woman," which the BWAA was showing again. I took notes so as to be able to give an introduction if we show it again to the Temple women. I ate outside afterwards.

Carol phoned me to tell me what to do about the Puerto Rico attorney's fee billings, as we don't have all the originals. She also gave me information for her time card. I had barely time to start to fill it out.

At home I exercised.

I did personal chores and washed my hair. I ate dinner and washed dishes. About 10.30 I started to wash clothes. I continued after listening to "In Conversation." I finished about 12.45. I was very tired and the pain in my neck was severe.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

25 July - F - I worked on Carol's and my time cards. As Carol's job numbers were unfamiliar to me, I had to look up all the sub-numbers, so I had more difficulty than usual.

I looked through the files for the original billings in the Puerto Rico

case. I found one. I phoned the New York office and inquired about the two remaining which had been sent to New York by mistake. They could find no record of them.

I phoned Lorraine to tell her I may be chosen to go to Hawaii with the Temple. (Last night's message asked for names of those who could go.)

I ate lunch at my desk. Chuck Stiles gave me information on how much it costs him to rent a car for weekends. I may look into this if I can't find anyone to share my car.

I finished Wednesday's journal entry and did Thursday's.

I ran in the park on getting home.

I cleaned the apartment, which took me two hours. I decided to do this tonight as I wanted to take my laundry to the laundromat tomorrow.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I intended to work on my journal two hours tonight, but I was too tired. I decided to go to bed early and get up at 7.00, then type two hours. I read in Wilson and went to bed at 12.00.

26 July - S - The alarm rang at 7.00, but I slept for an hour longer. Instead of typing in my journal, I decided to go to the Coop first and type later.

I ate some cataloupe and cold cereal. I prepared my laundry and loaded it in the car. I left for Corte Madera earlier than usual.

I put my soiled clothes in the Coop laundromat, then shopped for groceries. I didn't listen to the Temple broadcast.

The weather was very warm.

When I got back to the apartment, I unloaded groceries and laundry. I put away the food and folded the clothing and linens.

I prepared and ate a meal and washed dishes.

Handling the food and laundry had taken so much time that I wasn't able to do any work in my journal.

At 5.00 I lay down to sleep for an hour. Magnolia phoned that she and her sister, who was visiting, were away from home, would go directly to the service, but would like a ride home.

I pressed a few items for the apartment.

I left for service about 7.45, picked up Mary Lewis. Buses were unloading when we entered the Temple. I got a seat near the front

but at the side.

There were the usual preliminary announcements, ride assignments, testimonials and congregational singing.

Karen Layton testified concerning Jim's healing of Jim McElvane's legs. He was doomed to be in a wheel-chair the rest of his life, but healthy bone tissue is growing again.

Jim on the podium told us that Turkey, the heartland of the anti-communist alliance, has been lost to the United States. Nuclear war is made certain.

Jim took the "only" offering rapidly. He moved the service along vigorously.

The choir sang and the band played.

Chairs had been removed from the platform for the presentation of a serious play which Jim had asked for. From my side seat I could not see part of the stage. The play showed the coming of Fascism to America. Blacks and liberals were behind barbed wires, and the Ku Klux Klan patrolled the concentration camp.

Jim spoke on the rise of the K.K.K. threat. We sang "Oh, Freedom," changing one line to read: "Before I'll be a slave, I'll take 2000 capitalists to their grave."

Jim took another offering, exhorting those who had money to give. No one with any minority blood will be safe from concentration camp. He told of how he raised one hundred dollars at 4.00 o'clock in the morning in Chicago. You must be willing to give your body as a living sacrifice.

During the healings Jim spoke to a woman's son who had passed over in 1972.

At the end of the service, Jim called the names of many visitors, saying they should join the church.

The congregation came to the altar.

Details on the Hawaiian trip were given. A plane will be chartered. The fare will be $300 for seven days and seven nights.

I was among the first to go up to the altar. I went backstage to confirm that I wanted to go on the Hawaiian trip. My name is on the list, and I should have no trouble if I can raise the $300.

It was 12.30. So many people asked me for rides that, with the guests I was taking home, I had to make two trips. I intended to take Valor downtown, then Mary, Contonia, Rosezeeta, and Rosezeeta's children, and come back for my guests, Kaye Gibbs, Beulah Pendleton, and two

children. When Magnolia and her sister found that they would have to wait, they decided to find another ride.

When I was backstage I was told Tim Stoen wanted to see me (I had turned over for him some information from Bechtel). I told my riders I would be delayed. I couldn't find Valor, was finally told she got another ride.

I was afraid Tim wanted to inquire about Dorothy's escapade in Chicago, but he merely wanted to call on me Tuesday evening.

I took my two groups of riders home. Beulah had with her her grandson, Dwayne Giles, and Lisa Gibson, daughter of Jane Gibson, the woman discussed in Wednesday's meeting. Beulah said Lisa had asked to come with her instead of with her mother.

My radiator started boiling on the way home. I got the car safely home but am considerably worried because this is the third time the radiator has leaked, and I doubt whether patching can be effective any longer. I'll have some additional expense to have the radiator repaired.

We reached home about 2.00.

We all had some watermelon, except Kaye, who is on a liquid reducing die.

I gave Beulah the bed; the rest of us slept on the floor. I laid down at 2.30.

27 July - Su - I got up at 9.00, bathed and dressed.

I prepared breakfast as the others dressed. We had the usual items for breakfast.

Lisa rinsed the dishes after I had washed them. She is a sweet and polite child.

We left for the Temple service, which was scheduled for 12.00, a little after 11.00.

I stopped at Taft's service station and had them fill the radiator.

The line at church was not very long, and we were able to get into service before 12.00.

We heard the tape of Jim's sermon given Friday in Los Angeles. He had echoed part of it taking the offering here. He talked of the difference between the "saving" of traditional churches and that which we offer. "If that Jesus can't save you from the hell you're in, how's he going to save you after you're dead?" He doesn't save you from the smog on the freeway. He's going to save you from hell

though they don't know where it is. I want to be saved from those Los Angeles honky police. The only devil we believe in is hunger. You can't believe in anything those honky preachers tell you, they just want to get your money.

The tape also contained a question period conducted by Jim in Los Angeles. Someone asked how to cure oneself from claustrophobia. Jim said: just lock yourself in and think of all the people you're locked away from: Wallce, Los Angeles police. You must overcome your fears because the enemy can use them against you.

The second questioner wanted to know the latest news on Joanne Little, who is being tried for murdering a jail warden. Jim: No, she is not freed yet. But he said he had committed himself to insuring that she will not go to her death. He had already seen to it that blacks were put on the jury.

Jim took the only offering during which he spoke movingly on sacrifice.

Jim said the trial at Santa Rosa had ended with the conviction on seven counts of the white men who had stabbed our brother. Jim had had to use his power, as the establishment was not interested in punishing the guilty. He had to prevail in this case because if this type of racial hate continued to be manifested, our access to the city would be endangered. He read a newspaper item to prove how in other places in the nation without Father's influence the Ku Klux Klan is active. The item told of a K.K.K. meeting in Pennsylvania in which the Mormon Tabernacle Choir had sung.

Healings were performed.

The congregation went up to the altar. The meeting was dismissed early, about 3.30.

I bought some chicken for tonight. I ate my lunch in the car. Kaye got her belongings and took them to the bus. I put mine on bus No. 12.

The buses arrived in the Valley at 7.30; service started at 8.20.

There was congregational singing and many testimonials.

Jean Brown told how Jim got a guilty verdict out of the Sonoma County trial though everything was against us. Grace gave more details. Jim: Standing together is very important in such situations.

A tape of a former sermon was played on the methods of torture used by the CIA. Jim referred to himself as a "latent revolutionary," saying that he might explode at any time.

Jim's mother came in and was seated while the tape was being played.

Jim said that under Senate Bill No. 1,"I would get fifteen years, $100,000 fine or death for that sermon." He reiterated many provisions

of the bill. All the Senate liberals are sponsoring this bill. Even Kennedy would be so afraid that he'll be more careful than Ford. There is no help from this system except its overthrow. I have only one way to remedy this. I have no time for anyone who messes around in little committees on social legislation. Stay in America if you want to fight the system, but don't expect to find any peace. When it comes down to protecting monopoly capitalism, all Republicans and Democrats are the same. I don't want peace in this system ruled by fascist pigs. All the right stands are being taken by the government of Guyana. There is going to be a hell of a revolution here. It may not win, because people don't care.

While he took the offering, Jim made an exhortation to resistance. He is tired of putting up with routine. Some of us are ready to revolt.

He revealed the truth of what went on with some in the promised land. Some didn't want to stay and work. "I must be God because no one else could make some selfish people get along."

Etta Thompson asked about the value of double agents. Jim said, Yes, I have some.

Jim sent some strong men, black and white, and one woman, Velma Darnes, on a mission concerning someone who was giving trouble.

Pauline Tropp asked a dumb ass question, as Jim called it.

Dorothy Buckley said she gets propositioned when she's pamphleting. She is offered $10 or $20. In view of what Jim said on presenting your body as a sacrifice, should she do it? Jim said, no, you're too young.

One woman wondered if she could make money by gambling. Jim: No, you can't do it without being illegal. It would take my energy.

A man inquired about the effectiveness of the Buddhists' burning their bodies. Jim: No, I have never believed in such actions.

Jim commented again on the United States' being kicked out of Turkey. It is just one more step. Socialism is winning everywhere.

Jim had been holding us waiting for the return of the delegation he had sent, but as the time approached midnight he decided to dismiss us.

He had a brief meditation period, during which he saved Georgia Lacy from a stroke. Then he divined a cycle of three people whose birthday was 27 February. The third person did not respond; but Jim knew there were three. He discerned that it was a child and finally pinpointed little Hugh Doswell, whom he said he had saved from having kidney disease at sixteen. He had the nurse put the child on a regimen.

The congregation was allowed to go at 12.00.

I drank Sanka I had brought and ate the chicken I had bought. The bus was even more crowded than usual on Sunday evening. We didn't leave until 1.00.

I slept, though not as soundly as usual. We got into San Francisco at 4.00. I took home Contonia and a carload of people to the Vernell Henderson apartments or near there. My radiator had begun to boil again, and I was worried about the distance I had to drive. I have to decide whether to get the car repaired or give it to the Temple or sell it.

I got home at 4.45.

28 July - M - I typed in my journal from 5.00 to 6.00.

Carol was back in the office. She told me she talked briefly to Mabs on the phone, hopes to see her when she returns to Gaithersburg. Carol is still having trouble with her finger, which does not look good at all.

She was not especially busy, gave me only two small memos. I spent most of the day on miscellaneous investigation of the files. Carol gave me copies of memos she had written on San Francisco jobs while in Gaithersburg to put in her chronological file.

I brought journal entries up to date, especially filling in some items on Sunday night's events.

I have telephone duty during the lunch hour this week. I went for a walk afterwards to get some air. The day was pleasant but turned cold by closing time.

Carol had to go to the doctor at 4.15. I left soon after. Nevertheless, I was late for my appointment at Dr. Fudgen's to have my teeth cleaned and examined. A new hygienist took care of me. Fudgen was ill, and I have to have another appointment so that he can look at the x-rays and examine my mouth further.

I had to wait an exceptionally long time for the bus on Divisadero, and the weather was now very cold. It was after 6.00 before I got home.

I did not exercise.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes as quickly as possible so as to get at my journal.

I started work on my journal at 9.30, typed until a little past 11.30, as I had set a quota of four pages for myself.

I read Wilson for an hour. I was very sleepy.

I went to bed at 1.00.

29 July - T - I spent most of the day preparing material on Iran for Bob Garb to take with him on his trip. Originally scheduled for last Friday, this has been deferred until this week. I xeroxed much material concerning Bechtel's extensive contracts with Iran and put it in a binder with division markers. I made extra copies of many of the documents to give to Tim Stoen so that the Temple will be informed concerning this massive assistance program.

Carol seemed to have little work to do.

I had telephone duty at lunch. Afterward I walked around outside.

Betty Vasil talked to me. She said that next week I was needed to work for John Stewart, the black attorney. Gene Larcher, a casual (temporary) employee, who has been working for him, is taking the rest of the summer off. When the replacement attorney in our unit is hired, Bob Garb wants me to be his secretary. If there is no replacement, I will be used to help out in the unit. I can take my vacation as I had planned.

I filled out forms requesting my vacation from 18 to 29 August.

Valita Robinson, Mr. Johnson's secretary, has not been looking very well, missed some days at work last week. She seems very unhappy. She is a pretty, agreeable girl. She confided in me today that her work was very boring. She said, "Nothing ever gets done." I have heard some remarks from some of the attorneys indicating impatience with Barney Johnson. He may not be very competent. I advised Valita on the one hand not to be too concerned about her time in the office, and on the other not to be afraid to make a move if she would feel happier.

I ran in the park tonight after getting home.

I took a bath, ending with cold water.

I ate quickly and washed dishes, as I expected Tim at 9.00. However, he phoned saying he had a mission to do, would arrive between 12.00 and 1.00.

I worked on my journal from 9.30 to 11.30. I finished typing the 16 to 31 January section and started to proofread.

I ate some nuts while listening to "In Conversation."

I went to bed at 12.30 and slept until Tim arrived at 1.45. He has to be at the Temple tomorrow at 8.30 to see some lawyers. I told him of Carol's leaving and my new assignment, that I hoped to go to Hawaii, and of the trouble with my radiator. Tim did not see Dorothy in Chicago but heard about the incident. I explained the background to him.

30 July - W - This morning I went down to my car to put some water in the radiator, thinking it had boiled dry, but to my surprise it didn't need water. I went back for my belongings to take to the office, then drove the car to the Temple lot. The radiator is still heating.

Waiting for the bus on Fillmore, I saw Inez Wagner. She and Mark are living in the Temple now. She said she was getting spoiled having nothing to do at home but take care of her room and one chore a week, but she might have to set up housekeeping. Mark's father is suing for custody now that he is thirteen and able to take care of himself, and she has to show she is maintaining a home for him.

I spent the day on miscellaneous tasks for Carol.

I made yesterday's journal entry.

I was on telephone duty at lunch.

I took a short walk afterwards. The weather was warm and pleasant. I bought a small apple pie for thirty-five cents.

I left the office on time and went to the Temple lot where two buses were loading at the same time. On one I got a seat beside Milton Bridgewater. I ate my lunch. I slept all the way to the Valley.

The bus arrived at 8.15. We came in while testimonials were being given.

The offering was taken.

Jean Brown spoke on the trial in Santa Rosa.

Larry Schacht showed slides on new strains of venereal disease which are more resistant to drugs. The purpose of showing the slides was to warn the young people against promiscuous sex relations and to encourage them to get treatment when they suspected infection. Mother made comments.

Jim entered about 10.00 as the slides were concluded.

Jim told how the blacks were driven out a town in Stanislaus County. The deputy police chief was here today. He was impressed with the publications office and garage. He says there is a great danger of concentration camps being opened. He wants Jim to leave for his own safety. Jim talked of taking his faithful and leaving. Who are the faithful? Children, seniors for the most part, teens. Most of those in their middle years are not worth your salt. Get away from materialism. Strip yourself of anything but the bare essentials.

Jim took a second offering by sum. Inquiring how many ask twenty people a day for donations and getting only six responses, Jim became angry. You don't love truth, you don't love socialism. Some of you will

undergo suffering. You don't believe that I have the key to life. You don't want to help people. The Universal Mind will lift the veil and you will learn in adversity what you didn't learn in prosperity.

The Temple without our request was voted into the Guyanese Council of Churches unanimously. Jim said he messed up the strategy of some of the churches, as they didn't want us in.

"The Anguish," the play on concentration camps, was presented again. The place was described as Tule Lake, California, 1976. Those identifying themselves as inmates of the camp, such as a black informant of the CIA, a white woman married to a black whom she betrayed, did so with the lights on instead of in the dark as before. I had a good seat this time and could see the action well. Persons taking parts were Patty Cartmell, Ron Talley, Geraldine Brady, Patti Chastain, Larry Schacht, Gary Lambrev, Michelle Wagner, among others. Some in hoods and robes took the roles of Ku Klux Klansmen.

Jim talked about Senate Bill No. 1.

We listened to the national anthem of Guyana. Jim read the words, Loretta Cordell played the melody, Marcy and Norm Ijames sang.

Jim said there was confirmation from medical specialists that aspirin prevents heart attacks many years after he had taught its use.

Jim had talked half an hour on the radio to the promised land. He gave a sermon on socialism and the Bible. The ham radios were quiet, all were listening.

Jim had warned Reverend Jackson in the promised land against Bible reading. If he persists, he won't see another birthday.

There is a big spurt in the sale of prison furniture and equipment for detention camps. Two new jails are being built in Alameda County for people who await trial and can't afford bail.

Jim took a third offering by sum.

Jim wants Wesley Johnson to help with the competition for contributions between Los Angeles and San Francisco in the Los Angeles. We need an airplane. Wesley regretted the necessity for having to raise money through a competition. Jim: We have to reach them on that level until they come to socialism. Some people in Los Angeles are sitting with money in the bank. The competition was planned for 31 August.

Wanda Swinney was commended for staying in a bloody fight between two dogs. Father stepped out and stopped it, saving Wanda from serious injury.

Judy Ijames ~~cared for the wife of a man in the hospital~~ saved the life of a woman in the hospital. Her husband said ~~The man said~~ he knew good nursing when he saw it.

Husain Smith was commended for changing dramatically. He takes care of his dog now.

Jim warned again that all should have nothing to do with Birdie Marable. No one should visit nor telephone anyone living there. Her tenants could have left.

While we stood, Jim gave healing and protection to several. I could not see who they were but on the way home Magnolia said she was saved from a stroke. One person did not answer when details concerning her life were given. When he identified her, Jim refused to give her the revelation unless she came with $200 on Friday. Magnolia said it was Mary Griffith and that the parents had money.

The meeting was dismissed at 12.30.

The bus left at 1.30. A little difficulty occurred in getting the young people in back quiet, but after this was accomplished, I slept soundly all the way to San Francisco.

We arrived at 3.40. On account of my radiator's boiling, I gave rides only to Mary and Magnolia, so that I would not have to go out of my way.

I got home at 4.20. I lay down to sleep for half an hour, intending to get up and press clothes at 5.00 o'clock.

31 July - Th - When the alarm rang I decided to doze a few minutes longer and went back to sleep. I woke at 6.30 and had only enough time to get to work.

I was at the telephone during my lunch hour again.

Afterward I went to the bank and deposited my check, taking $25.00 in cash.

After work I took the car to Taft's filling station to find out if a leak in the radiator was causing it to boil. The trouble was caused by a broken fan belt. A new belt and a few minute's labor to install it cost me $9.03.

I did personal chores and washed my hair.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I washed underwear and a couple of outer garments.

I read in Wilson.

I didn't get to bed until 2.00.

1 August - F - I pressed a few clothes this morning before leaving for work.

Carol never did give me information for her time card. She did a couple of hand-written memos which had priority before she went to a meeting of her new unit. She gave me my Friday projections for my time card.

I had trouble with the roller of my typewriter. No one in the office could help with it, so I had to call the IBM repairman and move to the MagCard typewriter. Since I am unfamiliar with it, I had difficulty making corrections. I finished the two memos just before lunch.

A film was shown during the lunch hour showing the extraordinary artistic works unearthed from a tomb of a high-born lady in China some two thousand years ago. The work had been done by Chinese Communist archaeologists, and the commentary on the film emphasized that the objects demonstrated the skill and labor of the common people.

The Temple message last night indicated that those going on the Hawaii trip should either have the required $300 by Friday night or be able to tell the secretary what financial arrangements they will make. I decided to go to the bank and get a loan which I should be able to start paying on immediately. I got in touch with the Bank of America and saw one of the officials. He had me make an application for a Bankamericard loan. I had hoped to get a lower rate of interest, since I have an account there, but this will be at eighteen percent.

In the afternoon I assembled material to send to the attorney in Anchorage handling the RCA-Hartford litigation.

After work I packed, ate some dinner, dressed. I was late, as I had been unable to do my packing last night.

I picked up Magnolia, who had a large amount of baked goods to take for the concession stand. She was again regretful because we were so late, and I told her I wished that I would be questioned by the Council about my tardiness. What was it which I should have left undone? I had to pick up Mary too and drop both her and Magnolia in front of the church, drive around and park on Geary. Mary showed bad temper when I suggested we should not sit together on the bus, as it was hot and I would have to have the window open. She said she would sit by "family," meaning her relatives.

I got into the service at 9.30. Magnolia borrowed my car keys to get something she had forgotten. Wesley Johnson was just finishing the allotment of rides. Polla Matteras sang.

Jim came on the podium. He took an offering. He said that in the last few days the Temple had gone through a crisis. He had been scheduled to go to the promised land but had been led not to go. An old enemy threatened the very life of this body. "In a few days details will be told to you."

Joe Johnson, deputy mayor, talked. Jim, behind him, gesticulated ironically. After Johnson had left, he referred to people who talk out of both sides of their mouths. Some are religious prostitutes. There ain't no point in fighting religious whores. The double-minded, hypocrites I'll spit out of my mouth.

Jim conducted a question period. On a question concerning the struggle in Portugal, Jim said the revolution was being led by the military, strange to say, who are trying to institute a limited socialism. Their opponents are old-guard liberals, probably sponsored by the CIA.

Valor asked a question on Ford's trip to Helsinki: can we trust Russia? Jim did not answer her directly. He said: the end will not come that way. Mr. Ford is a catastrophe. His remark in a concentration camp was hardly appropriate.

A question was asked about the trip to Africa of Reverend McIntyre, reactionary leader of a church group. Jim: The Africans picked him up and put him on the plane for home. It did my heart good.

Mabel Johnson asked about Kissinger's offering Turkey $50,000,000 in exchange for giving us back the military bases. Jim said he didn't know about the matter, he had been in the belly of hell. Norman Ijames explained what had happened.

Magnolia had not brought my keys back. She had to go to work at 10.00. I asked the guards at the doors, and she had not given the keys to any of them. I was worried, thought I would not be able to go to Los Angeles, as I wouldn't have any way to get in my apartment on Monday morning to get ready for work. I planned to call Magnolia at work and sleep in the church all night, as I couldn't wake the landlady at a late hour. I went to ask Joyce Rozynko if anyone was staying back at the Temple and could give me a place to sleep. At that point one of the security guards gave me my keys which Magnolia had left with him.

Larry ~~Schact~~ Schacht has been admitted into the School of Medicine, University of California at Irvine. He ranked second among three hundred applicants. Father had told him a phrase to use, which secured him his high ranking.

After healings, Jim had the congregation come to the altar. I had no money to give. I was coming down from the podium when the apostolic guardian indicated Jim wanted me back. He took my hands and there was a peculiar look in his eyes. I thought he was aware of the hard time I had had all day.

The service was out about 12.00.

I waited at my car. Bus No. 3 usually loads nearby on Geary. I also expected someone to come to get Mary's luggage. I finally decided to look for the bus elsewhere and found it near the Temple. I had a hard time finding a seat. Someone came from bus No. 12 to get Mary's

belongings. I decided to speak to her about keeping me waiting, as well as her crossness earlier when I told her we should not sit together on the bus.

Bus fare was taken on the bus and names were taken. I went to sleep before the buses left, which must have been about 1.30.

We had a rest stop at 3.30.

2 August - S - I didn't wake until we stopped at Bakersfield at 8.30. The hostess told me we probably had only twenty or thirty minutes, so I started to run to get into line at the bathroom. The lawns were being watered, and I slipped on wet concrete, fell on my posterior and hit my head. Polla Matteras, Gina Severns and Vicki Moore (the last two having had nurse's training) came up; they were very kind, washed off the wound and put antiseptic on it. I had no pain, no headache. I recalled Father's taking my hands and the look in his eyes last night.

I took off my dress, which was wet, and put on my offertory uniform.

I brushed my teeth, took my vitamins, and ate my food.

The buses left at 9.30.

I read Wilson, then slept. The weather was very warm.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 12.30. The line for security check was as disorganized as usual. I finally asked to go to the head of the line. I spoke to Vernell Henderson, who took me to the nurses. Sylvia Grubbs and the other nurses had to shave my head and stop the bleeding, which had been profuse.

I went upstairs and saved a seat. Then I dressed and got into service as rides were being allotted.

Gene Chaikin was back from Guyana. He spoke, mostly on the acres planted with food.

Jim was on the podium at 3.50. His theme was: "Those who live righteous in Christ Jesus will suffer persecution." The churches are aligned against us. "They will kill you thinking they do God a service." Every church is an enemy. If you can sit in a church tomorrow comfortably, you don't stand for truth. He said he made a point of telling the truth before taking an offering.

Jim became angry because people would not follow his instructions to stand at the sum they were giving and say nothing. Later he spoke of the regret some would feel who refused now to give everything. No rich man will ever be saved.

Jim left the podium for a few minutes to answer a distress call.

Jim announced the contest between San Francisco and Los Angeles culminating on 31 August to raise money for an airplane. Wesley Johnson challenged Los Angeles. Competition is being used for a good end.

Jim told of cancelling the trip to the promised land. It was essential for the safety of the family here. He spoke as if the trip to Hawaii were being deferred too.

He performed healings.

The congregation came to the altar. Jim touched all, going from one side to the other. Then he decided to go along the line, as the offering bucket was carried before him. He went along one aisle as lines formed in the others, touching every person.

The meeting was dismissed at 6.30.

I went home with Beulah Pendleton, as did Kaye Rosas and her daughter, Liane. Beulah's husband drove us home. Kaye used to live at Agnes Jones's home in Ukiah where Beulah's mother stayed.

Beulah gave us for dinner baked chicken, bread and canned peas.

I was feeling a little nervous and stopped the children from playing on the piano. Kaye's child, who is quite insubordinate, disobeyed, and I threatened to spank her. Liane is eight and sucks her thumb as do many of our black children. She probably feels unwanted from being shuttled from one home to another.

I got in bed and read the newspaper until Beulah served some watermelon. She gave me a huge piece.

I read more in Wilson. I went to sleep about 12.00.

3 August - Su - I woke at 7.30 when Beulah got up, soon went to sleep again. Beulah called me at 8.50.

I had for breakfast an egg, bacon, toast and grits.

Beulah's husband drove us with numerous children to the Temple.

It was about 11.45 before I got into service. I wasn't needed for taking the offering. I found a good seat in the center of the second section.

Testimonials were being given.

The congregation and choir sang fast numbers which raised spirits.

A tape of a former sermon of Jim's was played.

Chris Lewis spoke: Father loves us all equally. There is no big "I," nor little "u."

Groups of young people performed some African dances. The San Francisco girls were first, then the small children, and a mixed group of boys and girls, the last two groups under the direction of Frances Johnson. Some of the symbolism was explained.

Jim entered during the dancing at 1.20. Releasing captives from jail is what we've been doing, he said. CBS-KNX said we'd better awaken to what's happening in our country or we'll find ourselves in the same situation as the Germans before Hitler. Some of Jim's statements: I'm always a little afraid to have white people come who've forgotten what they've suffered. In this country you get no more justice than what you pay for.

It was announced that someone's car is in a neighbor's driveway. The person who did it is a lousy hypocrite, said Jim.

The jails are concentration camps already. Some of you have blinders on, spelled BIBLE. Jim said he had a great deal of respect for Jesus, who was an early revolutionary. Thomas Jefferson said the state will always do the people in; the country should have a revolution every twenty years. So did Paine and Washington. Jim made particular attacks on some educated stiff-lipped women. He spoke of the Bible as an agent of oppression. Church people are the only ones who will kill you thinking they do God a service.

Jim referred to his tiredness. He had had four days without sleep. "It's a slow choo-choo today, but I'm going to reach a station." Some people have to hear the truth today or they'll go to a concentration camp. He gave instances of vulgar language in the Bible.

The preacher always led the lynch mob. Who crucified Christ? Church people. The Bible makes people complaisant. He spoke of the greed and evil of ministers. "I think this is an exercise of futility. People don't want to listen."

He described the devastation that will be caused by a nuclear bomb. "I hate to do this before I've taken the offering. But I can't have you say, 'You didn't tell me.'" They killed Martin Luther King when he started marching with the working class, talking about how the rich were supporting the Vietnam War. The rich are the source of revenue for churches.

When Nixon is running around here free, I'm going to defend niggers if they steal the damned White House.

The Bible says, obey your master. If you've got a good master be thankful, if a bad one, endure him.

Jim went on to the topic of the lineage of Jesus. First he cast doubt upon his fatherhood. Why was he traced through Joseph? Then he showed the inconsistency of the accounts of Matthew and Luke of Jesus' ancestors. "I'll spend a whole sermon to convince one person." He dealt with Mary's lack of belief in Jesus. There is not one story

on which the gospels agree. He gave the congregation three illustrations of points he was making: how he came to the realization when he was a mere boy, poor and ill, that "I'm the only God there is"; how some children in Redwood Valley found a round ball of buzzard shit which looked just like the earth, and he explained to them that maybe the earth is nothing more than buzzard shit; and he and a member on the platform with him acted out Lucifer's revolt. "I don't want to be a god, but I am a saviour, a liberator, a revolutionary."

You will never know what you've had until until I'm no longer with you. I know you need me. Someone started to wail. "That's what I mean." People take advantage of me, let me do all the work and raise all the money. He analyzed the account of the creation and of Adam and Eve.

I tried -- it didn't work -- you're going to try to find a way around it. If you don't come today, it'll be too late. He spoke of reincarnation and other planets. I wasted my time. It's a waste of their time (to his leadership). Don't bring me any new people. He finished speaking at 3.20.

He took the offering by sum.

There were healings. After two were healed, Jim asked any who didn't believe to leave.

The service was dismissed at 5.00.

I got a place in the food line early and ate the communal meal.

I changed clothes and got on the bus. The buses left at about 6.30. The day was very hot. We had to stop once going over the Grapevine to let the buses cool. On the stretch before reaching the rest stop we were told to close our windows because of the smog.

I read Wilson, slept a little. I was sitting beside a mother holding her baby. She was big and sometimes spread into my territory.

We stopped at Button Willow, where I ran a little, drank much water. Sylvia looked at my head, said it was doing well, and she didn't think I needed to see Debbie Evans at the church Monday evening. I wrote a note for Debbie and gave it to Carolyn Looman.

I talked for a few minutes with Gene Chaikin.

Edie Kutulas and I were asked by Jim to talk to a young Indian girl from Fresno, who has just started coming to the Temple. Jim said she might get some opposition from her relatives, as Indians often think they're better than blacks. She is a naive sixteen-year-old.

Bus No. 12 had had trouble, and when the other buses were loaded, we had to wait for it and bus No. 5, which had stayed with it. We were told that our bus and No. 5 would have to divide between them No. 12's

passengers. No. 12 and 5 arrived and we loaded. All children and young people gave up their seats and were put in the aisles. We must have carried some one hundred people. Small children were held by adults. I was fairly comfortable, except that I couldn't put my seat back, and when I slept I twisted my neck.

Several Redwood Valley Council members -- Don and Bonnie Beck and Lee Ingram -- were on our bus, probably going to confer with Jim in San Francisco, as the emergency mentioned earlier was not resolved yet.

We left Button Willow at 12.00. I expected we would be late in getting into San Francisco, but we made very good time and arrived at 5.45.

Although I think No. 5 arrived before us, I did not see either Mary or Contonia. I took some others to Scott and Oak, arriving at my apartment at 6.15.

4 August - M - Carol kept me extremely busy all day today finishing up work before she leave for Gaithersburg.

I ate at my desk, then went for a walk. I bought a doughnut.

After work I took the Masonic bus and went to U.C. Hospital to see Jim McElvane. I had to wait for fifteen minutes or so. He was receiving anti-biotics intravenously and seemed in pain. He said he was having trouble with constipation. He has had a considerable number of visitors and said they sometimes tire him. He expects to be out of the hospital in a week.

I arrived home about 7.00. I didn't do my exercises.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I spent an hour or so on my journal, proofreading the 16 to 31 January section, but I kept falling asleep.

I went to bed at 1.30.

5 August - T - I did not have quite as much to do today as yesterday, though I had no free time. Carol was still finishing last minute requests.

At noon I saw the film in the employees' series. It was called "Similkameen," the name of a copper mine in British Columbia. The scenery was breathtakingly beautiful.

I got a cash advance for Carol, and she received her ticket. I typed her itinerary.

The Bank of America phoned me that my loan had been approved.

When I got off the bus tonight, I took my car to the Farmers' Market (which is not really anything special in the way of a direct outlet

for growers, but merely an ordinary grocery store), bought some fruit for the rest of the week.

I exercised.

I prepared dinner, ate and washed dishes.

The Temple message said definitively that the Hawaii trip had been postponed, but those who wish to go should make reservations. Probably with reference to the current emergency, we were told to be cautious in talking over the telephone to a man named Eliot, and no one is to leaflet at the present time.

At 10.00 I started to work on my journal, entering items from the 16 to 31 January section in my calendar and proofreading again, as I had been so sleepy when I did it last night.

Instead of "In Conversation," Mobiloil's program on KDFC tonight was commemorative of the dropping of the first atomic bomb, and I did not want to listen to it just before going to bed. I took a bath.

I read newspapers and a little from Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

6 August - W - I have been assigned to work for John Stewart, a black attorney, this week and next, before his newly hired secretary comes on duty. He is taking Carol's place in Garb's unit and will be handling the jobs she was responsible for. I'm remaining at my own desk. He gave me only a few items to do today.

I filled in journal entries on last weekend.

I had to make a few changes in memos typed yesterday for Garb's signature on billings of outside attorneys, including the one on the Puerto Rican job which we have had so much trouble with.

I ate my lunch early at my desk and went to hear the Energy Forum speech at 12.15. The speaker was R. Paul Schmitz, Chief Nuclear Engineer of the Thermal Power Organization, a Bechtel entity. The talk, "Disposal of Radioactive Wastes," was very informative, but like all in this series was designed to show how essential and how safe are nuclear power plants. He did admit there were some problems. The room was packed, and I had to stand throughout the speech.

I took a short walk before going back to my office. I looked for a bathing suit in two of the stores near California in which cut-rate clothes are sold, but I didn't find anything suitable. I want to get a new suit for the Temple trip.

When I got home tonight I took an hour's nap.

I ate a fried egg, a toasted English muffin, frozen vegetables, and a plum.

I dressed for tonight's service.

I gave rides to Magnolia and Mary. Mary and I had a dispute over a trivial matter. Tired of her constant paranoia, I protested. She retaliated; after throwing a few insults toward me, she went off on her own. I am determined to give her no more rides until she can be pleasant to me. I told Magnolia that not only do I go out of my way to pick her up, which makes me late, but she has paid me only one dollar for all the transportation I have furnished her.

I brought to have sold at the Temple bazaar the basket I bought at Cost Plus, as I am not likely to get any good out of it.

Magnolia and I were in the midst of the Valley people who were just arriving, and I couldn't get a seat in the front section.

Sue Noxon filled out a questionnaire on me to be added to my medical record. She questioned me about my fall on Saturday. She gave me a copy of the vegetarian reducing diet. She urged me to make arrangements for a physical examination.

After congregational singing, Rick Cordell, using material from Yette's book, The Choice, read proposed legislation for suppressing blacks and imposing martial law in the ghettoes.

Jim came on the podium. He said he had been seven days without sleep. He and staff members had been dealing with a threat to the life of our organization. It was a media campaign initiated by Lester Kinsolving and backed by the CIA, involving both newspapers and radio. The Temple had set up offices in San Francisco and with our own staff had handled everything, reaching news media throughout the country, putting pressure upon advertisers, bringing suit, and so forth. Under our prompting the Muslims had been persuaded to sue Kinsolving for libel. The job was nearly finished now, and we had won. The Hawaiian trip had had to be postponed but might take place later.

Our members who would have been on a plane to the promised land were saved from a crash. Deanna Mertle had also been saved from dying of a ruptured appendix, which would have been mistaken for sea sickness had she been on our boat in the promised land.

I participated in the offering, which Jim took by sum.

Several small boys were brought on the floor for stealing cookies in a supermarket. Jim warned them that if they stole, a policeman would catch them and they would go to juvenile hall where they would be beaten on the head. They were given twenty-five whacks.

Debbie and Rick Schroeder were called on the floor. They are very uncooperative in the communal living arrangement set up for them. Debbie is still following bad practices with her son, Tadd, taking him in her bed, dressing him like a girl, objecting to Barbara Cordell's

care of him. Rick does good work but doesn't put in an eight-hour day, refused to help out Cathy Tropp with transportation during the present emergency, so that she had to go without food and clean clothes, though he and Debbie each have a car. Debbie wouldn't leave Tadd with Shirley Smith, the other member of the commune. Debbie admitted she had resented having to live communally. Jim said: if you don't like communalism, you don't want the benefits for yourselves and your child. Both Debbie and Rick stated that they wanted to be in the group because they could see that society outside wasn't going anywhere.

Jim in a broader context than their situation spoke to the congregation on the necessity for the poor to unite in communal living as the only way to defeat the enemy, the System, which relies on the nuclear family as its most important means of opposing socialism. He showed how much would be gained if our membership was gathered together in a communal living arrangement in terms of finance and ease of handling work. "The greatest gift I have given you is not healings, but I have made the poor rich."

Jim gave Debbie and Rick two weeks to make satisfactory adjustments or leave. He appointed a committee to discuss details with them. Each is to raise one hundred dollars.

Judy Houston received many awards at school, in spite of having had a vision and hearing problem. Anthony Pike was commended for correcting adults for wasting food.

All were asked to come to the altar, as the Temple needs money. The service ended about 12.30.

I was supposed to have Sylvia Grubbs look at my head, but I didn't see her. I had Vicki Moore look at it. She said it was doing well.

I took home first Valor, then Contonia, then Magnolia and Kaye Gibbs, who was staying with Magnolia in the city.

I got home at 1.35.

I pressed clothes for a few days.

I read Wilson for about an hour.

I went to bed at 3.15.

7 August - Th - I didn't have much work to do.

I listed expenditures for July.

I ate my lunch outside. I went to the bank and deposited my check. Later I went to the bank again and signed the papers to get the loan for $300. I deposited it in my account.

After work I ran for fifteen minutes in the park.

I washed my hair after doing personal chores.

For dinner I prepared blintzes from a recipe I got out of one of Nora's magazines. The filling used cream cheese and cottage cheese. Both the blintzes and filling called for eggs, so I won't make the recipe often, but it may be possible to modify it so as to use only the cheese.

I took so much time preparing and eating dinner that I washed only underwear.

I read Wilson for an hour.

8 August - F - I had another day without much work to do after getting time cards in.

I spent considerable time on personal items.

I ate my lunch outside.

I ran in the park after work.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I washed several outer garments.

I worked on my journal. I finished corrections of the 16 to 31 January section and started reading the entries for 1 to 15 February.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

9 August - S - I got up at 9.00.

I left the apartment before 10.00. I bought gas and had the oil, water and tires of my car checked.

I drove to Bay Street to shop at the new Coop which opened this week, a branch of the Berkeley Coop. I didn't know exactly where it was and drove back and forth quite a while, as I expected to see an open parking lot and a Coop sign. The store occupies space in the Akron Building a block from Cost Plus. It is fully stocked and has ample parking on the roof of the building. At tables in front of the store were volunteers to explain Coop methods. I bought fruits, juices and buttermilk for the diet I am going on next week and the usual groceries for the following week.

On the way back I delivered salad materials to the Temple for Sunday. I gave a ride to Jerry ~~Brady~~ Bailey and her sister; they had been to Los Angeles with Jim for Thursday and Friday services there.

I unloaded groceries and put them away.

I ate the rest of the cheese blintzes prepared Thursday night.

I cleaned the apartment.

I took an hour's nap.

I dressed for the Temple service. I called Magnolia but she wasn't home. I left for the Temple about 8.00.

I arrived about 8.15. The service was just beginning.

Jim said the enemy has retreated. Pressure on advertisers in the media had been responsible.

L. C. Ingram is in bad condition (probably he had a heart attack). He had been warned to lose weight and avoid sex. He laid eight hours without medical treatment; his partner was too worried about her reputation to call anyone.

A tape of a question period from last night's service in Los Angeles was played. The first question concerned the degorification of Stalin. Jim said, don't talk to me about Stalin's mistakes. He described the courage with which Stalingrad was saved. The second question was about the difference between socialism and communism. Jim got on to the subject of the Pentecostal Christians. They're the greatest sham. There is no milk there. They've got more whore-mongering preachers than anyone else. The overwhelming number of Jim's followers are former Baptists.

Capitalism has led us to the brink of nuclear war and concentration camps. We can't afford not to go the road to communism.

Dr. Carlton Goodlett had offered to take Jim to see some socialist countries.

Jim spoke on cooperation of the Temple with the Nation of Islam.

Jim took questions from our congregation. Wesley Johnson asked why there was so much torture among all peoples. Jim said: It comes with capitalism. It is a system of dog eat dog. Socialism uses work camps to reform its opponents. Socialists believe in the human mind; capitalism believes everybody is mean. He advised us: Never let them take you to prison; make them kill you.

Another question: How was the world created? Jim responded: A dumb-ass question. Did you ever hear me on the buzzard? Either I'm a terrible teacher or you're a terrible listener.

Another question: About Mrs. Gandhi, was it necessary to kill all those people? Jim: She didn't kill anyone. The CIA was about to take over the country. She threw them out. The same thing is going to happen in Portugal. I think she's too merciful. Our newspapers tell lies. The press was only opposed to Nixon because he was out to get them.

I don't believe in any sons-of-bitches congressmen. How did some of these people get in here tonight (referring to visitors admitted by the greeting committee)?

Jim went through his Bible, Jesus and Mary, and buzzard stories with cussing, regretfully, as he had intended to dismiss the service early.

Jim revealed that Danny Kutulas had deserted. He knew how close we were to destruction, wanted to save himself. He caused Jim a heart attack; he was under oxygen for two hours. Every white person who hasn't known poverty must fast for five days.

Inspired by us, the Muslims gave Reverend Ike a hard time in Chicago.

The service ended with healings and a call to the altar. The service was out about 2.00 o'clock.

Kaye Gibbs was staying at Magnolia's during the week and was returning there. No one was assigned to me for housing.

Sylvia Grubbs looked at my head and Debbie Evans removed the bandages which had been put on it. Only a little tenderness is evident.

I took home Valor, Contonia and Kaye (to Magnolia's). I had a little difficulty finding a parking place.

I ate some watermelon and cheese snacks. I read the Saturday paper.

I went to bed at 5.00.

10 August - Su - I got up at 9.00. I had for breakfast grapefruit juice, a fried egg, beef wieners, toast. I washed dishes and put up a lunch.

I left for the service at 11.00. A line had already formed, and I didn't get into service much before 12.00, when the service started today.

Jim said he was going with Dr. Goodlett as a black publisher to visit some socialist countries.

The offering was taken. Jim put an emphasis on living communally.

The enemy retreated. We are pursuing them back to Washington.

Jim asked how many believe Jesus was resurrected from the dead? How many believe they are saved by the blood of Jesus? Very few said they believed these statements, but some believed Jesus turned water into wine. Jim showed that he didn't, he didn't multiply the loaves and fishes. He ridiculed all the Jesus stories. He went on to ridicule preachers, such as the one who wanted to "commune" with Leo Wade by having him put his penis in his anus. "The two groups I hate the worst are preachers and undertakers. They are our enemies." Jesus

was a minor prophet. They won't nail me to the cross. Anybody who talks to Jesus now is a blasphemer. You have to believe in a known God.

Jim conducted a question period. The first question: Was Thomas Paine a socialist? Jim's answer: He lived before its time. Marx and Engels lived later. He believed the Bible was a pack of lies, but he still had faith in an abstract God. Jim spoke of how cowardly preachers are, using as an example Carolyn Layton's dad, a United Methodist superintendent. He was afraid to stand up against the CIA; they came after him. (I believe this took place during the recent Kinsolving move against the Temple.) Living is suffering; it's a pain to love.

Valor asked: Why does the government have the CIA? Jim: To protect their crooked ways. But they are getting scared of it themselves. They are fighting among themselves. The government is dead. As an example, the English can't control the Irish, with all their arms; the Irish will be free. Capitalism is full of contradictions which will be its downfall.

A question was asked about Rhodesia. Will the people stand still for that? Jim's answer: They will reign for a while but it won't last. Eighty percent of the population is black and will prevail after a few years of oppression.

Will Nixon be successful in suing for the tapes he made? Jim's answer: It is good they're fighting among themselves. But the CIA is not going to be put out of business.

Lisa Layton asked: Why don't we use the word "apostolic" any more? Jim: Because people have to know exactly what we believe. It is not safe. But we're going to get it anyway.

Vern Gosney asked: Why in the history of this country is there so much hate of blacks and Indians? Jim: The system cultivates conflict between races. And the Bible teaches it.

Jean Newson: Isn't the danger of atomic war being used to make us forget smaller threats? Jim: To a certain extent. But the danger is real. I'm afraid we won't get through it without nuclear war. The socialist nations believe it will happen. Ford says we will use these weapons first. When the imperialists realize they will face a people's court, they will risk the bomb first.

There were healings, and the congregation filed past the altar.

The meeting was over about 4.15.

I drove home. I prepared a meal and ate.

I pressed clothes.

I changed clothes and at 6.30 started back to the Temple for the evening

service at 7.00.

Two groups of children sang during the testimonial period.

Rides were arranged.

Announcements were made by Ron Talley.

The offering was taken.

Several commendations were given: Myrtle Sims, for help in the garage; Marie Lawrence was nominated a member of the Alcoholism Commission; Benton Smith, a child, is a member of the Safety Patrol; Victoria Tyler received an award from University of California, Berkeley.

John Gardiner was on the floor for calling Kirtas Smith a crippled bitch. He had also said he thought he saw a nail in the board with which he was spanked when he was up before. No one believed this. His mother, Ruby Carroll, cried because he is so bad. He was penalized with 120 whacks. One woman said, "Put him on the road." It was explained that we can't because he is not of age. John screamed as he took 70 whacks; at that point Jim commuted his sentence.

Ronny Dennis, a child, found some money and turned it in.

Lorenzo Lindsay was called up. He had started to hit his mother. He had refused to come to church. He took dope. He pulled a knife on his brother. He had been in jail on a rape charge. "You did it, didn't you?" asked Jim. Jim tried to make him understand what punishment he would undergo if he persisted in his offensive behavior. He acted very cocky. Jim had him fight someone his own age, Eric Upshaw, with gloves. He didn't put up a good fight, was beaten. The congregation was permitted to yell at him for striking a woman.

Jim referred to someone who had tied up the pay telephone in the Temple in the midst of the crisis when the phone was to be kept clear for vital communications. The person refused to get off the line when requested by the operator. At first Jim was not going to give the name publicly, then changed his mind. It was Mable Johnson. She could not remember any such incident. Step by step the evidence had to be presented to her. Her former appearance before the Council was recalled and her similar forgetfulness with regard to relations with Colton Henry. She had been seen with him recently in his car, and gradually facts in this connection were brought out. He had taken her shopping, bought food for her at the concession stands, though orders had been given that women were to let Colton alone. Jim remarked that "his brains had gone into his scrotum." Colton was sent for; he was found asleep "in the vault." He was supposed to be working in the Temple and turning over his entire salary, but the secretaries had collected only one pay check out of four per month he receives. Jim calculated that the Temple had lost $1,000 for each of six months. The secretaries, Jane Mutschmann and Maria Katsaris, were responsible for not demanding the money. Velma Darnes had also accepted favors from Colton. His wife,

according to his daughter, had allowed him to come home and sleep and change his clothes, against instructions. Jim was very bitter about "you women who are to blame for this."

Jim warned Colton that he would feel the effects in his body of "touching God." He decreed that he fight John Harris with gloves. Colton was unable to return a single blow. Jim's judgment had already taken effect. He had to be held up while pictures were taken of him with the three women, Mable, Velma and his wife. It was a pathetic spectacle.

Colton was carried out. His blood pressure and pulse revealed he was dead. Jim eventually went back to revive him. Anyone who doubted that he had died was urged to go back and look at him.

Mom Taylor and two counselors were seated beside a woman visitor throughout the evening's session to explain what was happening. She was taken back to see Colton.

More details were brought out concerning Mable Johnson. She had a two-bedroom house in Ukiah but maneuvered so as not to take guests in, saying she was saving space for her son and daughter. The daughter seldom came up. The son, who had been released from jail by Jim, had stayed with us for only a few days. Jim said the attorneys and the local police had been aghast at his bringing the son to the community, as he had been convicted of robbery with assault.

Mable made a statement acknowledging that she had lied about holding up the phone. All three women were assigned to bring in $200 each, as were the secretaries.

As the meeting was dismissed, people passed by the altar.

The meeting was over about 12.30.

Earlier in the meeting Jim had referred to a member whose heart had been completely restored by Jim and was now leaving the Temple. He had made remarks to Ron Crawford. He is now in the hospital. The description fit Harry Williams.

I took home Valor and Contonia.

I got home about 1.15. I ate some watermelon. I read Wilson for a short time. I went to bed at 2.00.

11 August - M - I spent the morning typing some inter-entity agreements for John Stewart. They were monotonous and in some cases the appropriate changes had not been made in the draft so I had to do several pages over.

I ate my lunch early at my desk and at 12.00 I went to the meeting arranged by the Bechtel Women for Affirmative Action, at which the speaker was the Reverend Glenda Hope, an ordained Presbyterian

minister and director of the San Francisco Young Adult Network. Shirley Wong, assistant in the file room accompanied me. Reverend Hope seems to have given the Bechtel group assistance in organizing and made reference to the secretive way in which they had to operate at first. Reverend Hope's subject was "The Fears of Men and Some Women about the Women's Movement." She tied the women's movement into the movements of other liberation groups and emphasized the necessity for expecting and accepting change in every facet of our lives. She read a lengthy statement of Angela Davis. In a brief question period which followed her talk she revealed her attitude about Christianity and the Bible, that their main thrust is toward liberation and that Jesus was a great feminist.

In the afternoon I had some items to type for John. I had less than an hour free time to work on the Sunday entry of my journal.

I exercised tonight in the apartment, as the weather turned foggy and cool.

I started on a week's diet of fruit, fruit juice and buttermilk. I finished the dishes about an hour earlier than usual.

I finished reading through the 1 to 15 February journal entries, then started typing the February entries. I worked until 11.30.

I read Wilson for an hour.

I went to bed shortly after 1.00.

12 August - T - I went back to sleep after the alarm rang this morning and slept until ten minutes to 7.00. I took fruit and juice for lunch. I ate a piece of cantaloupe for breakfast. I was only five minutes late to work.

I had a few memos and letters to do for John. He is very easy to work for and seems to be always good-humored.

Carol sent in the mail from Gaithersburg a rewritten letter concerning a government employee who is joining Bechtel's staff for a year. The letter was to be signed by Willis S. Slusser, who is General Counsel. He had some changes of his own.

I ate my lunch at my desk. At 12.20 with Nora and Shirley I went to the film shown by the Energy Forum, called "A Sea We Cannot Sense." Made by the Atomic Energy Commission, its purpose was to quell fears concerning release of radiation in industrial use by pointing out that natural radiation is pervasive. Combining this message with pictures of beautiful scenery and active people was designed to promote its acceptance.

András Nagy called me, wanting to make arrangements so that he could get Carol's checks for deposit. He had spent a couple of days with her in Gaithersburg to advise her in house hunting. She had bought

a house about six miles from her office, a three-bedroom house with trees in the yard.

I brought my journal up to date, working on the weekend entries and those for last Thursday and Friday which had not been done.

I exercised in my apartment tonight.

I had fruit and juices for my dinner. I washed dishes.

I had a good deal of soapy water, so I washed the inside of the three windows in the apartment, as they were filthy.

I was ready to work on my journal by 8.30. I typed until 11.30 and did almost six pages.

On "In Conversation" Nat Hentoff interviewed a man whose name I did not get clearly who had been an assistant of Robert Kennedy and apparently is defending both John and Robert Kennedy against charges of having been involved in alleged assassination plots of the CIA. He and Hentoff had a lively debate on whether Robert had violated individual civil rights. The conviction of James Hoffa was used as an example. The discussion revealed the difference in attitude between those who feel that such violations are sometimes justifiable for good ends and those who condemn them in any circumstances.

I had some bread and peanut butter and some dates. I read in Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

13 August - W - I didn't have much to do for John.

Using the calculator, I completed the list of my expenditures for April and July.

I mailed to Dorothy the telephone bill for the long distance call from Chicago put through by Liz with regard to her, suggesting she ought to pay it.

In the late afternoon I called Mabs. She gave me news of Miranda, who is going to take a course having to do with organic gardening, of Matthew, who has sold a short story and is becoming very advanced in his piano studies. She said she was going to Montreal on the 22nd; she had to see her grandson once a year. She said the weather was hot and humid and the air pollution was bad. She was very depressed about the state of the world, saying everything was "going to hell in a hand-basket." She sang the praises of Edna who had visited her. Speaking of Hal, we got on the subject of suicide.

I then brought up the subject of Dorothy's escapade in Chicago. I wanted to find out why she thought Dorothy had acted the way she did. Instantly she started to give me a terrible tongue-lashing for intimating that I had been afraid Dorothy might use violence. She went

on to other unloving deeds I had done with relation to Dorothy as far back as the time of Paul's birth and finally hung up on me.

When I got home I took a nap.

I gave Magnolia a ride to the service. We arrived before the service began.

Security had received erroneous reports concerning Danny Kutulas after he left the Temple. Ted Holliday and others were up for sloppy methods and dress. Jim insisted that they spruce up, give an appearance of dignity.

Danny Kutulas came back. He had been through a rigorous session with Council. He spoke to the congregation, saying it was hell outside.

Bob Houston was called up. He had moved back to the commune but was uncooperative. He wouldn't take directions from the women, wasn't helpful with the children. He had admitted a white man to the commune so that he could call a taxi, claimed he did it out of kindness, but the person may have been an agent, as the commune is concerned with a court case now, a settlement involving Vern Gosney's wife. Bob had also been lazy about housework. It was decided somebody should box him. Walter Jones fought him with gloves. Bob was continually warned to lose his intellectualism. He didn't fight well but remained on his feet.

Hugh Doswell was on the floor for saying that if he had five dollars, he would leave. He seems to have been disgruntled about Temple decisions concerning where his family should live; they have a reputation for bad housekeeping. Jim pointed out to him that the Temple supported his family when they first came. Hugh had to box with Ed Crenshaw; I happened to be sitting beside Ed's mother.

Jimbo Jones, Agnes's boy, was up for calling names and tormenting younger children. He had to fight Patty Houston. She whipped him.

Vivian Gainous was brought on the floor by her commune (the Shaw-Houston commune) over financial matters. They had received little money from her. She claimed that in transferring from one government job to another, she had been off the payroll for a time, but this, with other of her economic arrangements, seemed to be a devious way of holding out money from the Temple, which is meanwhile paying her debts. She is renting a Cadillac and buying gas for it and spending money at the concession stands. She borrowed for gas and snacks, she said.

All those brought up had to raise money pamphleting and change their behavior.

Security reports concerning Danny Kutulas when he was out of the Temple were a subject of concern. A garbled report had been turned in. Jim held Ted Holliday responsible and insisted he make the

organization shape up, give accurate written reports, and improve their appearance. He wants them in uniform at all times; they have not been wearing uniforms on Wednesday.

The meeting was out at midnight.

I read Wilson and ate a snack.

I went to bed at 2.00.

14 August - Th - I had only one memo to do for John.

I spent a good part of the day drafting a letter to Mabs.

This afternoon, before leaving work, I started on Carol's time card, having received information for it from her secretary in Gaithersburg.

I left at 4.00 for an appointment with Dr. Fudgen who wanted to see me after the hygienist had cleaned my teeth. He checked me for oral cancer, took my blood pressure. He was pleased that it had gone down to 135/80. He found some plaque and said I wasn't cleaning my teeth properly. I have to have another appointment with the dental technician for more instruction.

At home I exercised.

I washed my hair.

Had my juice and buttermilk.

Washed clothes.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

15 August - F - I got the time cards in for Carol and myself.

I typed a memo on the Martin Marietta Aerospace agreement for John.

After I had my juice and fruit for lunch outside on the PG&E steps I felt sick as I had yesterday after lunch. I lay down in the sun until I felt better. Then I went to the post-office and bought stamps. I needed an air mail stamp for the letter to Mabs.

I retyped the letter. I tried to indicate to Mabs that, though I may have been unjust to Dorothy, she (Mabs) had been unkind to me, citing her attitude, as I perceived it, about my affiliation with the Temple. I stressed that true love was doing something about the condition of minorities and other disadvantaged people.

At home I packed for the weekend.

I added noodles to vegetable juice for my meal tonight, as I did not want to risk being ill on the bus.

I got to the service as Redwood Valley people were arriving.

Wesley Johnson made an announcement on the contest, culminating on 31 August, in which we're going to have to raise funds. Members who weren't going to be able to go to Los Angeles were asked to make pledges, and I helped to write the names and amounts.

When Jim came on the podium, some of the security personnel marched past him.

Jim had been speaking at the Muslim temple in furtherance of the defense alliance we have with them.

Jim took the offering. Speaking of the acquittal of Joanne Little, he stated that he was responsible, having used his extra-dimensional powers to instruct the defence how to proceed. Our members were not to believe that conditions for blacks were any better.

Jimmy Jo, Jim's grandson, had been heard to say that he let Patty Houston beat him because she was a girl. He had to fight a Buckley girl, who also beat him. Then he had to fight a white boy, then a black boy. He lost each time and got bloodied up.

Dov Lundquist had bragged he could beat Patty Houston any day. She fought him and licked him. Then he fought a white boy, who felled him with one blow.

Mark Sly, for bad behavior, had to fight Larry Swinney, and he lost. All these miscreants had to raise money pamphletting.

In a question period, someone asked if the coup in Bangladesh was the work of the CIA. Jim replied, yes. Another person asked whether he could bring to service someone whose son was killed by the police. Jim replied, yes, these are the kinds of people you should make contact with.

The service was over at 12.00.

I boarded bus No. 3 in the lot, finding that other people were getting seats by doing so.

We sat in the buses waiting for them to pull out. The choir and security early buses were instructed not to leave ahead of the others. The leadership was having an emergency meeting. I went to sleep about 2.00, woke about 4.30 and went in to go to the bathroom. The meeting was over and the buses left at 5.45.

We had the first rest stop at 7.30.

16 August - S - At 11.00 we had a stop at Button Willow for twenty-five minutes. I ran and managed to eat my canned food, finished my sandwich and fruit on the bus.

I read Wilson, then slept again.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 2.00.

Jim, while taking the offering, spoke on the theme, "Those who love God will keep his commandments," mentioning many of the ways in which we fail to do so.

As in San Francisco, those brought up for discipline were required to box with someone the same size. Among them were: Stanley Wright, who stole $100 from his mother; another boy who stole $300 from his mother; little Hugh Doswell who called Christa Smith cross-eyed after she had an eye operation and called Michael Francis "buck-toothed"; Laskay Sellers, who has been on the floor before. He was the young man who was wearing a shirt with nude white women on it. He doesn't want to come to church, doesn't obey his mother, associates with people outside the church. Jim talked to him, saying we were trying to save him from going to jail. He was reluctant to sign the release for boxing. Jim threatened to call Juvenile Hall in connection with other misdemeanors of which he was guilty. Jim wondered about the stylish clothes he was wearing; his aunt said she gave them to him for his junior high school graduation. Jim said rewards should be given for good behavior. Beulah Pendleton told me the mother and aunt had spoiled him. He has a brother, Marvin, now living in the Valley, who behaves well and works as a name-taker. Laskay, like the others, had to box.

Jewel Wilson was in more trouble in connection with welfare. She went to the welfare office concerning her Medicare card though she was told not to. She risked getting the people she lives with into trouble. Jim told her to raise $200 pamphlet money. The others had to raise appropriate amounts.

It has been decided we will take a trip to Mexico starting Monday, 25 August, from Los Angeles, instead of Hawaii, which we will not be able to do for several months.

Jim performed healings.

Everybody passed by the altar. For a short time Jim went along the aisle, touching all who were in line.

The meeting was out about 7.00.

I was asked to supervise Michael Francis, but he could not be found.

I went home with Beulah. Her daughter with the nine children is still in the house.

Beulah prepared corn and wieners to eat. Watermelon was served later.

I had fallen asleep reading the Wilson book, but after eating the watermelon I read Wilson for some time, going to sleep again about 12.00.

17 August - Su - Beulah's daughter drove the children and me to the Temple service. We arrived in the auditorium about 11.40.

Carlotta Caldwell gave one of the testimonials. She had left the Temple but returned. Jim had mentioned her this week.

When Jim came on the podium he started speaking on finks and then on "your lousy Jesus," very harshly. He said there were some finks present for which the first remarks were intended. There would be no limit to his vengeance. Jim mentioned the Pearsons who have left the Temple and were talking about us. The only way to leave this church is to move five hundred miles away and do us no harm.

His statements on Jesus were in line with those he has made recently, though even stronger: Jesus was cowardly or he would have fought back; he let a woman waste a year's wages on perfume to wash his feet as compensation for not being able to perform sexually.

More boxing matches were scheduled. Among them were little Hugh Doswell again for calling names, Jim's grandson, Jim, again for continuing bad behavior, and two or three young men for various offenses. In several of these matches girls boxed the boys and creditably. One young man had to wrestle Larry Swinney, who made short work of him.

One of the young men was wrongly accused of striking Janet Tupper. She said it had been Chris Cordell instead. Mary Casanova had reported incorrectly. Jim severely reprimanded her for not having her facts straight with reference to a child. He had Linda Mertle box Mary.

Teddy Pearson, who is being cared for by Temple members, was reported for calling a girl a "nigger bitch." Jim's decision, concurred in by Council, was to send him back to his parents. We can't do anything for him unless the parents allow us legal adoption.

Jim performed healings.

Jim, at the podium, touched everyone except the children, whom the adults were instructed to touch in his name. More than two hours were required for the huge audience to pass in front of him, and the service was not out until 6.00.

I ate the communal dinner.

The buses left at 7.00.

I read Wilson, then slept.

At 10.00 we had about a half hour's rest stop at Button Willow, during which I ran and talked to several people. For some reason there was a

delay after the buses were loaded and we didn't leave until 11.00.

I read for an hour. I had a little trouble getting to sleep. I got up for the rest stop at 2.00.

We arrived at San Francisco at 5.00. I took home Valor and Lela Murphy and dropped Kaye Gibbs off at Enlis Robinson's. She is going to be in San Francisco for a few days.

18 August - M - Showers had fallen during the night and the weather was misty all day.

John is on vacation today. His new secretary, a black girl, entered on duty but I didn't meet her.

I filed some papers in Carol's reference books. Otherwise I had little work to do. I wrote the weekend's journal entries.

Carol is going to be back to take care of final details, and the attorneys are giving a lunch for her on Wednesday. Nicci was resentful because the secretaries were not invited. She suggested to me that we plan one for her, inviting the secretaries and file room staff. I agreed and Nicci discussed the plan on the phone with Carol who was pleased. This morning Nicci and I cleared it with Betty Vasil, because some say there is a rule against socializing between attorneys and non-professional staff. Betty, however, liked the idea, especially that we were inviting all department secretaries; she was concerned only that we not take too long at lunch. Nicci circulated an invitation and will arrange for the food at a Chinese restaurant she knows. The event is to be on Friday.

After eating my lunch at my desk, I borrowed Marie's Muni pass and went to Macy's. Berkshire is having their annual hosiery sale. I buy little clothing new except stockings. I got six pairs for $7.35 including tax. I bought a swim suit for the Mexican trip, as I have had my old one for years. The one I bought is a two-piece light blue one. Macy's was having a sale, and I got the suit, originally priced at $22.00 for $15.00. With tax it was $15.95.

I did not exercise tonight, as all those going on the Mexican trip were supposed to register at the Temple at 7.00. I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes as quickly as I could. I needed some fruit for the rest of the week, went to the Farmer's Market and bought a honeydew melon and a cantaloupe.

I put the car in the Temple parking lot, as the San Francisco police are on strike and I was nervous about leaving it on the street. I arrived in the Temple about 7.30. To my surprise, few people had come for registering for the Mexican trip. Some others were getting their physical examination forms filled out. I was told the staff was not ready with the Mexican plans. I sat down and read Wilson, finishing his book, To the Finland Station. (I am, however, going to read it through again.)

I talked to Lisa Layton while we waited. Finally the staff (secretaries and nurses) were ready and we had to fill out numerous forms. Debbie Evans took my blood pressure again, and it was 135 over 80, as when Dr. Fudgen took it. I was all but through. The last step was to arrange for payment for the trip. The charge is to be $200 for adults, and the secretaries had obviously been told to be tough about collecting before the trip. I told Leona Collier I had given Lou Veather Davis $300 for the Hawaii trip. Leona told me the payment was not transferable to the Mexican trip. She and Janet Shular said an announcement to this effect had been a part of a Temple message. I thought they must have misinterpreted instructions. It would not be fair to bar me from the Mexican trip, as the date for the Hawaii trip had been changed, and if it took place at all it would be several months away, according to Jim. I had asked for my vacation at work and had already changed it once, and I had had to borrow the money from the bank. I was advised to write to Grace Stoen, head of the Finance Committee, but Leona and Janet were not sympathetic. I will consult Grace on Wednesday and perhaps Tim.

I took home a carload of young people who had been practicing for the next youth group entertainment. One girl could not get in her house, and I had to bring her back to the church. I then got three more riders.

I was home at 11.30. I pressed clothes while listening to "In Conversation."

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.30.

19 August - T - I failed to lose any weight on the fruit juice and buttermilk diet, probably because of snacks eaten at bedtime and high calorie fruit, such as watermelon.

I worked on a few odds and ends to get ready for Carol's arrival.

I completed the weekend's journal entries.

I had a long conversation with Lorraine. I wanted to find out when I could come over to see Ryn before she left. I told Lorraine I hoped to go to Mexico next week but that plans were not final yet. I didn't give her any details on Dorothy's escapade, but I told her I had had a misunderstanding with Mabs. We spoke in general about my unsatisfactory relationship with my sisters and their negative views about the Temple. Her advice was to refrain from bringing the topic up. She thinks they are concerned about my welfare.

Lorraine told me Beth and Rondal are getting a divorce. The principal cause of friction is Beth's career ambitions. Lorraine said Rondal didn't want her to work but is immature himself in taking responsibility for supporting his family. Lorraine said she has not interfered but has never been enthusiastic about Rondal. I told her that I believed the traditional marriage relationship is not meeting present-day needs. I will see Lorraine and Ryn either this coming Friday or on 5 September.

HH-2-52

I helped Valita out by typing a letter for her. She always looks wan and thin and worried (I suppose she has not yet learned anything definite about her suspected cancer). She is sometimes so busy that she eats a sandwich at her desk for lunch and yet she doesn't find her work interesting. She told me she'd like to make a change but hesitates as she is so new in the department.

At noon I saw the film in the employees' film series, which was apparently a part of several called "The Reluctant World Power." It was produced by the Department of State and had footage showing American history from World War I to the end of World War II.

I ate my lunch outside on the PG&E steps.

When I returned, Carol was in. Between phone calls and visitors she went through a great amount of paper which I had to route to file or other attorneys. Of greatest concern to her was a request from Mr. Johnson to get her personal account with Bechtel straightened out (the accounting office is always behind in recording transactions) and her last expense account done. The latter had been drafted and I was holding it for an additional item of information. I finished these two tasks.

I left for my appointment at the dentist's at 3.45. The dental technician demonstrated to me again the correct procedure for brushing and flossing my teeth.

When I got home I exercised.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

Bertha Cavit called with my Temple message, the one I would have received last night had I been home. It did state that money paid for the Hawaii trip could not be applied to the Mexican trip.

I typed in my journal from 9.00 to 11.30. At the end I had difficulty with my typewriter ribbon which I had not put on the machine correctly.

Wanda Johnson called me, informing me that it had been decided that I could go on the Mexican trip.

I read Wilson for an hour.

I went to bed a little after 1.00.

20 August - W - Carol had a number of arrangements to make connected with her move and I spent some time on the phone regarding these details. I typed the table of contents for her July reading file. Betty Barclay had done it for me last week, but the form was not quite right and it wasn't neat enough.

I typed up my list of expenditures for July.

I ate lunch outside.

Carol invited me for lunch tomorrow.

I took an hour's nap after work.

I ate a quick dinner. I am avoiding starches and fats this week in an attempt to take off some weight, since the fruit juice and buttermilk diet was not successful.

Magnolia and I left for the service at 8.00. It was again in San Francisco. Attendance seemed to me to be sparse, probably on account of the police strike. There have been many acts of vandalism and robbery.

Jim, when he came on the podium, spoke about the strike. He felt that for police and firemen to leave the citizens unprotected was indefensible. He remarked with satisfaction that the black officers had not gone on strike and that areas inhabited by blacks had been quiet. He called attention to the fascist-like actions of the striking policemen. He expressed scorn for the mayor for his conciliatory attitude toward them. Members should individually call the Board of Supervisors and state their approval of their firm stand.

Pauline Groot was called on the floor. Jim read a note which she had written in which she refused to be counseled by Marie Katsaris. She said she had no confidence in Marie. She signed the note "Angrily." Marie and Pauline are both living in the San Francisco temple. Jim said he did have confidence in Marie and that Pauline's objections to her were based on Marie's efforts to correct her self-indulging behavior. Pauline has her first forty-hour-a-week job since coming to the Temple four years ago. Jim and others berated her for her "honky" mentality. Many of her past actions were recalled. She had not been diligent in job seeking. She had to be awakened for service today and insisted on eating before coming. Recently she put her hand over the mouth of an elderly black woman during a service. When Jim heard of her once allowing Georgia Lacy to massage her feet after Georgia had just had all her teeth extracted (he had been on the telephone when this incident had been recounted), he became so infuriated that he rushed toward her and had his hands on her throat before staff on the platform could restrain him.

Jim explained to the congregation his condition of hyperinsulinism, which causes him to move to destroy an enemy. He said he should have been stopped before he reached Pauline.

Numerous people testified to Pauline's unregenerated behavior. I inquired whether we had to maintain in membership someone who hadn't profited after four years with us. Jim replied briefly that he wouldn't have put up with four days of her, let alone four years, but she knew "someone." Pauline was required to box with Paulette Jackson, then with a second person and finally a third. Although all had superior ability to hers, she stood up to the first two. The third, a small black girl, got her down. The audience was eager to see her worsted. She is to bring in $200.

Jim warned that we were not to reflect in any way on anyone who had been disciplined by the group. They were to be treated as kindly as usual.

After a healing session, the congregation came to the altar.

Jim warned as he had previously that we were to turn no one over to the police.

The meeting was over about 11.30. I went to the back room to give the information for the trip which had not been complete the other night.

I had five riders: Valor, Contonia, Michael, and Magnolia, plus a woman I had not known previously. Valor had been in the same position as I was, having paid her money for the Hawaiian trip, but she received a letter from Father saying that she could go on the Mexican trip. Magnolia has paid for the promised land trip, but she doesn't want to go to Mexico. Contonia did not go to Los Angeles this week, so did not hear the announcements about the Mexican trip and her caller did not give her the message. She said she was going to inform Council, as this is the second time she has not received an important message.

After letting Valor off, I drove Magnolia to the post-office where she had something to do for the Temple. I asked Michael where he had been on Saturday night. Contonia said he had gone pamphleting without letting his supervisor know.

After I left Magnolia at her house, I parked the car in Joyce Heitmeier's driveway, as we were all warned not to be on the streets at night.

I did the dishes. I read for an hour and ate some nuts.

I went to bed at 3.00.

21 August - Th - This morning I received my vacation pay check but not my regular one. As it had been returned for a sub-number, I waited until the second delivery, but it didn't arrive then either. Betty Vasil checked with Finance and Accounting, and I went to the Payroll Department myself. They thought it might have been double-stuffed (put in someone else's envelope) and wanted to wait to see if it would be returned.

I started packing Carol's binders and papers in cartons.

Carol had invited me to lunch. She had had me make reservations at the Conference Room, a restaurant on the top floor of the Union Bank Building. When we arrived there, we found that they had the reservation for Friday instead of Thursday and had a waiting line, so they could not accommodate us. Carol was annoyed. We went to the Hyatt Regency instead, eating at their Market Place Restaurant looking out on the street. The day was very pleasant. I had braised beef brisket with a tomato sauce. The food was not hot and it was not very good. We each had a glass of white wine.

I worked on Carol's last chronological file.

This evening I took the car to Taft's service station to find out what was the cause of a strange noise it makes when starting. They said it was a worn left rear axle bearing. Replacement and labor cost were estimated at $40 to $50. I decided to wait until I could make up my mind what to do about the car. I am thinking of selling it or giving it to the Temple.

I washed my hair.

I received a Temple message that we were not going on the trip to Mexico. Jim foresaw danger to life and limb.

I prepared and ate a meal and washed dishes.

I read Wilson.

22 August - F - I put my time card in. Carol didn't give me the information for hers and didn't get it in today.

I still had not received my check. Payroll said they would issue another. Filling out the necessary documents consumed much time.

The secretaries took Carol to lunch at Louie's of Grant Avenue, a Chinese restaurant. Nicci had made all the arrangements. There were about fifteen of us. We took taxis to the restaurant. My share for Carol's lunch came to only a quarter. The others had a cocktail, I had grapefruit juice. We had about ten separate dishes and the food was excellent. Nicci had collected the money in advance. I paid $5.30, including Carol's dinner and my share of the tip. My juice was 70¢.

Several of us walked back. The day was beautiful.

I received a substitute check.

I finished packing Carol's materials.

I said goodbye to Carol. She will be back in a month or two, as she cannot ship her furniture until she is certain about the house she is buying.

At home I washed clothes.

I worked on my journal.

23 August - S - I got up at 8.30.

Magnolia called, wanted to go to the Coop with me. I picked her up about 9.15. We went first to Ida King's so that Magnolia could deliver some baked goods for the concession stand tonight.

We shopped for groceries at the Coop. On the way home we stopped at Petrini's, I to get some tomatoes, she to get some nectarines.

I unloaded groceries and put them away.

I prepared a meal, ate and washed dishes.

I cleaned the apartment.

I slept from 4.00 to 5.00.

I had a little more food.

I gave Magnolia a ride to the Temple service which was at 6.30. We were put quickly through the security check, were told to put away our name cards and pictures of Jim. Dr. Carleton Goodlett was there, talking with Jim and others upstairs, but he did not appear before the congregation.

Marcy told of some of her experiences inspecting hospitals and nursing homes. On many occasions she was led by supra-normal means to find the very situation which proved the malfeasance of the directors of these institutions who were giving poor care to or cheating elderly, helpless people.

Jim said Dr. Goodlett had been discussing with the Temple plans for getting approval for a redevelopment project in the Western Addition. A federal grant would be obtained. We would have an apartment house to provide communal living for us all, a hospital, a restaurant, a supermarket, a gym. Maps were taken down the aisles to show our plans.

The film, "Joe Hill," was shown. At first the sound was bad and never did become very clear. The picture took many prizes in Europe, but the theater owners refused to show it in this country. It is the story of a labor organizer in the early 1900's who was framed and executed by the Mormons in Utah when he was trying to organize the copper miners. We saw Jim crying at the end of the picture. Referring to Jesus' words, "O Jerusalem, I would have gathered you under my wings as a chicken gathers her brood, but you would not," he said he was crying because some people showed no feeling for the picture, some slept.

Speaking of the end of the police strike, Jim was bitter about the behavior of the police.

The service was over at about 12.30.

I had promised a ride to six children. I would have made two trips, but they didn't find me, although I waited some time. I took home Valor and Contonia.

We left the church at 1.00. I got home at 2.00.

I read Wilson and ate some snacks.

I went to bed at 3.00.

24 August - Su - I got up at 9.00.

I had for breakfast cantaloupe, scones with a fried egg, fried beef slices.

I did not put up a lunch as Jim had told us we would have a long break between services.

Service was at 10.30 so that we could finish early, as Jim with a number of members was going to the Nation of Islam mosque at 2.00. I was in line a little after 10.30 and my name was put on the late list which Jim had directed be taken.

Jim explained that the arrangement with the Muslims was a marriage of protection, not doctrine.

While he took the offering, Jim made a powerful statement, saying everyone had a choice between living with a feeling of resentment or a feeling of guilt. One could feel resentment over his misfortunes, what he didn't have, or guilt about having so much more than others who suffer through no fault of their own. Speaking of the African mother trying to feed her child with her dried up breast, he cried, "Why should I live in comfort while she is starving?"

He opened a question period but took only one question. A young person wanted to know why the schools do not tell of the merits of socialism which is obviously a better system. Jim said: What is good for you the capitalists who control the media and the educational system won't teach. An example is the contrast between their treatment of the Joe Hill story and that of the Bible. Most of you have never heard of this great hero, while you can hear about the Bible and Jesus on every TV and radio station.

After a healing session, Jim had the congregation come to the altar.

The service ended at 1.30. Three hundred people, dressed in security uniforms (there has been a flurry of uniform sewing in the last few days) marched past the Temple door to the Muslim mosque, accompanying Jim. Not all security went, and the leadership, including the nurses, did go.

I gave a ride to Kaye Gibbs who wanted to go to a park to be alone for the interval between services. I left her at the Panhandle, giving her my watch, and told her where to meet me at 5.00.

I prepared food, ate, and washed dishes.

I worked on journal entries.

Kaye came to the apartment to go to the bathroom at about 4.15. We left for the evening service, which was scheduled for 5.30, at 4.45.

Kaye said she doesn't want to go to the promised land. She wants to give her life for the revolution, as she doesn't want to live anyway. I indicated that we should all do what is decided is most useful, and those who weren't especially trained might be a handicap if they stayed here. She said in that case she would commit suicide. I reminded her of what Jim said would be the fate of one who takes his or her life. She didn't care. If she came back again, she would commit suicide again and again.

HH-2-58

I stopped her talking of suicide.

Jim told us of the Muslim meeting. Their leaders insist on perfect order and obedience. Their members had to listen to three hours of Wallace Mohammad's remarks transmitted by telephone. However, Jim said they stood for him after his talk to them.

In a catharsis session, Tommy Moore and Derrin Purifoy, who had been told to stay apart, were on the floor for stealing items from the Purifoy commune. They used them to outfit a hide-out which they used for sex experimentation. The boys were slow to confess what they had been doing and even slower to admit that they took turns being on top. Jim took a casual attitude toward the sexual behavior which he said was natural, but was severe about the stealing. He particularly condemned Tommy who tried to blame some shoplifting he did on another child.

Martin Amos hit Christa with a flyswatter and according to his mother, Sharon, acted chauvanistically toward girls. She therefore thought he should have to box a girl. Such a match was arranged, and the girl gave him a beating until he cried, though he was stubborn.

A boy named Marko had hit someone with a stick and he had to box. He gave the most cowardly demonstration we have had. He hid his head and fell down, delaying the finish.

For those who didn't see "Joe Hill," the last two reels of the picture were shown again.

After filing past the altar, the Los Angeles people left on their bus. The rest of the congregation went past the altar.

I took home Valor, Contonia, Lela Murphy. I had offered Sue Noxon a ride, but she didn't meet me as specified.

I was home at 1.00.

I read the newspaper.

I went to bed at 2.00.

<u>25 August</u> - M - I got up at 8.00.

I phoned Lorraine who was surprised that I had not gone on the Mexican trip. I told her I was taking my vacation anyway. I planned to see the Exhibition of the Archaeological Finds of the People's Republic of China tomorrow morning and wondered if Ryn might not like to go with me. Lorraine said both she and Ryn had seen the exhibit. Ryn had seen it twice and had to do some work on her thesis.

At 9.30 I drove to the Pay 'n' Save at Church and Market where I bought a permanent wave set (Lilt, for hard-to-wave hair) for $1.44. I took it to the Safeway next door where I bought a few grocery items. Contonia was going to give me a permanent, but when I arrived at her apartment,

I found I had left the set in the Safeway store. We returned for it but didn't get it back. I bought another and Contonia bought some groceries.

Contonia gave me my permanent. She was the only one in the house. She said she and Rosezetta had had an argument over care of the children, all of whom were sick with different ailments. Contonia had scolded Rosezetta for leaving her medicine where the baby must have found it. The baby had had to be hospitalized. Michael was still having trouble with his stomach. Contonia thinks he has ulcers from anxiety about his mother. He has just turned twelve. One of the girls has pneumonia. Rosezetta had taken the children to Mary's, and Contonia had her key and said she's not going to let her return. Contonia is also having trouble with her son, who isn't living in the apartment either at the moment. Contonia says her daughter gave her no trouble when growing up. She began to have relations with men who, Contonia says, are homosexual and beat her up. She thinks she may have a man now.

Contonia was also very disturbed about alleged bad treatment from Council. She apparently went to them for advice about feelings of depression following the taking of a hormone prescription. Council, according to her, told her there was nothing they could do for her, she must solve her own problem. They wouldn't let her communicate with Jim. She says Leona Collier tore her note up. She was critical of Bea Morton in particular and had harsh words for Vernell Henderson also. She says Council has favorites. I told her that Council members were over-burdened and very tired, and they mostly wanted to save Jim from extra burdens. After my recounting some of my experiences in India with people in hopeless condtions, she began to take a more moderate attitude and said Father must have sent me to talk to her.

Contonia is planning to move into the Temple and give her furniture to the Temple.

She gave me a half cantaloupe and two salami sandwiches with lettuce and tomato.

My hair came out very curly.

I got home about 4.00.

I exercised.

I prepared dinner and ate and washed dishes.

I started to type the 1 to 15 February section of my journal. I had a great deal of difficulty installing a new ribbon on my typewriter. I could not get it to rewind correctly.

I read newspapers.

I went to bed about 2.00.

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26 August - T - I got up at 8.00.

At 9.00 I drove to Golden Gate Park, parked the car on John F. Kennedy Drive and walked over to the Asian Art Museum to see the Exhibition of Archaeological Finds of the People's Republic of China. This is the last week of the two-month exhibition. Enormous crowds have been viewing it daily.

There was a line when I arrived. Visitors were assigned to groups of one hundred and were seated while they waited. For a quarter I bought a brochure describing some of the items and giving the dates and background information. The first groups went in earlier than the stated opening hour of 10.00 o'clock. Our group, No. 10, entered the door just about 10.00. After entering, the groups were not kept together, and one could stay as long as one liked. However, in general the viewers were kept moving. I did not have much difficulty seeing the exhibits, as people who could see over me let me get close to the glass cases. The exhibits were in chronological order, starting with primitive society of 600,000 to 4,000 years ago, then slave society from 2100 to 476 B.C., then feudal society from 475 B.C. to 1840 A.D., though the latest object displayed seems to be of the Yuan dynasty, ending 1368 A.D. I was impressed with the distinctive Chinese appearance of almost the earliest artifacts. I expected to have difficulty seeing the galloping horse of the Eastern Han period (25-220 A.D.), but the crowd around it was not great. What seemed to get the most attention was the jade shroud sewn with gold thread of Tou Wan, wife of Prince Ching of Chungshan, 113 B.C. - Western Han dynasty, and traffic had to be urged to move along.

I came out of the exhibit about 12.00.

I made some vegetable soup and after eating spent the afternoon and evening typing in my journal. The typewriter ribbon was still not winding correctly, and I had to rewind it by hand when it came to the end.

My caller with the Temple message gave me the information on the planned trip to Disneyland on Labor Day. The cost for adults will be $4.50 for admission and $6.50 for rides. Lunch and snacks will be furnished, and no one is to buy anything independently.

I had an evening meal.

I read the newspapers.

27 August - W - I got up at 8.00.

I finished typing the journal entries of 1 to 15 February and started to make corrections and calendar entries.

The day was cloudy and rain was predicted.

I prepared a meal. I had cantaloupe, peppers stuffed with bread crumbs, cottage cheese, nuts, and with tomato sauce.

About 12.30 I took the Muni (Hayes Street, transferring to Polk Street) to Ghirardelli Square and the Cannery. I walked among the shops and along the streets. The sun came out and in the end it was a beautiful day. I went to the Coop and purchased a little fruit and popcorn. I wanted to get as much cash as I could for the weekend. They don't have check cashing facilities yet, and I was only able to get $10 over my purchases. I will have to give the Temple a check for my bus fare if I can pay it at all. My bank balance is very low.

I got home about 5.00.

I finished corrections of my journal.

I ate a little.

Magnolia went to the Temple service early. I drove to the Temple about 7.45.

When Jim came on the podium he took an offering. His first words were to urge people to become communal. Then he put pressure on us to sell pamphlets; he was disappointed that so few were doing it, and he even threatened that those who didn't have pamphlet money to turn in would not be allowed to go Disneyland.

Several cases of harassment of our black members, such as having garbage thrown on their grounds or their gardens torn up, have occurred in Redwood Valley and Ukiah.

At 9.30 we looked at an hour's program on Paul Robeson over KQED. Television sets had been brought and were put around the auditorium. Jim was angry because Robeson's activism in support of socialism was hardly mentioned, and there were many shots from Robeson's movies showing him in the stereotyped role of a black man which is promoted by white society. Jim had some workers call the station to complain, getting the answer that black activism is a "bore."

Lynette Jones was brought on the floor, based on a report from Jenny Cheek that she had a negative attitude, was sulky and uncooperative. Jenny was not present, and the testimony was rather confused. Most seemed to agree that she was spoiled and insisted on getting her own way.

Suddenly Grace Stoen ran up to give Jim a report which he immediately reported to the congregation: Tim Stoen had been shot. Jim's first words were to connect the congregation's lack of enthusiasm for raising funds to get to the promised land with the tragedy. He went out for a few minutes, counseling us to "reflect." He came back and before he had received any report of how Tim was, he said he would be all right, would be on his feet, in good health.

I caused Jim some agitation by stating that two women in my row had been sleeping. I meant that they had been sleeping earlier. I misunderstood a question from Jim. He thought I meant that they had been sleeping

after we heard that Tim had been shot. He was furious until it was determined that they had had to be awakened before that occurrence.

Information was received from Tim that he was indeed all right, and finally we heard a recording of his voice. He had been told to come to the service and decided on his own to stay behind to work. He was shot from a car near the Rexall drug store in Ukiah.

Jim appealed for a special offering. Some gave property.

Jim said Mike Cartmell has graduated from law school and is working at the District Attorney's office with Tim in Ukiah.

Shay-Shay Mertle, the boy who was brought from Philadelphia by Jim after he with his companions had been eating out of garbage cans, was called up. He causes constant trouble, had hit a little boy on the head with a flashlight, had threatened girls. His adoptive parents had been called to the school at least once a week last year. Jim said this wasn't going to continue this year. Upon the first incident he will be sent back to his mother in Philadelphia. He has been disciplined numerous times, including whipping. Jim prepared to have the board used again, then decided he should have to box. A boy named David brought him to his knees, though he had fought back.

Rocki Breidenbach was up again in connection with confused reports concerning her remarks and activities, some of them involving Jewel Runnells, who is living at Rocki's care home. Jewel was said to be wanting to move, a pattern with her. It seemed Rocki may have suggested making an arrangement with Zippy and Hyacinth Edwards to exchange patients, so that Rocki would have only white patients. She said she made the suggestion for the well-being of the patients. She has continued to talk too much with patients. According to workers there, the place is in a constant uproar, and Rocki gets excited and shouts. Zelline O'Bryant is involved as usual in the difficulty. She and Jewel have been keeping their rooms locked which is against regulations. Jim counseled that Rocki should control her emotions, not talk so much, raise $50 pamphleting, and Jewel should be more active.

Jim healed one person publicly. He had the congregation file past the altar. Fermented grape juice from our own grapes had been brought and we each were given a small paper cup of it.

It was 2.00 before we left the Temple. I had a little difficulty getting my passengers together. I got home at 3.00.

I ate some watermelon and popcorn and read Wilson.

I went to bed at 5.00.

28 August - Th - I got up at 9.00.

I spent most of the day bringing journal entries up to date.

HH-2-63

I had only one full meal: a piece of cantaloupe, eggplant baked with cheese, onions and tomatoes.

I went for an hour's walk in Golden Gate Park at 4.00. It was a lovely day.

I washed underwear and several outer garments.

I read the 16 to 28 February journal entries preliminary to starting to type them.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

29 August - F - I got up at 8.00.

I made journal entries and listed expenditures.

I pressed clothes.

I ate a little.

Since Jim had put so much emphasis on leafletting, I decided to spend a couple of hours at it. I intended to go to Union Street and sell pamphlets near the fine shops there. I failed to get off the bus at the right stop and went on down to Beach Street. I tried to ask for donations on several corners but the crowds seemed unsympathetic and I had no success. I walked up past Cost-Plus, but nowhere had any luck. I walked to Union Street but found no crowds, and getting tired, decided to go home. I walked along Columbus and then to Market. I stopped for a closer view of the Transamerica Pyramid. Some rugs, bedcovers, wall hangings, and so forth, from different countries were exhibited.

On Market Street I took the bus 21 home, arriving about 5.00.

I prepared a meal, ate and washed dishes.

I packed for the Los Angeles trip.

I lay down for half an hour.

I drove to the Temple at 8.00.

In the service Jim said there was a hotel for sale. He wanted to know how many would be interested in communal living in the facility. Names were taken. Jim was pleased with the number of people who gave their names and said on this basis he would begin negotiating.

Whether or not one believed in socialism, one had to admit the power of the group. In these times, individuals cannot make it.

Jim said that although he differed with the Muslims on some details, he

respected them for having at least rejected the white man's religion. Jesus had never repudiated slavery, and Paul upheld it. He repeated details on the Gnostics, that the creator of this world was evil, and Lucifer was the real saviour. The one who died on the cross was not Jesus but Simon the Cyrenian.

Frances Buckley had to box. She struck a younger sister and has been very uncooperative lately. She was thoroughly beaten.

Melvin Johnson was reported by one of our white members who works at a bowling alley as having spent money there. Blacks are not welcome there. Melvin admitted he had tried to influence the white member not to tell on him. He is communal, got the money from selling some of his belongings which should have been turned in to the commune. Melvin said other members had visited the alley and named Vicki Moore and her boys. Vicki admitted she had taken the children. They had been given money to attend the fair but no money for rides, so they had requested to go bowling. Jim ruefully remarked that Vicki had given the congregation a chance to see a counselor in a boxing match. John Harris wrestled Melvin, got the better of him in spite of his age. Vicki boxed and lost to Shirley Smith.

Carl Barnett had left the Temple, got into trouble and was in prison; he needed our help to get out.

Tim Stoen was present, working in the law office, and addressed the congregation, paying a tribute to Jim's power and love.

Jim performed healings.

Nurses and secretaries are now wearing red scarf caps with their blue choir uniforms.

The service was out at 12.30. I saw Tim outside and embraced him.

I got a seat on No. 3 bus. I moved my car into the parking lot.

The buses left at 3.00.

The buses were crowded as never before. I later heard we carried ninety-nine people in our bus.

30 August - S - We stopped at Button Willow at 8.30 for an hour. I ran, ate, brushed my teeth.

I spoke to Mike Prokes about my car. I told him I intended to give it to the Temple at the end of September. It was not in good condition and repairs would be costly, but the Temple might be able to do the work and sell the car if they couldn't use it.

I had a few words with Tim Stoen. It was a beautiful day.

We arrived at Los Angeles at 12.20. I was in the line for security check

more than an hour. I was scarcely able to dress in time for the start of service at 2.00.

Jim told the Los Angeles members of Temple plans for buying a hotel in San Francisco, explaining that rural areas were no longer safe for us and that we had friendlier relations with police and politicians in San Francisco than in Los Angeles. He had lists made of those interested in communal living in the new facilities.

Jim spoke angrily of abuses perpetrated by some members, in particular those who requested meditation for relatives who are not members and those who want to know whether he has received a certain gift. He takes our ills upon himself, had been suffering all night from diarrhea. He was transferring this to a member of the choir who asked him about some towels she gave, said she would have "four days of shit."

A catharsis session was held. First on the floor was Bruce Morris, who had to box for pulling a knife on his sister.

Garnert Johnson was up for misbehavior. His grandmother didn't want him to have to fight. Lee Ingram said she was the boy's problem. She has been resurrected once after eluding the truth. The boy stood up against his grandmother and on account of this had to fight only one round.

Agnes Jones was called up. She ran up a huge phone bill while staying with Hazel Dashiell in Los Angeles, without telling Hazel of it. The calls were to a man in the East for whom Agnes had a romantic attachment, though he is married and has affairs with other women. Jim told of Agnes's background. He and Marcy adopted her when she was eleven, the daughter of a prostitute. She couldn't talk plainly and Jim was told she was so retarded she would never learn to read and write. She overcame those problems. She is very sympathetic with older people.

Jim said she had one last fault — she is still led around by her ass and had a history of endangering the Temple by her relationships. Jim was particularly concerned by the effect upon Stephanie and said Michael was being ruined and should be placed in another home. Agnes had a fixed idea in her head that she was no good like her mother. Jim mentioned that Bea Morton had written him a note saying she was no good. Every person was necessary just to be here. Illustrating that we can overcome our bad characteristics, Jim said, "I set a sentinel in the middle of my brain to prevent me from being a criminal." Recalling how he had refused to abandon Agnes when she was a child, he told her, "I risked my marriage, job and church over you."

Agnes had said that Dorothy Brewer was treated like a dog at the time she and Ray were disciplined for their relationship. Jim said she wasn't concerned about Dorothy, wanted to "nail" Ray. Jim rejected Agnes's intention to leave. "No one has a right to leave, and if you do, even if you come back, I'll never forget it." He said the group was like the spokes and hub of a wheel; the spoke is as important as the hub.

Jim: "Why am I holding the meeting so long? To get some of you to quit."

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Jim's decision on Agnes was that she should raise $1,000 in thirty days. She will take two jobs. At that time the Council will decide what to do about Michael. Jim offered to let Ray get a divorce, left it up to him. Ray and Dorothy are no longer interested in each other. Dorothy has worked very well in Los Angeles (I see her working in the kitchen whenever we come to Los Angeles, and she is a member of the Los Angeles dance group.) Agnes had to box with Rose Pearson, who beat her badly.

Jim performed some healings.

All those who had ever asked for meditation for a non-member or thanks for a gift were required to come to the altar with a gift. They were given three minutes to get in line.

The meeting was dismissed at 8.00.

Liz asked me to supervise Von Smith. Joyce Shaw told me he had been sulky. We went home with Beulah after the usual delays.

Beulah gave us baked chicken, bread, canned soup and watermelon.

I read Wilson for a few minutes.

I went to bed about 1.00.

31 August - Su - Beulah got me up at 8.30. The boys had slept in the den and had talked late.

For breakfast we had eggs, sausage, toast and grits.

I asked Beulah about her daughter and the nine children she is keeping. One boy is in a youth facility but was released for the holiday. The daughter is trying to find a place to live. The father is a wino. The daughter, who is more or less mentally incompetent, sleeps most of the time and had to be prodded by Beulah to do anything for the children.

We had to wait for Beulah's husband to take us to the Temple. Beulah said being late to church made her nervous. I urged her to sign up for communal living in San Francisco, and she said she had thought of it.

Von Smith's brother Kelly has changed his name to Vance. Von said he had been living with Garry Lambrev in the Valley but had fouled it up, was now with Gladys and David.

We arrived at the Temple at 11.15, went through the security check at 12.00.

Service had apparently started late. Rides were arranged. A few songs were sung.

Jim had come out and started the offering contest immediately. San Francisco, with the aid of Wesley Johnson's maneuvers, beat Los Angeles

by $1,500 or so. Jim said this did not have to be if people with money had not been sitting on it. A good deal of excitement was worked up. Paul Flowers and Hugh Forsom represented Los Angeles and, besides Wesley, Rick Cordell and Chris Lewis San Francisco. Later Jim indicated to us that $12,000 had been collected, just enough to meet the month's budget.

Jim announced that by December 14 something will happen which will profoundly affect some of the people in this room.

He said white posses were all over the country, taking the law into their hands.

Jim recounted how nearly twenty years ago he had died out to self. He told of a horrible day in which the leaders of his church, including Loretta Cordell's mother, had been killed in an automobile accident. With them was his adopted Korean child. Attempting to get to them, he had to evade murderers and rapists to protect Agnes, who was a child, and the wife of a minister. "Since that day nothing can make me sad or afraid." "No one has been snatched from my hand since, for I know who I am." The Korean child had had a premonition of her death for several days and had repeated, "Ok Boh needs a mommy and daddy." He got in touch with the Korean orphan asylums and found her sister, Suzanne, who was seven and was to be released to a life of prostituion. He told how his daughter had to be buried in water in a cemetery for blacks. There is space for him in that cemetery but "I'll not be in a graveyard."

Jim held a healing session.

All came by the altar.

Jim stated that those who drank and partied last night were "outside of my will and will get a whammy from my power."

The meeting was out at 5.00.

I ate downstairs.

At 6.00 those going to Disneyland met in three groups: Redwood Valley in the balcony, Los Angeles on the main floor of the Temple, Bay Area in the Annex. Janet Shular and other workers explained the organization for tomorrow to our group. People were seated in the Annex according to age: 3 to 11, 12 to 17, and adults. Keeping the young people quiet was difficult. Each group to which people were assigned had one or more leaders, and groups were to stay together throughout the day. Throughout the day security members would man posts, and the nurses would have a station on the central plaza. I was put in a group of adults, some of them seniors, and was named one of the three leaders. Each group had to check with the nurses to see whether there were any health problems. We were to load our luggage on the bus by which we would be returning to the Bay Area, but these buses were not necessarily the buses by which we would go to Disneyland. Breakfast was to be served at 5.30, and the buses were to leave at 7.00.

After I had seen the nurse I went to the Los Angeles section to find Beulah, as we were staying in the same homes as on Saturday night. The Los Angeles area seemed chaotic. I bought a rootbeer and went downstairs, talked to C. J.

The Los Angeles group was finished when I came upstairs. Beulah and I went to the Annex to find Von. The group was not yet through processing the children, and they were very disorderly.

Beulah's husband took us home.

We had spare ribs, corn bread, and mixed vegetables.

I was in bed by 12.00.

1 September - M - Beulah woke us a little after 4.00. There was some delay in getting all the children through the bathroom, but Beulah did very well seeing that all the children were dressed neatly. We left about 5.00, Beulah's husband driving us.

We were told to bring our luggage into the church instead of loading it on the buses. Long lines formed for breakfast. We had fruit and a choice of hot or cold cereal. I sat beside Patti Chastain. I asked her what had happened to Mary Candoo, as I had not seen her for a long time. Patti thought she had left.

We put our luggage on the buses. Then we boarded buses with our group. All of my group had located each other at breakfast, and we were among the first to board.

We left about 7.30. Our bus again had ninety-nine people on it.

When we got to Disneyland we sat a long time on the buses while people were counted by age groups. Then we were told to get out and stand in lines near the buses. We were all ready to follow leaders into the park when we were again held back.

I saw Jim and the leadership conferring, and later Mike Prokes told us that the Disneyland management had wanted to pass each one through the turnstile and charge admission for all, but Jim was prepared to leave with the whole body, and they gave in. We all passed through as fast as we could walk, and apparently the supervisors bought only a certain number of admissions and ride books. I didn't understand the procedure and had to come back and get books for our group. We had seven people and got two books, giving us thirty rides to share.

Lillian Sills in our group was not able to walk much, so we took turns pushing her in a wheelchair. Others in the group did not care much about the rides. We had to share our tickets; usually two of us went on a ride together while the others waited.

While I was looking for a telephone in order to call Carl Green, who lives near Disneyland, Jim caught sight of me. He was recommending a show featuring American folk songs sung by puppet animals and gave me a ticket for it. I had found Carl at home, told him I would try to call him some day when I was in Los Angeles.

At first I was impressed with the other worldly atmosphere in the park but soon became tired of it. I didn't particularly care for any of the rides except the roller coaster, for which we did not have enough tickets. When I asked directions of the Disneyland security staff, who were the only attendants I saw, I got surly off-hand answers, even when not accompanied by our black and Mexican members. Our group was very cooperative, and we had no trouble except that Lillian became tired and hungry. Lunches were to be distributed when we got back on the buses, but they could be obtained earlier (we were forbidden to buy anything inside the park). I took Lillian out. I could not take the wheelchair out of the park and was not allowed to take food in, so she had to walk with me to the picnic area. This was a most unprepossessing place. I ate most of my lunch too.

UH-7.77

I left Lillian on a bench, joined the others. One of the group offered to stay with Lillian and another woman in a wheelchair, whom we had taken over from Jim. Just before 2.00 when we were to board the buses we received information that the time had been extended an hour. A younger man and I went to the Frontierland area and we rode the keel boat on the river. Then I waited for him as he took two other rides. I gave my leftover tickets to the Shaw commune. I saw the telephone company show which was called "America the Beautiful" and had screens on all sides of a round room showing scenic and historical views of the United States. One felt as if in the midst of the scenes.

After we boarded the buses, lunches were distributed to those who hadn't had any. We returned to Los Angeles. In the temple I went to the bathroom and washed my teeth.

A bag supper was passed out to all. We had chicken, bread, potato salad, plums and punch. The buses left Los Angeles at 7.00. My seat partner was Lorenza Tucker from Houston. We were very crowded and a child in the aisle was pinching her foot. I suggested she put her seat down, but Lela Murphy, sitting back of her, objected. Later on Lela wanted the window in front of us closed, but I told her it was not under my control. Later on Lela asked me for a ride home and I refused, because she was unkind to our new member from Houston. She denied she had not wanted Lorenza to put her seat back. I read Wilson. Lorenza said she was going to live with Blanche Washington whom she did not know. Blanche had a cramped leg, and fearing a blood clot, the hostess had her get up and exercise. All adults were supposed to jog in the aisle but few did.

The bus offering was taken. When it was over I went to sleep for an hour. We had a bathroom stop at Button Willow at 9.30.

I slept well all night.

We arrived in San Francisco at 3.45. I took home Valor, Contonia, Toby Stone and her two children. On Friday night Jim had saved Toby's little girl, Tobianna, from a fatal accident. We talked about plans for the new hotel. Toby said what she feared about communal living was not having money to spend as she liked.

I reached home about 5.00. I went to bed for an hour.

2 September - T - When I got back to work I found a note from Carol asking me to send her four boxes of documents and other belongings immediately. However, both Betty Vasil and Koh were still on vacation, and no one else knew the procedure. Nicci had done Carol's expense report.

I will be working for Bob Garb and helping out Bob O'Neill. I spent the morning on the ATS computer making the week's changes in the workload for Garb's section.

I saw a film in the employees' film series at lunch, one about the construction of a petrochemical plant at Ponce, Puerto Rico. I ate my lunch on the PG&E steps. The day was quite hot.

I had a hard time getting all of Carol's belongings in the boxes. I finally took out some personal papers and sent them by pouch.

I spent some time making journal entries.

At the end of the day O'Neill gave me a page to retype from Garb's report on his Iranian trip and the contract of Bechtel with Iran Air.

On getting home, I ran in the park.

I prepared dinner, ate and washed dishes.

I unpacked my suitcase.

I typed in my journal from 9.30 to 11.30 and had to do another half hour's work after listening to "In Conversation," in order to finish four pages, although I was very tired.

On that program Nat Henthoff interviewed Lowell Weicker, who talked about Watergate and other governmental matters. He appears to be a conscientious man shocked by those who violate ethical standards, but naive, as Jim had described him during the Watergate hearings.

I took a bath, finishing with cold water, as I have been doing lately. Beulah had shamed me into taking cold baths, as she described how good it felt all day after sitting in a tub of cold water.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

3 September - W - I arranged for the shipment of Carol's boxes.

I helped with two items from Garb.

I did not have much office work to do. I brought my journal entries up to date.

I ate lunch outside on the PG&E steps.

At the end of the day Garb learned he had to go to New York in connection with the Iranian project. O'Neill was busy preparing documents but did not need help. Garb was to leave tonight.

When I got home I slept for an hour.

I prepared food and ate.

I drove to the Temple service at 8.00. I arrived when the senior citizens' bus was unloading and was slow in getting upstairs, but I got a good seat.

Much time was consumed with the preliminaries, such as the introduction

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of those who have various money-making projects.

Jim reported on the weekend's events such as the funds contest and the Disneyland trip. He gave more details on the saving he achieved by holding firm on entrance of our people, so that all did not have to be counted going through the turnstile. He also discussed news of the day, particularly the activities of vigilante groups throughout the country.

Jim took the offering.

The meeting was rather relaxed; no boxing matches were required.

Jim said Harry Williams had a defect in his heart which required surgery. The muscles around his heart had been destroyed. Then it was found that the condition had changed and he did not need the operation.

Many commendations were announced. A few of them were: Marvin Sellers, a boy, who is so conscientious that he supervises adults at the children's ranch; Novella Sneed and Nevada Harris, who have been working at the pear shed; Gina Severns, who has been working at the pear shed as well as on her Homemaker's job.

Nancy Sines was called up on a complaint that she was unfriendly to her co-worker, Mary Lou Clancy. Since Nancy got the job (it is in Family Planning) on the basis of Temple membership, there is no reason for the two not to associate. Nancy said she was not purposely aloof. Maureen Fitch is her supervisor and also believed she was not friendly. However, Jim found she was not intentionally unfriendly, that there was no need for discipline, but Nancy should try to be more outgoing.

Marie Lawrence wishes to move to San Francisco, to live communally, and study to be a veterinarian. Jim approved.

I had to go on an errand. When I returned, Ken Norton was on the floor. He had made negative remarks charging that in the work at the Temple production was slow, there was lack of adequate support and he got insufficient response to his requests. He especially had complained that he had not been furnished transportation which he needed. Bill Purifoy and others commented. It was the general opinion that Ken had either not channeled his requests to the right person or had exaggerated his problems. Again, Jim decided the case did not require a boxing match. Jack Beam is going to be supervising work at the San Francisco Temple.

Jim read a letter from Lynnette Jones written after her confrontation on the floor. She analyzed her attitude and behavior. She told how she had been taught to steal by a companion as a child. Comparing her lot with others, she felt guilty and wanted to be put in a situation with greater demands upon her. Jim congratulated her for showing growth and repeated his statement that one feels either resentment or guilt, and though it is uncomfortable, it is better to feel guilt.

Sandy Rozynko wrote a letter to Jim which he also read aloud. She said

that, realizing her white mentality was a handicap in feeling sympathy for others, she had requested her fellow commune members at the Mertles' to treat her for one week as a slave. They called her "girl," ordered her around. She went barefoot and wore an old dress. Her loss of identity brought home to her what life was like for black people, not merely for a week, but all the time.

Jim said that ten of the children whose families moved down from the Valley are going to attend a progressive school, the best in California. The school will give us a discount and afford our teachers an opportunity to be observers of their methods, so that we can establish such a school next year for all our children. Of the students entering the school, five are black and five white. Though they had suffered from poor schooling in the public schools, the school found them all qualified, having superior intelligence and vocabulary, and having obviously lived in a stimulating environment.

I took home Rosezetta and the children, who are back in Contonia's apartment. Rosezetta did not tell me why Contonia had changed her mind. Contonia is spending a week in the Valley, helping to can produce at the ranch.

I read for an hour and went to bed at 2.00.

4 September - Th - I moved the car from Mrs. Heitmeier's driveway before 7.00.

With Bob Garb out, I had very little work to do in the office. Dorothy asked me to take some dictation from Jack Nemeth. This had to do with the federal law limiting campaign contributions.

A friend of Carol's, a doctor from Sicily, came to the office. He had phoned yesterday, not knowing she had been transferred. He had a box of candy for her. He spoke very little English. I gave him Carol's office and hotel phone numbers, called Carol but she was out to lunch. Later I talked to her and she wanted the candy sent to her. I spent some time finding out the most expeditious way of mailing it.

A good part of the day I spent listing recent expenditures. Then I started to list all August expenditures.

I left for an appointment at the dentist's office at 3.30. This was for a recheck on my cleaning methods and plaque control. The hygienist was still not satisfied, gave me more instructions.

I got home at about 5.30.

I ran in the park.

I did personal chores and washed and put up my hair.

I prepared and ate dinner. Tonight I had a salad of artichoke hearts, onions, tomatoes and cucumber, green beans, and a casserole of celery,

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onion, macaroni and cottage cheese with a cheddar cheese sauce. I washed dishes.

This meal took me longer than usual to prepare and I was late in starting my washing. I washed underwear and a few other items, starting at 11.00 and finishing after I had listened to "In Conversation."

I read Wilson. I fell asleep while reading so did not get to bed until 2.30.

5 September - F - I packed my suitcase so as to spend the night at Lorraine's. I put it in my car before I left for work.

I made out my time card and submitted it. Betty Vasil signed it in Bob Garb's absence. I had very little except overhead numbers.

Yesterday I had taken with me to work two of the skirts made by the Temple seniors which Mom Taylor had let me have Wednesday night. I was wearing the one I had brought. I thought some of the women in the office might want to buy one. Several people expressed interest, and I think I may sell some if I can have the seniors make the size and style desired.

Dorothy gave me a memo of one of the legal assistants to type. This was all the office work I had all day. I added my August expenditures on the calculator and tried again to balance my bank account, adding all bank deposits, checks and bank charges for the three months that I have been off $5.00, but at the end I could not even come close to the figure shown in my records. I took along the calculations to ask Lorraine to check them.

I ate lunch with Barbara Gersh at the PG&E cafeteria, since she had to buy her lunch. She was happy that she is going to work half time at the Bechtel library. She is not active any more in the affairs of the BWAA, as she thinks "they are not going anywhere." We talked of present-day sexual attitudes and family arrangements. Barbara comes from an upper middle class family in New York City.

I did some more work on journal entries this afternoon.

When I arrived home tonight I got my mail, didn't go up to the apartment, drove to Lorraine's. I made excellent time, arriving before 6.00.

"Star Trek " is being shown again on TV and Lorraine and Ryn wanted to watch it, so I joined them in the bedroom where they now keep the set. The episode, an hour long, they agreed had an anti-climactic ending.

For dinner we had potatoes with a gravy containing tuna fish, green beans and a salad, and a custard with fresh peaches and whipped cream.

I told Lorraine of recent changes in the Temple, especially of my hopes of teaching in the Temple school when established and my plans to move in to the hotel commune and do without my car. Lorraine was particularly

concerned that I would be discontented with institutional type food and lack of privacy.

Ryn had been writing a draft of her thesis.

San Francisco State students are registering this week.

Lorraine has a new tenant and another is moving in tomorrow. Both are young men.

Lorraine and Ryn went to bed early. I stayed downstairs and read Wilson until 11.30, then listened to "In Conversation." A writer of Polish and Russian background but living in the United States and writing in English was interviewed.

I went to bed at 12.00. I was in the room at the head of the stairs.

6 September - S - I woke about 6.30, stayed in bed until 7.30. I took a shower, ending with cold water, the first time I have been able to take a cold shower rather than a bath.

Lorraine and Ryn were still sleeping. I went downstairs, made some Sanka. I went over my bank book again, found the error I had made yesterday. But I could not find any mistake which either the bank or I had made to account for the $5.00 discrepancy I've been looking for.

I looked over some books of folk songs on Lorraine's shelves. I was trying to find American protest songs, but these books did not have such a category. The closest that any came to meeting that description were work songs and some Negro spirituals.

When Lorraine got up, she helped me recheck my bank balance. The only possible cause of the $5.00 discrepancy that she could find was a $2.51 bank charge which I might have recorded incorrectly in connection with a previous bank statement.

For breakfast we had orange juice, whole wheat cereal and toast.

I left for Berkeley about 11.00. I needed gas and fortunately got some at a cut-rate station just before going on the freeway. It was 57.9¢, two cents less than I have usually been paying, and often gas costs me 60.9¢.

I listened to the last portion of the Temple broadcast on the car radio.

I shopped for groceries at both the Natural Foods Store and the Coop food store. I bought two doughnuts which I ate with Sanka in the car before starting home.

I arrived home at 3.00. I unloaded groceries, then quickly cleaned up the apartment, running the vacuum cleaner over the center of the room.

I ate some leftovers and washed dishes.

I had a nap of forty-five minutes.

I dressed and left for the Temple service at 7.15.

During the service the San Francisco girls presented an African dance and a recital of poems they had written, from last night's youth program.

A tape from part of one of the Los Angeles services held this week was played. It was the question period. The first question concerned what would have been the effect if President Ford had been assassinated. Jim said it would have made no difference — the rich run the country and would have continued to do so. The second question was: what kind of mentality would put poisonous substances in the drinking water? Jim said it was white mentality. Whites have operated under the capitalist system, which worships money and will resort to any cruelty to maintain itself. He said, "I love socialism," and would be willing to die to bring it about, but if he did he would take a thousand with him. He went on to castigate the white man's religion and the Bible, saying that worse than poison in the drinking water is poison in the pulpit.

Jim continued in person in this vein. The question was often asked whether socialism would work. It was necessary to point out how capitalism works. It causes widespread misery. The people must first of all have economic freedom. For the benefit of guests in the audience, he developed the theme that America is the anti-Christ. "Some believe all we need is a new Democrat in the presidency. We don't need a new Democrat, we need a revolution." Speaking to Aunt Janes and Uncle Toms and CIA informers, he said, "You want to start something? We're ready." We can't get newspaper publicity for our beneficial activities. When we go into action, you won't be able to open up a newspaper without seeing Peoples Temple on every page.

While the offering was being taken, Hugh Doswell was brought up. He had complained of white leadership in the Temple. He shows a surly attitude. He had also associated with Cleve Davis, against the advice of Temple counselors. He had to box. He was so hostile that three people had to fight him before one was capable of defeating him. He tried to evade punches, then bolted, striking everyone he encountered. After making two breaks, he was finally kayoed by his opponent.

There was a healing session.

When the church was opened to new members, Jim called out the names of scores of visitors, who came down front to join the church.

The congregation filed past the altar.

The meeting was over at 1.00.

Housing was arranged. Zelline O'Bryant was again assigned to me. I told her I had to attend the sisterhood meeting, and she waited for me.

The sisterhood meeting, under the direction of Sharon Amos, started with a discussion about women entering jobs traditionally closed to the female sex. Some of those holding such jobs or taking courses in the trades related their experiences with men on the job. Patrician Cartmell is working on highway construction, has succeeded, and got a promotion. She is making more money than Sharon Amos made when she started as a social worker. One of the Mertle girls is working in electronics. Discussion then veered to the way in which men are spoiled by women co-workers, such as nurses, and by their mothers, and how to counteract this situation.

At 2.30 after the meeting had been in progress an hour, there was no sign of its ending, and I thought Zelline and I should get home. I found Contonia downstairs with several children waiting for a ride home.

I gave Zelline a piece of cantaloupe and toast and jam. I had toast and peanut butter and toast ~~an~~ and jam. We both had some Sanka.

We went to bed about 4.00.

7 September - Su - We got up at 9.00.

For breakfast I served grape juice, pancakes with syrup, fried eggs, beef slices and Sanka.

Zelline told me, as she had before, of the wealthy women she had worked for for many years. Zelline's eyesight has become very bad. She had previously told me how nice a person Rocki Breidenbeck is, but this time she had nothing but complaints. More money was being taken from her disability check than the law prescribed for her lodging, Rocki bought only white bread and she wouldn't listen if whole grain bread was suggested, and so on.

I did the dishes.

We left for service about 11.00, and I stopped for Magnolia and Kaye. Magnolia wasn't ready but Kaye came with us. Zelline was impatient about the delay, though the service was not until 12.00. She wanted to get a front row seat.

Kaye has been in San Francisco several times in connection with her disability claim from the post-office. An employee dropped a heavy object on her foot while she was employed by the post-office department. It has been decided that she cannot be paid for disability but she is entitled to be given preferential status for reinstatement. She has to pass the post-office examination.

Ginny Lambrev has been in the services lately. She was in the service today and looked well. She told me she is living in San Francisco now. She regains her Temple membership today.

In the service there were the usual preliminary events.

A tape from one of the Bakersfield services was played.

Jim took the offering.

Our corn crop in the promised land was menaced by dampness, and our drying equipment had not yet been obtained. Jim insured five days with no rain, and the corn dried. All forty-three tons are to be sold to the government of Guyana.

Tim Jones (not Jim's adopted son, but a young black man from San Francisco) sang a song called "Lady Love" while other young men accompanied him with gestures. He endeared himself to Jim and the crowd by dancing with Annie McGowan, a senior.

Larry Swinney had used "fuck" several times while expressing a desire to fight a counselor. He was to get his desire; Jim decided that he should fight with someone his own height. He had a hard fight and was defeated.

David Gallie was commended for undertaking hard and dangerous jobs around the Temple.

Glenn Hennington was on the floor for driving without a license for six months. He got a ticket. He had to fight a girl who knocked him out, which exhilarated the feminine portion of the audience.

Jim performed healings.

The congregation came to the altar.

The meeting was out at 3.30. I gave a ride home to Washington Sanders.

I ate a meal.

I left for the evening service at 5.30; it began at 6.00.

Sandy Ingram reported on her trip to the promised land. She and Helen Swinney have just returned. She said the approaches to our property resembled the entrance to a magnificent estate. Sitting on the porch eating a meal, as far as the eye can reach, one sees the land which we have cleared.

The congregation sang several songs and vibrations were raised to a high point. When Jim appeared on the podium, he received an ovation for a long period.

He took an offering.

Then he asked for members to give their opinions as to what his thoughts were while he was being praised so effusively. Most believed that he was wondering about the differences between our expressions and our performance: sacrifices, loyalty, offerings. Many took the opportunity to give their own opinions, not what he may have thought but what they thought,

and some even testified about how much he meant to them until he stopped them. When my turn came, I said I was reminded of another great leader (Jim had me name him -- Vladimir Lenin), who did not care what people thought of him, did not look at himself in the mirror of history. Jim said I was very close to what his thinking had been; it was true he didn't care what others thought of him, and as for history, he only cared that history recorded he had done his best to establish socialism. I went on to say that I believed it was painful to him to hear himself praised, but that he knew we needed to do it. He said yes, you do need it. I added that I thought that when he became bored at the adulation, he looked at individuals and evaluated them as to whether they would remain faithful. Jim said he did so, he evaluated people and does so all the time. Earlier he had told someone that he already knew who would stand by him when under pressure.

Jim spoke of how he dislikes public acclaim, and that he was thinking it was impossible to live up to the charismatic demand made of him. The demand for character which he always fulfilled was in conflict with the demand for charisma, and he would always decide in favor of character. For instance, he would always tell the truth, though it might destroy the image of "God" which some of us expect of him. Nevertheless, everything done here in all media is very carefully planned.

He continued: People are very superstitious. Marx, when he said religion is the opium of the people, did not feel contempt for the people. He knew that the conditions of their lives are so hard that they have to have faith in a god to save them. He spoke of those who objected to using religion to bring about social change. I'd prefer to be in a union hall tonight, but the unions are all sold out to big business. When I was young I looked around for an institution which I could use to build socialism, and the church is the only place I could get in. The revolution doesn't adapt itself to your criteria. Some of you are too smug to do what is necessary. As Paul said, I must become all things to all men that by any means I might save the more. He said, by any means. The end justifies the means -- but the means must lead to a noble end. You cannot use people. I have the choice of playing God or being God. I always will be God and admit imperfections. But as long as people call on God, I answer, "Here I am."

After Penny Kerns in her remarks called attention to what he sacrificed: sleep, food, companionship with his family, Jim stated that whatever he did, whether it was with his immediate family, the leadership group, or the congregation, his attitude was the same: consideration of the needs of the people involved and of the cause. He told how he had become engaged to Marceline because she was the mayor's daughter, and he wanted to tie him in with socialism, although he felt a strong attraction to a beautiful black woman. "I could have been led by my heart or by my ass. Most of you let yourselves be led by your ass. But I had a commitment to Marceline. She had suffered a great deal. Even white middle class people suffer. And what I did was right for socialism because she has made a good mother for you."

Anthony Beam (Sellers), the boy who was a gang leader and stole from

people's purses, returned a wallet with money in it which he had found. Jim gave the boy five dollars.

David Smith wheeled Jewel Runnels in a wheelchair on the Disneyland trip, and she appreciated it.

The congregation filed past the altar.

The service was out at 10.15. I took home Valor and two other women to the Henderson apartments. Contonia has been in the Valley a week and is going back.

I arrived home at 11.30. I read the Saturday and Sunday papers for an hour. I went to bed at 1.00.

8 September - M - Bob Garb was still away and Bob O'Neill was out with a cold. I had little work to do. I spent most of the day on the weekend journal entries.

I brought to work the skirts given to me by Mom Taylor on Saturday and showed them to some of the legal and insurance secretaries on our floor and on the eleventh floor. I didn't sell any of the skirts, but several people want to give me their measurements and to put in special orders.

Rita is back from a trip and was glad to learn I would be available for work assignments.

I ate lunch at my desk.

Late in the afternoon John Stewart gave me a short contract draft to type.

The weather was foggy and cold all day.

At home I did my exercises.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes, made split pea soup for lunches.

I typed in my journal from 9.30 to 11.30 and after "In Conversation" finished my four-page quota.

I read Wilson an hour.

I went to bed about 1.30.

9 September - T - I had several items to type today, some research material for one of the legal assistants and two memos for John Stewart.

I brought a tape measure to work, and some of the girls took their measurements. Cathy Costello may order a skirt to fit.

I spoke to Carol on the phone. She wanted her chronological file sent.

I indexed it and put it in the pouch together with other items which had come for her.

I finished journal entries for the weekend and yesterday.

The weather was cloudy again. I ate lunch at my desk.

I saw a film in the Bechtel meeting room, "A Portrait of a Nuclear Power Plant." This was one on the Susquehanna River. The film had diagrams illustrating the reaction by which electricity is produced from uranium.

Gail Carney, a new secretary who works for Steve Butler, bought one of the Temple skirts. She can't pay for it, however, until the pay day after next.

Tonight I exercised.

I prepared and ate a meal and washed dishes, finishing early.

I typed in my journal from 8.40 to 11.00, doing a little more than four pages. I had not yet succeeded in getting the typewriter ribbon correctly installed and had to rewind it by hand on each cycle. I tried turning over the spool on one side, which twists the ribbon, but the ribbon reverses as it should.

I was very tired so I took my bath before listening to "In Conversation," planning to go to bed earlier than I have been.

"In Conversation" had Nat Hentoff interviewing the new president of New York University, who gave a summary of the problems in higher education today.

I read Wilson, intending to go to bed at 1.00, but kept falling asleep in my chair and did not get into bed until at least 1.30.

10 September - W - Garb was back. As he is going on his vacation next week, O'Neill predicted he would have much work for us. Garb started me off with a memo. However, more material was not given to me until the end of the day.

I took care of a number of personal tasks: recorded my expenditures for the last few days, made out a check for my telephone bill (including the long distance call charged to me in connection with Dorothy's escapade in Chicago, as I have heard nothing from her), checked with Metropolitan medical insurance and with Dr. Schaupp's office on Dr. Schaupp's bill, and with Dr. Fudgen's office on the bill for cleaning and x-rays of my teeth which should be paid by my insurance.

I took Carol's expense account downstairs to Finance and Accounting.

I ate my lunch at my desk.

At 12.15 I went to a lecture, sponsored by the Energy Forum, by Ralph

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Sheets, a chemical engineer who has been in charge of a study project at a White River, Utah site exploring the feasibility of deriving oil from oil shale. He spoke on "Oil Shale: Its Development Prospects." Although he says the costs of production are comparable to the cost of imported oil, he seemed to be pessimistic that the resources would be exploited. Environmental considerations are partly responsible. Sheets felt the public and government are not facing up to the shortage of energy which is going to occur and the problems connected with dependence on foreign oil.

I took a short walk. I rummaged around at a shoe and pantyhose sale but found nothing desirable. I tried to buy the kind of toothpicks Dr. Fudgen's hygienist recommended but couldn't find them. I bought a pair of pantyhose on sale at the Bechtel building pharmacy for seventy-seven cents.

I wrote a memo to Mike Prokes on arrangements for turning over my car to the Temple the last of September.

O'Neill used me for an hour and a half on the ATS computer to make some corrections on a contract concerning the Rolligon vehicle.

Koh got back from her vacation. She cleaned up Carol's office. She wanted me to remove the sample skirts I've been keeping in the bookcase in the room, indicating to me that it would save me embarrassment. It is likely that Betty Vasil has disapproved of my displaying the skirts and perhaps of my soliciting sales on office time. I put them in a box which Koh gave me and stored them in a cabinet.

When I got home tonight, I had an hour's nap.

I prepared a meal and ate, then dressed for the Temple service.

I left about 8.00, arrived at the Temple as the buses were arriving. Thus the security check took me a long time. I had a little difficulty finding a good seat but got one in the front row at the side.

Wesley Johnson conveyed a change in announcement policy. Regular announcements will be made on Wednesday and not on Saturday and Sunday.

Jean Brown announced to Valley high school students that they must enroll in Carolyn Layton's English classes ~~at~~ rather than her own at Ukiah High School. Jim had succeeded in getting Carolyn's job back (the school system had probably tried to let her go after her absence when she was abroad on Temple business).

Jim came on the podium at 9.30. He issued a warning to and about people who join communes without contributing all their assets.

He took the offering, remarking that the offerings have fallen off twenty-five percent since he has been taking only one.

Birdie Marable has been served with a process in connection with a statement

she made that Mother LeTourneau was dead. Mabel Dodge had shown disagreement with a statement Jim had made, and Jim challenged her. Though a good woman, she often disagreed with him. The only way to do this is privately in writing.

Nettie Fleck lost forty pounds, the most anyone had lost last month. She was given a gift.

A special appeal is being made for funds to fight a court case to insure Inez Wagner's custody of her son, Mark. I had met Inez at the bus stop one morning some time ago, and she had told me that now that Mark is thirteen and capable of independence his father is trying to get custody of him. She was having to find private housing, as living in the Temple might prejudice her chances in the custody case.

The Skitsophrenics presented a skit, showing how various members behave in church and on the bus. Garry Lambrev, Vicki Moore, Patti Christian, Ron Talley, Don Casanova and others did imitations of Archie, Wesley Johnson, Mike Prokes, Polla Matteras, Penny Kerns, Don Sly and so on. The imitation of Wesley was outstanding.

Kaye Rosas was called up. She had called Vera Talley an obscene name, had screamed at her. Other bad-tempered and selfish acts were cited. Jim recognized an inbalance in his system was occurring, called for sugar, made a lunge at Kaye, shouting, "I can't stand any more of you white bitches." Mother Talley is dear to his heart because of what she has suffered. The staff had to restrain him and carry Kaye out. Jim had her brought back and ordered her to fight four black sisters. Three whom I knew were Annie McGowan, Lossie Lane and Jerry Bailey, all of them seniors. They all gave her a bad beating.

A long confession and appeal had been received from Hugh Doswell, who was in disfavor because of his arrogant words and actions following catharsis. He was still charging white domination of the movement. Jim would not allow the letter to be read. He also said boxing was not of any avail. Hugh was already feeling the effects in his body of Jim's meditation being withdrawn from him, would die if he did not show a change by Sunday. Hugh knew he was undergoing these effects, pleaded for mercy. Jim said he had not had a change of heart yet.

Lisa Layton's daughter has left her husband, has expressed a desire to join the Temple.

Several commendations were given: A young woman stayed in the tower in Redwood Valley ten hours, taking others' security shifts. Mother Lacy opened up her home to all of Mother Taylor's commune after the latter had been vandalized.

Drew is the school at which eleven (one more than originally planned) of our children are students. Jim said they were enjoying it so much.

After a healing and protection period, the congregation came to the altar.

I delivered my letter for Mike Prokes and saw Joyce Parks to consult her about seeing the nurses in Los Angeles for examination of my breasts.

I saw Terry Carter. She has been in the hospital, had an appendectomy and a growth removed from her uterus. She has lost much weight. She is living at Joyce Parks' house on the Temple grounds.

The service was out about 12.30. I was supposed to give a man a ride but couldn't find him. I gave to Jerry Bailey on the seniors' bus orders for skirts I had received at the office and money for a little pillow sold to Nicci.

I took home two of Contonia's grandchildren and Magnolia.

I washed dishes.

I read the newspaper for an hour. I went to bed at 3.00.

11 September - Th - I did some overhead work for Garb.

I estimated my financial situation for the rest of the month, preparatory to saving out enough money from my pay checks to take care of my Temple commitment and deciding how much I could pay back on my bank loan. Not having received a statement from the bank yet, I phoned them and arranged to make a payment today.

I ate my lunch at my desk.

I went to the bank.

I telephoned Lorraine to see whether she could go to the open meeting of the Temple on Saturday, 20 September. Members can invite anyone they wish, with the only restrictions people who are tolerant of George Wallace or politicians of his ilk, people who believe every word of the Bible is true, and those not open to miracles. Lorraine said she was going to be so busy for a few months that she was not going out at all. At present she is interviewing applicants for her manuscript typing. She has to have a whole new staff. Everything in the apartment has to be packed away to prepare for painters in October.

I exercised in the apartment.

I took care of chores in connection with my complexion and teeth and washed my hair while dinner cooked.

I ate my dinner, which consisted of vegetarian patties, yam, peppers stuffed with spaghetti and mushrooms, and honeydew melon. I washed dishes.

I washed underwear and the pant suit lent to me by Beulah Pendleton for the Disneyland trip.

I packed for the Los Angeles trip while I listened to "In Conversation."

I read for an hour.

It was nearly 2.00 before I got to bed.

12 September - F - I got my time card in; again most of my time was spent on overhead.

I was kept busy most of the day on work from Garb, as this was the last day before his vacation. I typed two memos on two jobs concerned with hotel construction in the Philippines. I also spent two hours on an Anaconda contract.

I ate lunch at my desk and went at 12.00 to the meeting of the Bechtel Women for Affirmative Action. A speaker, Dr. Marion Wood, discussed "Women in Management." She is a professor of business management.

In the afternoon I typed the first part of an analysis by Garb of the contract he has been negotiating with Iran Air. I had to work from his difficult hand-written draft. I stayed an hour overtime. I had not known how late I would be getting to the Temple service and was prepared to eat out and take a taxi. However, I did not do so but went home on the bus when finished.

I got home at 6.20, prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes. I finished packing and dressed.

I left for the Temple at 9.00. I parked on Geary. When I arrived in the auditorium, Jim was already on the podium.

A tape of a former sermon was played, his solemn words on the overthrow of Allende in Chile and the tortures of the socialists.

While he took the offering, Jim mentioned the Muslims, who, as in the Zebra trial, don't stand up for each other, get no benefits such as we have, but whose leaders have Rolls-Royces, and yet pay 33% of their gross income to their organization. Jim made a strong appeal to us to become communal, so that we can save money. New rooms are being made in the Temple. He asked for more people to move in, and some applicants had their names taken.

Tommy Moore and Bryan Davis are behaving better.

Derrin Purifoy was on the floor for threatening to fight. He was pretending to be tough. He is ungrateful after Jim had saved his life. He had to fight a girl. He protected his head and wouldn't fight back, was whipped badly.

Gary, small son of June Strain, had kicked a senior, wouldn't obey his mother, made fun of a brother with a scar. He also had to fight a girl, but he stood up to her well. However, his nose was bleeding, and he too was beaten.

Gary Johnson, a teen-ager, had called Joicy Clark obscene names when she corrected him for sitting on the Temple tables. His mom and natural brother gave other instances of his negative behavior. He had to box two men.

A number of youth were commended for cleaning out the Temple lounge so that it can be used again.

Joe Brown telephoned during the service. He wants to come back. Jim said we have not received any money from him. Jim instructed that he should be told to get a job and send money, which was the requirement.

After some healings, Jim called people by name to join the Temple. Members came up past the altar and the service ended at 12.00.

I got a seat on bus No. 3, moved my belongings from the car, and put the car in the Temple lot.

Fares were collected. We had a long wait. The hostesses gave instructions to passengers to keep quiet and let people rest, but young people in the back continued to chatter and giggle. The hostesses warned them again and again that offenders would be put out on the sidewalk, but they were still noisy. I expostulated angrily, as I had had a very hard day and had looked forward to going to sleep on the bus. Finally John Miles was sent in to the Temple; the others became quiet. The bus left at 2.30, and I got to sleep and didn't even wake at the rest stop.

13 September - S - The bus arrived at the breakfast stop at 8.15. I washed, ran, ate my food, brushed my teeth.

I talked to Ray Godshalk, who said his daughter, Elizabeth, had broken up with her husband, Dennis Toth, had come back and stayed with him and Viola for a while. But she had no inclination to return to the Temple and Viola finally reconciled herself to letting her go, though she hated to give up the twins. Elizabeth is working as a counselor at Trinity School in Ukiah.

Garry Lambrev told me who did the various imitations in the skit Wednesday night: He did Penny and David Smith, Vicki Moore did Archie, Tiny Solomon did Wesley Johnson, Patti Chastain did Mabel Hinds, wife of Maurice, Ron Talley did Don Sly and Mike Prokes, Jerry Bailey did Patty Cartmell.

Elaine Keeler (Pat) had told me she wanted to move in to the Temple but she had pets they wouldn't allow her to keep. I told her I'd mention this to someone in the Council as a problem for many who want to enter communal living. I saw Jack Beam and asked him about Temple policy. He said they had had very bad luck when they allowed people to bring animals in to the Temple, and at present they would not accept them. He said there were going to be three or four people to a room in the Temple building.

I apologized to Carolyn Looman for being so bad-tempered on the bus last night, but I suggested to her that she made a mistake in threatening what she was going to do to the young people and not carrying it out.

I read the newspaper and a little in Wilson. After the bus offering was taken, I slept. We arrived in Los Angeles at 12.30. Security was better organized than two weeks ago, and seniors were allowed through the line first. Consequently, there were fewer people in the bathroom, and I was dressed in half an hour and got a good seat.

Jim when he came on the podium referred to supposed intended attacks on President Ford with scepticism. The purpose was revealed the next day when Ford came out with a proposal for stricter police regulations. The result will be further interference with civil liberties of blacks. The capitalists will fight among themselves. We will have two years of concentration camps and tortures until the people finally achieve their freedom.

The skit parodying a Temple service and a trip on the bus was given again. New items had been added and some replacements made. Archie was done by Lee Ingram and Hugh Doswell by Jack Beam. An imitation of Paul Flowers was added.

A list of those who lent their cars for use by the Temple or for pamphleting was read.

Carolyn Wideman's behavior is much improved. She cleans the bus and assists the hostess.

Frances Johnson is doing an excellent job as recording secretary in Los Angeles.

Gary Johnson had bragged that he could have won his fight Friday night. He had to fight again. Everybody is to fight the best he or she can and not talk about the fight afterward. Gary had to fight four men. He was knocked out.

The service, after healings and altar call, was out about 6.30.

I had been asked to supervise Judy Houston and Lerna, daughter of Brenda Jones, of the Shaw-Houston commune. Brenda is head of the San Francisco ushers. I went downstairs where the children were eating to get Judy and Lerna, as Maxine Thomas, who was taking Beulah and her group home, was not inclined to wait. We were out of the Temple while it was still daylight, which is unusual. I had intended to have the nurses examine my breasts, but there was to be a nurses' meeting before examinations were done, and I could not wait.

For dinner we had franks, canned corn, bread and watermelon.

Beulah told me her husband was in jail for drunken driving and driving without a license. He has not had a license for fifteen years, has been convicted of drunken driving many times. Beulah didn't have the money

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for bail. Her daughter and children are still in the house. Beulah told me that, as Jim said, we don't need hell; this life is already hell.

Beulah called five families, mostly relatives, concerning the open service tomorrow, as Jim had suggested. They have all been in services previously. Two said they probably would come.

I read Wilson, went to sleep about 12.00.

14 September - Su - Beulah got me up at 8.30.

For breakfast I had fried eggs, bacon, and toast.

One of Beulah's grandsons came to take some of us to the service. Beulah and the others would go later with Maxine.

We arrived at the Temple at 11.00, but the line was long and security check very time-consuming. Chris Talley told me the check was particularly strict, as we had so many visitors. The visitors, she said, were also being admitted first. I didn't get into the service until 12.00, having missed the announcements, testimonies, and most of the music. I had to take a seat toward the back.

Jim when he came on the podium asked first for any questions. A member asked, why don't people stay after hearing the truth? Jim used the question as a basis for his entire sermon. He said it was a great mystery to him. "I think it is because people do not like to think." He then covered the usual points he makes when talking to new audiences. Some of them were: when you see God, you will be like him; God always has a body; ye are all gods; these things shall you do and greater. He had the congregation indicate by raising their hands the number of people who were brought back from the dead and those healed of various diseases or given prophecies which saved their lives. Naturally, jackleg preachers say I am the devil; they called Jesus the prince of devils, but devils cannot cast out devils. He went on to other themes: he who loses his life shall find it; you can't love someone you're afraid of; the only criterion set by Christ for being saved was the commandment to feed the hungry, free those who are imprisoned, and so on. Those who expect to see Jesus split the eastern sky will not see him, but he will be seen drunk lying in the alley. Jim attacked the King James Bible, explaining that the letter killeth, therefore the Bible murders. He wound up by specifying some of the errors in the Bible.

The nurses in the back of the auditorium gave a signal that someone was dead. Jim did not move from his place but brought the man back. It was Danny Kutulas, who came forward and embraced him.

Jim took the offering. It seemed to me that even members gave very little.

Very few healings were performed publicly, and the congregation, after being asked to file past the altar, was dismissed at 3.30.

I got into the food line early and was served relatively quickly. I brushed my teeth and changed clothes. I boarded my bus.

Jim met with the leadership group outside near his bus.

The buses left about 5.30. I read Wilson, had a few minutes' sleep. Then the bus offering was taken, and the second time around we raised the budgeted offering.

We drove to the park, but the lights were off, and Jim decided not to risk anything happening to our members, there being so much hostility. We went to the Button Willow rest stop instead, where we had about an hour's recreation. The children organized games and Jim, in a pejama suit, walked around observing.

I talked with C. J. about the significance of Bechtel's having hired George Shultz, former Secretary of the Treasury, and Caspar Weinberger, former head of Health, Education and Welfare.

I talked with Carol Stahl about Temple intentions to establish our own school, and she invited me to submit any suggestions I had.

The buses left the rest stop about 10.00. Getting the bus quiet required some effort. I read Wilson about an hour.

I slept very well, waking only at the rest stop.

We arrived in San Francisco at 3.45. I took Toby Stone and Marie Lawrence with their children home. I got home at 4.45.

15 September - M - I pressed clothes from 5.00 to 6.00.

I moved the car from Mrs. Heitmeier's driveway.

With Garb on vacation I didn't have much work. I typed a memo for John Stewart. John, who has been appointed the department's coordinator for the United Way campaign asked me to be one of his canvassers. The campaign will open this week, and all members of the department are to be solicited starting 1 October. No "hard sell" approach need be taken.

I worked on journal entries.

Glenn Hennington and I intended to sell Temple pamphlets today on our lunch hour. However, both of us forgot to bring them, so we will go tomorrow.

I ate lunch at my desk, as the weather was cold.

At home I exercised.

I prepared dinner. I was eating when I got a call from Tim asking if he could drop by. He was in the City for a Disciples' meeting. He came

about 7.00. He had already eaten at the Temple. This was the first time I have talked with him since Jim restored him after he was shot, except for a few words after a meeting and at the rest stop. He did not give me any information as to who might have shot him. I told him about my plans to give my car to the Temple. I discussed with him the possibility of my moving in to the hotel which the Temple might acquire and problems I might have in communal living, especially in writing this journal. I told him that I had had no communication with my sisters since my call to Mabs following Dorothy's escapade in Chicago, and that I felt relations with them are probably broken off. Tim left about 9.00.

I washed dishes.

I read the newspaper and Wilson. I had talked with Tim about this book, particularly the description in it of Lenin.

I went to bed at 12.00.

1 February - Su - I got up at 8.30.

We had for breakfast eggs, bacon, cinnamon toast; and I ate an orange.

I sewed up a shirt for Von, as he had burned his other shirt. Von had been dropped off last night about 1.30 after pamphleting.

Beulah's husband came and we left for the Temple service about 11.00 after getting all the children ready. The service had started when we arrived.

Jim was on the podium at 12.15.

A tape of a former sermon was played.

Jim reviewed the present political situation. Last night all the black leaders of a certain group had to be moved to an urban center; more he could not say. When we go we're going to take with us a little bit of America that belongs to us. Roy Wilkins of NAACP says there is no hope of avoiding a race war. Mayor Bradley is being framed; he told Jim so, though he hasn't done that much. Jim told of the attempt to pin a drug charge on him last week, which he thwarted.

The offering was taken. Several paid their $1,000.

In a question period, Jim first answered a question from a woman who, he was told, thought that what Jim preached seemed to be against the Bible. She was from the Apostolic Church. Jim quoted inconsistent statements in the Bible, read lies which are in the Bible. "You are saved by the foolishness of preaching." It is wrong to think devils can do miracles. He turned to the story of the ancestry of Jesus and the conflict in gospel stories about it.

(2) A man wanted to know what Jim meant by "I am the beginning and the end." Jim answered that anyone can be what he thinks he is. The only judgment Jesus made was based on feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and so on.

(3) If Ford is sending troops to Angola, why doesn't he send troops to South Africa and Rhodesia? Jim: The missionaries in South Africa took away the people's freedom. In Angola the Americans are trying to back a racist regime like that of South Africa. The CIA is recruiting white men in England to fight in Angola.

(4) Is there eternal life? Answer: The soul is eternal; you can have immortal life. Jim referred to his bringing people back to life. But if we are not careful, the white man is going to get us to put heaven way out front and neglect the good life for people in the here and now.

There was a healing session.

Jim took a second offering.

Several were called by name to be admitted to the church.

The service was dismissed about 4.00.

I ate at the senior's table.

The buses left Los Angeles about 5.30. I read Friday's newspaper. After the offering was taken, I went to sleep.

We had a long break at Button Willow at 8.30. I ran. Rick Cordell came on the bus to take a special offering. He said that many who had pledged for the laser beam protective device for Jim had not kept their pledges, and Jim would not take the money from the general fund for the purpose. Rick appealed to us again. I gave an additional $5.00. I questioned Rick about the protection provided for Jim's food and drink. He said investigations were being conducted of both inside and outside security.

The buses left Button Willow about 10.00.

At the rest stop about 1.30 we were all told to get off the buses. We learned that bus No. 10 back about eight miles had lost a wheel. Bus No. 12 went back to help, and the passengers on 12 boarded the other San Francisco buses. Children filled the aisles. I held Billy, June Strain's child, on my lap.

At the stop I did some running. I spoke to Rheaviana about moving to a commune, telling her that I was under a good deal of pressure on my job and didn't have the time to dispose of my belongings. I asked her to mark my file, "Not Ready." She said eighty-eight people were moving up from Los Angeles into communes.

Although I was somewhat cramped, I went to sleep again, as did Billy.

We arrived in San Francisco at 4.30. Rob Christian was waiting for us, took me with several others home.

I unpacked. I pressed clothes for an hour.

2 February - M - Dorothy was occupied all day entering changes in the insurance report and secrecy agreements report on which I had done some preliminary work; she said it was very monotonous. She did not have much other work to do.

I transcribed some drafts, a letter and two short memos, from a tape of John Milu whose secretary has just left. They were on labor discrimination matters.

At noon I went to the meeting of the Bechtel Women for Affirmative Action. They had as guest speakers two women from the National Association of Women in Construction, who described the organization. It is open to any female employee of a company having construction as a major part of its business. Thus secretaries, administrative assistants,

accountants of such firms are eligible. Attendance was very sparse; a number of men were present. The speakers disavowed any dedication to the women's liberation movement, which drew a reaction from the chairperson.

I ate my lunch during the meeting.

I spent the afternoon on the MagCard.

Dorothy was in a chatty mood and told me something of her background and life experience. She was adopted at the age of three, knows nothing of her origins. Her adopted parents were Irish Catholics.

At home I exercised.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I typed in my journal from 9.30 to 11.30.

I read newspapers for an hour.

I went to bed at 1.30.

3 February - T - I had little office work to do. I practiced some more on the MagCard.

I started a letter to my sister Dorothy.

Dorothy Stookey continued in a talkative mood. She told me of bearing and rearing six children, of her divorce, and her daughter's suicide.

I ate at my desk. I was too late to go to the employees' film. I went out to buy a typewriter ribbon and some emergy boards. I bought an ice cream cone.

At home I exercised.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I typed in my journal from 9.00 to 11.30. I proofread the 16 to 31 May section.

I mended underwear while listening to "In Conversation." Hendrik Smith, New York Times correspondent, was interviewed about a book he has written on his experiences in the Soviet Union, called The Russians, by Nat Hentoff. He made observations on such subjects as corruption and influence and juvenile delinquency.

I read newspapers for an hour.

I went to bed at 1.45.

4 February - W - The weather turned cold today and rain was predicted by nightfall.

I didn't have much work to do this morning. I continued with a letter started to Dorothy on the MagCard but made a mistake when putting corrections in and wiped out the material already on the card, had to start again. I made some changes.

At lunchtime I went to the PG&E auditorium to hear one of the lectures in the Bicentennial program put on by San Francisco State University. The speaker was Roberta Johnson, a political science professor whom I did not know. She spoke on the status of minorities, particularly on women's liberation. In the question period, some men in the auditorium disagreed with her about the desirability of a new role for women. Not many people were in attendance.

I had to finish my lunch when I got back to work, as eating was not allowed in the auditorium.

I tried to continue with the letter to Dorothy, but Dorothy Stookey started to talk again on the subject of religion and philosophy of life. The family which adopted her raised her as a Catholic, but in her teens she became dissatisfied with the church's teaching. She tried various denominations and finally joined the Mormons in Utah. She doesn't attend church any more, said she could not have positions of leadership on account of her smoking, but she agrees with them in general. She thinks Americans are not aggressive, believes that one's situation in life is part of God's plan, thinks it is laudable to acquire wealth, and so on.

At the end of the afternoon I made some corrections on another contract of Fred Abbott but did not get through.

I did not take a nap when I got home, as a Temple message came last night that the Temple would be on the air tonight from 6.00 to 7.00. I didn't know whether it was to be on radio or TV. I listened to KGO on the radio and heard nothing. I phoned Magnolia about 6.30 and learned that there was an item of about ten minutes on TV concerning the attempt to keep Marie Lawrence from going to jail. Marie and Jim were both shown.

I ate a quick dinner, dressed and started to wash dishes.

Magnolia called me when Marshall Ferris came to pick her up, and he gave me a ride also. We arrived at the Temple about 7.45.

During the offering Jim wanted to know when people were paying their $1,000 pledges; if not within a month, they were to write why on an envelope.

Commendations were given.

Martin Amos was brought on the floor. He is iresponsible. He loses things such as his coat and books. Of Socko, he said he could beat her ass; he had to fight her and raise $10 pamphleting.

Evelyn Wideman has not been responsible with the membership books, on which she works. She has not returned some files.

Doreen Greaves brought in a good deal of money holding two jobs. She has had a wholesome attitude.

It was announced that Ruby Bailey had been engaged in religious practices. She became ill and died. Jim said, "Don't ever go back and join another church."

Christine Bates is showing a better attitude.

It was reported that Yvonne Hayden had behaved worse than when she lived with Jewel Wilson, who beat her up when she made a misstep.

Ron Crawford is doing good work. He needs improvement in his chauvanistic attitude.

Martha Klingman is trying to learn shorthand. She will help in a Temple office.

Lois Pons did a courageous and loyal thing.

Tommy Kutulas has become alienated, has been out of service. He was feeling sorry for himself when his parents, Danny and Edie, broke up. He admits he associates with honkies, ignores his brothers. He talked about leaving now that he has his car paid for. He wrote an apology, wants to be in a commune. It was agreed that he would stay in the Valley until the family property is sold.

Jim said that some young people went out to help with adults. They would die to get back. We are in communication with them.

Ronnie Sines wants to adopt a black child.

Difficulties with Ken Norton were reported. Jim said his reactions were juvenile. He admitted he was hostile and childish. He contributed to the destructive behavior of Stan Gieg. Jim said he must bring in $100.

A reported use of witchcraft by Rosita Lewis and involving also Etta Thompson in connection with Norton resulted in a hilarious episode. Jim joked about Rheaviana's piss bucket, which he said was heard instead of anyone practicing witchcraft.

The case concerning Yvonne Hayden was not heard, as Jim wanted to wind up the catharsis session and go into healing. The bus had to leave promptly at 12.30 for Los Angeles, as Marie Lawrence would be in court tomorrow at 9.00 and Temple members would be with her. There was to

be an hour's government meeting before departure.

After one revelation, which was a cycle, Jim closed the meeting, requiring the congregation to come to the altar.

Jim announced that all must pamphlet each day for seven days next week.

I left with Marshall Ferris and Magnolia at 11.30. It was raining.

I finished the dishes.

I read for an hour.

I went to bed at 1.30.

5 February - Th - The rain last night turned into snow, and all over the Bay Area snow was lying on the ground. In my neighborhood there were still snow flurries when I came out. The nearby hills got several inches. It was quite cold and remained so all day.

I had much free time today. This week I have been able to do considerable personal work. I finished the letter to Dorothy using the MagCard and charged the time to training.

Dorothy went over the corrections I had made on the computer in Abbott's contract and found numerous flaws in what I had done. In most of them I had merely done more work than was required, but in other cases I was not aware of the results which I would have obtained. She typed up a critique which I studied.

In order to fulfill the requirement to pamphlet every day for seven days, I will have to put time in during my lunch hour on weekdays. Today I took vegetable juice instead of soup in my thermos and saved my orange until later.

I took my check to the bank, deposited it, and got some cash. Then I pamphleted on California Street. Perhaps because of the cold but also because people have been over-solicited by Temple workers by now, I received only one quarter. We have to reach only twenty people a day, and I spent less than half an hour.

I rearranged material in my desk. I spent a little time on journal entries.

At 3.00 I took dictation from Ron Hartsough and typed a Telex and two letters for him, mostly having to do with the London office. I finished a little after closing time.

Betty Barclay gave me a ride home. She stopped by her house because she wanted to give me some suits she no longer wears. She had three good wool knit suits which I can probably wear. They are all light beige or yellow. Betty has bought a little one-bedroom house on Twin Peaks and is still moving her furniture in. It is attractive and the

location is good. The Twin Peaks area was pretty under the snow.

I got home about an hour late. I didn't do any exercising.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I tried on the suits Betty gave me. One fits well. I'll take out the hem of one and let it down. The third suit is too tight and too long. I'll have to lose weight to wear it, and it will have to be taken up.

I washed my underwear and several outer garments.

I did a few personal tasks but did not wash my hair. It continues to look very nice. I took my bath, ending with cold water, as I always do, though I heated the bathroom first with hot water, as the temperature was low.

I read newspapers.

I went to bed at 1.45.

6 February - F - I was about fifteen minutes late but Dorothy was even later.

After preparing my time card, I did not have much work to do and spent most of the day practicing on MagCard. I have reached new material which I had not mastered before.

At lunchtime I ate at my desk. I went to the bank to get my bank book which I had forgotten.

I pamphleted for less than half an hour until I had asked twenty people for donations. I did better than yesterday, perhaps because the weather was better.

Betty Vasil came in to discuss with Dorothy overtime she had worked, charging it to the secrecy agreements report for Galbreath. Betty told Dorothy that she was not to put in overtime without permission, and that this particular job was routine. She wouldn't have given permission for working overtime on it. Dorothy couldn't understand the limitation on her will to get the work done, and even after Betty left she so expressed her feelings on the subject.

When I got home I exercised.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed the dishes.

I made calendar entries from my journal and made corrections, finishing the 16 to 31 May section.

I read Kerényi for an hour. I went to bed at 1.30.

7 February - S - I got up at 8.30. I wanted to get an early start so that I could pamphlet for half an hour.

I left the apartment about 10.00. Showers had been forecast but only a few drops of rain fell.

I intended to pamphlet at the Coop. I surveyed the store and its surroundings so as to select the best place to ask for donations. Since there is no one entrance to the Coop, I first went over to Cost Plus a block away, but not many people were coming in, so I went back to the Coop and stood at the door near the roof parking lot. I solicited donations from about 11.30 to 12.00. Though traffic was not heavy, people were on the whole friendly, usually asked questions about the church, and were generous. One woman told me about seeing the article concerning Marie in the San Francisco Examiner. One young man gave me what change he had but said he was a Buddhist and did not want to read our literature. I collected $4.71.

I then shopped for groceries. I spent less than usual.

I took a taxi home, arriving about 2.30.

I put my groceries away.

I prepared a meal and ate and washed dishes.

I cleaned the apartment quickly.

I lay down for half an hour and slept, got up at 5.45 and phoned Christians, though I did not expect them to be going early. However, Rob had the day off and picked me up a little after 6.00.

People had come down from the Valley as well as from Los Angeles and Fresno.

The showing of The Pawnbroker, featuring Rod Steiger and directed by Sidney Lumet, began shortly. Dick Tropp made explanatory remarks. The sound was bad but better than usual, and I followed the development of the plot fairly well. I understood the picture better than I had when I had seen it before. Both Dick and Jim, who commented later, emphasized that the ghetto environment was little short of a concentration camp already. Everyone was lonely and money was the only thing having any meaning.

The regular service began about 9.30.

Jim reported Senator Cranston on Nixon's threat to push the button and start a nuclear war, of which Jim had told us at the time. The threat always can be carried out. In spite of favorable publicity which the Temple has received, a gang of three hundred gathered in Ukiah with baseball bats and would have attacked the Temple but for Jim.

Jim spoke again of Ruby Bailey's alienation from the Temple. She had joined another church, clung to the Bible. She left the Temple service early.

While taking the offering, Jim pressed those who had pledged $1,000 to get it in. If we do not have it in within a month, our protection is seriously threatened.

Jim was angry because Congress voted not to allow any member to tell what the CIA and FBI do.

Jim asked if there were any questions. (1) Someone asked about Nixon's visit to China. Jim said China was pleased Nixon opened relations with them. China wants to show she dislikes Ford's policy. Nixon was just one crook among many.

(2) Valor inquired about the Russians in Angola. She read about it in Newsweek. Jim responded: There should be some sympathy with what made Patty Hearst a revolutionist temporarily. Some of you are so capitalistic that your children would do the same if exposed to such influence. The SLA was premature in its terrorism which is only justified when people are united. Hearst cannot get his daughter free without a group. Valor said she read that the Cubans didn't want to go to Angola, but Castro made them. Isn't Castro a dictator? Jim described his experiences in Cuba in pre-Castro days. He and Mother took captured young girls out of houses of prostitution owned my missionaries. Jim said Mrs. Hearst was beginning to wake up. Nobody is secure under capitalism. He told what Cuba had achieved since Castro has been in power. "If you don't need me, I'll go there tonight."

Jim discontinued the question period and preached: I feel bitter at eating food in America because every bite comes from some black, brown or yellow. We should refuse to pay taxes. I would fight tonight if some of you weren't afraid. You're just here for the healings. He spoke of the difficulty of getting any news favorable to the Temple in the newspapers. How long do we have to wait? I'm not stopping until these bastards are cleaned out. He said thirty banks are in trouble.

Jim expatiated on those who say things are getting better. "They" love us, he repeated sarcastically. Why aren't there more white people in this church?

He spoke of the difference between those who drink or are addicted to heroin and those addicted to religion. At least they get something out of it. "Religious folk don't get nothing." He commented that those who are going to heaven "better hope you go at noon. If you go at midnight, you might go to hell."

On unhappiness in life, he mentioned his mother: I wished she had played hookey when she played nookey. Of course, rubbers were just tissues in those days. To a woman who looked "funny," "I'd like to have a dollar for every rubber you've had in you."

"The last orgasm I'd like to have is death if I could take you all with me."

Jim remarked that there were many guests here tonight. He dwelt on the errors in the Bible, offering the yellow book he had prepared showing the errors in the Bible.

"To bring people into this world is a cruel thing to do."

If somebody hadn't torn up the Bible, your ass would still be tied to the cotton fields. You'd still be getting off the sidewalk for white people. You still couldn't eat in restaurants.

We used to have a church half white, half black. White people don't come any more. There is bigotry at the heart of this nation.

Speaking on preachers screwing other men's wives, Jim said, let's wait and do our screwing when we get our freedom. It's a poor time to be screwing when you're about to lose your ass.

Jim combined healings with taking another offering.

The meeting was dismissed at 12.00.

I saw Rita Tupper who told me her youngest son, Larry, was now with her. He is in the fifth grade.

Beulah had not come today. Judy Flowers assigned to me for housing a woman from Fresno, Ethel Prewitt. After an hour's wait, Christians took us home.

We had some toast, peanut butter and jam.

Ethel does domestic work, owns her home in Fresno, has four adult children, three of whom live with her. One is married and has two children. She had been a member of the same church as Mabel Davis, Deliverance Temple.

We went to bed at 2.30, Ethel in my bed.

8 February - Su - I got up at 9.00.

I prepared breakfast: grape juice, eggs, hamburger patties, toast, jam and Sanka. I washed dishes.

Ethel's outlook seems to be regret that the rights blacks won in the civil rights movement have not been enough. Now they have to give all that up, abandon their property. She kept saying it was hard if you owned your home. I gather that only one daughter is interested in the Temple. I advised her to see the Temple attorneys about turning her property over to the Temple. Jim had indicated that people are transferring ownership of their houses but continuing to live in them.

I went down to buy a Sunday paper. It was raining lightly.

Christians made a late start and we didn't get into service until after 12.00.

Jim was on the podium at 12.40.

A tape was played of a former sermon.

The offering was taken.

Jim denounced Neva Sly. She left Jim's mother without care after giving her a double dose of medicine that would have killed her without a miracle. Neva had been drinking with bigots, was on the point of leaving when Jim caught her. She had better go five hundred miles away. We will not forget our enemies. Her husband and son stood fast.

Jim became angry at some who did not stand when he was talking about black freedom. He demanded to know how the greeters let them in. We are naturally suspicious when people sit silent when we are standing and applauding. Black people always do the work of the honky, as Martin Luther King, Jr.'s mother was killed by a black man.

Jim said the system is not going to let any more black leaders arise, according to Jet magazine.

A woman who is going communal asked if she has to give up her poodles. Jim: We can find some place for your poodles. But the time will come when our children will have to have priority.

Jim explained why we turn people away. They support Wallace, would be willing to go to concentration camp, would submit to a dictatorship because the Bible says, "Servants, obey your master, obey those who have rule over you." The Bible will be used to put you back into slavery.

A second question: How long will Kissinger keep his job? Jim: Kissinger will die much before his time.

A third question: Where did the prayer, "Our Father," come from? Jim analyzed it phrase by phrase, concentrating on the words "Lord, kingdom, heaven, forgiving our debtors, leading us into temptation." (He, God, made evil.) I don't give nobody unconditional power and glory for one day, let alone forever.

Hugh Doswell was called up. He took Jim's car, tried to take the children away. He was feeling numb, as Jim stated. Jim said, "In a little bit, you're going to fall over." Jim advised him to talk fast. Hugh begged for another chance to exist in this wonderful organization, live up to his responsibility. He had wrecked his wife's car, threatened to leave. Hugh cited the progress he had already made. Jim said he has a childish tendency to challenge authority. This is called anarchy. Jim caused him to go down, said for his children's sake he will let him

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live. He will be resurrected.

Jim took another offering. He decreed that all should give something. He severely demanded that commitments be paid in at least a month.

Healings were performed.

Those who were invited to become members came up; Jim healed many of them. Jim said there had been eighty visitors today.

The meeting was dismissed at 4.00. Jim had raised Hugh Doswell. Hugh was for the rest of the day very white and silent.

I took a bus home. I prepared and ate my meal. I looked up the clothes I had to give to the Temple and to Goodwill (those not good enough for Temple people to wear). I made lists of the former, in order to give them to Millie Cunningham and Carolyn Looman, who might know people in the communes who could use them.

I took the bus back to the Temple. The evening service was scheduled for 7.00, but when I arrived at 7.35, the members were still downstairs. Presumably the Planning Commission was still meeting upstairs. Strict silence was imposed, even on children. I worked on journal entries. A little before 9.00 we were told we could come upstairs.

No clue was given us as to what the long Planning Commission meeting had been about, except that all children living in any Bay Area commune were requested to come to the Gold Room with their parents and supervisors. Some problem may have arisen about their schooling.

Rides were arranged.

Jim took the offering.

A complaint was made about the way the telephone is answered in the Temple. Those speaking on the phone were ordered to be polite and cooperative.

Several more sisters have had their teeth wired in order to lose weight. Each told how much weight she had lost. Sue Noxon has lost seventy pounds.

Patty McCoy was commended. She is an example to the children. She passes out envelopes during the offerings.

Vivian Gainous was called up. She had been away from work for three weeks. She said she was working in a different building. Jim asked that she bring a verification of days worked on her office letterhead.

Irvin Perkins was called up for smoking and fined $100. He had talked to Ron Talley about Ron's being called on the floor. Jim asked him whether he had told Talley that he might be on the floor tonight. (Ron was not in the meeting.) Irvin said no. He had smoked with Ron.

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Pam Bradshaw said she and Ron went to a park in his car. Jim said Ron runs from one woman to another, then lets them down. She admitted that it was not the first time with Ron. Jim said he doesn't contribute anything to the cause, begs money on the street for his own use. Jim said she often had a look of hostility on her face. She was questioned about her attitude on supporting his weakness. There was a discussion of Pam's marriage with Russ Moton which was for reasons of convenience. She admitted she wanted companionship. She said she wanted to stay, can't exist without Father. She promised to stay away from men. Jim: What basis is there for thinking you'll change? He said he was hurt and disillusioned. He gave her another chance. Clare said Council is going to set up strict regulations for her; she'll have no time alone.

Talley had left the meeting. A delegation went after him, but he refused to let his own sister in. Jim said he shall be banned from entrance without his permission.

Pam had to go four rounds with Linda Mertle. She took a beating. Jim said: I guess I still do believe in you.

Jim talked about the pain of watching the fight. "I cannot wish that any of us will be hurt. I hate these fights."

Los Angeles members left.

Johnny Yates wanted to know what to do when someone comes up on you without warning with a weapon (a shoe heel). The accused woman is the woman whom Jim cured of bone cancer. She said that Johnny stepped on her foot and didn't apologize. Jerry Brady reported that she is very bad-tempered with relation to the man who is her companion. Jim said to Johnny: You are dealing with a senior; don't retaliate with violence, but report the situation.

Jim said he was meeting the Mayor and several other prominent leaders at breakfast tomorrow. He was obviously exhausted. Jack Beam said both the women should remember from what Jim has brought them. Johnny was healed by him as well. Jim said all relationships depress him. They're death. Couples are alliances for treason. "My love will not reach you if you put a piece of flesh between you and me."

Talley had arrived. He was charged with using drugs. He had been with Diane Lundquist in a hotel and was thrown out. Instances of his leading women to expect marriage were cited. Ron admitted he had manipulated people, used the church structure to do what he wanted to do. He is lazy. Debbie Blakey gave him, an able-bodied man, money to pay his rent. He said his workman's compensation hadn't come yet. Jim: There is no excuse for two counselors (Debbie and Grace) giving money to this man. He hasn't paid it back. This is going to be used against us. Archie said he should turn his car over. Michelle Wagner said she had had an affair with Ron. She said her relationship with L. C. Davis is over. Michelle seemed to be complaining that Jim had her watched. Jim asked if some of her behavior did not justify his trying to keep

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an eye on her.

Ron had to fight David Gainous and Ken Norton. He was thoroughly beaten by Norton. He said that he had been a poor representative of socialism and would do better. Jim, apparently referring to both Pam and Ron, said he was puzzled why it took physical punishment for them to decide to do right. He had become increasingly sad and tender, in contrast to his rather terrifying aspect in the morning when he denounced Uncle Toms, felled Hugh, and predicted ill consequences from insufficient offerings. He was suffering from the prolongation of the meeting.

After a brief healing period, Jim ended the meeting at 12.50.

Christians left soon. Vern has had an operation on her foot and wasn't working on the concession stand. Conversation in the car was on the compulsory seven-day pamphleting period, which most interpreted as starting tomorrow.

I read Kerényi for an hour.

I went to bed at 2.30.

9 February - M - I was early in getting to work today and arrived before Dorothy who was late on account of trouble with her son's car. I finished journal entries for the weekend.

I made changes in an inter-entity agreement for Rita.

I worked on the MagCard instruction book.

At lunchtime I drank some vegetable juice and ate an orange at my desk and went out to pamphlet. The weather was quite cold. I tried the Embarcadero first and had no luck, so I moved over near Embarcadero Center, but I could not get any money. I was gone longer than I should have been, and Dorothy seemed displeased when I got back to the office.

O'Neill had brought in two contracts from Garb on the International Airport Hotel Bechtel is building for Saudi Arabia, with a cover memo. I started to put the contracts on ATS and worked on one of them until past closing time. Dorothy advised me on the commands I needed for the title page and first page.

I exercised when I got home.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed the dishes.

I made corrections and calendar entries for the journal section of 16 to 31 May, finishing this section. I started to read the June entries.

I mended underwear while listening to "In Conversation."

I read Kerényi.

I went to bed at 1.30.

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10 February - T - I spent most of the day on the two contracts for Garb concerning the Riyadh, Saudi Arabia International Hotel Project, which I finished putting on the computer. This is the first time Dorothy has had me enter an entire contract.

I intended to drink my juice quickly and get out pamphleting on my lunch hour, but I was too busy. I decided not to go. I went instead to the post-office and bought some stamps.

During the afternoon I had a chance to read more of my June journal entries preparatory to typing them.

In order to get my pamphleting done for the day I went after work to California Street. I solicited contributions for only fifteen minutes, enough to ask twenty people. I made about $2.00. The weather was pleasant. I took another half hour going and coming — I had to go back to the office for my basket with my day's supplies, so I was late getting home.

I exercised.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes. I also put food in the oven for tomorrow.

I started typing the June entries. I finished five pages.

I pressed clothes while listening to "In Conversation."

I read newspapers. I had bought a San Francisco Chronicle. I subscribed to the Examiner as requested by Jim but have not found it on the doorstep yet. Someone from the Circulation Department phoned me after I had complained, and promised me it would be delivered.

I went to bed at 1.45.

11 February - W - I made some corrections in Garb's Saudi Arabian contract on ATS.

I didn't have much more work to do, and Dorothy again began talking, which prevented me from doing any more work on my journal entries. She gave me more details about the Mormons. She is particularly interested in their theories about the afterlife. She explained to me why the Mormons do so much work in genealogy.

I ate my lunch at my desk. I wanted to get through early so that I could pamphlet, but I have difficulty leaving Dorothy. However, I did succeed in going out and solicited contributions on California Street for about fifteen minutes. I did especially well, taking in $3.25. The day was warm and sunny.

A new legal assistant brought in some typing, a project requiring legal citations, about 4.15. Dorothy divided the material between us. She gave me some which was already typed in draft and kept the part which

was in his handwriting. I wanted to leave on time but was fifteen minutes late.

I slept from 6.00 to 7.00.

I ate the food I had prepared last night. I dressed for the service.

I wasn't ready to go with Magnolia and Marshall Ferris; I went with Christians at about 8.15.

They dropped me and the children at the Temple and they went on to pamphlet, as Rob had not been able to earlier.

I got into the service about 8.30. I couldn't find seats up front for Bobby and me and had to sit toward the back with groups of noisy children and young people. They eventually moved upstairs and the atmosphere became more peaceful.

Jim was on the podium at about 9.30.

Jim said two cases in the news throw light on American justice. The Deputy Mayor of Los Angeles, Jewish, was convicted of fondling the genitals of a police officer. But Billy J. Bargis, a right wing evangelist, admitted relations with four boys. He didn't face any charges. The Los Angeles police tried to entrap us in the same way as the Deputy Mayor had been. Mayor Bradley's other deputy was arrested for drug possession.

The offering was taken.

Commendations were given.

Children had been left at school after closing time; the person responsible was not there on time. The principal called the Temple. Jim said the person responsible was disciplined. We had trouble getting children into schools outside of the districts they live in. The school system made special provisions for us. The responsible coordinator had to bring in $500 in four weeks, and one person who was partly responsible had to bring in $100.

An enemy of ours is lying over at Sutter Street "resting."

Diane Lundquist, Alan Swallow, and Gary Lambrev were brought on the floor. Diane was not here Sunday. Alan told her her name was mentioned. Gary did also. Diane had called Grace. Diane said she was with Talley, but no sex was involved. Alan and Gary were fined $100 for gossiping. Diane has to pay $100 for giving support to Talley. Diane said she gave Ron $10 and thinks she should pay. Jim said he doesn't punish for honesty. Jim asked Gary if it were true that he refused to into a commune in the Valley. Gary said he couldn't move out at the time on account of a play he was rehearsing. He kept putting the move off. Dorothy Worley said he tied up the telephone at the relics shop. Gary said he was talking

about the play. Helen Swinney said he complained about being pushed. Alan also procrastinated about entering the commune. He admitted his reasons were selfish. Gary and Alan's relationship was questioned. Gary said it was not a sex relationship, but mental. Jim: You can carry on your mental relationship in a commune, can't you?

Connie Fromm has an excellent record in the county.

Inez Wagner does a magnificent job on the Justice Committee.

Mark Boutte is acting as if being on Council entitles him to throw his weight around. He was given a penalty.

Esther Muehler (who acts as housekeeper of the parsonage at Redwood Valley) couldn't pay her bus fare, and remarks were made about it. She has been with Father since Indianapolis days, has been communal for years. Next to Edith Cordell, she is the oldest member. Her family was going to put her in a mental hospital. She has been raised from the dead and saved from cancer. Jim introduced her so that all members will know who she is.

Dorothy Buckley is taking responsibility with the young people in Redwood Valley.

David Smith complained that his children didn't get enough for Christmas.

Annie McGowan helped Nat Swaney after the loss of Maxine.

Bob Rankin and Jerry Ray had a fight. Rankin was not in the service. Jim ordered that no one tell him his name had been brought up.

Dee-Dee Macon has made great progress. She confronts her children about their errors.

Lee Ingram went to sleep and lost his job in PG&E. His companion suggested he move to the city, work at two jobs and raise $1,000 in a week. Jim said he's too old and too ugly. Lee offered to hold two jobs and do church work as well and raise $500 in two weeks. The offer was accepted.

A report was received that Rocki Breidenbeck is sleeping with a pet lovebird, which caused a good deal of fun. She seems happy. Jim said the case was dismissed.

Yolanda Williams thinks her mom should be on Council for all the shit she puts up with from Harry Williams. Her mom is Rosemary Williams.

Chris Buckley has improved one hundred percent since he and Bryan Davis are apart.

Kevin Davis is improving miraculously. He had epileptic seizures.

Yolanda said Harry constantly talks or complains since Rosemary got

her teeth wired. When she goes to Los Angeles he worries that she has a boy friend. Jim said Harry has been doing good work around the church, lets him off. Rosemary was put on the Council.

Vern Gosney and Diane Lundquist were called up. Both are gay. They crossed racial lines for the sake of demonstrating integration. But she said she didn't reckon with "his being a bigger bitch than I am." Vern countered that she wanted a sexual relationship. She would have stayed in Talley's room if she hadn't been kicked out. Jim perceived that Diane was on drugs. She told him they were diet pills. Jim said they are speed, can be extremely dangerous. He said she was going to be brought off them. She gets them from Dr. Marsh in Ukiah; he has given drugs to many people. Diane is to stay in the Temple for treatment.

David Smith said that the Christmas problem had been solved. Jim assigned him a $50 penalty for gossiping.

It was reported that Joyce Shaw doesn't come to church on time, misses meetings. Vivian Gainous said she uses any excuse. Joyce admitted the charges, said she has started a new job from 9.00 to 5.00, will be in services. Joyce proposed that she raise $400, which was accepted.

A number of young men were brought up for involvement with drugs. One had a pistol; it was broken, but he should have thrown it away. One named Ken sold pot and barbiturates. Jim had gotten him out of jail. One was behaving really badly at home and at school. Jim assigned penalties to all. They have to be at church tomorrow and Friday for pamphleting.

Jim took another offering.

Jim read a letter from Becky Beikman in the promised land. She has lost one hundred pounds. She told of animals and new buildings, including a garage. We will have our own theater. She named recent movies that had been shown.

Jim said he can tell where you are in consciousness by how far you slip toward the back row.

Kenny had to fight Joe Wilson.

I turned in the last journal section I had done to Grace Stoen and left the electric clock Dorothy had given me for Andy Silver. A Temple message had said he needed one with an alarm.

Diane Lundquist was knocked out.

The meeting ended after healings about 12.30.

Jann Gurvich asked if she could stay all night with me. I told her yes, but she would have to come home with the Christians, as Marshall Ferris, who was giving me a ride, had a load. I got home about 1.00. Jann

later phoned me that she couldn't find the Christians and went home with someone else.

I did the dishes.

I read newspapers. I went to bed at 2.45.

12 February - Th - I worked all morning and about two hours in the afternoon for Ron Hartsough. His secretary was ill. I worked from dictation and already typed material on a proposed contract of a Bechtel affiliate, C&I Girdler, for an ammonium nitrate plant.

I ate quickly at my desk. I had vegetable juice and an orange. I took my check to the bank, deposited it and got some cash.

Then I leafleted on California Street but did not do very well, although the day was beautiful. I worked only fifteen minutes.

I practiced a short while on the MagCard.

Hartsough also wanted someone to work overtime and Dorothy asked me if I wanted to do it. I had to wait for Hartsough to return from a meeting at 5.15. He gave me some items which had already been drafted, gave me some dictation and xeroxing to do. He signed a letter and a memo before he left.

I finished at 7.00. I took the bus up Geary. I had a steak sandwich and a soft drink for $2.72. We can collect $2.50 for dinner with two hours or more of overtime.

I took the bus home, where I arrived at 8.30.

I had a letter from Dorothy. She is secretary of "Women Strike for Peace."

I did some personal chores and washed my hair.

I phoned Lorraine. She and Dorothy Carnie are going to visit a friend near Sacramento on the weekend. I told her what news I had.

I washed my underwear.

I packed for the Los Angeles trip. I was listening to "In Conversation."

I read newspapers. I was asleep about an hour in my chair. I got up and went to bed at 2.30.

13 February - F - Rain had fallen during the night and it drizzled all day.

After getting my time card in and finishing details concerning Hartsough's work, I did not have much work to do. I practiced on the MagCard, was able to do some personal work. I brought journal entries up to date and recorded expenditures for the past several days.

At lunchtime I ate at my desk, then went out to buy a paperback to read on the weekend trip, as I had lost The Invisible Man by Ralph Ellison on the bus. A shop on Mission was having a sale, and I bought a hardback for $1.75 plus tax, Theodore Roszak's Where the Wasteland Ends: Politics and Transcendence in Postindustrial Society. I also bought a paperback, The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks.

About 4.15 the office received an overload request for the typing of a three-page letter agreement and cover letter. I proofread with Kate and ran off some xerox copies; I finished only about 5.00.

On getting home, I prepared and ate dinner, finished packing, dressed. I had washed the dishes but had not rinsed them when Rob called. It was about 8.30.

We got into the service about 9.10. I was in charge of the two children again, as Rob and Vern went pamphleting. The congregation was singing.

One of Jim's tapes was played.

Jim was on the podium at 9.45.

During the offering people were asked to give the date they will have their $1,000 within the next fifty-three days.

Jim conducted a question period. One man asked about a group which had some literature and tapes concerned with cleaning up the courts. Jim was not very optimistic about advocating any improvement unless it involves socialism. He asked to see the literature. He was against spending money for the tapes.

The most interesting inquiry was that of Rev. Edwards: The Muslims are now professing loyalty to the system, will back Mayor Daley. Jim said they may have had to do this to be safe. However, you can walk with the devil but you don't need to kiss his ass. Some changes they are making are promising. They are getting rid of some religious superstitions and are willing to admit white people.

Discussion of the Muslims led Jim to talk about the Bible, sprinkling his discourse with obscenities.

"Who the hell is in here tonight?" he inquired. "Some people are not even cracking a smile." He perceived a young person who thought he was wrong to talk against God. He talked to her individually. "You're too young to be holding on to God." Jim had saved her dad from jail. He explained that he's not the creator, but a saviour. He told her how the white man used the Bible to keep blacks in slavery. He's not angry with her. "It doesn't upset me that you don't understand the first time you're here." She was Lee Ethel Young's granddaughter. Later I learned that her dad is Alonzo Evans, Lee Ethel's son, who was a heroin addict. He doesn't come to the church any more.

The questions resumed. (1) Is Marlon Brando sincere? Jim: He probably feels guilty because he has Indian in his background. But he doesn't come out and say the only way Indians, blacks and poor whites are going to get freedom is redistribution of wealth. He won't come out and say this. That's the trouble with the Muslims. If they'll come out and say capitalism is the enemy, I'd join them tomorrow. But they are schizophrenic.

Jim had been on the air to Guyana and said the CIA had better leave them alone. He had so much power that his voice got on commercial radio waves. He said, better not let anything happen to Guyana or you'll have to deal with all of us. The prime minister there has guts; he banned American films that feature sex and violence.

Jim had predicted the M.P.L.A. was going to win in Angola, and they have. France and England have recognized the government. They are right on the border of South Africa. As soon as you see the white man has no bullwhip, God, to terrify them, you'll see he's just the same as you.

Jim had fun with Judges 1:19: God was with Judah and drave out the inhabitants of the mountains but was not able to drive out the inhabitants of the valley because they had chariots of iron. He also jested about the Noah's Ark story: "it rained for forty days and forty nights."

Jim healed some.

The meeting was dismissed at 12.30.

Rob decided to get a seat first before getting our belongings from the car. New covers have been put on the bus seats.

I shared a seat with Barbara Kemp, mother of Rochelle — "Socko." She and the other youngsters had their things in a disorderly state, had spilled over into my area; and I misplaced my mittens. However, they were found for me in the morning.

I ate my sandwich and orange.

Bus fares were collected.

The bus left about 2.00. I slept soundly, only awakening at the rest stop.

14 February - S - We arrived at the breakfast stop at 8.00, left at 9.30. I washed, ran, ate my food, brushed my teeth. It had rained and the grass was wet, but the temperature was warmer than it has been.

I talked to Mike Klingman, told him about my job. We discussed the trouble Bechtel is having because of its involvement in discrimination against Jews and the state of Israel on its contracts in the Arab states. Mike is still in the Valley but was with his family for the weekend.

Martha has found a job, secretarial, with a lawyer, and is learning shorthand.

I also saw Tim Stoen briefly. I told him how I was doing on my job.

I started the book I had bought yesterday: The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks.

I slept.

We arrived in Los Angeles about 1.00. It was cloudy. I dressed.

I saw Rita Tupper. Larry, her youngest son, is with her now. She worries about how he is adapting. This was his first Los Angeles weekend. He is eleven, in the fifth grade.

Perhaps because of sparse attendance, perhaps because of the bad weather, the service was late in starting.

Jim was on the podium at 3.10.

Karl Barnett, whom Jim got out of jail, testified.

Jim said Ebony magazine has an article on blacks who support Wallace: Medgar Evans and many others. Medgar Evans expressed his belief in capitalism, believed slavery was a good apprenticeship.

Taking the offering, Jim said people were slow in getting their $1,000 in. He insisted it must be paid at the latest in fifty-three days.

He told the congregation of Hargis's raping boys and the deputy mayor of Los Angeles being convicted of fondling a policeman's privates. He described the life of black jackleg preachers. Church is the easiest place to be a crook and not do any work.

Don't tell your blood kin of joining a commune and bring them down on us. He was tired of meeting with kin who are only afraid of losing a little bit of money. He had had one such experience in which he gave the woman her money back and told her to keep her membership.

The tape of last night's sermon was heard. Jim explained about the young girl who was terrified at his attack on God. "We've been brainwashed. Dangerous emotions created by the white man will be our downfall." He continued the tape with his comments on Noah.

Jim spoke of the illogic of such beliefs, "and that God up there doesn't look after the good people down here." He talked seriously about the teaching of the Bible. If Harriet Tubman hadn't torn it up, we'd still be in slavery. We've got to get rid of the Bible or the whites will use it to lead us back into slavery.

Jim claimed superiority to Jesus, who said, "My god, my god, why have you forsaken me?" He wouldn't say that; he'd spit on the nearest soldier.

His own gifts are human, paranormal. "I can put one person's mind into another body, I've had it proved." Religion is the opiate of the people. You'll always sit back and say, "God won't let it happen." The Jews were God's chosen people, but two out of three died in the gas chambers.

Jim told of God's creation of Lucifer, who led away one-third of the angels. God fouled up. "Some of you get nervous when I say that." He said religion was used by the ruling class to control us. "They" steal, "they" lie, but they tell us niggers, "Nigger, don't lie." They kill all the time, but "thou shalt not kill."

"Father isn't God, but he's the Saviour." You'll never be free as long as you wait until you die to get your rights.

Jim led the congregation in singing, "The Old Bullshit Religion Ain't What It Used to Be."

Jim took another offering.

He performed healings.

The Temple was opened to new members.

Rides were arranged, as this had not been done early in the service.

The service ended at 6.00, an hour later than usual.

Beulah found me immediately, and her husband drove us home.

For dinner Beulah had spaghetti with meat sauce, and I ate a banana.

Beulah told me Donna Malone had run away from her and went back to her mother. Donna said she hated Beulah because she made her go to church. Beulah said she insists that everyone who lives in her house must attend Temple services.

One of Beulah's grandsons, one of the Malones, now seventeen, phoned her from a juvenile detention home tonight, wanting her to come to see him. He has been in trouble since he was twelve, has been into drugs, has snatched purses, struck people, has been in numerous institutions. Like Donna, he has been shifted from home to home. Beulah said she has missed work and missed church in order to go to see him. She has consulted with the juvenile authorities who have been very sympathetic. Next year he will be subject to adult treatment.

Beulah had a number of exquisite dresses, most of them two-piece outfits with mini skirts, given to her by one of the women she works for. Most of them looked brand new. They were size nine and eleven, and she wondered if I could wear any of them. I tried them on; most were too small, but I kept a sweater-blouse and one of the two-piece dresses. I am not likely to wear the mini-skirt, but I can wear the top with a

white or black skirt.

I read the CIA book, but I was very sleepy.

I went to bed about 11.00.

15 February - Su - I was up at 8.45. I dressed and packed.

Beulah gave me for breakfast two fried eggs, sausage, bacon, biscuits, an apple and an orange. I took a piece of chicken and a rib for lunch on the bus. I broke off a piece of filling from a tooth while eating. I'll have to see the dentist.

I suggested to Beulah that she put an ad in a black newspaper and attempt to sell the clothes we looked at last night. She said she might try selling them through Eunice Stanford, who had arrangements with a second-hand store.

Beulah told me of the woman whom Jim had got released from jail in Texas — I think her name is Lisa Gibson. She had stolen her children from the custody of Pauline Simon, where the Temple had placed them.

Beulah's husband had had car trouble, was late in arriving. In the meantime, Beulah called her daughter who came by to pick us up.

We arrived in service about 11.30.

Jim came on the podium at 12.00. Today was an open meeting.

The African dancers performed.

Jim spoke: As long as we are not acknowledged for what we have contributed to this country, this is not our country. We had better look elsewhere. I'm surprised at the faith some of you have in this system in view of the Scripture's statement that the love of money is the root of all evil. Nowhere else is money worshipped as it is in this country. If you don't perceive the injustice of this system, you must be some kind of fool. He cited the support black leaders were giving Wallace, the number of sell-outs we have. The churches do not have Christianity unless they teach liberty. We have a place of refuge for those of you willing to take advantage of it. I'm afraid many of you will be like Lot's wife; you'll look back.

If Jesus drove out his enemies with a whip, we may have to drive them out with a gun. Everyone who comes after him should do greater things. We are angrier than Jesus. I hate Wallace. You cannot be lukewarm about Wallace, love him but hate his works. If you touch one of us, we'll kill you. I expect no one to stand with me, but when I go down I won't go down alone. I will take many of my enemies with me.

Saying he had no fear, he addressed himself to agents of the system. We have a way of relieving you of a boil on your bottom. Let us be on

our way. The Temple is negotiating for a jet plane seating two hundred, which will take us to a country which has the courage to defy the CIA. Those on the front lines of freedom are retreating. The Nation of Islam now announces that they will support Mayor Daley. We had better prepare to get out. My fuse is burning. I will not pledge myself to support a CIA or a Wallace. Unlike Elijah Mohammed, I will not leave my movement to be made a mockery and an infany. I will tear it up before you destroy it. I would rather have death than make some compromise. I am sick of your food, your air, your water.

This day choose which you will have, socialism or selfishness. I expect you to disappoint me. I am looking in the faces of Judases.

During the offering Jim continued to preach. He said he could have everyone in the room arrested by an action he could take. He was making certain that no one could sell out. He would take his seniors to the promised land, but he would take a vacation twice a week to help in struggles for freedom.

There was a healing session after the offering.

New members were taken in.

The congregation came to the altar.

The service was dismissed at 3.00.

I ate dinner at the seniors' table.

The buses left the parking lot at 5.00 but we sat in the buses until 7.00, when Jim's bus arrived to lead the caravan out. I read the CIA book while waiting.

The bus offering was taken. Andy Silver, who was on our bus, made a special appeal, and I gave an extra $2.00 over the $1.50 I had given already.

We had only a short break at the rest stop, but all were instructed to get out and jog, especially senior citizens, as Jim had had a revelation about someone's having a blood clot. I talked with Joyce Shaw, who told me she was working with Rheaviana on moving people into communes.

When the bus started again, I had some difficulty about getting to sleep at first but did eventually. I woke at the second stop and ran.

The buses arrived in San Francisco around 4.00. Christians took me home.

I unpacked, had a cup of Sanka, then went to bed, setting the alarm for 8.00 o'clock.

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August, 1977

13 August - S - I was up at 8.00.

I went to the Haight Community Food Store and bought vegetables and fruits, and so on. I bought a few items for Lela Murphy. I walked home, arriving around 12.00.

I bought the Sunday San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle, which had a big front-page article on the Temple, making more aspersions.

I ate some macaroni and cheese and fresh tomatoes.

I cleaned out the refrigerator, which was a heavy task. I scrubbed the kitchen floor on my hands and knees, as the mop broke.

I took a nap of about two hours.

I went to the Temple meeting but did not sit in the service, as Laurie Efrein wanted me to write a letter to the Examiner concerning today's article. There are few people left to write any more. Doing a draft, getting it approved and then typing the final version took me all evening.

I didn't get home until about 1.00 o'clock.

14 August - Su - I was up at 8.30. Estelle was not up. Lela had gone to the Temple for breakfast.

I had for breakfast grapefruit, toast, beef sausage and an egg.

Service was at 1.00, but once again I had to work the entire morning for Phyllis Chaikin. She is getting affidavits from the people Jim has healed, which, with medical proof, are to be used in court, I think. A place for me to type was found in the Accounting Office. The typewriter I am using is the IBM i gave to the Temple.

When the service ended at about 2.00, most of the congregation went to Portrero Hill Neighborhood House for an event concerning South Africa, but I went home.

I had dinner and slept an hour and a half.

I returned to the service at 6.00. The congregation had returned and eaten dinner, but the service was late in starting.

Jann Gurvich wanted me to help her outline the principal events which have occurred in American left movements since the 1920's for some public relations work. Using my copy of Radicalism in America by Sidney Lens, I started to make an outline for her, but she never returned. I found later she probably got her orders to go to Jonestown. I let Laurie Efrein borrow the Lens book.

I helped Phyllis again with the healing affidavits and wrote one describing my arthritis healing. I didn't attend service at all.

The service was out about 9.30. I got home around 10.00.

I learned from Viola Godshalk that Etta Simpson had been taken to the hospital with a bowel obstruction. Estelle later told me she had taken her. Estelle has been under a good deal of pressure taking care of the seniors housed with her, Viola and Florine Dyson, according to her. I have observed that Estelle herself eats too rich a diet. Estelle thought that the nurses downstairs had been too unconcerned about Etta and other seniors when they were ill.

I ate some nuts, read newspapers.

I went to bed at 12.30.

15 August - M - I organized better this morning, getting my breakfast and lunch ready, but Lela came out as usual and was in my way. I requested her to stay in her room until I was through in the morning.

Bob Garb is leaving this week on vacation. He kept me busy most of the day, as his secretary, John Foster, is working on a contract for him.

I ate outside. The weather was good.

I ate tonight at the Temple.

Following my conversation Saturday with Gene Chaikin (I had inquired why some wage-earners younger than I am, such as Magnolia Harris, had left for Jonestown while I was still in San Francisco; he said Magnolia wasn't communal, which means that the Temple does not receive all of her salary, as it does mine), I had come to the conclusion that if I could not leave anyway for perhaps two months, there would be some advantages in offering to stay until the end of the year. I would benefit from the money Bechtel would put in my Trust Fund account and, as I will pass my sixty-second birthday, I would have Social Security benefits. This may not be feasible if the Temple plans for most of us to leave in two months or so.

I cleaned my room.

I went to see Viola as she wanted some help in writing. One letter was to Chris Kice about staying here until Ray leaves, the other letters concerning oppression in South Africa. She also asked me to fill out needs slips for her and Florine. I said I would do these at the office.

I read newspapers.

I went to bed at 12.00.

16 August - T - We had the monthly departmental meeting this morning at 9.00, preceded by coffee and doughnuts. Caspar Weinberger led discussion on the telephone system and the new time card entries system. H. D. Reinsch, President

of Bechtel Power, was shown on videotape speaking on the energy situation as it affects Bechtel.

I had little to do. I typed a memo for Garb at the end of the day. He is leaving for a vaction in Switzerland.

At noon I saw a film in the employees' film series on Prince Edward Island called "Come In From Away."

I received a telephone call from my sister Dorothy in Park Ridge. She was concerned about details of the present Temple difficulties and my situation. She had read the Newsweek article and sent xeroxes to my other sisters. I had hoped that none of them would see any of the material on the Temple. I assured her that the charges were baseless and that my plans would not be changed. Dorothy, after a visit from Edna, had gone on an architectural tour in Newfoundland this summer, had visited son Paul and his bride Polly in New Jersey, and seen some plays in New York.

I had dinner at the Temple. I didn't see Chaikin to ask him about my proposal to stay until the end of December. More people have left.

I got a ride home with Chris.

Lela had cooked some beans I had bought for her, but she burnt them and the pan. Chris had bought her some fruit.

I exercised.

Estelle was not home. She is often out in the evenings.

I slept for two hours.

Estelle had come in. We talked about Lela, who is reluctant to give any money for food or to pay her rent. She cashes her check now instead of giving it to the Temple but still expects to get all her needs supplied by the Temple. Estelle says that soon we will all receive money to pay our rent and buy our own food, as there won't be any personnel here to cook for us.

I went to bed about 12.00.

17 August - W - I had little work to do today.

I ate outside.

I had access to a telephone of one of the legal assistants who wasn't there, and I telephoned Dorothy. I had a long talk with her. She still shows a bias against Jim on religious grounds. She still doesn't believe in his healing power.

After work I took a bus to the library, returned The Rise of the Colored Races by Keith Irvine.

I ate dinner at home.

HH-n-1P

I went to the Temple service. Phyllis Chaikin asked me to help again with affidavits. I spent most of the evening in the Accounting Office except for taking time to see slides of the Soweto demonstration in South Africa in June and July, 1976. I didn't make much progress on affidavits as I had to do some over because of mistakes that either Phyllis or I had made. Laurie wanted a letter written on the latest story in the Chronicle. I wrote in a sarcastic vein and Don Beck disapproved of my approach.

I told Phyllis I would take the day off tomorrow and come in to work on affidavits. My back is hurting because the typewriter chair and stand are not at correct heights for me. I didn't get home until 2.00.

18 August - Th - I slept until 8.00. I phoned the office that I wouldn't be in because of my backache.

I had breakfast.

I did my laundry in the machine and put my clothes away.

I walked to the Temple about 10.00. Phyllis was not there, and the law office where my work was left was locked. I waited about an hour.

I took the bus to Haight Street, bought some handkerchiefs at the second-hand store. I bought a roast beef sandwich and ate it at the bus stop. I took a bus back to the Temple.

Phyllis was at the Temple. I worked on affidavits from about 1.00 to 3.00.

I walked home.

I slept for two hours.

I did personal chores. I washed my hair. I ate a snack. I went to bed at 2.00 o'clock.

19 August - F - Estelle had not come home last night.

This was another dull day at the office. I put in my time card and got my check.

At noon I took the bus to Macy's. I tried to find a simple book holder so that I can take my copy holder home. I found only a $7.00 plastic cookbook holder, as expensive as a good metal copy holder. I did not buy anything.

I did some expense accounts for O'Neill. He lost his temper about the way I had done one, very unusual for him. He later apologized, saying he had had an argument with a friend.

At home I read newspapers.

I went to the Coop to get groceries. I had dinner when I got home. I pressed clothes. I went to bed about 2.00.

HH-2 -120

20 August - S - I got up at 8.00.

I went to the Haight Community Food Store, bought vegetables and fruit. I bought fresh milk and margerine for Lela.

Saturday's Chronicle had another article on the Temple. It told of our Guyana activities.

I prepared and ate lunch.

Estelle McCall and I had a conversation about Lela and the problem of her food. Lela doesn't want to spend any money. She appeals to Estelle's sympathy and Estelle gives her food. If food is bought for her she forgets she has it. She says she wants to shop for herself, but when taken to the store, she doesn't buy anything. This morning Judy complained because yesterday Lela told her she was eating upstairs, thus didn't need transportation to the Temple, but she told Estelle there was no transportation. Estelle gave her food, saying she couldn't let her go hungry. I don't give her anything.

I had a message to meet Phyllis at the Temple at 5.30. I had intended to clean out the kitchen shelves but decided not to.

I slept two hours. I prepared and ate dinner.

I went to the Temple at 6.00. I worked before and during the service with Phyllis on the healing affidavits.

I received word that Marcy Jones wanted to see me after the service. She had a message from Jim: someone close to me would turn against me; I should not be startled. Marcy's parents are here, and she proposed that her mother and she have lunch with me next week.

I worked until about 12.00, an hour after the service was dismissed.

When I got home, I read newspapers. I went to bed at 2.00.

21 August - Su - I got up at 8.00. I had breakfast, as did Estelle. Estelle gave me a ride to service at 11.00.

I worked again with Phyllis on affidavits. I have been using the typewriter and some table space assigned to Bette McLain who is very pleasant but became a little annoyed yesterday. I had to move but today was permitted to go on as I had been. Bette does accounting. Tish Leroy, in charge of the office, works elsewhere in isolation most of the time.

Others in the office are Maria McLain, also doing accounting, Jim Randolph, who handles transportation, helped by Phyllis Houston, and Lisa Layton, who works on passports and travel documents.

Jack Beam was in. He told of plans to move all staff in order to consolidate us in two buildings on Divisidero.

In addition to working on affidavits, I wrote another letter for Laurie.

I gave her the draft. She made copies for the Chronicle and Examiner and had me sign them.

The service was dismissed about 2.00. I went home, prepared and ate dinner. I slept two hours.

I returned to the Temple at 6.30. I inquired of Chris Kice about plans to move us from 1029 Geary. She said we would move between 1 and 15 September to Divisidero.

I continued work on affidavits. Several additions and changes have been made in the forms, and these, as well as problems with the typewriters, have made the work difficult. Today we had to put into effect a new procedure for obtaining information from doctors, due to a change in the law. Signatures have to be secured anew from people who are now in Guyana. We also had to prepare affidavits for some people to sign before they left on the bus for Los Angeles.

The service was over about 10.00. I left my office telephone number for Marcy. I got home about 10.30.

Wanda King has moved in to our apartment. She is sharing Lela's room.

Etta Simpson came home from the hospital.

I read newspapers. I went to bed about 11.00.

22 August - M - I had no work to do all day. I wrote a letter to my sisters.

I ate outside. The weather was very warm.

I went to the post-office and bought stamps.

After work I went to the Temple for dinner. Edith Cordell, Mark and Vern Gosney are being moved to McAllister Street.

At home I had an hour's nap. I did my exercises. I cleaned up some of the shelves in the kitchen. Dishes and food of all kinds were indiscriminately jumbled together, and it has been hard to find what one needs. I worked about two hours.

Wanda came and she cleaned up the bathroom.

I had something to eat and read newspapers. I went to bed at 12.30.

23 August - T - Again I had no work in the office.

Marcy had called and invited me to lunch with her and her mother. She inquired how to get to my building. I suggested she drive down Mission and that I wait on the corner of Mission and Beale. I had inquired of Betty Barclay about places to eat. She suggested the Boiler Room.

Marcy came by a few minutes after 12.00. She parked on Beale several blocks up, for 75¢. We walked to the Boiler Room on Howard Street. We had sandwiches.

I told Marcy of my situation. She inquired what I wanted to do. I told her of my proposal that I stay until the end of the year. She thought that this was a good idea. We talked briefly of Temple difficulties. She said Jim was eager to return and do battle. Charles Garry advised that progressive leaders had in the recent past been damaged in the courts and he advised against litigation.

On returning to the office, I had a talk with Marc. She is planning to leave Bechtel and go to Arkansas to be with her parents. She is distressed because her car will be repossessed if she takes it out of the state. She owes $1200 on it. I advised her to sell it (she says she can get $2000 for it), do without a car until she can get another.

I left the office a little early. I went to the Temple and ate dinner. Most members left by 5.30 for a rally at San Quentin opposing capital punishment. This is the anniversary of the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. I went in a car driven by Betty Finch. Cathy Jackson was with us. At the ferry landing we parked and were driven to San Quein in shuttle buses.

The rally was in the yard before the entrance. Speakers from numerous Bay Area liberal and radical organizations appeared. Joan Baez and Mimi Farina sang. Charles Garry was among those who spoke. We were there about two hours.

Betty took me directly home. I exercised. I read newspapers. I went to bed at 11.30.

<u>24 August</u> - W - Again I had no work.

Marc told me she gave notice.

I ate at my desk. I then went to PG&E where I saw a film, "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit," which showed early American folk art.

After work I went directly home. I prepared and ate dinner.

I went to the Temple for the service. Phyllis has taken a job. Jennie Cheek is in charge of healing affidavits, but she did not give me any work to do, so I attended the entire service. A list of items needed for baby care in Guyana was read by Marchy, and Wesley Johnson took up a collection to buy them. He must have raised $1,000 in half an hour. Marcy was present only a short time. The service was dismissed early.

I went to bed at 12.30.

<u>25 August</u> - Th - Betty Vasil in mid-morning gave me a job: to type the file index, which I did last year, inserting changes. I put the document on MagCards, working on it two hours in the morning, three and a half hours in the afternoon.

Marc is leaving on 16 September.

A light rain was falling, so I ate at my desk.

HH-2-12

After work I went to the Temple for dinner.

When I arrived home, Etta told me Lela was leaving for Guyana tonight. Chris had helped her pack. Chris had bought her clothes, as she did not have enough underwear. Irene Mason was also going. Her son had taken her away, but she was dissatisfied and had come back.

Estelle told me I would have a roommate.

Judy Merriam had no place to sleep. She had a tubal ligature today (she wants to be sure she doesn't have a child as she is thirty-seven and has defective heredity. I invited her to sleep in the other bed in my room.

I did my laundry and personal chores and washed my hair. I forgot to wash my stockings and girdle.

Lela and Irene were taken by Chris about 8.30, after Lela had attempted to call her son. The nurses were intent on monitoring the call. I doubt whether she got through. I believe she was very happy to go.

Rheavinia came in and there was much gaity. A large number of cantaloupes had been donated, and we were all eating cantaloupes.

I had a snack.

Judy and I went to bed about 12.00.

<u>26 August</u> - F - I worked most of the day on the file index.

When I got home tonight Virginia had been moved in to the room across from me, and Lavanna James was to share the room, although she spent the night in their former room in an apartment across the hall. My roommate is to be Wanda King. Virginia has some kind of speech difficulty, though she tries to express herself. Lavanna had once spent some time with me in my apartment on Fell Street and had mended my underwear. She has since been in an automobile accident; although Jim saved her life, she still suffers some ill effects.

I went to the Coop and bought groceries.

Estelle left on a long trip for the Temple, probably handling estates.

I pressed clothes.

I had a snack and read newspapers.

I went to bed about 12.00. Wanda stayed with Ruby Johnson, who isn't left alone. She is Rubby Carroll's mother.

<u>27 August</u> - S - I got up at 8.00.

I went to the Haight Neighborhood Coop and got vegetables and fruits.

The day was very hot.

I got something to eat for lunch.

I had to put my belongings in one bureau and my trunk. I rearranged them, so that Wanda could have the other bureau. She put away her things. Wanda is very neat.

I had a nap. Wanda was surprised that I slept so well while she was moving around the room.

Lavanna moved in across the hall.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed the dishes.

I went to the service at 7.30. Jim talked to us on the radio for a long time, describing everything at our mission in Guyana. He asked that the congregation vote whether he should stay there or come back. We overwhelmingly voted for him to stay in Guyana.

The service was out early.

Carrie Langston, who usually stays with Estelle when she comes to San Francisco from the Valley, asked whether we had room for her. Etta brought her home.

I went to bed about 12.00.

<u>28 August</u> - Su - I got up around 8.00.

I prepared breakfast for Carrie and Wanda. I made biscuits, which I had to bake across the hall, as our oven pilot light is off, and cooked sausage.

I went to the Temple for service. Phyllis was there and had more work for me to do. I typed some affidavits and also did some letters for Laurie. Two were to thank George McManus and Thomas Fleming for their remarks on Jim Jones and People's Temple on KCBS's program "A Question of Religion" and in the <u>Sun Reporter</u> respectively. The third was to the <u>Chronicle</u> on a summary of the Temple case which was slanted against us.

The accounting office was vigorously packing its documents and supplies.

The service was out at 2.00.

I went home to eat, accompanied by Etta. In the hall of the apartment house I found a lost kitten, and I took him in, gave him water, milk and some meat, putting a notice for the owner on the elevator.

I prepared food and shared it with Etta.

I had a two-hour nap.

Etta and I returned to the service at 6.30. Etta told me Mabel Johnson

had not gone to Guyana yet because she wished to arrange for her son to go too, as she is afraid he will be in jail again. He wasn't in service today, so we agreed his situation doesn't look very good. Kaye Roxas is still here with her little girl, of whom someone else is the legal guardian.

I worked again for Phyllis. Laurie wanted me to redo the Chronicle letter. I stayed to type it again. Andy Simon took me home.

The kitten was gone from the apartment. I think the owner saw my note and got the manager to let him in.

I cooked some green beans to put in next week's lunches.

I ate some fruit and read newspapers.

Wanda slept in the room tonight. It was hot and she was restless.

29 August - M - Dorothy is on vacation this week and I moved back into the Word Processing Center, occupying my former desk.

Marc told me that she was informed by Cathy and Dorothy that the Legal Department is going to be reorganized. They were told by Betty Vasil because they were going to be on vacation this week. Betty is very downcast. Marc expects the Word Processing Center to be abolished. I don't know what will be the effect on my job. Betty, Marc said, is going to give details to her administrative staff this week.

I spent the morning finishing the corrections on the File Index and turned over a typed copy to Betty.

Marc spent most of the day making arrangements for her move.

No work came into the office.

I ate outside. The hot weather continued.

I spent a little time on journal entries.

I made copies of the letters to Thomas Fleming and George McManus for their coverage of the Temple controversy.

At home I exercised.

Wanda vacuumed the floor in the apartment. She seemed annoyed at having to do the work.

I read newspapers and listened to the radio.

I saw an announcement in the paper that the Temple was to be featured on a KNBR program at 8.00. I phoned the Temple and the nurses' office at 1029 Geary. However, at the time the program was announced, a baseball game was in progress.

I was preparing food for tomorrow's lunch when Jim Randolph arrived,

wanting to use the telephone. The KNBR program had started at 10.00, and he was to call in. We plugged in my radio and listened. The program was a discussion with Marshall Kilduff and Phil Tracy, authors of the New West article, who were answering questions from the radio audience. The moderator of the program was a woman who seemed to encourage hostility to the Temple. Many of the callers claimed to be former members who told of "beatings," being coerced into giving property to the Temple, and so on. Deanna and Mert Mertle, giving false names, called in. Some Temple members got through. Phyllis Houston tried from the downstairs phone but did not succeed. She came up and we all listened untill 12.00 when the program ended.

Wanda had come in and gone to bed.

I went to bed at 12.15.

30 August - T - I spent most of the day trying to enter the File Index notes from the Mag Cards into the computer. I got some instructions from Susan Wintersteen at the Computer Center. Some adjustments have to be made. This afternoon I entered all the cards and ordered a print-out, from which I can make changes tomorrow.

Susan was over to confer with Virginia Duncan and told Marc and me she was making recommendations for the Legal Department's computer and typewriter needs. This will take several weeks to act on, so it is unlikely job assignments will be rearranged very soon.

At lunchtime I saw a film, "Tomorrow's Saudi Arabia," in the employees' series. It was a BBC production, about fifty minutes long, and covered many aspects of the changing life in that country.

No work came into the office.

The weather became cooler in the afternoon.

I went to the Temple after work to eat.

I had written up Viola Godshalk's needs as well as my own but forgot to turn them in. I got home and had to turn around and come back to the Temple.

Wanda seemed to be offended, as she was last night, as if I did not do my share of the work in the apartment. I had made up my mind to remind her that I am nearly sixty-two, am holding down a full-time job which puts me under much pressure, and that many people expect me to do as much extra work as a younger person. However, I never got an opportunity to say anything.

Virginia had gone to the hospital for an operation but returned today, saying it turned out not to be necessary.

I didn't exercise but cleaned out and rearranged the pots and pans and foodstuffs on the floor of the pantry. Some of them are items left from the Temple bake-sales, and the rest were brought in by the numerous people who have lived in the apartment. I tried to keep out only utensils of various sizes which we might need. Estelle is still away.

I read newspapers.

I went to bed about 11.30. Wanda had been in and out but came to bed later.

31 August - W - The weather was very pleasant today.

I called Mabs on the WATS line. We had a brief conversation. She has a heavy load of home teaching and expects more in the fall. The weather is very hot there. I told her my situation, and she asked whether she could write to my present address; I told her yes.

I ate lunch outside. I went to the post-office, bought stamps and a postal card. I wrote a card to Beulah Pendleton, as I shall probably see her this week-end.

I got my print-out of Betty's file index. Susan Wintersteen came in the afternoon and helped me make corrections in it on the computer. I worked on it until closing time.

I went home after work, washed and changed clothes. I went to the Temple to eat. I read the newspaper for a while. Then I lay down on the floor at the back of the platform and rested for half an hour, as I had a backache.

Service was at 7.30. Wesley Johnson and Guy Young presided until Marcy arrived.

Volunteers to distribute the Temple newspaper, "The Peoples Forum," were requested to cover routes formerly handled by those who have left for Guyana, and the loan of cars was sought to help.

Members who will remain here while others go to Los Angeles were requested to take security posts. The response was not very good.

Homes were sought for five dogs which members had to leave. Three of them were placed.

Daisy Lee, a young student nurse who is a friend of Bob Stroud, attended service. I think she is Chinese. Sharon Amos introduced me to her at dinner yesterday.

Service was out at 10.00. I got my Muni pass for September.

I went home on Muni with Mabel Johnson. Her son was waiting for her. I was told he is the reason she has not left yet for Guyana, but he has not been attending service lately, so I don't know what she can hope for. She is of course afraid that he will go back to jail. I believe Jim has gotten him out at least twice.

I ate a snack, some cantaloupe and some bread which Etta had baked, using Estelle's bake goods supplies.

I went to bed at 11.30.

HH-2-128

September, 1977

1 September - From a remark made to Denise by Betty Vasil, Marc and I speculate that the information affecting the administration group is that Betty is leaving. This would explain her lack of vitality and at the same time Susan Wintersteen's prediction that reorganization of the department would take several weeks. We think this may be Betty's last week.

I called Lorraine. Her office is being moved to the top floor of the new administration building where the offices of the President and the Senate are. She, Patty and Mike are going to see Dorothy at Moss Landing on the weekend of the ninth, so my visit will have to be postponed. Mari's fiance is in Hawaii and will probably be visiting her here.

At 11.30 I went to the Coop to get a few items for next week. I had a long wait for a Kearney Street bus, finally took another one and had to walk two blocks. I ate my lunch which I had brought with me. I purchased Sanka, fresh vegetables and fruit.

Back at the office I made corrections on the print-out of Betty's file index, ordered another print-out, and ran a copy off on the computer.

I got Dorothy on the WATS line. She had had her first required day of the school year. We had a long conversation, quite amiable.

I was late leaving the office. I took my groceries home. Etta and I went to the Temple to eat.

I received a letter from Dorothy. She is thinking of spending her winters in Austin, Texas in order to work with the atheist group and her summers in Colorado with Edna and Mabs.

I did my laundry in the machine. I did personal chores. Wanda had come home, and I waited until she was through in the bathroom, then washed my hair. I did my hand laundry.

I ate some snacks and tried to read newspapers, but Lavanna came out in the kitchen and talked. Morning and evenings I have a time and privacy problem because one or another of the seniors wants to talk.

I went to bed at 12.30.

2 September - F - I brought my suitcase down to Rocki this morning to put on the bus.

At the office I turned in my time card. I had nothing but general administration to put down.

The last print-out of the files index was satisfactory. I added the items which had to be put in manually and gave it to Betty.

Marc had one document to revise. Aside from that, we received no work. Marc spent most of her time telephoning on her moving plans and talking to her relatives.

I caught up back entries to my journal.

Betty said nothing to any of us about the administrative reorganization or her plans.

I ate lunch at my desk, as the day was foggy.

I sat at the reception desk for fifteen minutes at the end of the day, filling in for Marc who was filling in for Brenda.

I bougt some plums on the way home from work, as I had forgotten to get fruit for the trip.

Wanda was packing for the trip and left when she was through. I packed. I prepared dinner and ate. I had steak, salad, corn on the cob. I washed dishes. I put up lunches for tonight and tomorrow morning. I was quite late in getting to the service.

Marcy told us a new baby has been born in Jonestown to Tim Carter and Gloria Rodriguez. The natural father of the three Carter children, a bigot, now has three grandchildren of mixed race: Gloria is Mexican; Terry married Lew Jones, who is Korean; Mike is married to Jocelyn Jones, a black.

Marcy dismissed the service about 9.00 o'clock. Four buses were going to Los Angeles. I got on No. 6, sat next to June Crym, who was later moved to bus No. 7, on which the leadership travels. My seat space was severely restricted, and I had an argument with Lu Ester Lewis behind me over putting my seat back. The spring of my seat was broken, and the back hit her knees.

The bus had numerous young people on it and was very noisy before we left. I ate my lunch, sharing it with June before she left. I later learned from Judy Merriam that Rocki had forgotten to put my suitcase on the bus. It was then too late to go after it.

The buses didn't leave until 12.00. We stopped at 2.00, and I went to the bathroom and jogged a little. I slept soundly.

3 September - S - We arrived at Button Willow at 6.00 and I got off and ran. Dawn was just arriving, and it was quite warm. More people got off when it was learned we wouldn't leave until 9.00 o'clock. I washed and brushed my teeth. I watched the children playing. A number of them were pushing each other on the merry-go-round. The Miles children, three of them, were among them. I was told their legal guardian is unable to take care of them and that they are living in the church. They behave very badly, talk during service, and call people bad names. John Miles went to Guyana, I understand.

I finished the Friday newspaper and started to read The Silent Language by Edward T. Hall, which I have never read. I dozed for two hours. We arrived at Los Angeles at 12.00. An announcement was made that people, except for seniors, were not to visit their relatives but could call them. They were to remain in the Temple and take security shifts.

I greeted old friends, particularly Bob Davis and Inez Wagner, who have been working in Los Angeles.

I ate breakfast in the church. Before the service I wrote journal entries. I talked with Edith Cordell. She told me an attempt was made to put somebody in with her in her new apartment, but she refused, as Mark is enough. We talked about people who had left the Temple, in particular Pat Hess, who left some time ago, taking her two girls with her. She had occuped a leadership position. No details were given to the congregation.

The service began at 2.00, with Hue Fortsom presiding. I wasn't asked to take offering, which was well, as I had no change of clothing. Housing was secured for seniors. I saw Beulah come in and I joined her. I told her some of what had been happening. She had been to San Francisco one weekend but hadn't seen me. She thought that I had gone to Guyana, but I was probably typing affidavits.

Marcy came on the platform. She explained recent events in the Temple and the attack to which we had been subjected. She said both Charles Garry, our attorney, and the congregation wished Jim to remain in Guyana to continue building there and resettling the new people. Vincent Hallinan had supported this decision. Later on the Los Angeles congregation would have an opportunity to vote on the subject.

There was much music, especially band numbers. Marcy read the statement which Jim gave us from Guyana. Marcy conducted for Los Angeles the special offering for medical supplies for the baby clinic. She told us of some events in Guyana. She said she had talked to Jim, Jr. and found that his stutter has gone away. Earlier she had said that Chris Cordell had lost the tic in his cheek. The service was out at 5.00.

Eunice Stanford took us home. Beulah and I talked more of Temple events of the past few weeks. For dinner we had chicken thighs. Later on we ate watermelon. Beulah gave me a dress to wear in the service tomorrow and also a pair of panties. She also made me a gift of a couple of blouses.

I read The Silent Language. I went to bed at 11.00.

4 September - Su - I got up at 8.00. The weather was hot. Beulah's daughter and the two girls, Dorothy and Donna, are still with her. James is with Joyce. The two girls accompanied us to church, but Beulah says the girls are still living their deviat life, going out every night and getting high on dope.

For breakfast I had cranberry juice, a fried egg, bacon and sausage, and toast. Beulah gave me some chicken and fruit for a lunch on the bus. I read an article in Time on "The Underclass." While purporting to be a serious examination of a social problem, I think it will add to resentment of minorities and welfare recipients. Beulah gave me a shopping bag to put my belongings in.

Eunice was late picking us up. I took my belongings to the bus.

Service was in progress. Marcy came on the platform, explaining again the situation of the Temple. She made reference to the hard work done by some, had little tolerance for those who had not done their share. Discussing Jim's stay in Guyana, she asked for a vote of the Los Angeles congregation as to whether he should stay there or come back. It was almost unanimous that he should stay there. There was much music, vocal and band, and some girls danced.

The service was dismissed at 3.00. I ate dinner. I found a place in the shade to read a little.

Ujara (formerly Don) Sly found me a seat on another bus, No. 11, where I would not be so crowded and annoy Lu Ester. I sat next to a male teenager. We left Los Angeles about 5.00 o'clock.

I read The Silent Language. I tried to sleep, but though I was tired, I could not sleep. We had a long stop at Button Willow. I ran. I ate the lunch Beulah gave me, then joined some of the young people who were playing on the teeter-totter, merry-go-round and jungle gym. We left at 11.00.

I slept. About one-half hour before the regular stop, either bus 11 or 12 had a flat tire. Both stayed back. The police came on the scene and took an interest, stayed until we left. At the regular stop, I ran.

We arrived in San Francisco at 4.30. No. 12 bus went directly to 1029 Geary. Jenny Cheek took me and some others home. Wanda was already home. We both went to bed.

5 September - M - I got up about 9.00. It is Labor Day. I had something to eat.

Laurie Efrein had told me she wanted me to write some letters for her, and I thought she wanted me to come in to the Temple, so I phoned her, but I was told she went to work. (This proved to be erroneous.)

I went out and bought a Sunday and a Monday newspaper and some grapes. I pressed clothes. I mopped the kitchen floor.

At 2.40 I went to the Bridge Theater and saw "Cria" with Geraldine Chaplin and a child named Ann Torrent. It was a very moving picture in Spanish.

I stopped at the Temple and had dinner. I talked to Thelma Jackson. She has a job taking care of a private patient, a wealthy woman. I saw Laurie, who assigned me a couple of letters to write. There was nothing in the newspapers about the Temple over the weekend. The New York Times had an article Friday, which Laurie did not have.

I walked home. I read newspapers. I went to bed about 12.00.

6 September - T - This morning Virginia was in the bathroom when I had to brush my teeth. Rather than displace her, I brushed my teeth in the kitchen, drawing a harsh reprimand from Wanda. I was very hurt and brooded over the episode all day, planning to have a talk with Wanda this evening about this and other instances of her discriminatory attitude twoard me.

Bob Garb, who is back from his trip to Europe, had much work as usual and gave me a memo to put on Mag Cards. He probably would have had more work for me, but Brenda was out, so Virginia Duncan put me on the reception desk. Betty Vasil was in, but Virginia seems to have taken over some, at least, of her functions. Dorothy was back. Many of the attorneys and secretaries were out, and the telephones were quite busy. I worked on journal entries but didn't make much progress as I couldn't concentrate. At lunch I

intended to see the film in the employees' series, but Denise couldn't relieve me until 12.45 and I had to be back on the desk at 1.00, so I ate in the office.

I left at 3.00 for a gynecological check-up from Dr. John Schaupp. His secretary told me how highly she regarded Thelma Jackson, who on my recommendation had worked for her. She said Thelma was sweet-tempered and willing, had a good sense of humor, and the patients liked her, but she didn't know much. Renee didn't think much of the vocational school which had trained her.

I took the bus to the Coop to exchange a jar of instant coffee which, instead of decaffeinated coffee, I had got by mistake. I didn't have any extra money or I would have eaten some fish and chips for dinner.

I was too late to get dinner at the Temple. At home I boiled a turkey leg with potatoes, carrots, celery, onion, and okra.

Etta reminded me I had not put in my and Viola's need slips. I phoned the Temple. Those handling needs were working until 8.00, so I took the slips up and came right back.

I ate dinner and washed dishes. I had intended to defrost the refrigerator, but Lavana had bought ice cubes, so I couldn't. I cleaned out the drawer containing silverware and cooking implements, as it has been such a jumble that one couldn't find what was needed.

Lavana, Virginia and Etta all received their September checks, and Lavana and Etta seem to have bought food with the money and filled up the refrigerator. The Temple had them, for legal reasons, cash their own checks, and I wonder how much will be turned over to the Temple.

I read newspapers. Wanda did not come in until late, and I did not have any conversation with her. I bathed and went to bed early, about 11.00.

<u>7 September</u> - W - I wrote journal entries in the morning. I ate outside. I went to see a film, "The Ballad of Steamy Valley," at PG&E. It was about the electric power project utilizing steam from the geysers at Geyserville, California.

I worked on a project for Garb under the direction of his secretary, John Foster. It had to do with compliance with local law as a contractual requirement, a survey in connection with the Arab boycott of Israel. I dropped the work for a few minutes to do a rush draft for one of the legal assistants, which led to a dispute with John because his files were returned to the file room. He is very difficult to work with.

I went directly home, washed and changed clothes. I ate at the Temple. I had a conversation with Viola Godshalk. She said she had been very unhappy this past year. She complained about the unfriendliness of Chris, Wanda and Dorean, the nurses, and of Judy Merriam. I later conversed with Judy, who suspected that Judy and I had been talking about her. I said we had been talking about everybody. Judy told me it was her understanding that few people were to be sent to Guyana for several months, and that the leadership had changed

their mind about vacating 1029 Geary. Several apartments, including ours, will be held for a while.

I lay down and rested at the back of the stage for about half an hour. I took my check to Debbie Blakey and asked about her mother, Lisa Layton, whom I had not seen for some time. Lisa, she said, had had an operation and was recovering in one of the rooms in the Temple. She took me in to see her, and we chatted for some time. I came across Daisy Lee, who said she was leaving soon for Guyana to join Bob Stroud.

Jenny Cheek is handling the healing affidavits in the absence of Phyllis, who has taken a job at night. I typed several affidavits, including a correction of one on the healing of April Klingman when she was a tiny baby from death from meningitis.

In the accounting office where we were working we listened to the Temple service over the loudspeaker. Marcy announced that Charles Garry was holding a press conference at 11.00, at which he would reveal the conspiracy against the Temple. The service was out and I went home at 10.00.

I read newspapers and had a snack. Wanda was upset when I told her of Daisy Lee's going to Guyana ahead of those who have long been members. I went to bed at 11.45.

8 September - Th - Went to Dr. Fudgen's office to have x-rays of my teeth and have my teeth cleaned at 10.30. My gums are in good condition. I have to come back next week, as Dr. Fudgen could not see me today.

I went to the apartment to eat lunch and get reports on Garry's press conference, but the news carried only a brief item, saying that he told of an Internal Revenue Service plot against the Temple.

Returning to the office, I did a half day's work with John on the compliance with law project. I also did a little typing for a legal assistant on monitoring legislation; the job, though wanted immediately, was easy.

I went to the Temple to eat dinner, and then home. Estelle was back from Los Angeles. Everybody was excited over the Garry press conference, and people ran in and out talking about it, and to see Estelle.

I went ahead with my washing and personal tasks, then did my exercises. Estelle had gone to the Temple and did not return tonight. I washed my hair. I had a snack, including some watermelon shared with me by Lavana. She is very generous. Channel 2 carried a report on the Garry press conference. Garry, in addition to the allegations about the IRS, said Jim had been shot at twice in Guyana this week, but he was uninjured. Dennis Banks was present at the press conference and named the IRS agent who had attempted to bribe him to testify against Jim. Banks had refused. Garry said the other informants had been organized and bribed to make the statements they gave.

During the day I had talked with Lorraine on the phone. Her office is being moved this week.

I went to bed about 12.00.

9 September - F - I worked all day on the compliance with law case for John Foster. I did the typing on the Mag A. John was nervous and pressured me. I had my lunch late, ate outside. Then I came back and ran the material off. John did say the project looked very nice.

At home I changed clothes, went to the Coop and bought groceries. I finished earlier than usual. I prepared and ate dinner. I had the leftover turkey leg and vegetables and a salad. I pressed clothes.

I had learned aht Etta Thompson had passed a rectal cancer as a result of Jim's power. She had formerly had an operation for a stomach cancer. Furthermore, the nurse who was present was Janet Phillips, who later deserted the Temple. I thought it might be useful to have evidence that a traitor had officiated at one of Jim's healings, so I took notes from Etta on the episode. Etta also told me how Jim had healed cataracts on her eyes.

I read newspapers. Wanda has been trying to read Roots but doesn't get much time. She usually has a task in the evening, such as looking after Ruby Carroll's elderly mother, Ruby Jones, or security duty. As we have so few members left, the younger people are carrying an extra burden. Wanda seems to be annoyed with me most of the time, but I have decided she simply has a discontented nature, and I try to pay no attention. I went to bed at 12.30.

10 September - S - I got up at 8.30. I ate some grapefruit and a piece of toast. I went to the Haight Community Cooperative. I found that they have moved to Haight Street and were opening today, so I walked across the Panhandle; it took me only five extra minutes. The store is spacious and had all the items carried before, making shopping pleasant. Patronage seemed good. I spent about $5.00. It had been cold at the beginning of the day, but the sun came out on my way home. I got home at 12.00.

Wanda had taken the blood pressure of the seniors. Lavana has not been feeling well and has been in bed a good part of the time. He pressure was high. Etta's was also high. She has been warned about her diet, but she likes high calorie food. I had some cheese and toast and a tomato.

Etta said Estelle has gone again. She is going to do Rheavinia's work in Los Angeles and won't be here much. Rheavinia is to leave for Guyana. I washed my girdle, stockings and a blouse by hand; I had forgotten them last night. I slept from 2.00 to 4.00.

I went to the Temple to eat. We had liver, mashed potatoes and gravy, carrots and peas and cake or pie. I talked to Norm Ijames. He has been gone a long time. He said he had been in Eastern Canada. He told of the conflict between the French and English over language. Phyllis Chaikin had left word when she left for Guyana with Jenny Cheek to carry on the affidavit work, but Jenny didn't find any draft affidavits to type, so I attended service, instead of typing. There was much singing. Marcy was on the platform a short while at the end of the service. Two people later told me she seemed agitated. The meeting was dismissed early, about 10.00.

Lavana had not gone to the service. I read newspapers. I went to bed at 12.30.

11 September - Su - I got up at 8.30 and bathed. I made pancakes for breakfast.

I went to the service with Etta. Phyllis was there, and I worked on affidavits all morning (I was mistaken in thinking she had left for Guyana). One was an affidavit from Etta on removal of cataracts from her eyes by Jim. I typed up a draft of Etta's account of her healing from cancer of the rectum by Jim, although I don't know whether it can be used, as there was no diagnosis from a doctor that she had cancer.

Marcy was not in the service. I later learned she had left for Guyana with Sharon Amos. According to Betty McCann, Tish LeRoy and Maria McCann are both leaving, so Betty will be alone to do the accounting work. Much crating is again being done under C. J.'s direction, and volunteers to help were asked for. Marcy had said recently that no more large groups would be sent to Guyana and that most of us would be here for several months. This was obviously meant to throw off the enemy, as another large group is apparently being prepared to go in the next day or so. It seems that as originally planned, only a small group of workers are to be left, except for non-communal people, especially those who don't want to go at this time.

My own departure before the end of the year is a little more possible, though I have no reason to think my offer to stay through 31 December will not be accepted. Housing arrangements here would also seem to be unsettled.

The service was dismissed at 1.30, with instructions to be back at 6.00. I went home to eat. Etta also went home. I had steak, cauliflower, and a salad.

Lavana received $4,000 this morning as settlement in her injury case as a result of an accident. She gave $120 to her grandchildren, Etta told me, and the rest to the Temple.

On my return to the Temple, I typed three more affidavits. The congregation left for the Rally for a Free Chile at Glide Memorial Church. 11 September is the fourth anniversary of the military coup. People's Temple is one of the sponsoring organizations. I helped Virginia Middleton and Washington Sanders get on the bus and find a seat at the rally. We were on the main floor. The program started about 8.00. The Temple presented some band numbers and a song by Marthea Hicks. There were several selections from a Chilean group.

Our Los Angeles people left at 9.00 so as to get back to Los Angeles, and at 9.30 some of our other members started to leave. Virginia and I thought that all the Temple was leaving, and we got up to go. Outside we found Hue Fortsom who told us the Temple was not leaving. The Chilean speaker was yet to be heard. But we decided to go home on Muni then, instead of waiting for the Temple buses.

I read newspapers and ate a snack. I went to bed at 12.00.

12 September - M - I had little work to do except to finish an expense account for James Mansfield, who is back from his regular three-month assignment in Saudi Arabia. I had to divide the total expenses among ten job

numbers, which entailed working out the percentages. I then worked on my journal entries. I ate lunch outside.

I went to the Temple for dinner. Very few people were there. A large number of people have left. Sylvia Grubbs sat opposite me. It has been a long time since I've seen her. She said she had been working on a special project and her meals were brought to her. Later conversation revealed that she was clearing out the Temple's second-hand and antique shop.

I have developed some pain in my elbow. It may have resulted from a fall I had in the dining room one day; I slipped where someone had spilled some soup. I was picked up and I felt no pain at the time. Contributing factors may have been a heavy Mag A job I did for Bob Garb, and the incorrect height of the chair at the Temple I used when typing affidavits. Sylvia, who has had nursing experience, advised me to soak the elbow in hot water.

When I got home, Mabel Johnson was in our apartment talking to my apartment mates. She had been told by Chris Kice that she and her roommate were to be moved to 199 Divisidero, as the rent on her apartment at 1029 Geary is expiring. Mabel was very angry and said she refused to move. She was tired of this game of "musical chairs." She was also angry because her close friends, Jerry Brady and Jerry's sister, Amanda Fair, had gone to Guyana and she was left behind. When I inquired if the reason for this was not in connection with her son, she had additional complaints about Temple handling of his case. She said she had been told to have him get his passport, which she did. Then after he had it, the Temple delayed in sending him over, so that he got frustrated and now didn't want to go. He has stopped coming to meetings. Mabel said that he had always "hated church." In a Council meeting with her, Jean Brown apparently had tried to convince her that if her son "didn't like our meetings here, he wouldn't like them there," but Mabel was not mollified. Etta Thompson seemed to be sympathizing with her.

I did my exercises. I put no particular stress on my elbow, and the exercise seemed to help rather than harm it. I read newspapers. I took a hot bath and soaked my elbow. I decided not to go to work tomorrow. I went to bed about 12.00.

<u>13 September</u> - T - I slept until about 8.00. I took Viola to breakfast at the Temple on Muni. Nobody has been driving to the Temple in the morning, and Viola can't go by Muni alone.

Viola told me Norm Ijames had talked to Mabel Johnson and, according to Mabel, said she didn't have to move. If this is true, I imagine the reason is that Mabel talks so virulently that Temple leaders may fear she would stir up trouble with outsiders. Viola also told me that Ray said Harry Williams was on the Temple bus to Miami, and when all was ready for him to board the plane for Guyana, he wouldn't go.

The only other time I have had breakfast at the Temple was the day in April when a group of us were being processed for departure (this plan had to be changed). We had fruit, biscuits and coffee.

Ray Godshalk had just got back from a trip to Los Angeles. He may have

been driving a busload of people leaving for Guyana.

I left Viola at the Temple, as Rocki Breidenbach would bring her home after lunch, and took the bus to Polk Street. I went to the Salvation Army shop on Sutter. I looked for an apron, didn't find any. I also looked at shoes and got an idea of how much I could get a coat for, as I will need a winter coat if I stay here for several months. I rode the Sutter bus to Fillmore and then walked down Fillmore to Union Street and then along Union to Van Ness. I had coffee and a doughnut at a shop where a number of children were playing while their parents were eating. I was told the group was celebrating the Jewish New Year. I stopped at the Junior League shop and another second-hand shop across the street, but their prices are out of my range. At a bookshop on Union, I found a new issue of New West, which ran some letters on the Temple from Temple members. The day was delightful.

I took the Van Ness bus and then the Geary bus to the Temple for lunch. Lunch was very good: noodle soup, a rice dish, salad, cake or pie. This is the first time I have had lunch at the Temple. I had a conversation with C. J. about my projected article on the subject of early black civilizations.

Reaching home, I turned the refrigerator off, so that it could defrost while I had a nap. Rocki lent me an electric heating pad which I used on my elbow. I slept two hours. I then cleaned out the refrigerator and mopped up the floor. Etta was at Rocki's apartment, making dolls for the children's Christmas. Lavana has not been feeling well and spends a good deal of time in bed.

I went to the Temple for dinner. I talked with Dick Tropp about provision for classical music in Guyana. Dick plays the cello and Laurie Efrein the piano. He said some cassettes had been recorded, and we could send back to the United States for more. Dick said he expected to be here for some time, until the legal matters are cleared up. He has taken a leave of absence from Santa Rosa Junior College. I talked to Laurie who had received new directions for letters to Guyanese officials. She received them from Dick, who probably got them from Jonestown by radio. The Guyanese may fear being involved in international politics, presaged by the attempts to shoot Jim. I am to write to four of the top officials, indicating that we are helping to influence the Carter administration to pursue an enlightened Caribbean policy and that Guyana, by supporting the Temple, also protects its own interests.

I went home with Viola. She told me of an incident in which an ironic remark (it was about sex) she had once made was reported, and she had to meet with Council. It displayed the humorless attitude which is typical of bureaucrats. Viola, who is used to living independently, has had a troubled time since she came to San Francisco. I read newspapers. Estelle returned to the apartment tonight.

14 September - W - I went to the office today, because I wanted to attend the luncheon in honor of Marc, who is leaving on Friday. I typed up some minutes of a staff meeting for Betty Barclay, who is out this week.

Ten or so of the secretaries went to the Park Bench, an informal eating place on Beale Street near the Freeway. This was arranged by Deb Bowen (formerly McFarland). She phoned our orders in ahead of time; they were brought

upstairs to us. We bought drinks at the bar. I had a martini. My lunch, chicken salad and a bowl of soup, was late in arriving. Dorothy Stookey attended, though she came late.

As my arm was still painful, I left the office at 3.00, although Garb had a job for me. I plan to take sick leave the rest of the week. When I reached home, I had a nap. I went to the Temple for dinner, although I usually prepare my dinner at home on Wednesday night.

Few were present at the service. During the service, Mabel went from person to person, no doubt giving her account of the controversy she was engaged in regarding her housing. I had heard that Phyllis Chaikin left for Guyana. Jenny Cheek told me nothing had been said to her about the affidavits. She didn't give me any to type. The service was dismissed early.

Wanda had told me personal needs were being handed out, and after some difficulty in locating the responsible person, I received toilet soap and toothpaste. At home I read newspapers and went to bed about 12.00 o'clock.

15 September - Th - I got up at 8.00. I again went to the Temple with Viola for breakfast. She said Mabel and her roommate met with Council. It was agreed that they can stay at 1029 Geary, but four will have to be in one apartment. Judy Merriam and Rocki will be sharing with them. I saw Laurie and wrote the letters to four Guyanese government officials in the accounting office. I ate lunch at the Temple. I finished the letters and left them for Laurie who had gone to work. She works for NAACP.

I had a conversation with Dick Tropp. I inquired of him whether it would be advisable to have my Russian books shipped to Guyana. I told him of my knowledge of Russian. He wants to study Russian himself and thought I should bring my books to the Temple for shipment. He suggested I accompany him to a meeting with a Russian delegation on 22 September and talk with them in Russian to the extent that I am able.

I received a letter from Bates. She said she was very happy. Apparently she has been rooming with Vera, Zippy and Hyacinth, and Lela had been put in with them. She said she had as a project making cups from Carnation milk cans. She threw her cane down the second day she was in Jonestown. She wanted me to send her back brush, manicure set and toenail cippers, and her glasses, all of which she said she had forgotten. She believes all is unchanged since she left, and that these items can all still be found in her room.

I put my laundry in the machine, then the dryer, and put the clothes away. I took a nap. I ate dinner at home, broiling the steak I had left. I did my personal chores and washed my hair. I had bought about five pounds of grapes the other day and had given a big bunch to Etta, Virginia and Lavana. Wanda was not at home. Tonight I went to the refrigerator to get some and found few left. Virginia and Etta confessed they had eaten them. I expressed my disapproval firmly. I read newspapers, went to bed about 12.00.

16 September - F - Wanda woke me this morning, discovering a mouse in our closet. She is afraid of mice. She blamed the food I keep on the shelf. I told her of the incident about my grapes, that I kept food in our room because

the other women in our apartment take food that doesn't belong to them. I went to the Temple for breakfast; Viola didn't go.

I had an appointment at 9.30 with Dr. Fudgen, who had not been able to look at my teeth the day I had them cleaned. He took my blood pressure, said it was very good: 145 over 80. My mouth is also in very good condition. He filled a small cavity. I returned to the Temple, as I had forgotten to sign the letters I did yesterday. Dick Tropp found them for me.

I ate lunch at home. I took my cart and went to the Haight store. I got a few vegetables and some fruit and bread. I didn't need much, as I hadn't taken lunches to work. It was slightly rainy today. I walked home, pushing my cart, going down Haight to Fillmore, then on Fillmore to Eddy, along Eddy to Van Ness. This way I eliminated the steepest hills.

I packed my bag and left the apartment house at 4.00, buying some wine for Lorraine on Geary. I took the 19 Polk bus on Hyde and transferred on Market to a bus going through the tunnel. Some buses didn't stop, because it was rush hour, and the one I got on was so crowded that I had to stand the whole way. At the tunnel I transferred to the Park Merced bus. I arrived at Lorraine's about 6.00. Lorraine has a new roomer, a young Japanese man.

Lorraine and I discussed the murder which had occurred in the San Francisco State Library Faculty Reading Room; the victim was a young Chinese woman student. Lorraine said an atmosphere of fear pervaded the campus. The person who committed the murder must have been one of a few with access to an electronic card to open the lock of the Faculty Reading Room.

We had dinner. Lorraine and Ryn are exchanging tapes in addition to letters. She let me listen to a tape made on last weekend's trip to visit Dorothy at Moss Landing. Pat and Mike and the baby were the others in the group. Then Lorraine played for me the tape made by Ryn in Tunisia. She was at the time having an orientation and training period in a rural area, studying both French and Arabic, and had also done some traveling in Tunisia. Lorraine was making a new tape to send Ryn, and I added a section on my communal living. Meanwhile Mari had come home. She had been visiting friends on the Peninsula. We looked at some slides Ryn sent from Tunisia showing the ruins in the town in which she lives. They showed lovely Arabic tiles.

I finished the newspaper. Lorraine and I went up to bed about 11.30. I read The Silent Language for a while.

During the day I had called Marc to say good-bye, catching her just before she left the office.

17 September - S - I slept until about 7.30. I went downstairs and made some Sanka. I read The Silent Language until Lorraine got up. For breakfast we had juice, toast, an egg and bacon.

Lorraine is firmer than ever in her apprehensive attitude about communal living, particularly in a rural environment, although we discussed the deterioration in society here, such as the increasing mental illnesses we observe and the breakdown in workmanship, lack of responsibility for a job, and so on.

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Lorraine's life has become increasingly busy. Her social life has expanded because the number of people she knows has increased. I hadn't seen her for a long time, not only because I am busy, but because she entertains several times a week and spends most weekends with friends. Her apartment is cluttered, and she had a long hunt for a prescription she wanted to get filled.

She remarked that a quiet agricultural life is not for her. She analyzed the difference between us. She is more social but less communal. She treasures her individuality.

I went through my Russian books which she is storing for me and selected some to take with me to show Dick Tropp, not too many for me to put in my suitcase and carry. I hope to get a Temple car to come over for the rest.

We took the bus together about 11.30. She had to buy groceries, fill her prescription, and go to the post-office before it closed. We took the Park Merced bus to West Portal. I transferred to a bus going through the tunnel.

I arrived home about 1.00. The apartment was empty and I guessed that everyone had gone to a rally. Virginia and Lavana returned from shopping but said there was a rally. Wanda and Etta had gone. The Temple group had joined others who marched in support of the Wilmington 10. Angela Davis was there. Few were there besides the Temple group, and except for ourselves, most were white.

I took a nap. I pressed clothes. I dressed and went to the Temple to eat about 6.00. I had brought two of the Russian books to show Dick, selecting two which I thought might be useful to him. The service, conducted by Hue Fortsom and Norm Ijames, was uneventful and short. A few people had come from Los Angeles.

At home I had a snack and read newspapers. I went to bed about 12.00.

<u>18 September</u> - Su - I got up at 8.30, had my bath. Even on Sunday when we are all getting ready for service, we seldom have a problem getting into the bathroom. Sometimes it is crowded in the kitchen, but today when I prepared my breakfast, no one got in my way nor I in theirs. I had cantaloupe, toast, beef sausage, and an egg.

I went to the service at 11.00. Norm was in charge. There were announcements, congregational singing, music and dance numbers. A representative of Lt. Governor Mervin Dymally was scheduled to visit us today, but for some reason it was announced that he was coming between services. It may be that Jim does not want visitors in his absence. The service was dismissed early, at 1.30.

I went home on Muni. Lavana had felt ill and hadn't gone to service. Etta came home. Etta let me prepare my dinner first. I had liver, brussels sprouts and a salad. I took a nap.

I returned to the Temple for the evening service, which wasn't until 7.00.

This service was also short. I spoke to Vernell Henderson about the method to use to get underwear for Jonestown, including cotton panties, which all the seniors have been advised to buy. Vernell said there is a misunderstanding. Only girls who are menstruating are to use cotton, because of infection they get in the mucouse membrane. I was told Chris Kice had even taken seniors out to buy cotton underwear. Vernell said she would talk to Chris about it. She advised me just to put what underwear I need on my needs slip. I had been trying to see Chris to ask her about Bates' requests. I finally found her in the accounting office. Her advice was to tell Bates that we would try to find items to replace the ones she left, but it is clear that she doesn't expect that we will.

I got a ride home in a car Ray was driving. Estelle advised me to put the items Bates wanted on my needs slip, get the money and buy them. She said that she would see that they are sent. She sends things to her children all the time. I read newspapers. I went to bed at 11.30.

19 September - M - Light rain fell in the Bay Area last night. I returned to work. My elbow still hurts when I lift anything heavy or screw the top of a jar or bottle. I had little work to do. Dorothy also had little. There is no sign of interviewing for a replacement for Marc. Garb gave me a letter to type and send out and some xeroxing to do. I wrote journal entries. I ate lunch at my desk, as the weather was still cool.

I went directly to the Temple to eat tonight. I had a brief talk with Dick about the shoddy items in the press nowadays. Any excuse is used to feature sex or dirty language. I felt rather bored (a rare feeling for me) and discovered that Wanda felt the same. She attributed the feeling to the short meetings and the lack of jobs to do which used to make demands on our time. I think, also, that people are rather nervous in this waiting period. No one seems very friendly. Estelle was not at home. The other women were quiet in their rooms.

I decided that, rather than exercise, I would walk for an hour. The weather was warm and pleasant. I went down Hyde to the public library and back by Jones, turning up on O'Farrell. I found outside a grocery store a box in which I can pack my Russian books, and I took it home. I mended some clothes for an hour. Wanda had gone to bed. I moved to the kitchen with my radio. I prepared my lunch for tomorrow. I read newspapers and a little in The Silent Language, eating a snack. I went to bed at 11.30.

About 2.30 I was awakened. Wanda and one at least of the other women were talking. I turned the radio on, hoping it would help me go back to sleep, but I didn't until after Wanda returned in about an hour.

20 September - T - My arm felt much better today. I had no work in the office. I started a letter to my sisters. I particularly wanted to ask Dorothy if she could get me a second-hand copy of The Rise of the Colored Races by Keith Irvine. I want to take it to Guyana.

At lunchtime I saw the film in the employees' series, "Energy: A National Issue," which featured cartoons of the Flintstones.

I went to the Temple to eat. Patti Chastain asked whether I could help proof the next issue of the Temple newspaper, The People's Forum, which we are getting out now. I read xeroxed copy for four hours, until 10.00 o'clock, about five pages. Others had read it, but I found errors they had missed, particularly punctuation and sentence construction. Patti was working on other aspects of the paper and we talked a good deal. I forgot to turn in needs slips for Viola and myself, though I had prepared the forms in the office. At home I read newspapers. I went to bed about 12.00.

21 September - W - I got up at 5.30 and went up to the Temple with the needs slips, thinking I would have breakfast there and give the slips to one of the workers. I waited until 7.30. Then I wrote a note to Debbie Blakey and put it under her door and took Muni to the office. I later learned that breakfast is not served until 8.00 now. Pastries are distributed in the evening to those who go to work early.

Norma Bondoc, who is Philippe Lamy's secretary, was out. I offered to help out Philippe and also Zaidun Jadwat, an Iraqi, a new Bechtel attorney. Zaid gave me some contract negotiation material of C&I/Girdler, a Bechtel entity, to put on Mag A. Zaid kept revising it and I was tied up waiting for his decisions most of the day and I wasn't available for Philippe who wanted to give me work. While waiting for Zaid, I continued with my letter to my sisters.

At noon I attended the Toastmasters Club, which had another introductory meeting, this time at the Met Building at 11.45. Two speakers gave talks, one a newcomer to the club, a young black woman. I participated in Table Topics. I finished eating my lunch outside.

After work, I went home. I washed and changed clothes. I then went to the Temple and ate. I went upstairs to the accounting office and reviewed Russian vocabulary and phrases in preparation for the reception which a group from the Temple is attending tomorrow night. Dick Tropp on learning I spoke some Russian had wanted me to go.

The Temple service was short and uneventful. It wad dismissed at 9.00 and we had a party. All were encouraged to stay, move about and talk to each other. The band played for dancing. I spoke to Albertha Smith. She said she had been scheduled earlier to leave for Guyana but wasn't ready, as she hadn't sold her furniture, but she will go. I asked Mae Spriggs if she were going, mentioning her grandson who is there. She said she "can't retire yet." I talked with Mary Tschetta and her daughter, who used to be Cathy Stahl. Mary said she is leaving for Guyana tomorrow accompanied by her husband, Al Tschetta, who is a radiologist, and her former husband, Richmond Stahl, who is now married to Carol Stahl. Mary said this could only happen in People's Temple. Cathy, who is married to a Ukiahan, will be going with her husband, but he has to wait until Jim returns, as he is new in the Temple. I heard that Robin Tschetta, who is the daughter of Mary and Al, is unhappy because she cannot go yet. Refreshments — popcorn and sweet rolls — were served in the Gold Room. I stayed about an hour, then went home on Muni with Lavana and Etta. I read newspapers and had a snack.

22 September - Th - I finished Zaid's work. I finished the letter to my sisters and ran off copies for each. After telling of some of my recent activities I answered Dorothy's comment that she would worry about me by saying that I would worry about them (my sisters), detailing the hazards and problems in the United States at the present time.

Dorothy Stookey has been very cordial the last few days. Her workload has been very light. I heard that there are no immediate plans to replace Marc until it is decided what to do about the computer work. I have no intention of moving back to my old office.

I saw a videotape at lunch called "The Three E's" - energy, economics and environment. It was very good, with beautiful scenery. The tape broke with about ten minutes to go, so I didn't see it all.

I went to the Temple to eat after work. Then I went home to dress for the reception at the American-Russian Institute for a visiting cultural delegation from the Soviet Union. The others who attended were Dick Tropp, Hue Fortsom, Laurie Efrein, Cathy Richardson, Andy Silver, Vera Young. The Institute is on California Street in the Richmond District. A large number of people came, and the small rooms were very crowded and hot. The delegation was composed of Latvians. There were several singers who gave a recital. A young American woman played -- badly -- a violin. We then had food and conversation. Only a few of the delegation spoke English. I tried to speak Russian to several members of the delegation and other people. The food was very good, and as I learned later, the punch was alcoholic. Many of the guests were elderly Russian-speaking Americans, undoubtedly white Russians.

Several in our group asked the whereabouts of Margot Spencer, the Russian woman whom Jim cured of cancer. She always made a public demonstration of her offerings. She may have gone to Guyana, but it is more likely that she quit coming on the outbreak of the conspiracy against the Temple and the absence of Jim. She has a husband who isn't a member, and of course she is not communal. I was hoping to get some help from her with my Russian pronunciation.

I had asked Dick Tropp about the Chronicle article suggesting that Tim Stoen has left the Temple. Dick said the article, which was written by Marshall Kilduff, was full of errors.

We left the reception about 10.00. Several told of conversations they had had about the charges against the Temple.

At home I read an article in The Berkeley Barb by Art Silverman, giving some derogatory background information on the investigators making charges against the Temple. I went to bed about 12.00.

23 September - F - Dorothy took the day off and I sat in the World Processing Center. I had another memo for Zaid to put on Mag A. It was material requiring a tabulated arrangement. I phoned Lorraine. At lunchtime I went to the General Office Equipment Company on Second Street where I had bought my electric portable Adler typewriter to see about buying another. I am going to try to take it with me for my own use. The proprietor said the price was going up on the first of October. If I get it this month, he will let me have

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it for the same price as last year - $255.60 with tax. I paid $100 down.

I went to the Temple to eat. I had to do my personal tasks tonight which I usually do on Thursday night. I put my clothes in the laundromat and dryer and put them away, did my personal care chores, washed my hair, and washed by hand my girdle and stockings. Wanda had had a headache last night and stayed home today. Lavana told me she had discussed with Wanda her personal situation. She is kept awake by the TV which Estelle and Etta play loudly up until 2.00 in the morning. There is no way to close off Lavana's room. Wanda, said Lavana, had suggested that she change rooms with Lavana. Thus Lavana would be in with me. Wanda said nothing to me about it.

Everybody's nerves seem to be on edge. I think we are all upset with this waiting period, not knowing how soon we can expect to go to Jonestown. Wanda sees no particular reason she is staying here, as she has no special responsibility. Estelle told me Etta, Virginia and Lavana all have medical problems which require the supervision of a doctor, and Jonestown does not yet have hospital or nursing home facilities. I went to bed about 12.00.

24 September - S - I got up about 8.00. I took my grocery cart to the Haight Community Food Store. I can now go all the way on the bus though I have a longer walk home, pushing the cart. I took the Polk Street bus to Market, where I had a considerable wait, and then took a bus up Haight. I bought very little today, as I have to be sure I can pay for my typewriter next week. I got a nice housecoat at the St. Vincent de Paul second-hand store on Haight Street. I stopped at Foodland on Eddy Street to buy decaffeinated coffee and found Temple members conducting a bake sale. I bought a piece of chicken and bread and ate it at a little park between Eddy and Turk, as I had had nothing this morning except orange juice. When I reached home about 12.30 I had some toast and bonita.

I intended to sleep as usual for a couple of hours, but Lavana and Wanda were exchanging their belongings. I had still not been consulted. I tried to sleep, but it was difficult with the two of them moving in and out. I probably got about an hour's sleep. I did tell Wanda Saturday afternoon was the only time I had all week to take a nap and reminded her that I was getting older and needed more rest. I think I made some impression on her.

I got a ride to the Temple with Rocki who took several people. I brought a box with my Russian books up to Dick Tropp's office. I intend to get the rest of them from Lorraine, and Dick says the Temple will ship them. I was in time to eat at the Temple.

During the Temple service, Jean Brown, who has returned from the Guyanese mission, spoke to the congregation. She described in some detail the different facilities we have and the work people are doing. The service was out about 10.00.

I had a snack and read. As I had feared, my classical music programs probably disturb Lavana, and I in turn am disturbed because she has a tendency to talk while I am trying to read. I went to bed about 12.00.

[illegible] to this point

25 September - Su - Got up and took my bath about 8.00. Had for breakfast biscuits, an egg, and beef sausage.

Carrie Langston came home with us last night, as usual when she is down from the Valley. Estelle was not there. Wanda slept downstairs and gave Carrie her bed. Etta told Carrie that Estelle's mood was quite different from what it had been. She didn't know what was the matter. I learned Etta and Estelle had had a long relationship before Etta came to live at Geary. She thought perhaps worry about her health was the reason for her change of attitude. I said I thought the reason was that she had looked on the apartment as her personal province, and during the two weeks she was gone, the rest of us took charge. Etta complained because the pantry is in such a confused state. We don't know why Estelle does not give back to the Temple the materials which were for the baking program.

Lavana, who appears to have a very low opinion of most other people, told me last night that I should see the amount of "swaying" that goes on during the day. The word, according to her, means begging or taking others' food supplies. Etta, virginia and Estelle all do this, Lavana says. She doesn't like Virginia.

I myself think Estelle uses her ill health to get special provisions. She receives money from the Temple for her food, as does Etta, and prepares it for herself and Valysha. She eats what she knows to be bad for her. She and Valysha are together most of the time when Valysha is not working.

The morning service was short. I went home, slept two hours before eating, as I thought others would be preparing food. Etta and Carrie were there. I had hamburger with mushrooms, corn on the cob, and a big salad. Lavana asked for some of my salad.

I returned to the Temple and went to the accounting office to write letters for Laurie. I wrote to Cranston opposing Senate Bill 1437, which is a replacement of Senate Bill 1 with many of the same anti-civil liberties measures. I also wrote letters of thanks to the Berkeley Barb and the Ukiah Daily Journal for printing articles favorable to the Temple. Drafting these took a good part of the service time.

Dick told me another shipment of books was going out to Guyana. Judging by activity in the Temple, many other supplies are being sent, as much crating is being done.

Many people are using excuses to stay out of services. Vera Young inspired a call to get them back in. I went down for the end of the service, which was at about 8.30.

I tried to read while I had a snack, but again Lavana talked most of the time. I went to bed about 11.00.

26 September - M - I spent most of the day on Zaid's memo. I learned from Denise that Marc and Deb had an accident in Arkansas. Deb was driving and made a left turn over a double line, collided head on with a car coming over a hill. She suffered from internal bleeding and scratches on her face; Marc

had scratches on her face. Stitches were required in both instances. However, they were apparently not injured seriously, as they were released from the hospital. They had called Bechtel Friday about disability status for Deb.

Betty Barclay told us that she has met another man, to whom she plans to get married. She and the man she has been going with had an understanding they wouldn't marry, as she would lose her benefits. I inquired whether she would not do so now. Betty has not been very successful in her new job in Weinberger's office. Weinberger, Virginia Duncan, and Bob O'Neill are all dissatisfied. Virginia doesn't know how to handle the matter. I ate lunch outside.

When I came to the Temple tonight, a sign let me know dinner would not be served until 6.00, but it "would be worth waiting for." I took Muni home, changed clothes and walked back to the Temple. The hot water fixture in the kitchen had been out of worder. The staff had decided to prepare barbecued ribs outside and give the communal people a real treat. Perhaps also the leadership had sensed that people are going through an uneasy period. A little after 6.00 serving was started. We had, in addition to the ribs which were excellent, potato salad, corn muffins, and a banana pudding. I had been standing next to Dick Tropp in line and I was telling him about intelligence techniques. A larger number of people than I have ever seen at the communal dinners appeared in line, as word got around.

I brought ribs for Lavana, and Judy Merriam brought dinners for several others at Geary who couldn't get up to the Temple. I walked home for the exercise. Because of Lavana's liking to talk, I had considered moving out to the kitchen with my radio so that I could both listen to the serious music I like and read the newspapers, but hadn't done it yet because of the lack of comfort sitting on a kitchen chair. Tonight Lavana even talked after I had turned out the light. She talks about how she feels (badly), about what she doesn't like about other people, and sometimes about her past life and her grandchildren. Finally, at a quarter to 12.00, I told her I had to get to sleep.

<u>27 September</u> - T - I had no work at the office. I caught up on journal entries. I wrote Bates a letter, telling her something of what we have been doing here. I told her I had priced the items she had mentioned; if I can get the money, I will buy them and Estelle said she would get them sent. During the lunch hour, there was no film shown. I ate at my desk and went on the bus to Woolworth's and the Emporium to price Bates' needs. It won't be too expensive to replace her manicure equipment, but I had trouble finding a back brush. The Emporium basement had a few which seemed to have been on the shelves for a long time.

Denise gave me more details of Marc and Deb's accident. Both cars were totalled.

After work I went to the Temple for dinner. When I turned in my needs list, on which I put down $30 for underwear for Guyana, I had a discussion with Vernell Henderson, who complained that people were asking for too much

money and that requests would have to be cut back. (Chris Kice had personally taken some of the seniors shopping and had bought, for instance, ten pairs of cotton panties for each, and the other seniors have followed the example. Cotton socks, tennis shoes and jeans are also recommended.) I discussed the matter with Viola Godshalk. I felt aggrieved that apparently I would be denied what others had received. Eugenia Gernandt is leaving this week and she was told to buy adequate supplies.

Lavana was quiet tonight and I went through many newspapers.

28 September - W - I spent most of the day typing a list for Betty Vasil of contracts executed during the past week with details about each. Normally Deb would have done this. She and Marc had gathered the original information, and there were some spelling errors and problems with handwriting. At the end of the day Garb wanted a telex typed. Virginia Duncan appointed me a canvasser for the United Way drive. There was rain today. At lunchtime I went to the office equipment shop and paid the balance for my typewriter. They will deliver it to Bechtel. Betty Barclay has decided not to get married. She fears the man wants her money.

I went home to change clothes. I went to the Temple to eat. I had xeroxed several copies of a thank-you for the kitchen crew for the barbecue on Monday and passed it around for signatures. I gave it to Wesley Johnson who mentioned it in the service.

During the Temple service new slides from Guyana were shown. We saw some of the new facilities, particularly the housing, which brought applause, and many of the people who arrived recently. They were probably told to dress up, as many were in their best clothes and jewelry. Pictures of Jim brought loud clapping. Jean Brown, who commented on the slides, said Jim was everywhere on the mission grounds, available to all his people.

In my needs envelope I received all the money for which I had asked, $30 for clothing and $11 for a Muni fast pass. I reached home after the service about 10.00. Lavana told me she saw Glenn Hennington at Farmer's Market one day. She spoke to him but was told by the other Temple members that he was a traitor. I had been wondering what had happened to him and the others who had a commune together, Janet and David Shular, who aren't seen at the Temple any more. I heard someone, perhaps it was Jack Beam, make a disparaging remark concerning David one day. I thought perhaps they were among those of whom Jim has spoken who have apparently left the cause but in reality continue to serve the Temple outside. Shulars had adopted two children. I had phoned Bechtel information once to get Glenn's phone number, and they said he resigned in February, of course would not give me a forwarding address. I had a snack and read newspapers. I went to bed at 12.15.

29 September - Th - I had no work all day except a couple of corrections on the list of executed contracts for Betty Vasil. At 9.30 as a canvasser for United Way I attended a meeting at which canvassers were briefed. The chief purpose was to bring out some of the objections which would be made and to supply answers or ways of dealing with them. I asked several questions. Sweet rolls and coffee were provided. I made some journal entries and brought my notes up to date.

At noon after eating lunch at my desk, I started on the bus up Market Street to go to the Emporium to buy my underwear. An accident or other mishap stalled traffic on Market. I got off and walked up Geary. I tried to find what I wanted in Liberty House and Macy's. It was very hard to get waited on (there are almost no clerks, only cashiers), personnel were rude or indifferent, and I couldn't find cotton articles except bras, which were very high-priced, as was everything I saw -- I didn't buy anything. These stores didn't have a bargain basement, and I intend to go tomorrow to the Emporium, which does have.

After work I went to the Temple for dinner. I saw there Estelle and Valysha. I told Estelle of my shopping difficulties. She said she would take me to suburban stores "sometime." She finally offered to go tonight, as she wanted to get articles for other people.

Estelle drove Valysha and me to the Tanforan Shopping Center at San Bruno. We did much walking. We looked at clothing at the Emporium, Sears and Penny's. I bought four bras for $16.00, two cotton panties for $2.00 apiece, three pairs of cotton socks for $2.39, shoes (a low pump) made in Taiwan of man-made material for $6.99. The total cost with tax was $31.14. I have only a few dollars left for groceries this weekend.

We reached home shortly after 9.00. Estelle dropped me off and took Valysha home, did not return. Etta, Wanda and Lavana were all in bed. Lavana woke up when I came in. I put my laundry in the machine. I prepared vegetables for my lunch tomorrow. When I went to put the laundry in the dryer, I found someone had taken my sheet from the washing machine. I have only two sheets left. I always put a sheet back on the bed after washing and drying it. Lavana lent me a sheet. I ate a snack, read and went to bed at 12.45.

30 September - F - I had no work in the office. I called Marc. She and Deb had gone out and I talked to Marc's mother, who said that both girls were all right, though suffering some pain. Marc felt badly because of the loss of her car. Marc had Triple A insurance which covers everything, including Marc's and Deb's medical expenses. The man driving the other car apparently was not hurt badly but wants to get as much out of the insurance as possible. Marc had had some job interviews but had not found a job as yet.

Kate Walker is in Kaiser Hospital. She had been out for several days, came back and fainted on the way home, I understand. She is in the hospital for tests and won't be out until after the weekend.

My typewriter was delivered this morning. The adapter (for the prongs) had not been supplied. I ate my lunch outside. Dorothy had a book by Don Novello called The Lazlo Letters, consisting of letters written as spoofs by Novello, under the name of Lazlo Toth, to well-known individuals and business firms. She brought it to take to Kate, whom she intends to visit tonight. I read a good part of it. The serious answers the author received furnish the humor. I wrote some journal entries.

While I was on the way home tonight there was a power failure which stopped all the buses on Market Street. It lasted about half an hour. I walked all the way home. Even after the buses started again, I couldn't get on one, as they were loaded at starting point. I phoned the Temple and asked them to save my

dinner. Jane Mutschman at the telephone keeps a list of those who will arrive after 6.00.

When I got home I did the personal tasks which I normally do on Thursday: washed my hair and did my hand laundry. I also pressed clothes. I read in the kitchen so as not to interfere with Lavana's sleep, as it was late. I went to bed at 11.45.

October, 1977

1 October - S - I got up at 8.00. I went to the Temple to sign the letter I had written for Laurie on the Indian program at Laney College. I had breakfast: pancakes and syrup, bacon and milk. Only a small number of people came for breakfast. I went on to the Haight Community Food Store by the Fillmore and Haight buses. I had about $5.50 left (with $1.00 lent to me by Virginia). I just came out with enough change left for newspapers until I get my allowance. I have hamburger and enough vegetables left for Sunday dinner, so that I didn't need to go to the Northpoint Coop. I walked home. I stopped at the park for a brief rest. I got home at 12.15, had a toasted cheese sandwich.

I napped off and on from 1.30 to 4.00, now and then disturbed by Lavana, who couldn't sleep.

I went to the Kaiser Hospital to see Kate Walker. I had a hard time finding her room. Dorothy Stookey had visited her Friday night. Kate said she might have gallstones. I stayed until about 6.00.

I had dinner at the Temple. Only one bus came this week from Los Angeles, according to Ray Godshalk. I talked to Bob Rankin who is there on the work crew with Archie. They are making repairs on houses which people are donating. I talked also with Inez Wagner, who works in the Los Angeles kitchen with Rosie Ijames.

The service was out early — 9.30. Mabel Johnson has taken up with Etta Thompson and tries to get rides to and from church with Estelle. She is still unhappy over her son and because her friends are in Guyana and she isn't.

Carrie Langston stayed in the apartment as usual. As Estelle was home, Carrie slept on the floor. She says Fireside Lodge has been sold, so Mary Wotherspoon will be leaving soon for Guyana. I read and had a snack. I went to bed at 12.00.

2 October - Su - I woke about 8.00 and bathed. The use of the kitchen arranged itself smoothly as people ate in turn. Carrie had brought her own food. I had an egg, sausage, toast. Carrie gave me some bacon. I did the dishes.

The service was at 11.00. There was a fairly good crowd. The meeting was quite short. It was out at 1.00.

I went home. I tried to sleep before eating but I couldn't. The day was very hot. It got up at 3.30. The others who came home were Lavana, Etta, and

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later Estelle. I had hamburger, salad, green beans. Lavana gave me a piece of lemon pie. After doing dishes again, I lay down for half an hour, was half an hour late for the 6.30 service.

We had two slide shows made by the Federal Council of Churches. The first was on the multi-national corporation Gulf and Western and its control of the Dominican Republic, its responsibility for impoverishment of the country's workers. The second slide show was on the support of South Africa and its apartheid policies by United States banks. Laurie Efrein distributed copies of a letter on the Pendleton 10, blacks who have been punished for defending themselves against a Nazi group. Members signed the letter for mailing. The service was out at 8.30.

The opera "Don Carlos" by Giuseppe Verdi was being presented on the radio and I listened to it while getting something to eat and reading. Lavana talked a good part of the time. I decided not to listen to the last scene. I turned off the radio at 11.15 and went to sleep.

3 October - M - I worked a few hours for Dale Huffman and Elizabeth Unkovic, two new attorneys. I volunteered to help them as I perceived no secretary had been assigned to them. I worked a little on journal entries. I finished reading The Lazlo Letters. I ate my lunch outside. It was hot.

I went to the Temple for dinner, which was very good. We had barbecued chicken, sweet potatoes, green beans. Those who wished were given a second helping. I took some chicken home. I defrosted and cleaned out the refrigerator. I emptied out spoiled food and washed containers.

I had gotten $7.00 from Debbie Blakey and given it to Rocki to buy cotton panties for me. Wards is selling a package of ten for $6.38, and most of the women have been getting them.

Lavana has not been feeling well. It is turning cool in the evenings. She is cold, especially her feet. I was worried about her and borrowed Rocki's electric pad for her.

Another group is leaving for Guyana. I heard that Mary Wotherspoon is one of them.

I read the newspaper and ate a snack. I tried to stop Lavana from talking. I went to bed at 11.15.

4 October - T - I had no work in the morning. I had time to do several personal tasks.

Last night June Crym called me saying the Temple received a call for me from Kaiser from a woman named Fran Lyon who inquired about insurance in connection with an accident. It was a puzzle as I reported no accident, and we didn't know how Kaiser got the Temple number to call me. I phoned Ms. Lyon. She had no record of my name in such a connection. She believed the telephone operator must have misunderstood the name.

I made out my needs slip. I made my rounds for the United Way, leaving cards for the people on my list. I phoned Marc. She has a job with a real

estate company where her dad works. She was in a good mood though still in pain from whiplash. She is distressed about a scar on her face, but it may fade. Deb Bowen had flown home. She expected to be in the office in a week or two. Marc was unhappy because Dorothy had not called her. I told her there was no sign of a replacement for her as yet.

I ate lunch at my desk. I saw the film, "Dawn of the Second Century," about the J. R. Reynolds Tobacco Company and the conglomerate it had formed, Reynolds Industries, a very clever well-made film.

Terry Brown, a new attorney, who speaks French — I believe he is Algerian — gave me a three-page letter in French to type. Lamy has left on a three-week vacation to France. Norma was out this afternoon. I got a draft from Zaid Jawdat to type at the end of the day.

I had a good meal at the Temple. As is usual, the amount of food put on my plate was too much for my need. I turned in my needs slip. At home Estelle, Lavana, Wanda and Etta were having a convivial time. Estelle was packing a box to be sent to Guyana with a party leaving tonight (probably Mary Wotherspoon was one). I later heard that they were too late with the box. Lavana was given a wooden box at the Temple to pack her belongings because she didn't have proper luggage. I read newspapers and had a snack. I went to bed at 11.30.

5 October - W - For Terry Brown I had two items to put on MagCard. I worked a little on journal entries but made little progress. Norma Bondoc, who has been Philippe Lamy's secretary, had gone to the doctor who ascertained that she is pregnant. She is pleased, but I have overheard remarks from her that indicate she may be having trouble with her husband.

My elbow is still causing me some pain. I ate lunch outside. I went to the office supplies company and got an adapter for my typewriter. Annie Schroeder, who drives to work from the Sunset, took me home tonight so that I could bring my typewriter.

I washed and changed clothes. I went to the Temple to have dinner. Laurie asked me to write a letter to the Chronicle concerning a story on the supposed suicide of John William Head. The writer insinuated that the Temple was responsible or perhaps even murdered Head and profited from his death, a charge originated by New West. After finishing the letter, I attended the rest of the service. A film on Leonid Brezhnev was shown, with scenes from Russian history through which he has lived.

Wanda has been getting our personal supplies, which are handed out after service on Wednesday by Ollie Smith. She is the only one of the Widemans who stayed in the Temple, having married a member. But she seems to have the bad disposition of the other Widemans. I waited downstairs for her for half an hour. I then found her practicing songs (like the other Widemans she has a good voice), and she let me know she would come when she felt like it. She was very rude when she did come. I was tired and didn't like to go out to the bus stop alone (an elderly woman's purse was snatched the other day in broad daylight and her skull broken when she fell on the concrete — she died). Vernell Henderson witnessed Ollie's behavior, but she believed it better to put up with frustrations during this interim period. She took me and Wanda home. I understand why Wanda doesn't

like to try to get supplies from Ollie. I had received bath soap, enough for all six of us, and laundry soap.

Bates used to tell me of Rocki Breidenbeck's longing to find a man, usually someone much younger than she is. She was continually with one man or another. I rarely paid any attention to them. Now, according to gossip, she is seen with a black man named Roosevelt Turner, says she is going to marry him. Estelle has gone to Los Angeles, probably for two weeks. I read newspapers and had a snack. I went to bed at 12.00.

6 October - Th - I slept until 8.00. I phoned Dorothy that I was not coming in, that I was going to see the doctor at Kaiser about my sore elbow.

Lavana had mentioned last night that someone had eaten her last egg. She thought it was Estelle. When I thought about it, I was convinced that mine would have been taken also. I had two which I intended to eat for Sunday breakfasts. Somebody had been using my toothpaste when I left it in the bathroom, and I had to bring it to my bedroom. Soap which Wanda continually put in the bathroom was as continually taken away. This morning I made my displeasure evident about losing the eggs, which were indeed gone. Etta thought Estelle had eaten them. She is said to have two for breakfast every day. I announced my plan to eat some of the meat I think she (Estelle) has in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator. I thought it would be a good idea to have a meeting of Etta, Lavana, Virginia and I to discuss other people's food and the common supplies (Wanda doesn't eat in the apartment and spends little time in the kitchen, so I didn't intend to include her). The meeting never worked out, as I could not find a time when we would all be home. Etta said she would bring me a half dozen eggs "to keep the peace," but I intend to speak to Estelle about taking others' food. Lavana has told me that people take her food. Etta and Judy Merriam are the worst offenders, according to her. Lavana calls taking or begging food from others "swaying" and has contempt for the practice, which is very widespread in the communes.

I went to Kaiser about 9.30 and saw an orthopedist, Anton M. Kalafatich. He had x-rays taken and diagnosed bursitis. I think it may have been caused by my slipping on the dining room floor at the Temple one day where somebody had spilled soup. I had thought I was not hurt. The injury may have been aggravated by the heavy typing job at work I did for Betty Vasil and the typing I did at the Temple when the chair and typing stand were not at the correct height. The doctor gave me a choice of treatments: aspirin, indocin, cortisone (one shot), or physical therapy. I decided on a prescription of indocin.

I came home and did my laundry. I went to the Temple for lunch. I bought two pairs of shoes at a little second-hand store on Geary across from the Temple, paying $1.25 for both pairs. I walked up to Sacramento for an ice cream cone. I changed my shoes at home and left my packages. I took the bus to Mission Street. I walked from 9th to about 19th, looking at the goods in second-hand stores. I went through three: the Purple Heart Thrift Store where I bought a pair of tennis shoes for 49¢, and the San Francisco Thrift Store, and Goodwill. I was particularly interested in finding jeans and slips, and will know where to come when I get money for clothes.

I went to the Temple direct for dinner. On arriving home, I sorted clothes.

I did personal chores. Wanda had a list of items needed in Jonestown which is given to women when they are to leave for Guyana, but she let us copy it now. I washed my hair, did my hand laundry. Then I ate a snack and read. Tonight KKHI broadcast four hours of a fund-raising show for the Metropolitan Opera in New York, featuring opera numbers sung by some of their stars. I heard a good part of it. I thought I went to bed by midnight, but it must have been closer to 1.00 o'clock, as I found in the morning I had set the clock wrong.

7 October - F - I overslept an hour, was late to work. I filled out my time card. Betty asked me to sit in the file room a couple of hours. Nora was out and Karen had to go to the dentist. I accomplished very little. I worked on a few journal entries. I phoned Lorraine, arranged to pick up next week my books which are stored at her house. I ate outside. Dorothy left early, so I sat in the Word Processing Center an hour or so at the end of the day.

I went to the Temple to eat, then home. Went to the Coop to buy groceries.

I listened to the live broadcast of the San Francisco Opera. They performed Das Rheingold by Wagner. I ironed clothes in the kitchen while listening. I read newspapers. I went to bed at 12.00.

8 October - S - I got up at 8.00. I went to the Temple for breakfast and to see Laurie about letters she wanted written. Many people were there for breakfast, because most were going to a rally on the Bakke decision at a park in Oakland. I arranged to see Laurie tonight.

I went to the Haight Community Food Store. I bought a small amount of vegetables and fruit; I needed less than usual as I will be going to work only one day next week. As I pushed my cart home, I thought my arm was better. From our apartment, Wanda, Etta and Virginia went to the rally. Lavana stayed home. I had a sandwich. I called Lorraine. I told her I would try to pick up my books next week; Dick Tropp thinks the Temple can send them to Jonestown for me. Lorraine told me about a San Francisco Examiner story last night on the Stoen custody case; she read some of the article to me. Her attitude has been influenced by such stories describing purported hard conditions at our mission and inciting fear of the leaders. She is afraid for me to go.

I took a nap in Virginia's room, so as not to be disturbed by Lavana getting up and down. The others came home. I had thought that those who went to the rally were going to have a picnic, but they didn't. Sandwiches were distributed to them. The rally drew a large crowd up to 5000, was sponsored by several organizations including the Temple. There were several speakers.

I prepared my dinner: fried chicken, bread and gravy, salad. I went to the Temple service. Jim spoke to us from Jonestown. The transmission was poor and I heard only a little. I got instructions from Laurie. She wants a letter to the Examiner editor on yesterday's article. We discussed details. I was late getting to the bus stop and was alone. I was a little fearful, remembering the elderly woman whose skull was broken. A black man at the bus stop told me of a purse snatching he had just observed on Geary. I got

home at 10.30. I read newspapers. I went to bed at 12.00.

9 October - Su - I got up at 8.00. I had for breakfast grapefruit, pancakes, an egg and sausage.

I went to the Temple for the service. This was the first time neither Jim nor Marcy has been here. No one except the assistant ministers was on the platform. Several rows of seats were saved for guests. I was in the next row and I was moved when the guests came in at 12.30, after the preliminary part of the service. Prexy Nesbitt, a black who is an expert on African nations, was the only guest who spoke. He made a short presentation. The other guests didn't speak and were not introduced. They were shown slides of the Guyana mission after the service. The service was open today to relatives and friends of members. Ora Pearce's daughters with new companions attended with several children, to whom I was introduced. John Henneke, who used to be married to one of the girls, has been working regularly at the Temple. Ora comes to services sometimes.

I went home at 2.30. Etta and Lavana were there too. I prepared and ate dinner — broiled chicken, salad, corn on the cob. I slept on Virginia's bed to avoid being disturbed by Lavana. I slept an hour and a half. I drafted and typed a letter on the Stoen case, in response to a derogatory article in the Chronicle; I concentrated on what we are doing educationally in Guyana.

I went to the evening service late but was in time to see a film made by the Soviets on the Angolan revolution. Today is Ever's 107th birthday. A tribute had been paid to her in the morning service. Etta had made a cake which was served after the evening service. We didn't wait. I had a snack and was in bed by 12.00.

10 October - M - I slept until 8.30. I planned to stay home all week except for tomorrow. I ate a piece of grapefruit. I called Lorraine, told her I'd try to get over for my books on Wednesday. Lavana, Etta, Virginia and Wanda all slept until about the same time. Wanda is off today on account of Columbus Day. Virginia went to the Temple. The others, including Wanda, got something to eat in the kitchen. I waited until the others were through before I started work. Laurie had given me a list of people mentioned in People's Forum to whom I was to write letters of support. I had almost finished one when my new typewriter stopped working. I finished several letters by hand. Wanda had gone out. Etta packed. Lavana didn't feel well, went to bed.

I went to the Temple for lunch. There were more people there than usual on account of the holiday. I turned in my letters. Laurie said my letter on the Stoen case was excellent; not a word was changed. I walked back to 1029 by Sutter Street. I wrote two more letters for Laurie.

Rocki came by. She, Judy and Doreen had been before Council. Complaints had been made by Doreen with regard to Rocki's use of her car, which she drives for communal purposes. Rocki said Doreen was jealous of her association with Roosevelt Turner, whom she calls "Turner," a big black man. Rocki said Jack Beam had remarked on Doreen's jealousy. Nevertheless, Rocki has to turn over her schedule every day to Doreen. Rocki and Lavana revealed their

resentment of the nurses. Lavana was put off by some attitude of Wanda. She also did a clever take-off of Doreen Greaves. Rocki is going to take my typewriter to Bryan Kravitz who may be able to find what is the matter with it.

I went for a walk up Polk and down Van Ness. The day was nice. I went to the Temple for dinner. Dick Tropp told me to bring in the rest of my books, which can be shipped. Don Sly remarked that he was trying to sell the buses. At home I read newspapers and made some journal entries.

11 October - T - I went to work today because I didn't want to miss the departmental meeting. It was at 9.00. There was a film on the United Way, the one that was shown to the canvassers. Mike Conheim of Data Processing gave a survey on the operation of Word One. It was too technical for those unknowledgeable about text editing and presented nothing new to those who did. A little controversy threatened between Virginia and Dorothy. Nothing was said about computer plans for the Legal Department. Later Denise told me it was planned to hire a man as supervisor. She thought that perhaps he would be introduced today, but he wasn't. I don't know how this change will affect my status.

I made out my needs list. I did a little work on journal entries. At lunchtime a film called "Ocean Heritage" was shown. It was about Newfoundland and Labrador. I made the rounds of those on my United Way list who hadn't yet returned their cards. I collected a few more. I did a little more work on a draft for Butler. I put in my time card to cover the week.

I went to the Temple to eat. At home I exercised. I worked on journal entries for an hour or so. I read newspapers. I had an exchange with Lavana. She earlier had had trouble with Virginia whom she doesn't like. She doesn't want me to keep the light and my radio on in the evenings. Several times in order not to disturb her I have sat on a hard chair in the kitchen, but I decided I am entitled to some comfort. She has the entire day to sleep. I told her my attitude.

12 October - W - I was up at 8.00. I had had trouble sleeping after the argument with Lavana. I spoke to her normally and after a time she responded. Rocki took me to breakfast. Viola Godshalk had told me of counseling sessions with Rocki and Doreen and Judy. Rocki was suspected of taking some of the receipts from the flea market. She eats in restaurants with Roosevelt Turner, which is the reason for keeping a close check of her schedule. Viola said Mabel Johnson teamed up with Rocki too and received benefits — restaurant meals and rides for visiting her relatives and shopping, I think. I fried chicken to have for lunch at Lorraine's while Rocki took someone to the doctor.

At 11.00 Rocki drove me to Lorraine's to get the rest of my books. Rocki and I carried them downstairs and loaded them in the car. Lorraine arrived home. I had brought bread and lettuce as well as the chicken. Lorraine made salad and furnished watermelon and we all had lunch. I had shown Rocki pictures of Lorraine's daughters. Rocki told Lorraine of life in the Temple and of her children in Guyana, Wesley and Melanie. Melanie prepares all the baked foods, cooks at night, doing what she likes to do best.

We left about 1.00 as Rocki had to take Lavana to the doctor. Rocki told me about her other daughter. She has left the Temple, joined her father. According to Rocki, she was overworked in the Valley, spent long hours with no relief in the tower. She was wrongly accused of "too white behavior" and found this too much to take. Rocki said the unhappy result was caused by the staff's ignoring Jim's instructions; Jim had told Rocki that her daughter could return at any time.

I tried to sleep, had no success. Etta told me she was leaving for Guyana on Friday, not to tell anyone. Wanda and Estelle know. I hunted among my papers for my list of books, but couldn't find it. I went to the Temple to eat. Rocki unloaded the books at the Temple with slight help from the men, including Turner, whom I closely observed for the first time. He is a big black. For about two hours I listed my books by hand as Dennis Allen had to have an inventory. Then I found my typed list among the books themselves. Dennis will crate the books. Jim Randolph is in charge of shipping.

The service was at 7.30. The main feature was a film on Brezhnev's trip to Cuba. The service was out at 10.00. Virginia and I stayed briefly with Etta, who was trying to obtain her personal needs, but Etta decided not to wait. I ate a snack and read. Lavana made no objection. I went to bed at 11.15.

13 October - Th - I went to the Temple for breakfast. I put my laundry in the washer and dryer. I had lunch at the Temple. I tried to see Dick Tropp in order to get my Russian books from the Law Office in order to add them to the shipment being sent to Guyana, but he has been rushing around and I could not find him. I received money ($3.00) from Debbie Blakey in order to buy manicure items to send with Etta for Bates. I had dinner at the Temple and walked home.

I washed my hair and did my hand laundry. Lavana was in bed at 8.30, and so as not to disturb her I read in the kitchen until 1.00 o'clock, when I went to bed. Sometime during the night I awoke to find that Estelle had returned from Los Angeles. I was too sleepy to notice that Inez Wagner had come back with her. They had dropped Inez's son Mark at the Temple. He is scheduled to leave for Guyana tomorrow at the same time as Etta.

14 October - F - I went to the Temple for breakfast. The breakfasts served at the Temple have been very good. People are served individually as they come and are few enough to be accommodated at one table.

Etta has been doing her last-minue shopping and packing. Lavana and Virginia don't know yet that she is leaving. I phoned the General Office Equipment Company that my new typewriter won't work. They promised to put it in order if I would bring it in. I took the typewriter to the store at about 12.00. My elbow is much better since I have been taking the prescribed indocin, and although the typewriter is heavy to carry, it didn't hurt badly to carry it. I took the Muni bus to Woolworth's on Market and purchased several separate manicure items for Bates. The cost with tax was just $3.05. I then took the bus to the Northpoint Coop and purchased some items there.

I ate dinner at the Temple. Jim Randolph had instructed Etta and Inez with

Mark to be at the shipping room at 7.00 with their luggage. Etta had a footlocker and two duffle bags full besides her hand luggage, but I heard that she had no difficulty getting it on the plane. It may have cost the Temple extra though. I learned that Dick Tropp was leaving for Guyana too, which is the reason he has been so busy lately. I had a talk with him. He is going over for three weeks to discuss public relations and the Temple legal problems. He expects to be in the States until the litigation is finished, will probably teach at Santa Rosa in the spring. He will make $10,000 in four months. Nedra (formerly Johnny Mae) Yates left for Guyana with the group tonight also. She was permitted to take with her her small dog which she carried around with her wherever she goes.

At home I pressed clothes. I listened to the opera, which was Faust by Charles Gounod, on my radio, the first time I have heard the entire work. Lavana took no interest in it, although the announcer explained the action. In fact she showed her displeasure, but I ignored her. The opera ended about 11.30, and I went to bed.

15 October - S - I got up at 8.00. Estelle took a four-hour exam for real estate broker this morning. I went to the Temple for breakfast and then up to the Haight Community Food Store and bought a small amount of vegetables and fruit. I pushed my cart home. The sun had come out and it was warm. In the park between Eddy and Turk a big bunch of men's clothing had been dumped. I looked through it. Mostly it consisted of sock and neckties of very good quality. The socks looked as if they would fit me, and I found two shirts which I can also wear. I sorted out most of what is usable and took it with me. Earlier on the street I had found a pair of men's moccasins, in good shape.

I had a cheese sandwich and a tomato for lunch. I slept about an hour and a half. For dinner I fried some chicken liver, ate it with whole grain rice and a big salad.

I went to the Temple for service. It was short. There was a good deal of singing. The usual "one offering" was taken early, but later Norm, who conducted the meeting, asked for special donations to buy curtains for the houses in Guyana. Carrie Langston came to our apartment and occupied Wanda's bed. Wanda stayed with Ruby Johnson, Ruby Carroll's elderly mother, as she often does. Doreen Greaves stays with her during days, works at night. I had a snack and read newspapers. I went to bed about 11.00.

16 October - Su - Lavana got up at 7.15 and prepared her breakfast and dinner. Virginia went to the Temple to eat. I got up at 8.00. During the night, although I had slept well, at intervals I had heard something dripping. Inez, when she got up, discovered that the hot water pipe was leaking. On my way to the Temple I reported it to the landlord. It was repaired when I came home after the service. Lavana, who always complains she scarcely sleeps at all, had not heard anything during the night. I had grapefruit, pancakes, an egg, and sausage.

The morning service was uneventful and rather short. Norm conducted it and took a second offering, saying that contributions were down and we needed more funds for both the needs here and in Guyana. Only a few people came from Los Angeles. Ray Godshalk didn't come up. Viola had a letter

from him. He says it is planned to send a bus to Los Angeles only every two weeks now.

After the service was out about 2.00 I went home to eat. Lavana came too. Estelle and Valysha arrived later. Lavana ate her dinner quickly and lay down. I had round steak and cauliflower. I slept for an hour and a half. I pressed the ties I had found yesterday and took them to the Temple, gave them to Norm. I had earlier given him the moccasins I had found.

Wanda had told me previously that she and June Crym are on a committee which is starting to take healing affidavits again. Nothing has been done on them since Phyllis Chaikin left and then Jennie Cheek a little later. I am to type them as I did before. Wanda gave me some this morning, mostly old ones which needed corrections. The new ones are not well written, as no one yet knows how to put them in good form. The accounting office has been rearranged very tastefully. Bettie McCann let me use the IBM typewriter I had given to the Temple and had used previously when I was typing the healing affidavits.

I worked on the affidavits throughout the service except when Jim spoke to us on the radio. He said the young people were having a dance at the moment. The menu had included frog legs and sweet potatoes. Eight hundred people are now at the mission. Spanish, Portuguese and Chinese are being taught. Sixty-three more housing units had been completed; furniture was being made. He said an influx of "guests" was expected.

I didn't get home until 9.30 (service had ended about 9.00), and Lavana was already in bed. I read in the kitchen. The opera being given was Rossini's Semiramade, which I knew Lavana wouldn't like, and I didn't want to argue with her. I went to bed about 12.00.

17 October - M - I went back to the office today. Barbara Vas had jury duty and asked if I would sit at her desk and handle her work. She is Robert Galbreath's secretary. He had given her a good deal of typing, which I put on the Mag A typewriter from his drafts. She returned shortly before noon, as she wasn't selected to serve on the jury, but she has to go back tomorrow. I supposed that a new supervisor might be on duty at the Word Processing Center, but Dorothy was there alone. Denise Price, who has been keeping me informed on the situation, said she had not heard anything more. I ate lunch outside. I spent the afternoon finishing the typing I had for Barbara.

I went to the Temple to eat. The shipping room was not open, and Laurie was not in the Lawyer's Office and hadn't arrived yet for dinner, so I couldn't do anything about my Russian books. At home I did my exercises. I worked on my journal entries, then read the newspaper. Lavana was friendly enough at first, though she was grumbling because Estelle and Valysha had eaten most of the center of a piece of watermelon when she had offered them some. She became increasingly annoyed as the evening wore on at my keeping the light and radio on, because she was trying to sleep. I said nothing to her, as I am taking it for granted that I can work or read in my room until 11.00. At length, she joined Estelle when

she came home. Judy came in and talked to me for a while. I prepared my lunch for tomorrow. I went to bed at 11.30.

18 October - T - I sat at Barbara's desk again this morning. Galbreath gave me some more typing which kept me busy into the afternoon. Barbara returned before noon and was finished with her jury obligation. At lunch-time I walked up to Stacey's and bought the book I had ordered through them, The Rise of the Colored Races by Keith Irvine. Dorothy sent me a library copy of the book, but I presume I shall have to return it to her. The book cost me $10.65 with tax. A few hours during the afternoon I wrote journal entries.

I went to the Temple for dinner. I sat beside Viola, who told me about difficulties the women are having in the other Geary apartments. Irene Dakins got to her feet at the communal meeting last Thursday to complain about Florine Dyson, with whom she rooms. The matter was taken up in private counsel. Viola said Florine denied everything; she screams when problems are discussed. Nothing has improved. Florine goes to bed about 7.00, then gets up at 2.30, makes noise and prepares food. She eats at intervals all day. The newest complaint is about Jossie (pronounced Josie) Chambliss who lives in the apartment with Mabel Johnson, Judy Merriam and Rocki Breidenbeck. Judy told me last night that Jossie was angering people by insisting that she believed in the Bible. She and Virginia Middleton, while preparing vegetables at the church, became so furious with each other that it was feared they were going to attack each other with the knives they were using; some said they did try to attack each other. Yesterday Jossie, having apparently endured all the disapproval she could take, announced she was leaving. She told Rocki to load all her belongings in the car as she was moving out. Rocki got in touch with the Temple authorities who told her to accede to Jossie's every whim. (This is Rocki's version.) Later Chris Kice arranged to have Jossie moved in with Ruby Johnson, and Rocki was told to unload her belongings. As Rocki had left without saying whether she would be back for Viola, I helped Viola go home on the bus.

Lavana was already in bed when I got home. She said she had had a very bad night and had not slept well all day. I was afraid this was a tactic to make me keep the light and radio off, so I didn't sympathize with her. I did my exercises. I prepared my lunch for tomorrow. I read newspapers the rest of the evening. Lavana said nothing, but about 10.00 o'clock she started moaning. Estelle came home. She had received a collect call from her daughter in Houston when she was away. It was said to be an emergency. Estelle said her daughter was leaving her husband. She had not called back at 11.15. I told Estelle about the difficulties people in other apartments were having. She was sympathetic with Jossie, who, she said, is in her 80's and has had a history of mental difficulty. Estelle believes her apartment-mates should be more tolerant. I went to bed at 11.30.

19 October - W - I did a number of personal tasks: wrote a letter to Dorothy, as I have not been able to get her on the phone. My main purpose was to ask her if I have to return the book, The Rise of the Colored Races. I xeroxed some clippings for her, most on the plight of the stock market.

I also xeroxed some recipes for Betty McCann, after a conversation we had about cooking. She likes to cook foreign food. I made some file folders for personal use and put various items in them. I did a little work on my journal but didn't have much success in catching up.

Norma told me her husband was beginning to get excited about the baby; at first he did not want it. She had put him through school and supported them both for some time. He seems selfish. Norma is opposed to the regime in the Philippines and is concerned about the rights of minorities here.

It was foggy. I ate lunch at my desk. I had two assignments from Dale Huffman, who is a new attorney, and one from Garb (some xeroxing). I tried again to reach Dorothy but had no luck.

I went home after work and cleaned up. I went to the Temple to eat.

Laurie has been so busy since Dick left that she has had no time to hunt for my Russian books. I can't find them in the law office or in Dick's cubicle. Tonight Dennis Allen told me he crated the books I had in the packing room. I will have to try to find the others and take them with me. I waited in the accounting office. Wanda came with some affidavits to type. Some need to be put in better order before I can type them. I asked June Crym whether I could stay out of service to work on them, but she didn't want me to. Counselors have been told that everyone who possibly can should be in service. Laurie told me she wants me to write some articles for the Forum, the Temple newspaper. She brought me an article to adapt. I don't know when I can work on the affidavits or the Forum.

The main event at the service was a tape, "The California Reich," about the Nazis in California. We had seen it before. Rocki took me home in her car, but I had to wait for her second trip. I would have got home faster on Muni. Estelle was packing to return to Los Angeles. She was persuaded not to go tonight. I read for an hour. I went to bed about 12.00.

20 October - Th - Estelle got up early this morning to drive to Los Angeles.

I had a busy day at the office. I revised a legal document for Huffman four or five times and did some xeroxing for John Foster. I called Dorothy at her job and talked to her for quite a while. She wants me to send the book back. She is thinking of coming to San Francisco for Christmas. She believes it would be a shame not to see me before I go to South America. She was intending to go to Austen, Texas to help Madelyn Murray O'Hare, because the weather would be nice then.

I had forgotten my clipboard and decided to go home for it on my noon hour. I also got Dorothy's book so that I can wrap it for mailing. Brenda gave me a carton for it. Lavana and Virginia were home. Lavana gave me some twine. I brought her a rain hat like mine which she had wanted. I made the trip home and back in about half an hour. This is the first time I have gone home on my lunch hour. I ate lunch at my desk.

In the afternoon I had hoped to get some back entries written up in my journal, but I was frustrated. In fact, I had to stay fifteen minutes late

to finish something for Huffman.

I went to the Temple to eat. Hue Fortsom said that Ed Crenshaw is leaving for Guyana tomorrow. When I got home at 6.30 Lavana was in bed in Estelle's room. She was in a better humor all evening. She offered to do my laundry tomorrow when it seemed I might have trouble with the hot water, as she was afraid to have me go out to the laundromat. I did my exercises and personal chores. I did my laundry. I washed my hair, then did my hand laundry, and finished with all my chores after 11.15. I read and had a snack. Lavana came back to sleep in our room. I went to bed at 12.30.

21 October - F - I didn't have much work at the office and was able to do some work on my journal entries. At lunch in Bechtel's assembly room I saw a film of Das Island, Abu Dhabi on the Arabian peninsula, where a great deal of oil is being produced and shipped out.

I ate at the Temple tonight. I exercised. I listened to the KKHI broadcast of the San Francisco Opera Company production of "Aida" by Guiseppe Verdi.

Virginia was asleep and Lavana and I were preparing to go to bed at about midnight when a fire alarm sounded in the building. Wanda was not home. I awoke Virginia, and Lavana and I took our coats and purses and put our shoes on. It was difficult to make Virginia hurry. With the other occupants of the building we went downstairs. Fire trucks arrived in the back. I didn't see any fire or smell any smoke. Some said material in the garbage cans was burning. We went upstairs in a few minutes.

I was in bed, though not asleep, when Wanda came home. Lavana told her what had happened. Wanda called to me and told the others that tomorrow there was a rally we were expected to attend. Members were to leave from the Temple at 11.30.

I have become increasingly worried about the extra tasks I have recently been assigned: typing the healing affidavits which I am told I can no longer stay out of meetings to do, and writing for the Forum. Wanda's commanding tone in regard to the rally determined me to write a memo to Council about the unreasonableness of expecting work beyond my full-time job of a woman of my age. I already have physical conditions aggravated by stress.

22 October - S - I got up at 8.00. I went to the Temple with Virginia. We had breakfast. I then went to the accounting office where I asked Betty if I could write a memo there. She had no objection and gave me some coffee. I wrote two pages as planned last night about extra tasks required of me and made a couple of xeroxes. If I have any more demands on my time, I can show a copy of the memo, hoping Council will agree with me; and I can ask for it to be put in my medical file. I gave the original to Hue Fortsom for Council.

I told Betty of long distance calls I believed Estelle made to her daughter in Houston. She wanted the details. We also discussed Estelle's use of her communal car and the bake sale supplies still stored at 1029 Geary.

I was an hour later than usual getting to Haight Street. On the bus I met

an elderly woman with whom I had a conversation about shopping. She was interested in the Haight Food Store and shops in second-hand stores. She is white and lives in an apartment with blacks. I showed her where the store is and she looked around it. We exchanged names and addresses. I thought she might like to come to the Temple when we have another open meeting. Her name is Esther Jensen Anthony.

On the way home I bought a watermelon at a street stand and some decaffeinated coffee at a Lucky store on Eddy. I got home about 1.15. The day was lovely, sunny and warm. I had some soup and tomato juice. Virginia was still at the Temple. Lavana had gone shopping. Wanda was home sick. She had gone to the rally directly from home, had not seen any of our people who had probably not left the Temple yet. I gave her some nuts and dates, as she said she had a longing for sweets. She is pre-diabetic. She doesn't eat an adequate diet; she doesn't get any breakfast and often no lunch.

I lay down and slept a little off and on. Lavana now goes into Estelle's room when Estelle isn't here and uses what was Estelle's bed; however, she kept coming into our room.

I went to dinner at the Temple with Wanda. Then I went to the accounting office where we had arranged a place to keep the healing affidavits. Some of the material in the affidavits, which were not complete, had been filled in last night by the other workers, but only one was in proper order to be typed up. I finished typing this, working on it through the first part of the service.

Shortly after I came in, Sandy Bradshaw (Ingram), who had just returned from Guyana, told us enthusiastically about the mission. She mentioned in particular: the housing, which is painted different colors; Jim's healing of Bobby Stroud's hand which had been cut off; the healing of another young man whose head was struck by a crane, causing the spinal fluid to drain off; that seventeen young women were pregnant, but no more pregnancies were desired now.

A tape made from a broadcast of Jim's was played. It was about an hour long. He described the mission in detail; spoke of various people of all ages who passed him (some spoke on the radio); exhorted us to greater efforts to raise money; remarked on the deeds of our enemies. The news he told us of individuals included: Daisy Stroud is teaching Chinese, is very cooperative; Patty Cartmell lost thirty pounds; Jim Pugh is planting in the vegetable garden; Edith Bogue lost twenty-six and three-fourths pounds; Mike Prokes is editing a film; Lois Ponts is teaching a class in obstetrical nursing (but we need no more little ones than we are prepared for); Sharon Cobb is supervising care of the babies; Gene Chaikin is working in the plant nursery; Joyce Parks is at our Georgetown headquarters; Zulieka Bourdenave is in charge of the inspection committee; Tish Leroy is working on our records; Amanda Fair is planning the landscaping; Annie Moore is one of our nurses; Jim's mother, Lynette Jones, is doing well; Steve, who was aimless in the United States, unloads our boat; Marie Lawrence is teaching science; Helen Love is doing well; Carolyn Looman is one of the high school teachers; little Raymond, who cried all the time, now smiles all the time; Shirley Hicks introduced a new calypso song at the last meeting.

Other matters of which Jim spoke: no one is permitted to make fun of another's appearance nor handicaps; there are twice-weekly meetings with less church emphasis than formerly; the mission gave assistance to a child who was in a coma in Venezuela and was in need of a specific drug — after several hours of radio communication all over the States, we were able to obtain the drug, winning many friends; more details of the accidents and healings mentioned by Sandy, saying both accidents occurred because of negative influences; all the children who had suffered nervous conditions in the States had overcome them; as Jim had mentioned previously, several people had not lost weight and had suffered strokes, but Jim had healed them; everyone has a check-up every two weeks and a thorough medical examination every two months. Jim requested us not to send cosmetics nor candies to relatives or friends in Guyana; send useful items such as sheets which we all can use. Everyone participates in decisions affecting the community. Mother is coming back after performing a task for the Temple (the tape was made in early October). In mentioning the conspirators, Jim referred mostly to Grace Stoen and her collaborators. There is never any need for corporal punishment.

I went home on Muni. While I was waiting at the stop with Jossie Chambliss, she talked a little about the trouble she had had which led her to decide to leave; she said Mabel Johnson, with whom she had been living, was to blame; but she said she had been asked not to tell details. She said "Father" called her and told her everything would be all right. He said he knew everything and was grateful to her for "feeding my children" — she prepares vegetables at the Temple.

Carrie Langston came to the apartment to stay all night. I gave her a piece of the watermelon I had bought. I prepared food for tomorrow's dinner. I made stew from some of my round steak and vegetables.

I listened to the last part of the opera. Lavana stayed in Estelle's room. She returned to our room after 12.00 when I had gone to bed.

<u>23 October</u> - Su - Lavana was up early to prepare her dinner for the break between services. Carrie had had a shower. I didn't hear either of them. I had slept very hard. I got up at 8.30. Three of us, Lavana, Carrie and I, were getting our breakfast at the same time in the kitchen. Virginia went to the Temple. I had grapefruit, chicken livers, an egg and toast.

I tried to get to the Temple early to work on the affidavits but didn't succeed. Wanda had worked late, but no more had been done on the affidavits so I could not do any more typing on them. I gave Betty our apartment telephone number. She will check long distance calls charged to it, in connection with Estelle's calls to her daughter in Houston. I stayed in the accounting office for the first part of the service. Jim's tape was played again. It was much clearer than it had been downstairs, and I heard items I had missed before.

The service was out about 2.00. I had a long wait for a Muni bus. Rocki passed me up without offering me a ride. I finally walked home.

I made a salad to go with my stew. Lavana and Carrie were at the apartment for dinner. I lay down for an hour and a half but couldn't get to sleep.

At the Temple I received a message from Gene Chaikin which had been sent over the radio during the break — referring to his position in the mission as nurseryman, he recalled (I eventually puzzled out) a conversation we had once had when he had told me he wanted to get away from law and raise plants. I suppose I had mentioned that my mother and three sisters all had had gardens and I wanted to have one too.

I saw Rocki and told her she had passed me up. She hadn't seen me; she said she was not going home anyway, that she took Mabel Johnson to several grocery stores. Mabel wanted to get something special to cook for her son. Rocki seemed annoyed that she was being used as a chaffeur by Mabel. She said Doreen was worse. I suggested that she tell people that in view of Jim's emphasis on saving money, she could not use the car and waste gas for people's personal desires. Viola had told me Mabel bribes Rocki by buying her special food items and gives her money for her and Turner to eat at restaurants.

When I went upstairs I told Betty the details on the use of Rocki's car for non-communal purposes. She thought because of the circumstances (possible damage Mabel might do to the cause if disgruntled), this special privilege might have to be ignored. I said that in the case of Estelle, a long distance call might have been authorized in order to get her daughters to Guyana, though they are not members of the Temple.

I wrote a memo to Council telling how Vivian Gainous, sitting in the choir facing the audience, had chewed bubble gum and yawned throughout Jim's tape yesterday — I had given a report to Diane Christensen, who directs the choir, but she told me to give it to Vivian directly. Vivian had rudely received my comments, saying she worked three jobs and had to chew gum to keep awake.

Sandy Bradshaw saw me in the hall as I came into the evening service. She said she had a message for me from Jim. He was aware of the situation involving Mabel Johnson and wanted me to know that "justice will be done."

I attended the service. At home I listened to the Sunday evening opera. I went to bed at 12.15.

<u>24 October</u> - M - Dorothy was out today. Her son has Veteran's Day off and it is uneconomical for her to drive in alone. I filled in for her. Deb Bowen is back. She showed me recent snapshots of Marc and herself, including some taken after the accident, showing their injuries. Betty Barclay is still giving an unsatisfactory performance, according to Bob O'Neill. The information that Denise had given me was confirmed by O'Neill concerning a supervisor's having been chosen for Dorothy in the computer center. O'Neill said he was being given instruction but got discouraged because of the delay and took another job.

I spent most of the day putting the Legislative Status Report on Mag A for Steve Butler's office. This document reviews the status of legislation, both federal and state, in which Bechtel is interested. Other details I had to take care of: securing the print-outs and handling them, making typed additions to John Braman's patent report, and messaging a document

to Los Angeles. I also did a short memo for Huffman.

I ate lunch at my desk. Tonight I went to the Temple for dinner. We had spaghetti with chicken, salad, pickled peaches. Edith Cordell cut my hair a little shorter. I shaved my neck.

When I got home Virginia was just back from the doctor and was eating. Lavana was up and around but still complaining. Wanda was home, took a bath, then went out. Rocki and Judy took Estelle's bed out. I was tired and my arm started to hurt again, perhaps because I have no medication left. I worked on my journal notes. I went through old newspapers, read a little. I went to bed at 11.15.

25 October - T - At 6.00 o'clock this morning, when I was still in the bathroom Jossie Chambliss came up, wanted Wanda; she had some complaint. Wanda was annoyed, said "Chris Kice was supposed to find some place for that woman to stay."

At the office I finished the Legislative Status Report for Butler's office. It took me all morning. In the afternoon I had to make corrections which took another two hours. Dorothy's demeanor was equable; she discussed various topics in a friendly manner. However, she is still greatly concerned with homosexuality.

Denise told me Marquita's job is at a country club, and she will be head of the office, will probably stay there. Dorothy and I speculated that they have a retirement community and sell homes.

At noon I saw again the BBC film, "Tomorrow's Saudi Arabia," the best documentary on a developing nation I have ever seen. The room was crowded. Dorothy saw it. I did a little work on my journal. Before closing time Zaid Jawdat wanted a short memo done.

I ate at the Temple. I conversed with Edie Katulas. She is rooming with Chris Kice. She is working in a nursing home or hospital. She expects to be among the last to leave. She wants to be sure all the animals are taken care of. I also had a conversation with Aurora Rodriguez, who is a Chicano. She was telling me how she obtained custody of her three grandchildren, the difficulties she had controlling them. They all have passports and will accompany her to Guyana.

I went home on Muni with Jossie. I inquired what had been disturbing her this morning. She did not appear particularly upset. She has been rooming with Doreen, and she said it was planned to move Doreen out, and she would be alone. I don't know whether the problem, whatever it was, had been solved, or whether she was not disturbed any longer.

The day had been foggy but not cold. However, Virginia, probably with the consent of Lavana, had turned on the oven which heated up the whole apartment. I would have had difficulty doing my exercises, so I opened the window and the outside door.

Wanda for some time has not been eating at the Temple. Judy brings her dinner. Lavana told me she is taking a course.