FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

RYMUR
(JONESTOWN)

BB-18  MARCELLINE JONES
BB-19  STEPHAN JONES
BB-20  SUZANNE JONES
BB-21  TIM TUPPER JONES

BUFILE:89-4286
BULKY 2233
subject RYMUR
file number BuFILE 89-4286
section number
serials Bulky 2233
total pages 206
pages released 206
exemption(s) used 66
87

BB-18 PT Members-Marcelline Jones
Dear Tim, Steve, Jani & Sue,

These are copies of a letter I wrote to Council. I have not mailed it. However, unless we can come to some kind of resolution to this problem, I feel it is my responsibility to you to seek help. This time of your lives is so vital and I don't want to fail you. You all are good boys. However, the fact that Tim and Steve express that they were too busy to go to do a required assignment seemed so acceptable to them and completely unacceptable to me indicates that I have not communicated to you what responsibility we have.
**Clinical Laboratory Report**

**Patient:** Jones, Harriette

**Ref. No.:** 0110812

**Date Recd.:** 5/16/77

**Test Conducted:** Urinalysis

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Test</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Color</td>
<td>1/2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Specific Gravity</td>
<td>1.012</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reaction</td>
<td>Acid</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Protein</td>
<td>Trace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sugar</td>
<td>Negative</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urobilinogen (Normal 0.1-1.0 U/ml)</td>
<td>Negative</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Microscopic Examination:**
- Sediment:
  - RBC: 10
  - WBC: 10
  - Erythrocytes: 10
  - Leukocytes: 10
  - Casts: 10
  - Cylinders: 10

**Urinalysis:**
- pH: 5.5
- Glucose: Negative
- Ketones: Negative
- Blood: Negative
- Protein: Negative
- Sediment:
  - RBC: 10
  - WBC: 10
  - Erythrocytes: 10
  - Leukocytes: 10
  - Casts: 10

**Bacteriologic Examination:**
- Bacteria: Present
- Cystine: Negative

**Medical History:**
- Blood Pressure: 12/8
- Heart Rate: 80
- Temperature: 99.2°F

**Additional Information:**
- **Lab. No.:** 069 2295
- **Phone:** 1/6/77
- **Lat. 37° 41′ N, Long. 122° 21′ W**
0743
GEORGE GOODLETT, M.D.
JONES, MARCELLINE
1600 TURK ST
S.F., CA 94115
DATE REC'D:
EXP. 4/13/66
BIRTH DATE:
1/29/47
EXAMINED BY:
D.O.
DATE 5/2/66
REFERRED BY DOCTOR:
PATIENT:
NO.
PHONE:
BIRTH DATE:
178/27
EXP. 4/13/66
EXAMINED BY:
D.O.
DATE 5/2/66
REFERRED BY DOCTOR:
PATIENT:
NO.
PHONE:
BIRTH DATE:
178/27
EXP. 4/13/66
EXAMINED BY:
D.O.
DATE 5/2/66
REFERRED BY DOCTOR:
PATIENT:
NO.
PHONE:
BIRTH DATE:
178/27
EXP. 4/13/66
EXAMINED BY:
D.O.
DATE 5/2/66
REFERRED BY DOCTOR:
PATIENT:
NO.
PHONE:
BIRTH DATE:
178/27
**PULMONARY FUNCTION TESTS**

**Kelly Cardiopulmonary Institute**

**Santa Rosa Memorial Hospital**

**ID:** 486-8893

**Patient:** L. Solomon

**Date:** 1-8-77

**Present Address:** 7730 East Rd, Redwood Valley, CA 95470

**Sign:** 

**Results:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lung Volumes</th>
<th>LITERS</th>
<th>MEAS</th>
<th>FRC</th>
<th>%</th>
<th>UNTESTED</th>
<th>C. BRIDGE</th>
<th>SUBDIVISIONS OF LUNG VOLUME</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Total Cap Han</td>
<td>4.53</td>
<td>4.88</td>
<td>93%</td>
<td>1.12 (78%)</td>
<td>1.74 (116%)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vital Cap Han</td>
<td>2.77</td>
<td>3.38</td>
<td>94%</td>
<td>1.20 (64%)</td>
<td>2.20 (77%)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vital Cap Inspiratory</td>
<td>1.98</td>
<td>3.38</td>
<td>58%</td>
<td>1.52 (70%)</td>
<td>1.76 (77%)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inspiratory</td>
<td>1.66</td>
<td>1.58</td>
<td>95%</td>
<td>2.01 (70%)</td>
<td>1.98 (77%)</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lung Res Cap (FRC)</td>
<td>2.25</td>
<td>2.72</td>
<td>105%</td>
<td>MBC 63</td>
<td>LAMN 60</td>
<td>64</td>
<td>ubar 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRC</td>
<td>2.16</td>
<td>1.50</td>
<td>125%</td>
<td>1.18</td>
<td>0.56</td>
<td>1.17</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRC/TV</td>
<td>63%</td>
<td>56%</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.56</td>
<td>1.17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TV/TV</td>
<td>52%</td>
<td>31%</td>
<td></td>
<td>0.31</td>
<td>0.51</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Breathing Function**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TV</th>
<th>(L)</th>
<th>FRC</th>
<th>(L)</th>
<th>FRC</th>
<th>(L)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>0.54</td>
<td>0.13</td>
<td>0.12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Esophageal and Acid Base Balance**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gas Capacity</th>
<th>(VOL %)</th>
<th>(VOL %)</th>
<th>(VOL %)</th>
<th>(VOL %)</th>
<th>(VOL %)</th>
<th>(VOL %)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O2</td>
<td>15.28</td>
<td>14.88</td>
<td>95.8%</td>
<td>79</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CO2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>32</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N2</td>
<td>74.2</td>
<td>74.2</td>
<td>13.2</td>
<td>13.2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Arterial**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Arterial</th>
<th>7.40</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

**Diffusion Capacity**

**Oxygen Consumption**

**Interpretation**

- Residual volume is increased but total lung capacity is normal.
- Vital capacity is moderately reduced as is mixing efficiency.
- Spirometry shows mild obstruction.
- Arterial blood gases show uncompensated metabolic acidosis.

**Impression:** Obstructive airways disease, mild to moderate with significant trapping and hypercapnia.

**Signature:** Gordon Larsen, M.D.

**Date:** 8-4-85
Normal gas exchange.

L. Solomon, M.D.
Marceline is a 49-year-old lady who has a five-year history of cough productive of about a tbsp. of white sputum a day and a few-year history of shortness of breath. She has been treated with steroids in the past and noted marked improvement in her symptoms but became quite high on steroids. At the present time her only medication is Dimetapp.

She has no history of sinus symptoms. No occupational exposures, no history of infections, and has never smoked. There is no history of asthma or childhood lung disease.

**PHYSICAL EXAMINATION:**

Frequent coughing during the examination. Auscultation during deep breaths, difficult. No rales, rhonchi, or wheezes were heard and good breath sounds were present throughout with no areas of dullness. There was no clubbing.

**PULMONARY FUNCTION TESTS:**

FEV1 is 1.7 before bronchodilators, 1.95 after bronchodilators. Vital capacity - 2.4 before bronchodilators, 2.3 after bronchodilators. Predicted vital capacity is 3.4.

Predicted FEV1 is 2.85. This is actually a restrictive pattern with no response to bronchodilators.

**IMPRESSION:**

Restrictive lung disease of uncertain etiology.

**PLAN:**

Marceline came in with a history and a chart which sounded very much like bronchospastic disease, however, her pulmonary function tests and in retrospect, her chronic cough and shortness of breath without real wheezing are suggestive of a restrictive lung defect although of course, this can only be truly measured on lung volumes. I am scheduling her for a comprehensive re-evaluation and am ordering spirogram, DLCO, lung volumes, and arterial blood gases. I have also ordered a CBC, a Panel 15, ANA, rheumatoid factor and a total eosinophil count, as well as a new chest x-ray. I hope to see her in about a week after the above has been completed and re-evaluate things then. It may well be that a lung biopsy will be in order.

Lewis S. Solomon, M.D.

Marcey comes in today for a follow-up of the full pulmonary functions I did on her last visit. At that time I was concerned that she may have a restrictive defect. However, her full functions today showed that even though her FEV1 is 70% to 77% of the vital capacity that her residual volume is 157% of normal and her total lung capacity is 98% of predicted suggesting that the reduction in vital capacity is, in fact, due to trapped air rather than restrictive lung disease. Her blood gases showed a P02 of 79, PH 7.40 and PCO2 32, suggesting some chronic hyperventilation.

**PHYSICAL EXAMINATION:**

Good inspiratory and somewhat decreased expiratory phase. Again, no rales, rhonchi, or wheezes were heard.

**SUMMARY OF LAB DATA:**

The ANA and rheumatoid factor were negative. Her total eosinophil count was only 64. An incidental finding was the Panel 15 which was all within normal limits except for the triglycerides which were 22 and cholesterol which were 397. I ordered a subsequent lipoproteinelectrophoresis which showed a nonspecific elevation in cholesterol and triglycerides probably on a dietary basis.
JONES, MARCELLE

NOVEMBER 1, 1976

IMPRESSION:
1. Obstructive lung disease which presented originally as restriction on the spirogram. In face of a low eosinophil count and the minimal evidence of reversibility on functions with the exception of the MEF, I am not sure at present where her obstruction falls in the COPD asthma spectrum. Her subsequent course in response to treatment should decide this.

2. Elevation of triglycerides and cholesterol, probably dietary in origin.

PLAN:
1. Start an intensive regimen of: 1. beclomethasone, 4 breaths q.i.d., 2. Alupent, ½ tablet q.i.d., 3. Aminophyllin, 2 tablets q.i.d., and a pulse of prednisone, 50 down to 0.

2. Return visit with a spirogram in two weeks to see what her response is.

3. To receive the bivalent flu vaccine in the right deltoid.

Lewis S. Solomon, M.D.

LSS/as

NOVEMBER 12, 1976

Marcey comes in today after being tried on an outpatient regimen of pulse steroids, beclomethasone, Aminophyllin, and Alupent. She is raising slightly more clear sputum from 1 teaspoon to about 2 teaspoons a day and has perhaps noted some increase in the frequency of her cough. However, her pulmonary function tests have shown absolutely no improvement and she continues to have the usual restrictive pattern on spirogram with the increased residual volume and normal total lung volume on helium dilution.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION:
Good inspiratory and expiratory breath sounds without wheezes.

IMPRESSION:
I continue to be perplexed by Marcey's problem. If she has asthma, she certainly has had no response to medication so far. However, this cannot be excluded and it may be that there is such a degree of mucus plugging that she is presenting with a restrictive pattern and a relative refractoriness which will gradually yield to therapy and may require a stay in the hospital on high doses of steroids and bronchodilators. Another possibility is that she has fairly fixed small airway disease perhaps resulting from her episode of Hong Kong Flu several years ago. She certainly has no smoking or other history of pulmonary disease that would make me suspicious of emphysema. However, recall her total eosinophil count was quite low. The remaining possibility is that she does, in fact, have restrictive lung disease and that the only evidence for this being obstructive disease, i.e. the increased residual volume is in error.
DEC 13, 1976

Harvey continues to have a perplexing pattern of chronic cough and obstructive lung disease by pulmonary function tests with a surprising FEV1/FVC ratio, and normal DLCO. It surprises me that she doesn't better respond to bronchodilators but it may be that she just has a fairly mild obstructive defect.

PHYSICAL EXAM:
Chest - good inspiratory and expiratory breath sounds without rales, rhonchi, or wheezes.

PLAN:
I am going to be thinking over Marcey's record and reviewing it and, perhaps, I will hospitalize her to see if she is reversible with high doses of steroids and even consider the possibility of a fixed mechanical obstruction such as a tracheal web. She will return in three months if I don't hospitalize her sooner.

Lewis S. Solomon, M.D.

ADDENDUM: I have thought over Marceline's situation and believe that she should have additional evaluation but because her symptoms are minimal right now and of long standing, I see no reason to pursue them further at this point. If she were to deteriorate in any way at that point a high dose steroid trial might be indicated and, perhaps, even a bronchoscopy to rule out a fixed obstruction of some sort. Tentatively, my diagnosis is bronchitis with, if anything, a small reversible component. I am going to review with her the possibilities of cutting back on her medications and observing her course. If she fails to deteriorate, I would be content to leave her on just Aminophyllin alone.

Lewis S. Solomon, M.D.
**Lipoprotein Electrophoresis**

**Patient:** Jones, Marceline

**Physician:** Solution

**Date:** 10/27/76

**Age:** 49 yrs.

**Redwood Medical Laboratory**
1166 Montgomery Drive
Santa Rosa, California 95405

**Lipoprotein Electrophoresis**

**Value** | **Normal Range**
--- | ---
Cholesterol: 349 | 150-300 mg/dL
Triglycerides: 201 | 20-190 mg/dL

**Interpretation:**
- Non-specific increase in lipoprotein & both cholesterol & triglycerides - not typical
- Patient severely dield

**Tech:** [Signature]

**Date:** 66-10-07
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEST NAME</th>
<th>RESULT</th>
<th>NORMAL RANGE</th>
<th>UNITS</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>CALCIUM</td>
<td>9.2</td>
<td>8.5 - 10.5</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GLUCOSE</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>70 - 110</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>UREA</td>
<td>2.5</td>
<td>2.0 - 8.0</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TRIGLYCERIDES</td>
<td>220</td>
<td>150 - 200</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHOLESTEROL</td>
<td>138</td>
<td>100 - 200</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL BILIRUBIN</td>
<td>0.8</td>
<td>0.0 - 1.5</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TOTAL PROTEIN</td>
<td>6.2</td>
<td>6.0 - 8.0</td>
<td>g/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALBUMIN</td>
<td>4.4</td>
<td>3.5 - 5.0</td>
<td>g/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALKALINE PHOSPHATASE</td>
<td>43</td>
<td>25 - 90</td>
<td>U/L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LDH</td>
<td>78</td>
<td>60 - 120</td>
<td>U/L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SGOT</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>6 - 20</td>
<td>U/L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BLOOD-UREA-NITROGEN</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>9.0 - 26</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CREATININE</td>
<td>1.0</td>
<td>0.8 - 2.0</td>
<td>mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SODIUM</td>
<td>141</td>
<td>135 - 145</td>
<td>mEq/L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POTASSIUM</td>
<td>4.4</td>
<td>3.5 - 5.5</td>
<td>mEq/L</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

DIRECTORS: WILFRED, LEISINGER, MURPHY

68-10-3

MARKS
REPORT OF EXAMINATION

NAME: JONES, MARCELLE (49)

ADDRESS: 7730 East Rd, Redwood Valley

Phone: 542 6871

X-Ray No. 605351

Dr. DR. SOLOMON

Examination of: PA & LATERAL CHEST:

10/13/76

Compare with 12/04/73.

There has been no interval change. The cardiac size is normal. The pulmonary vasculature is unremarkable and there is no evidence of acute or chronic infiltrate. The bony thorax is intact.

CONCLUSIONS: NO CHANGE.
NO ACTIVE CARDIOPULMONARY DISEASE.

Michael D. Shane, M.D.
Radiologist

10/13/76

MDS: jam
### Differential Cell Count

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cell Type</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Neutrophils (NL)</td>
<td>5.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monocytes (MONO)</td>
<td>1.4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basophils (BASO)</td>
<td>0.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eosinophils (EOS)</td>
<td>0.8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lymphocytes (LYM)</td>
<td>36.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red Blood Cells (RBC)</td>
<td>34.5</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Hematocrit (HCT)

- MCH: 32.4 g/dL
- MCHC: 32.4 g/dL

### Platelet Count

- Platelet Count: 31.7 x 10^4/µL

### Temperature

- Temperature: 37.5°C

### Remarks

- Sl. Hypochromia

### Additional Observations

- Vital signs: 
  - Blood pressure: 120/80 mmHg
  - Pulse: 72 bpm

### Medical History

- No significant medical history.

### Physical Exam

- No abnormalities noted.

### Laboratory Results

- Complete Blood Count (CBC)
  - Hemoglobin (HGB): 13 g/dL
  - Hematocrit (HCT): 39.5%

### Clinical Impression

- Normal findings with no significant abnormalities.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Parameter</th>
<th>Value</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arterial pH</td>
<td>7.44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paco2</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paco2</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paco2</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paco2</td>
<td>28</td>
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<td>Paco2</td>
<td>26</td>
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<td>Paco2</td>
<td>24</td>
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<td>Paco2</td>
<td>22</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paco2</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paco2</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Normal gas exchange.

L. Solomon, M.D.
March 25, 1977

Ms. Mary Snyder
Department of Health
2131 Berkeley Way
Berkeley, CA 94704

Re: Ms. Marceline Jones
1600 Page Street
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Ms. Snyder:

This is to certify that Ms. Marceline Jones is being treated by me for obstructive lung disease, tachycardia and extreme fatigue. I have recommended to Ms. Jones that she stay off work for a period of thirty to sixty days.

Sincerely,

CARLTON B. GOODLETT, M.D.

CSC:ee
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Test</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Calcium (Atomic Absorption)</td>
<td>9.5 mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magnesium (Atomic Absorption)</td>
<td>2.6 mg/dL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calcitonin (ITCI)</td>
<td>4.2 ng/mL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adrenocorticotrophic Hormone (ACTH)</td>
<td>15.3 ng/mL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cortisol (Compound F)</td>
<td>13.6 ng/mL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Triiodothyronine (T3)</td>
<td>2.2 ng/mL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thyroid-Stimulating Hormone (TSH)</td>
<td>3.0 µIU/mL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proteins Bound Iodine (PB)</td>
<td>27 %</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Protein Bound Iodine (PB)</td>
<td>2.0 µIU/mL</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Know all Men by these Presents:

That the person of JAMES M. JONES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

known to me to be JAMES M. JONES

Required.

HIS attorney, in fact, for HIM, and in HIS name, and for HIS use and benefit.

To demand, sue for, collect, and receive all such sums of money, debts, dues, accounts, legacies, bequests, interests, dividends, annuities, and demands whatsoever, as are now or shall hereafter become due, owing, payable, or belonging to HIM, and have, use, and take all lawful ways and means in his name, or otherwise for the recovery thereof, the retention, attachment, arrest, or otherwise, and to compromise and agree for the same, and to make and deliver discharges for the same for HIM, and in HIS name, to contract for, purchase, receive, and take lands, tenements, and hereditaments, and accept the use and possession of all lands and all deeds and other instruments in the law therefor, and to lease, let, sell, transfer, give away, or in any other way dispose of.

In the event of default, convey, mortgage, covenant by way of deed of trust, and hypothecate lands, tenements, and hereditaments upon such terms and conditions, and under such covenants as SHE, shall think fit, also to borrow for, buy, sell, mortgage, hypothecate, and in any way and every way and manner deal in and with goods, wares, and merchandise, choses in action, and other property in possession, or in action, and to do every kind of business of what nature so ever, and also for HIM, and in HIS name, and in HIS art and deed to make, sign, seal, execute, acknowledge, and deliver deeds, leases and assignments of lease, conveyances, instruments, assurances, mortgages, deeds of trust and mortgages thereunder, hypothecations, assignments, chattel mortgages, bills of sale, bills, deeds, notes, and every kind of security or security for the payment of debts, and all other deeds, and such other instruments and writings of whatever kind and nature as may be necessary, convenient, or proper on the premises including assignments of accounts receivable, notices of the expected assignment of such accounts, and cancellations of such notices, also, in case of loss by fire, or otherwise, to adjust insurance losses.

My said attorney in fact shall have the right to substitute another in her place and stead by written instrument.

Giving unto NY, and attorneys, full power to perform every act and thing which SHE may think necessary to be done in and about the premises, as fully to all intents and purposes as I myself, or could do personally present.

Hereby ratifying and confirming all that NY, and attorneys, shall or shall do or cause to be done by virtue of these presents.

In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand.

The day of MARCH, the year of our Lord SEVENTY SEVEN

______________________________

(Seal and Datable in the Province of)

8-10-17
State of California,

County of San Francisco

On this 27th day of March

in the year one thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven, before me, Timothy J. Carter, a Notary Public, State of California, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared

James W. Jones

known to me to be the person described in and whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

Timothy Carter
Notary Public, State of California
My Commission expires January 14, 1979

Power of Attorney (General)

[Signature]

[Signature]
James W. Jones
TO
Marceline Baldwin

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 6th day of June 1949 the Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court issued a Marriage License, of which the following is a true record to-wit:

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss:

The State of Indiana to any person empowered by law to solemnize Marriage, Greeting. You are hereby authorized to join together as husband and wife:

James W. Jones and Marceline Baldwin

and of this license, together with your Certificate of Marriage, make due return within three months, according to the laws of the State of Indiana.

WITNESS: I, Kendall E. Mathews, Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court, and the Seal thereof, affixed at the Clerk's Office in Richmond, this 6th day of June A.D. 1949.

(SEAL)

Kendall E. Mathews
Clerk Wayne Circuit Court

BE IT FURTHER REMEMBERED, That afterwards, to-wit on the 16th day of June 1949, the following certificate was filed in my office, to-wit:

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss:

I, Rev. Paul B. Stephenson, hereby certify that on the 12th day of June A.D. 1949 I joined in Marriage James W. Jones and Marceline Baldwin by authority of law, and of a License from the Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court.

Given under my hand, this 12th day of June A.D. 1949.

(Signed) Rev. Paul B. Stephenson

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss:

I, Merle E. Carver, Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court, within and for said County of Wayne, and State of Indiana, do hereby certify the foregoing to be true and correct copies of the Marriage License and Certificate of Marriage of

James W. Jones to Marceline Baldwin

as the same now appear on the Marriage Record, now on file in my office.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the Seal of said Court at Richmond, Indiana.

don this 2nd day of June 1949.

Merle E. Carver
Clerk Wayne Circuit Court

Signature No. 249
Record of Marriage, Series 1949
Wayne E. Carver Clerk Wayne Circuit Court
86 18 E
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, Marcelle M. Jones, Trustee of Valley Trust, resign my position as Trustee, effective this date.

[Signature]

Accepted on 29.

Valley Trust,

By (Trustee)
BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this 8th day of June 1949, the Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court issued a Marriage License, of which the following is a true record to-wit:

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss:

The State of Indiana to any person empowered by law to solemnize Marriage, Greeting. You are hereby authorized to join together as husband and wife.

Marceline Baldwin and James W. Jones

and of this license, together with your Certificate of Marriage, make due return within three months, according to the laws of the State of Indiana.

WITNESS: I. Kendall E. Mathews Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court, and the Seal thereof, affixed at the Clerk's Office in.

(SEAL)

Richmond, this 8th day of June A.D. 1949

Kendall E. Mathews Clerk Wayne Circuit Court

BE IT FURTHER REMEMBERED, That afterwards, to-wit: on the 16th day of June 1949, the following certificate was filed in my office, to-wit:

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss:

1. Rev. Paul B. Stephenson hereby certify, that on the 12th day of June A.D. 1949, I joined in Marriage Marceline Baldwin and James W. Jones by authority of law, and of a License from the Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court.

Given under my hand, this 12th day of June A.D. 1949

(Signed) Rev. Paul B. Stephenson

State of Indiana, Wayne County, ss:

I, MERRIE V. CARVER, Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court, within and for said County of Wayne, and State of Indiana, do hereby certify the foregoing to be true and correct copies of the Marriage License and Certificate of Marriage of

Marceline Baldwin to James W. Jones

as the same now appear on the Marriage Record, now on file in my office.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the Seal of said Court at Richmond, Indiana.

on this 26th day of January 1962.

Merrie E. Carver Clerk Wayne Circuit Court

Identification No. 7341

Seal of Indiana (circular and genuine)

Merrie E. Carver Clerk Wayne Circuit Court
May 25, 1974

To Whom it May Concern:

In the event of my death, Marceline M. Jones, would like for Carolyn Layton to take over the mothering responsibilities of my children. I would, in fact, hope she could move into the house and fill any void my absence might leave.

May 25, 1974

Marceline M. Jones

Witness: Name
Adress

Witness: Name
Adress
May 25, 1974

To Whom it May Concern:

In the event of my death I, Marcelline M. Jones, would like

[Signature]

88-18 J-2
With all my love.

Happy anniversary, Darling.

does it

were been married this long

It doesn't seem like...
June 7, 1970

Jim

As the time approaches for our 25th wedding anniversary, it seems appropriate to take inventory of our life together. In one more year, I will have spent half my life with you. It is the only part of my life that makes sense. In that time I've learned, grown, and changed. It has been a wonderful experience that has tempered all things and made the good and the bad melt to compose a beautiful harmony.

This time of the year I remember, equinox, the time of equinoctial balance. At that time, I witnessed a growth in your life, in the life of a child. I experienced the influence of growth in that time – extreme sorrow and extreme happiness.

Most important - you were there. At that time, it felt like God had some of the education confronting that is characteristic of the young. It is different now. Now - as I sit here looking back at that time - I see the time and realize what I could not understand in the future. I am able to enjoy the present more, and I appreciate things more in this current perspective.

I feel no regret with you. I am grateful for today, but more about the things I remember. I remember our I day together before we married. The house you built by my bed when I had infectious mononucleosis. Remembering my standards of weight and the days that followed with Christmas tradition. Our journey and the many events we went to. Remembering the house we spent at the golf course, staying with friends and how we used to wear our own clothing and enjoy being there. We were out in the church where you were with your friends, and who that occurred in such a struggle to keep such a better world. How much fun.
We're back. In the beginning, as your brain to make
your dreams bear. I used to blend, I remember when
you began to sleep and lose contact with me.
They love you, you're fine. We had trips to Chicago, it
seemed that you even enjoyed the trips. I remember
laughing in a certain capture and how we enjoyed
watching and discussing the people. How we danced
and prayed. Many of those dreams have come true.
Our beautiful childlike were conceived in the dreams.
I'll never forget the day we landed in Mexico City and
our experience there, staying in the Metropol Hotel. Then
we left Mexico and it was then that Cuba you are such
a hit. Then there was the day we traveled to Havana, Brazil
showed digital self. Remember, as we were leaving
the airport, we looked at each other and simultaneously
started to sing the song that we heard at our wedding:
"I'll Be Loving You Always"

There was one milestone in our relationship
that I've never shared with you. It happened in Belgium
the evening I sat out to meet you, and got lost in the
hours late. When I arrived, you were really
angry. Did you know that until that moment
it had never occurred to me that leaving me would hurt
you much. You had always had a strong personality
and surrounded by people who were able to
meet your needs. That I never really felt that
was important. As a matter of fact, your tendencies
to pull people free others into your life indicated
that I was far away from you, and hated or your need. This event in Paris
since me an event that made I was a little special.
However, later, I didn't think and decided that you are
I am grateful for the chance to prove my love to you. Thank you for your kindness and understanding. I don't know what tomorrow holds, but today I give thanks for each moment I share with you.

Marcie

[Signature]

Date: 8.8.16-3
To Mom,

I have had it with Tim. I can't bear what he does against me. Maybe it's just the way he is, but I'm tired of dealing with him. I think he has an arrogant attitude. I don't feel that I can appeal him to this because I don't think he would take it. A few weeks ago he accused me of praying on Jesus' sympathy, it was not true. We had an argument over it and he told me I was going on P.S.W. I told him I wasn't. I was upset then and Rhonda asked me what was wrong and I told her, she went and talked to him. She told him I was upset and senior when I needed help. She came back and said I was told to do anything. I think she made me sensitive to stop being a Christian.

Myself have too much trouble communicating with people. It mostly stems from my personality, I worry about my self too much and not enough about others. Let's talk.

DD 10-10-81
STATE OF CALIFORNIA
STATE EMPLOYEES' RETIREMENT SYSTEM
MEMBERSHIP FORM

(Complete on first day employed—Submit through Department—Read Instructions on Reverse)

To the Board of Administration, State Employees' Retirement System

From: **Mental Hygiene**

**Mendocino State Hospital**

The following information is submitted relative to my membership in the State Employees' Retirement System in accordance with the provisions of the Retirement Law:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIRST NAME</th>
<th>INITIAL</th>
<th>LAST NAME</th>
<th>NUMBER AND STREET</th>
<th>CITY, ZONE AND STATE</th>
<th>RELATIONSHIP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Marceline</td>
<td>M</td>
<td>Jones</td>
<td>306-24-2805</td>
<td>172 363 8138 001</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

14. I hereby revoke any previous designation of beneficiary which may be inconsistent herewith, and hereby designate as my first beneficiary or beneficiaries, **SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE**, or the survivor if more than one is designated:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIRST NAME</th>
<th>MIDDLE NAME</th>
<th>LAST NAME</th>
<th>NUMBER AND STREET</th>
<th>CITY, ZONE AND STATE</th>
<th>RELATIONSHIP</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

or, in the event that I should survive the person or persons so designated, then I designate as my second beneficiary, or beneficiaries, **SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE**, or the survivor if more than one is designated:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>FIRST NAME</th>
<th>MIDDLE NAME</th>
<th>LAST NAME</th>
<th>NUMBER AND STREET</th>
<th>CITY, ZONE AND STATE</th>
<th>RELATIONSHIP</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

as beneficiary or beneficiaries to whom I request and authorize the Board of Administration, State Employees' Retirement System, to pay any benefit which may be payable because of my death as a member of the Retirement System.

Should I survive the above named beneficiary or beneficiaries, I request and authorize that such death benefit be paid to my estate or to such other beneficiary or beneficiaries as I may hereafter designate in writing duly filed with the Board of Administration, all in accordance with provisions of the Retirement Law.

16. Signature of Employee:

**Marceline M. Jones**

**Address:** 1003 Main Street

**City:** Ukiah

**State:** Calif.

**Date:** 8-1-46

Maiden Name: **Wilson**

**Address:** 361 17th Street

**City:** Ukiah

**State:** Calif.

**Date:** 8-1-46

[Signature]

[Stamps]

[Signature]

[Stamps]
STATE OF CALIFORNIA
DESIGNATION OF PERSON AUTHORIZED
TO RECEIVE WARRANTS (Gov. C., Sec. 12479)
STD FORM 243

NAME OF EMPLOYEE (FIRST, MIDDLE, LAST):
Marcelline M. Jones

EMPLOYEE NUMBER: 35624-2409

Pursuant to Section 12479 of the Government Code, I hereby designate the following person who, notwithstanding any other provision of law, shall be entitled upon my death to receive all state warrants, excluding warrants for payment of death benefits and refund of employee retirement contributions, that would have been payable to me had I survived:

DESIGNEE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>CITY AND STATE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Jones</td>
<td>Tulare Valley, Cal. U</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I hereby revoke any previous designations filed by me. If the above-named designee cannot be contacted within sixty (60) days after the date of my death this designation shall be and become null and void.

This designation will remain in full force and effect during my employment with any California State Agency until revoked in writing by me. This designation will terminate on the date of my separation from said employment.

FOR AGENCY USE ONLY

INSTRUCTIONS
1. Complete this form in duplicate; typewritten or in ink.  
2. Show designee's full name; for example, "Mary Jane Smith", not Mrs. John E. Smith.  
3. Show relationship of the person being designated such as wife, husband, daughter, son, mother, father, friend, etc.  
4. Verify that the form is complete and correct. No errors or corrections may be made in the writing of the name of the designee. If an error has been made, complete a new set of forms.  
5. Sign both copies in ink. Submit both copies to your personnel office. The duplicate copy will be returned to you for your record.  
6. You may change your designation at any time, by filing a new designation with your personnel office.  
7. You may completely revoke a designation at any time by a letter to your employer signed by you in duplicate.  
8. Inform your personnel office when a change occurs in your designee's address.

66-18-N-3
July 4th 1978

Dear Sue & Paul: We received your letter with the picture yesterday. It is so wonderful to hear from you and know about the many things you are doing.

Some time late, after I wrote this letter to you, I thought maybe I shouldn't have written all the things that happened to you. It is surprising the traveling has spread some of your Daddy's ideas to you. You would be surprised if you could see him. He is 65 this summer but from how it doesn't show he looks ten and his color is very good. Dr. Pierce has taken him off one of the medications now but the 'Emerson' before his breakfast. He says his blood pressure and pulse is good now. We will see him next Saturday.

68-4-0-2

Mrs. McClure, 149 1/2 W. 16 St.
Richmond
July 17, 1978

Mrs. McClure Jones
P.O. Box 893
Boulevard
Guyana, Trinidad

68-10-0-1
I am very pleased with the way he is doing home. There is the report from his elevations given to me. I will send him the plan and order the plan to you.

I did talk to Roseville. I told her that I asked you to call her. She is moving to Centerville. I heard she was planning on visiting you. I will call her again and tell her of this letter.

I also talked with Aunt Edith and she was so pleased you told about the joy you have. Apparently she knows she is better now. I told her about the picture and the Dr. who was visiting there.

I guess you let know that Ed was unhappy with his job on 8-8-80.
night. The last asked them to get
him on days, but they told him if
he went on days he'd be much more
like a cut in pay. About a turn
up, to call for an interview at
a new factory here in Richmond. They
gave him a job right off with an
increase in pay and working deep.
When he told the factory where to use
working that he was working they
offered him a day time job at the
same pay, but he refused them.
He will start next Monday on the
new job.

When he working the summer
at a "Dairy Queen",
the doctors have been doing
their summer leisure and playing
their bobs. They have baby little
boys. They look more and more alike
all the time, I want to get a
pick in my vennas by the time.
I have pictures of them.

Clara has all the rest of the teeth pulled next week and will have her new plates put right in.

She is dressing it. I surely hope she will get along all right.

Sunday is the first day Daddy has been out any length of time since his surgery, but he did very well.

I am so grateful for myhealth.

I look forward so longingly for the time when we can visit you, but I don’t want to do anything that will be risky. I just know that this will work out, since Daddy seems to be doing so well. He really is a strong person and he is working very hard on getting his attitude straightened out. He doesn’t say anything to me, but I can tell he feels no regrets.

We love you our precious daughter. My prayers are with you every day in your walk!

Love, Mother, 8/1/60
June 13th

Dear [Name],

It has been so long sin I have written to you and there is so much to tell you. You have been in San Francisco twice last week and it got your blood through about your business. Surely told me then that you had wanted to know how Daddy was after the operation.

I know you want to hear about this myself so I will try to tell you.

Best, [Name]
in for about 6 days before the surgery to hide from having a lot of activity with shoes on and shelf. He saw Dr. Adney and I said surgery was the only thing that could be done. Walter's wounds remained that he wanted to have another surgery for this. It seems the first time they had done just a scraping and more that the prostate gland had enlarged a lot. He kept trying to join the elite and he was thinking it would show up, but it didn't and when he was so badly worn down he finally gave in. He went into the hospital on Sunday, May 21st. On New Monday I gave Walter an oral antibiotic and went in and examined the situation. It explained it was quite large - truly huge all around the edge which had caused
even his medication. They took him off of everything and it didn't take too long to come out of it. Then and there he was as timely reject. They said they would rather see him gone than so disabled or to worsen. He was all afraid when he came back to his natural self.

Memories began to return into the hospital he had to go in for the work that was done before surgery. Well, they found out then that he had developed some heart trouble that didn't exist when the took him for his stroke. He became very tired immediately with one arm too good. I didn't see them but they showed them to claim. So as Surgeon

started right away after he quit his role with ceding it to the surgeon and watching the first he recovery. He have

him on this heart medication a day or two.
9—Today was his day to see Dr. Sidney since the surgery. He said to come along just from the surgery.

Someone to see Dr. Pingree. He was going to try to find out if I can quit what Dr. Pingree thinks I can do. I will talk this over with you until after I have seen him.

Two things have bothered him since the surgery. He has no appetite and he can't sleep. Dr. Adams told him today the 'sleeping' drug he had been on would contribute to both of these things. He did not discontinue the 'sleeping' drug but to cut the dosage in half over a longer period to see if this will help.

I am sorry to have to tell you all this but I knew you wanted to know what is going on. Maybe the Dr. Pingree can come down to see him. If you call him.

I love you and Joanna.
I am now able to get out. My stitches have all come out. I am not allowed to leave the house. I am in my room today. You said that you would come by. Daddy is doing well. I know he is. He is a very special boy. I love him. He is the son of the world. I have thought of him but you. He was in the hospital on his "Birthday." I asked him a large question and told him. The doctor also told me on his tray. I smell, it is not until the next one. He was really nice to walk.

I write to you that we might be coming back with Walter later to see him. I am going to make plans until I see how to go.

We just came from seeing Dr. Done. They told me of one of the medicines and put him on the other one. The reason for this was that it was causing "Disease." We went to see him again Saturday.
I asked him what the C.N.S. told them when they took it. The answer was that it was some something which had come to old age. However, last night I was talking to them. I told the nurse writing to you and felt you should know about the gurdmony. I told them that the hospital had given them the details about the gurdmony. They told me it was at the Welfare Office. Tell her their meaning. One time changed some blessing in the story that looked at the back. Some slight excitement in the front. Some Wells in the Whet when I asked Dr. Dugger to explain the details. I told them to go into any detail. It did not have some explanation to help her along and to explain the details. I thought you gave you some relief, dear.

Daddy, color has been very good.
Well, I went to bed last night. I am glad Dr. King is watching you.

I suppose you received your insurance check. I suppose you know that she had sent a check from Florence Temple to cover the amount made a mistake of some going in the amount. She sent a check for $50.00 going to the amount, but there was to wait as she was sending in the claim on the last payment this. She was included in the amount as it comes. They will take the ($20.00) and get then the rest I believe will come to you.

Tell all the rest of our precious family how much we love and miss them. Tell them, I am having a little trouble with my new bottom teeth. I thought about the Louisiana trip, but I am here as often as you are, love, I know you are being.

Yours, 85-15-7-8
Ref. No: E-251/1/24

Ministry of Health,
Brickdam Georgetown 11
Guyana

19 July, 1978

Cde Marceline Jones, P.K.
Peoples Temple
Disciples of Christ
P.C. Box 693
Georgetown.

Dear Cde Jones,

Nurse Practitioner, Joyce Farke
Visit to Fort Berown Station

Grateful if I may have an early reply to my letter
No. E-251/1/24 dated 22 June, 1978 on the above-mentioned subject.

Sincerely yours,

I.B. E.L., M.I.
Chief Medical Officer

28-08-82
Jim Jones

Social Security number: 303-32-5942

Date of Birth: James Warren Jones
5-13-31

Date of Marriage: 6-12-49

Date of Service with Church: 1957

Date of birth of each child:

Suzanne O. Jones: 10-25-52 F.

Ted Eric Jones: 11-23-56 M

Stephen E. Jones: 6-1-59 M

James W. Jones Jr: 10-1-60 M

Agnes P. Jones: 1-14-43 F.
Missionary Brazil S.A. 1962-63
School
Midland University 1949-51
Vald. Britten University 1959-61
Calif. Sonoma College 1966-68
Degree
B.S. Secondary Education
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that the files of this department contain no adverse records against MRS. MARCELINE MAY JONES.

There is reflected no record of any violation of our Criminal Laws; nor any subversive activities during subject's residence in the City and County of Honolulu.

DAN LEEU
Chief of Police
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that this Department as of the above date has no record of MARCELINA MAE JONES having been convicted or sentenced to imprisonment for any offense in this city, or of having been taken into custody on the charge of being insane.

Neither has this Department any record of the said MARCELINA MAE JONES ever having been arrested for any antagonism against the form of government of the United States of America.

The right thumbprint of MARCELINA MAE JONES appears at the lower left hand corner of this letter for positive identification.

Very truly yours,

Right Thumbprint:

ROBERT E. REILLY
CHIEF OF POLICE
125 Maiden Lane  
New York NY 10038  
212 425 8010  
THE UNITED STATES LIFE insurance Company  
A U.LIFE COMPANY

LETTER - GRAM

[Redacted]

TO  
Mrs. Marcia Jones  
P.O. Box 15156  
San Francisco CA 94115

DATE  
Oct 31 1925

RE:  
POLICY NO. 403848

NAME OF INSURED:  
[Redacted]

MESSAGE:  
Thank you for your recent letter concerning the above policy. Please note, since the last payment was due for the terminal premium due February 1925, the premium was paid automatically from the loan value on the policy. The outstanding loan with interest to 1/1/24 amounted to $834.22 as a result of this loan. We have balanced our records for a policy underwrite. Your account sheet shows the policy in force. For any further information regarding this matter, please contact [Redacted] at [Redacted].

Signed By: [Redacted]

Ind. PS 2219
Dear Mrs. Jones,

In accordance with your request we are pleased to furnish you with the following information.

Considering that the policy lapsed for non-payment of the premium due

...The policy is running under the extended insurance provision with a face value of $X. This protection will continue until the policy will cease to have value unless the policy is reinstated in the meantime.

The cash value under the term extension as of is $Y. This value will decrease until the date the extended insurance terminates.

If the policy is on the Endowment Plan, a Pure Endowment of $Z will be payable on the expiring date if the insured is then living.

U. The extended insurance has expired and the policy has no value.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Our claim section is handling POL# 5788 9263

PC 1995 B   ED 9-75
STATE OF INDIANA
COUNTY OF WAYNE ss:

IN THE WAYNE CIRCUIT COURT
PETITION TO ESTABLISH PUBLIC RECORD
OF THE TIME AND PLACE OF BIRTH

Marceline Mae Baldwin being first duly sworn on her
oath says: That she is now, and has been for more than six months last past a bona fide resi-
dent of Wayne County, State of Indiana; that the following
statements are the facts concerning her birth and parents:

Full Name: Marceline Mae Baldwin Date of Birth: Jan 8, 1927
Place of Birth: Uniondale, Ind. Color: white
Father's Name: Walter H. Baldwin Place of Birth: Wayne Co., Ind.
Mother's Maiden Name: Charlotte Lamb Place of Birth: Richmond, Indiana
Number of Child to Family: 1st. Physician or Midwife in Attendance: Dr. Dyer

That petitioner asks the said Court to now establish a public record of the time and place of her birth:

Marceline Mae Baldwin

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of May 1943
Kendal E. Mathews
(Or any other Officer Authorized to administer Oaths)

STATE OF INDIANA, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss:

Each of the undersigned being first duly sworn on oath says: That each is now a freeholder residing in Wayne County, State of Indiana, and that each has read the foregoing petition to establish public record of the time and place of birth of petitioner therein named and that he has knowledge of the facts stated in said petition, or has reason to believe that the matters and facts stated in said petition are true:

Mrs. John Baldwin
Freeholder

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of May 1943
Kendal E. Mathews
(Or any other Officer Authorized to administer Oaths)

PROOF OF PUBLICATION OF NOTICE FILED THIS 29th DAY OF June 1943
which proof of publication and notice are in these words and figures, to wit: (Insert).

ORDER

The Court having examined the foregoing petition of Marceline Mae Baldwin and evidence of the freeholders, proof of publication of notice filed herein and being duly advised in the premises, now finds that the facts stated in the foregoing petition are true, and that the prayer of said petition should be granted.

IT IS THEREFORE NOW ORDERED that the foregoing petition and the facts stated therein be now indexed and entered of record by the Clerk in the Birth Certificate Record as a public record of the time and place of the birth of the said petitioner.

Date: June 7, 1943
Gustave H. Hoelscher
Judge Wayne Circuit Court

STATE OF INDIANA, COUNTY OF WAYNE, ss:

I, Miriam D. Wadman, Clerk of the Wayne Circuit Court, do hereby certify the foregoing to be a true
and complete copy of the record of said Court as regards the public record of the time and place of the birth
of the petitioner therein named and as entered and indexed in the Birth Certificate Record in my office.

WITNESS my hand and official seal this 26th day of June 1949

Miriam O. Wadman
Clerk Wayne Circuit Court

Identification No. 26729
Record of instruments copied and recorded
Miriam D. Wadman, Clerk Wayne Circuit Court
Marrie darling

Valerie S. John

is the name it was a misnomer that over all have been moved but without reference I was born with a number of things and was in no way of least spark in you you I love you regardless means of measuring I don't stay angry long over things without I am very happy, the I can don't worry so much

Pensacola, Dec. 18, 1911
Life would be unbearable without you.

yours forever,
Jim

88-10-2
City of Indianapolis

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that this Department as of the above date has no record on Marceline Jones having been convicted or sentenced to imprisonment for any offense in this city, or of having been taken into custody on the charge of being insane.

Neither has this Department any record of the said Marceline Jones ever having been arrested for any antagonism against the form of government of the United States of America.

The right thumbprint of Marceline Jones appears at the lower left hand corner of this letter for positive identification.

Very truly yours,

Right Thumbprint: ____________________

Robert E. Reilly
Chief of Police

88-18-73
LE: Life

I - Early girl, described as "sensible".
II - Lived in or around birth
III - First the samples...

(Handwritten note: "how she coped with this labor")
IV - Early school years through age 10
V - Age 10 to 15
VI - Age 15 to marriage
VII - College years

[Handwritten note: "From L. Dunlop, 11-13-29"]

BB - 10 - 2 - 1
Index of stories written
Jimbas Life

1) Town employment solved
2) Skid Row
3) Typhoid Fever
4) Jimba's Feast
5) World on Fire
6) Tiniest Disciple (John Stoen)
7) Jimba's Story
8) Potetty Time
9) Goat Twins
10) Animal Friends
   - Pidge -- O'Possum -- Missy Mouse -- Bobby Raccoon
ANIMAL FRIENDS.

I think the true picture of Jimba's growing up cannot be properly portrayed without describing the character and cunning antics of the animal fold who shared his horn, his bed and his environment.

Jim and I have never been able to regard animals as "lower" forms of life... (and being less than ourselves) but rather as equals with all of our virtues and a few of the vices and many other beautiful attributes, and much more which nature gave them in attempt to equalize their lot since they can hardly make out in the present world evolution of things, depletion of their natural habitats, etc., in the love and help and tender care of human kind.

However, Jim's father, and his family did not share these tender sentiments of ours and little else that had to do with us, except in times of tribulation and adversity, when they were quick to seek my aid, and were not rebuffed though I had little in common with them or they with me, in fact. Some of them harbored a poorly concealed notion that being as fit and able as I was in the skills of survival was unbecoming a female of my size and stature and somehow detracted from the thing they called respectability.

And so it was concluded by the host of Jones that pigeons were messy things, none of which was good, and it was scarcely decent of me to have rigged a nursery for "Pidge Widge" beside my back door. Time her droppings had to be cleaned frequently, but I had strung a bushel ten basket upon nails by the wire hand holds close under the roof of the back porch. Kitchen and bedrooms were within sound of her voice as she crooned her babies to sleep while gentle winds in summer rocked their cradle. We adored going to sleep to the sound of her crooning, little Jim and I.

It is unfortunate that one must fight to have and hold a paradise permanency and make wee creatures happy, but so it was with me in the course of marriage.

I had infrequently required the spouse and his younger brother to buff the back porch on a few occasions to remove Pidge's droppings because I was so often working away from home and this was none to their liking since it required effort, and they began to plot to remove Pidge-Widge. Took me a while to catch on... Fact is, Bill, the brother-in-law had made two 200 mile runs before I learned of this. Pidge had beaten him home on both occasions. There was homing instinct in her genes for which I was very thankful and to reinforce this, I held long conversation with her like, "Don't let em put you in a car, girl, but if they do, be sure and watch direction carefully, sweetheart, because I have no way of tracing you... yet. But don't you worry, sweet girl... I shall inform them that if once more they try it, they are in deep, dark trouble. I will band you, now, and put this little tinkle bell on. They can remove these, of course, so you must watch out carefully both for yourself, your mate and the babies... etc."

I passed these plotters taking the morning sun on the long front porch, as I lit out to work that A. M.
Animal Friends

"Watch yourselves, me fine Buckaroos," challenged I. "Lay hands on Pidge and her family once more and any of the others, and you no longer sleep under this roof or dine at yonder table. Geronimo had spoken! Whereupon I mounted the car which was incorporated in a workers car pool, and like Sir Gallahad mounted his steed white, gayly comparisoned charger -- and was off to my habitual daily slavery. The nation was at war, and I worked in a defense plant, 17 miles away from our quiet town.

Two weeks later, these cohorts having repented their aggressions against Pidge and her family, took off on a fishing trip, forgettfully of having Lady Bug our toy eskimo spits along; they returned without her. It took me all night to locate the river and recover Lady Bug who was helpless, being of advanced years now would I hear their impassioned plea that this had been an accident....

I replied: "that's what I'm gonna tell God about what happens to you, too, if the likes of THIS ever happens again." It didn't happen again, but young William, the brother-in-law up and stole my car and headed for the asphalt jungle of an adjacent town where he'd had a long standing hubub of disappearing and being "ripped off" if he happened to have been working or recently had received a pay check. He was later murdered there, and it was a sorrowful thing on the heels of what I called the wasted years of his life.

Loss of the car was too much! I headed for that town, stopped at the police department and they said: "ye can't go there! Tis as much as your life is worth... it could easily cost your life."

Replied I, "That car IS my livelihood..., so what? said I, "I came to suggest that you have a look if I do not return inside of 12 hours, and bring an ambulance along, if 'taint too much trouble."

I sniffed and departed as they yelled imminently: "You can't!" So I sought the bell-weather of this flock both male and female in the more dangerous and most likely byways. Really, wherever I spotted cars that appeared slated for stripping down for the parts for which there was a lively market at this point in time, I didn't get abusive or speak with less than firm convictions either.

I did not appear greatly upset, but merely said in all the right (or wrong) places: "I shall expect my car to be parked with all parts intact out on the main highway!" before 8 am tomorrow where I shall stop and pick it up."

"Nay:" they all contended, "they had no knowledge of anything having to do with my car. Then quiz your grapevine, said I, "but get it done like I have said," said as if I was tougher than all skid row toughs put together, and I was a very good and convincing actress.

"HEEEHEE!" I hold no soul in these parts innocent of this," said I, calmly, "and I have contracted to do another census for the Federals and do it will, even if I have to "rip up these parts brick by brick, b'first."

38-6-2-7
The car was at the designated place at 8:00 AM and no part missing. I insisted the police start it, though, for I had no intent to be taken in by a booby trap and let Jimsa at the mercy of a cruel world. Jimsa and all of the others we had befriended, especially our darling and so dependent animals. There was Madam O'Possum and her uncouth children who rode her back when we went for walks in the evening time. There was Miss Skunk who threatened me every time I fed her by squeaking off and sighing over her shoulder, but restrained herself seeming to realize that I could not afford to take weeks off the job in effort to rid myself of such havoc as she was fully capable of delivering in less than a wink of an eye. She was a beautiful thing with her white stripe against the sable blackness of her, and that mischievous twinkle in her eyes. There was Bobby, the raccoon...

and Missy Mouse who when she saw me putting a colorful border around my kitchen wall which I had painted light green fixed one for her cleverly designed house from bits of cotton.

That was a night in no sleep was had. Missy's house had a hand hold for carrying her wherever I went so to make up to her for my long absences which must have been very lonely for her. I was unable to catch her message for sometime, but when I finally did, I was too excited to continue border-building and for her sake, discontinued it until later. She discontinued only when I did. Then we got serious about the message she was attempting to convey.

"Missy," said I, "If you can forgive my weariness and fatigue, and give me your message... again, I think I can read you, now."

Missy made it so plain that only a fool could have erred therein. She dove into her snow white cotton tee pee and came out bearing a fatted, hairless object, but littler than a healthy grub work and when this light of comprehension dawned upon me, belatedly, she was placing the 4th object for my inspection.

"Missy," breathed I, always more than somewhat overawed at the miracle of birth. These are without doubt the most beautiful babies on the face of this earth -- but HOW? Oh, yes! Now all is clear. 'Twas the day I took you and Horatio down by the creek for a dip and an afternoon of freedom. There was soft winds, the odor of many flowers and the music of clear running water, and the birds sang -- and spring hung heavy with promise upon the air... Ah, I should have known. Horatio never does anything by halves, neither do you, my darling. I opened the door of her house and cradled her as usual, but her excitement was so great that I KNEW this was NOT the usual. I scooped up the hairless objects and Missy suckled them right there in the palm of my hand while I crooned and swayed them, gently, as the cradle rocks. Missy dozed. The babies unapologetically slept. All activity was suspended while nature had her way with them.
BOBBY RACCOON

And Bobby, the raccoon, had been run over in the highway in front of the house. When a neighbor, Mrs Kennedy, who together with his wonderful wife Myrtle, were the kind of neighbors every female breadwinner should have to keep their moral courage up, reported this to me. My grief knew no bounds -- Mr. K had asked if I could come and pull Bobby out of the street before he was "struck again" since he seemed to be dead or unconscious.

Said he would do it except he figured Bobby would bite him if he was alive, I was able to control my grief enough, and finally asked him to put on his winter coat and heavy work gloves to do it which he did, even though I was sobbing and saying "it is no use, he will not be alive, and I love him so much I think I cannot live without him." Mr. K came in with the little unconscious form in arms and I thought I heard a soft meowing such as Bobby always gave when he wanted me to pull down the covers of my bed and lay his head on my pillow. This I did, and he pulled my face down to his and kissed me, salt tears and all. I put cold cloths on his head and massaged his body gently, and my household inclusive of the Kennedys was soon in excellent spirits, because no harm had come to Bobby, the raccoon.

That was the beautiful part of the Kennedys. They rejoiced with me in times of you, and cried with me when sorrows came. They were the salt of the earth. Mrs. K is still living, in Lynn, Indiana, my son visited her with his church and numerous members of his congregation. The re-union was a great joy to all.

A very religious person, Mrs. K had always hoped my only son would be a minister, and her work at that time was tremendous and very side spread. Up and down the west coast of California with missions in the southern hemisphere and in the islands of the South Pacific, Mrs. K's only child had been a daughter. A very able and likeable girl with no yen for the ministry. I think, though, in after years, a very devout church member which gave her mother much happiness in the later years, following the death of Mr. K. Sr.'s husband, her father.
THE PUPPY WHO CRIED....

Jim's going out on the highways at all hours (at age four) to save baby animals flung out on the roadside, often still tied in sacks, caused me great anxiety for his safety. He would go at most any hour of night or day, or any distance -- riding his little tricycle or on foot, prowling in the side ditches.

Once I had gone to pick him up and found him trying to push his tricycle through mud, water, briars and brambles, with his sack of animals across the handle bars. I loaded them all in my car and took them home....

Another time, the young doctor in town drove up in front of my house and unloaded Jim, his tricycle and the animals he had salvaged that night. As the young doctor unloaded them.... panicked, I half whispered... "I cannot take any more! Oh -- I swear, I can't!"

I took it that I was hysterical or half conscious to say that, but say it I did.

Little Jim snatched the puppy into his arms and promptly parked it in my arms. "Look for yourself," said he, scathingly, "you have grieved him. He needs someone so very much and he heard you say you do not want him."

This sent spears and daggers of remorse racing through me and bathed my eyes in silent tears.

"See, he is crying, Mom. He has little tears in his eyes. He feels so unwanted. Tell him you love him and will care for him always. Hold him close, Mom, and tell him he is your baby. Hurry...!"

The young doctor reached over and hoisted the brim of the old straw hat I had pulled low over my brow, regarded my tears awhile and announced to Jim: "It's just fine Jim, you have convinced her already. So I will get in my car and go home. I've been at the hospital all night."

The sack holding the kittens had been opened by then to give them more air and they were walking uncertainly about, being toddlers, still, with eyes barely open but not yet focussed. I rushed to warm some milk for them, with the puppy still in arms. Having told him he was loved and wanted and my very own for keeps, I gave him a bowl of warm milk for himself and scratched my head wondering where the next bottle of milk was coming from. But come it did... when my brother-in-law who worked for the gas and electric company came by to inform my husband that there was a three dollar deposit
Puppy who cried...

...at that office, due us from a post transaction, and he'd taken the liberty of bringing it to us.

I was more pleased with my brother-in-law than I'd ever been before or ever had reason to be thereafter, as I remember. He was about my age and that was the only thing we had in common.
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THE TINIEST DISCIPLE...

The church buses were on the long haul from San Francisco to Los Angeles to hold services in Rev. Jones' large church down there. It was in the wee hours of night as it usually is before they finish services in San Francisco and take off for Los Angeles.

Those who were not fighting sleep, such as the drivers, were napping heavily in route. Johnny Stoen being the exception was neither fighting sleep, nor encouraging it... He had been in deep reflection for quite some time. John-John, as he is also called, is a law unto himself and capable of defying nature's laws with excellent success (about sleep) much to the perplexity of his mother who is apt to be chastized severely if she does not "watch out" how and when she essays or intervenes orders...

Johnny is stocky, bronzed and full of energy with black eyes, black hair and that air of independence that I had only seen twice before in my long life — and, which is worn like a crown and quite unapologetically before God and everybody.

Having reflected at some length, young John walked up to the front of the bus, picked up the intercom and said, "All Peoples Temple buses, report please."

Startled, his driver did not remonstrate when the bus drivers reported quick and sharp like rifle fire. They had had trouble on the roads before and were quick to come to each other's aid.

"Wake up your people and tell them our Father loves them!" said John. "Then let them sleep again. Tell them not to worry. Father is with them, always, and will not let anything happen to any one of them at all. Over and out."

He thanked the driver for the use of the intercom, fell into a seat and was asleep almost immediately. John is well loved by all, especially the Father, and by Grace, and Tim Stoen, his parents, who are very able young people who have served the membership long and well. Grace as secretary, Tim as attorney. He is assistant District Attorney of Mendocino County.
Then little Jim was overtaken with night terrors, heavy sweating, frightening dreams... It troubled me greatly. I sought the aid of a local doctor. I also set out to trace the reason for this development, and learned that Mrs. M., who together with her son, ministered the Pentecostal church, was taking him to her church regularly even when they held meetings in other towns, and that Jim was ministering during all or part of the service, and attracting a gratifying attendance at the meetings because of his tender years and excellent familiarity with the written word as well as his remarkable insight into unwritten matters.

Little Jim was not usually afraid of anything whatsoever or anybody, either, and when he complained of the horrible snake that invaded his dreams, my suspicions of the churchmen grew by leaps and bounds. Remembering that the devil was first said to have despoiled the Garden of Eden whilst traveling in the garb of a serpent and putting this "wild tale" for humankind almost brought the species (snakes) to extinction, in their ignorant animosity and nameless fears. I was not exactly in a mood to cultivate religionists but did accept an invitation from the ministers of the Pentecostal church to attend one of their meetings.

Midway of the service, when the musicians and the followers had reached the pinnacle of hysteria and the noise was getting at me to the point where I feared I'd never live through it, the lady minister grabbed me in an iron grip and yelled in my ear: "Praise God! This is how it's going to be in Heaven!"

...And I yelled back, "May God forbid that Heaven ever be my destiny if that is true!"

She fell away from me as if she'd been knee deep in a load of corruption.

I decided to question my good neighbor, Mrs. Kennedy and make tracks to her house to do so. It seemed that despite her disappointment at little Jim's preference for the pentecost over the Nazarenes (her church) she had not felt within her rights to question it, since she thought it had been arranged with my knowledge and consent.

Meantime, the finger of suspicion continued to point to the biblical narratives wherein Satan was endowed with stupifying powers, etc., and credited with inconceivable antics, all of which I defied and refused to let him go with Mrs. M. when she called to pick him up for services.

The closest encounter with Satan was when I looked into her eyes as she raved about my being devil-possessed, and that mine was a "dangerous" position. I explained to her that...
Night Terrors

Boo! would use more judgment than "earthlings" and not be so foolish as to mess with me when I was that mad.

Young James went into a caper and promptly became an agnostic, refusing to maintain his Sunday service in his little church in the upper story of the garage, neglecting to place fresh flowers on his altar, and my spirits struck a new low -- but the night terrors let go of him and likewise the night sweats.

I felt vastly relieved when little Jim's agnosticism passed, and when I thanked the doctor for faithfully standing by, he said, "I have been tempted to tell you before now that the bible makes no sense, and neither does this stomping and jumping in the churches. In fact, it is very harmful to a sensitive child such as Jim."

I said, "but HE makes plenty of sense... and he will resolve 'the mess' so that it makes sense, also!"

The following Sunday Jim held services and all of the village boys attended in a group. The girls came later, and I eavesdropped on the service.

Jim kept warning little George Fudge to stop disturbing the meeting with silly giggles for he would not permit him to disrespect God's house. On the third warning, he whaled little George! I fully expected little George's big brother to in turn whale young Jim... it was his custom to uphold his brother, right or wrong, but when little George sobbed out his story to his brother, he received no sympathy. The brother said, "He is right, and he warned you three times! Maybe sometime you will get some sense."
Addendum to NIGHT TERRORS......

Lynetta said that the pentecostal woman was having little Jim preach the services and he was largely responsible for their getting large offerings -- it was because of this ability of his to get the large offerings, and do the healings that she was upset when Lynetta pulled little Jim from the services.
Remind Lynetta to write the story of the young doctor

The churchy woman who left an ill man rotting in his filth and would not bathe his privates because she thought it was sinfull...
MRS. GOAT's TWINS...

And then we began receiving complaints from all around the neighborhood because Mrs. Goat's twins insisted upon drumming upon the roofs of the abandoned cars in the lot at the garage. This sounded like Indian War Drums so I resisted interfering with their fun even if it did start at dawn and last fully two hours. I figured nobody needed sleep more than I, who worked just about as many shifts as could be wedged into 12 hours. Most folk were very considerate about my enviable plight, but others wanted to make such weight as they could boast -- well felt.

I was stymied about how to convince the twin goats and also reluctant to put an end to their fun, even if I knew how, which I didn't. They handled it themselves then they leaped through the picture window of the village's foremost gossip, sheared her houseplant neatly, laid a crust of pills and robbed her breadbox.

There was an outcry about their horns and this I had to have done because Jimba insisted on butting heads with them, and even though I put double thickness of diapers on him, they would hit him such clouts in the behind as to really alarm me, and he would not give up trying to out but them. However, when their cute little budding horns were removed, they took that out on the foremost village gossip also. They ridded her antique bedspread, devoured a quilt and a line full of her clothes, and broke her slop jar though it was crockery and an inch thick -- she spared the goats. She got the notion they "practiced" black magic... Though I must say I've never seen a black magician or a white one who could devour a bedspread the size and age of that one without leaving a trace or suffering some undesirable effect.
POUTY TIME....

There was the usual wailing and gnashing of teeth... Somehow that was always the most difficult abdication of the day for him.

"I am so embarrassed that that wee bug that lives under our rug must be subjected to this uproar every evening... Could be she has babies, too, and this would be bad for them," said I, rolling my eyes heavenward and gesticulating wildly.

"Control yourself," said Jimba. "I have never really believed there IS a bug or a bug's babies under this rug!"

"What?" shrieked I, "then I must show you... seems, in your mind, ..ah, er -- you have closed your mind to the realities."

"No bugs," said he, setting his lips firmly, and setting himself more firmly on the pot.

"Mrs. Bug," said I, in wheedling tones, "do you mind coming forth? We seem to have a non-believer in this household."

In a matter of seconds, Mrs. Bug emerged, stood up in front of little Jim and elevated her front feet.

There could be no doubt that he was thoroughly "surprised." As for me, I could have been pushed over with a feather.

He found his voice to say: "That IS a bug!"

I found my voice to reply, non-chalantly, "It is not just a make believe walking... of that I assure you, son."

The proper ritual was performed on the potty. I do not recall there ever being other capers cut over it, thereafter. I took it that was in deference to Mrs. Bug and her new batch.

And there were beings arriving in numbers from all around the neighborhood...
BEDTIME

...Jimba's story

I was finishing his story. He was sprawled on my lap and I was too exhausted to breathe. So I had failed to reconstruct the story and get rid of the sad ending as I was always required to do. So the old hunting dog was killed by the cougar she'd set out to track and the tears spilled over my face as I realized this.

He, Jimba, had leaped off my lap and was yelling to high heaven while tears rained down his face. "Read him out of it, Mom! Read him out of it! You KNOW better than to let them end like THAT and break both of our hearts that way."

"But the writer claims that's how it ended, son," said I defensively, KNOWING there was no defence for such stupidity as I had displayed.

"What does the writer know about it?" screeched Jimba. "He wrote what he wanted to believe. Never in this world would you have written it like that, now would you?"

Contrite, I confessed, "Ah... no! The dog would have returned at daybreak with never a mark to mar his lovely coat, and his gait would have been as jaunty as in the richness of his puppyhood."

"Go on, Go on..." gasped Jimba, with a firm grip on my juglar vein... now I can see him alive and well, bouncing over the top of that hill back of his house..."

His voice faded out on little gasps of exultation while I mentally cursed every writer who had ever written a story that ended wrong... and kept the dog running there in the dawn light bursting... butterflies with his fresh little nose as they sipped the nectar out of the buttercups. That was a long time ago, although it seems as new as yesterday.
WORLD DESTROYED BY FIRE...

Little Jimba came rushing into the house with all the village dogs at his heel. I was washing a goodly supply of dishes which had accumulated in the sink. There was a look of excitement in the eyes of every dog, but Jimba was behaving as rutinelly as was his normal stance when he said, "Since you did not believe me, even though I have told you many times, this world would come to an end by fire, as the bible says -- you best had come with me and see for yourself," said he smugly.

I snatched the dishpan, too heavy with grease to empty down the sink and took my position of end dog at his heels. Having emptied the dishpan, I swabbed it out with a clean, dry cloth before setting it on the front porch. 'Twas then I chanced to look at the sky and momentarily was startled out of several years growth," as the southern saying goes.

So there was the sky looking exactly like a huge southern wash kettle, wherein the old timers habitually boiled their linens (sheets and pillow cases in strong lye water). I picked them then and hoisting them at intervals with an old, well worn stove poker, in the way of testing for the degree of whiteness and the proper condition of the concoction they had mixed for the "bilin" of their whites.

Having seen, yet I could not have believed, except there were Jimba, flesh of my flesh; set in the dishpan that was at best impaired. A band about his head to catch any moisture that he chanced to work up in the course of the work, he told me he was born to do. Like work nobody else would or could do. Jimba had a bandana around his mid-section of exactly matching color and always a wee flower peeping out over his mid section or his head dress or both. He was so handsome as to make one weep just looking at him, let alone being taken into his confidence about the things he was born to do -- like things nobody else could or would do.

'I think I shall dash over and see if Mrs. K. has been 'caught up yet.' If so, I shall KNOW this is in truth the end of the world," said the little one, eagerly.

"I think I shall dash across the street and see if Mrs. K. has been 'caught up yet'... If so, I shall KNOW for sure this is the end of the world." Mrs. K (Kennedy) was the good neighbor every struggling female bread winner should have to keep her morale up. A staunch member of the Nazarene Church, Mrs. K believed with heart and soul that no child should be deprived of church and Sunday school, especially in the very early years, no matter how many churches he has on the second floor of the family garage or how fresh the flowers on the altars. This task she boldly undertook in Jimba's behalf to see that he never missed out on church or Sunday school.
Mrs. K

Although I frankly contended that "every one-boss preacher is not inspired by God" and neither is God the author of "frenzy" and foolish cavortings. Mrs. K and I got along famously despite the difference or disparity of our convictions. I loved the woman dearly, even to this day, though I could not resist teasing her with such remarks as: "Myrtle, don't you think it would have been wiser if that old fool the bible says' howled in the wilderness had just settled down and figured'how to cope with it?"

Jimba and the dogs made 3 or 4 loops around the Kennedy holdings and he concluded he hadn't been "caught up, hyet."

He finally beded down with Bobby, the raccoon kitten, and they drifted into dreamland. The dogs and I beded down on the front porch to watch the sky until dawn.

I did a lot of enquiry next day on the job, and elsewhere, and several days thereafter, but found no one who had seen the startling development in the heavens, but no one had.

But a small news item in a paper I picked up some days later reported that the Northern and Southern Borealis had "displayed" at the same time which happened only at long intervals apart, it was said...

My assumption of a "cold look" about the phenomena of the flames was not amiss. The runs reflecting off the northern and southern ice caps should give with a cold look, surely. I was certainly shaken by this phenomena until I became aware of the "cold look" which was sometime after I saw it first. Also, the failure of the dogs to display anxiety was reassuring. As for Jimba, he was not in the least shaken, though very young and certainly unfamiliar with such a startling sight.
And little Jimba came bounding into the house with all the village dogs at heel. It was between 12:30 and 3:00 am. I was putting the finishing touch on a goodly lot of dishes that had accumulated in the sink, while I was at my job. I had worked two jobs that day.

The clock hands had passed the "witching hour" of midnight. The village was wrapped in sleep. There was excitement in the eyes of every dog. Jimba was behaving as routinely as was his usual stance, just before some sort of havoc broke out in our lives, and havoc was not a stranger.

It sometimes shaped up subly, and at other times like an explosion -- but never fragmented or traveling at a "slow" pace. Jimba was not one to do things -- by halves. Neither was I. Jimba snarled: "If you believe me when I told you the earth would be destroyed by fire in our lifetime, I think you had best come with me and see for yourself."

I snatched up the dishpan, too tick with residue by now to empty down the sink. I dashed into the garden and emptied it there, cleaned the pan well and dried it out. Then set it on the front porch. "Twas then I chanced to look at the sky. If there should have been a moon, it would have paled into obscurity confronted by such startling phenomena.

The sky looked like a huge block wash kettle such as I'd often seen in the yards of southern families, and which was used to boil their linens out doors. Their sheets, pillow cases, towels, etc., which they always referred to as "bilin" their whites... in strong lye water.

Having seen, I yet could not have believed except there was Jimba like the Buddha, sitting in that dishpan which was not more than a middle sized one, folded legs akimbo, wearing a colorful headband and a square of cloth to match knotted around his meddles. The motif was red and yellow. I leaned against a tree. The dogs formed a ring around us, quick and intent, listened to our exchange of conversation, and they looked as they awaited the action.

Great licking flames mounted from earth into the heavens and met at the apex over the pot which was the earth. A remarkable display it was indeed -- less frightening to watch because it seemed not to advance as is the way of comflag (fire) -- nor did the flames give off the appearance of heat, having in fact a "cold" look, instead. This was not, however, immediately apparent and even so it lacked definitive conviction.

Note: The southern wash pot had a heavy stove poker close at hand, well used and clean as... repeated billings tend to make things. Use in that description of the XXK pot. The whites were lifted at intervals with this to inspect the degree of whiteness and check the strength of the concoction.

Note: there was always a wee flower peeping out of Jimba's strange costumes. At the midriff or overhanging the headbands, behind an ear or both. *Remark that in transcription. He was so handsome as to make one weep, especially when taken into his confidence about his having to come to earth to do what others could not or would not do. I made me feel he was "only loaned to me" for a time... while
World on fire - second draft

could be only a brief time... too and my heart was sad, always.
FEAST IN THE MIDST OF FAMINE
or
Passing of the Local Freight Agent

Regularly the village kids were entertained by Jimba with banquets at my expense and without my knowledge until it was almost too late to launch an effective protest.

These events were held under the loading platform which was elevated to facilitate loading and unloading freight from the railroad cars, on the outskirts of town, about half-way along the path to the "Ol' swimmin' hole..."

The freight agent had established a listening post in his office above and kept well and approvingly abreast of Jimba's doings. He justified his stand when confronted with criticism by saying: "boys will be boys... and some are just more boy than others, and they grow up to be more man than others, I think, and I am a close observer of such matters..."

When I protested excessive grocery bills when I hadn't been near the store to make a purchase, and said to my friend, the grocer, "Now you know better than to extend credit when it has never been my habit to seek it."

"But," he would say, grinning... "must I become the town's bad guy? The guy who was NOT a boy, once?"

And I would respond: "By no means... 'Tis only that I respectivly suggest that I could refuse to honor these bills, oh, thou who regardeth not the heavy chains of my enslavement, or careth -- a fig about it!"...

The debt was always promptly paid and the incident as promptly forgotten, to be repeated: again and again...

The freight depot agent entertained his friends with the narratives of these forays to the swimmin' hole and the feasting, the guest list of which also included the village dogs that habitually attended Jimba and the canine guests of his friends, as well...

And, quoting the agent, said he, "I would look down upon this spread of food and salivate at the sight. 'Twould not have been difficult to maneuver an invitation for myself, I'm sure, except that it would have revealed my invasion of their privacy and would have deprived me of enlightenment I never ceased to enjoy... not to speak of the opportunity to relive my own boyhood and experience the lifting of the intervening years... for a space... of time."

He would sigh at remembrance of those days and continue, "When the feast was over someone always remarked on the difficulty of carrying dirty dishes on the bikes and the more it was discussed, the more difficult it seemed to resolve it. Without entering the debate at any point, young Jim smashed the china, piece by piece against a huge rock, in all probability planted there during the great ice melt of thousands of years ago, and who knows what it might have been arranged for this specific purpose."
Feast & the freight agent...

Anyway, Mrs. Jones china became more unmatched as the years advanced, and the spoon handles took on strange patterns. It is said that second hand merchants have known her by her first name for quite a while now. "While Mrs. Jones does not have the appearance of the second-hand-store type, 'tis said the addiction grew until it has become her only pastime apart from writing. Of course. It cannot be denied that value exists mostly in the eyes of the beholder. A shoddy, mediocre thing cast on a pile of discards has no value until someone bothers to salvage it and endow it with advantages. I understand Mrs. Jones has become quite intrigued by the mismatched handles of pewter spoons."

A listener spoke up: "Why are all the plates, utensils and stuff to serve the feast always taken from Mrs. Jones' household? I'd like to know, since the initial cash is borne by her?"

The narrator thought this over for a space, and then replied: "She is always away at work and 'tis likely has not yet paused to devise a cure for this particular practice on the part of the kids."

The town loafer spoke up: "She did yesterday -- and it was a killer-diller! She haunted her own house, I'm told, and little George Fudge said if anybody thinks THAT was Mrs. Jones chasing him, that person is nuts for sure, for whatever was chasing him was bleeding all over... and... had teeth a half a foot long."

This rocked the building with laughter for a spell, and I snuck out of the phone booth... making like 40 years older than I was. It is not easy to make like bleeding all over without considerable advance preparation, and considerable mess attached.
My mind had been so solidly made up for so many years that I would neither marry nor have a child, that it came as a shock to me when I realized that I had reversed this thinking completely. At the time it happened, I was unaware that it had. I could not say today what reasoning first made up my mind, or what part reasoning played, if any, in the final resolution to marry and also to have a child. As a male child; one child, not more. But I can relate the incident that in due course terminated in both marriage and some five years later, the birth of the child.

My mother had passed away in 1925, of typhoid fever. My father had preceded her by death some years before. I was sorely grieved for my mother and was very lonely without her. I returned to the home of my father's foster father who had reared him from the age of fourteen and in turn reared me from infancy. He was undoubtedly the most outstanding character I had ever met in my life. Nothing was ever too much for him to do to relieve poverty and need, trouble and unhappiness, wherever he found it, and however often he found it.

By this time he was alone and getting up in years. His fortune had been spent just for the necessities for himself and whatever the other fellow seemed to need who was in want. His fortune, once quite substantial, had been dissipated in the processing of what he figured each person owed to another. He had become wealthy in the timber business. Having mills all over southern Indiana. When the timber was cleared he even went into the business of buying and rolling grain. This was highly speculative and a person with his bigness of heart and data had little chance against the sharks who profited by not caring about the underdogs of the land, though he was a man of outstanding intelligence.

My mind was made up a long while in advance that my child should be exactly like Lewis Parker even though he was no blood kin — even to his brown eyes. My in-laws reminded me that it was scientifically said to be impossible that two blue-eyed people should produce a brown-eyed child. Impudently I replied to this: "I specialize in the px impossible, be it scientifically or otherwise proclaimed." I would lose my temper completely when anyone dared to voice a negation on this subject, though normally I was not very much in control of myself and whatever situation confronted me.

Then came the fateful day when I was destined to come down with typhoid fever: Before full break of day I was packing out for a swamp, now dry enough to travel through and where blackberries being unbelievably large and tasty to edify those who dared to enter the snake infested swamp. I had been rather fond of snakes since early childhood, and they of me, and did not grudge the snakes the sharing of the berries which they relished as much as I, especially before sunrise when the dew clung like the nectar of the Gods — and this was a very dry place in those seasons when the rivers were not pulsing with overflow and the sun was hot despite the shades of ground cover and the tall, tangled second growth of timber.

As I took a long drink of water from my jug before leaving my parked car, I
Typhoid

nor could I remember water ever tasting so satisfying. I came to the berry patch, paused to admire the beauty of the luscious clusters, almost decided it was a sin to pick such beauty even though I never failed to leave a great strip up high for the birds and a strip near the ground for the ground creatures... it still sin: seemed a sin, but not for long.

Hours later, consciousness returned and found me tightly locked beneath the ground cover — consisting of strong, heavy vines among other things. Why I was there I had no idea. I was eyeball to eyeball with snakes of all sizes, with some eggs just hatching. I put these in my pocket to afford greater comfort for the young and found the most active snake of all is a new hatch. So I tried to take the eggs out again and rest meanwhile, but somewhere along... unconsciousness overtook me again, and so it was for hours — just in and out of “reality” and really enjoying the unreal quite as much, if not more, than the real. At last I woke up within sight of my car, crawled to it and started for home, but struck a sinkhole that swallowed a wheel to the hub cap and beyond. I spotted a length of down timber that normally would have required two strong men to life. After a time, I walked over, picked it up and placed it in the sink hole ahead of the wheel and pulled the car out with the greatest of ease. It was not alright car: it was a studebaker special Six. Probably the best that they ever manufactured, to this day.

But one must remember it was a “witching” time when nothing could be explained by natural law... why was I not still imprisoned under the ground cover, how could I, a frail appearing person lift a log with the mind, perhaps, or more logical still, miracles were being wrought even then...

At last, between long sleep, I made it home. I bathed, combed and polished up, and hired the neighbor across the street to fry me a chicken. Having eaten the major portion, I hemorrhaged from the bowel from then on. Medical service was almost impossible to get. The doctor that had brought me into the world came. Mr. Parkers, my foster father, was ill throughout my illness but would not take his bed: he was so troubled about my condition, knowing my mother had not survived the disease the year before.

The climax of crisis of my disease came about four weeks following its beginning at 3:30 a.m., it was thought by those in attendance. I had remained at home because of my anxiety about Lewis' condition, my little dog, Booty, being so troubled about it all and the fact that there was no hospital nearer than ten miles.

During the crisis I seemed to go down to the Egyptian River of Death and look it over, carefully... there was an Egyptian burial box which could be used as a boat... I thought and a plank that could be used as a paddle. The river was narrow and one sensed great depth because of the blackness of the water.

My mother walked out on the other shore... she was dressed in skins — a primitive woman... her hair was matted. This was great contrast to her way of
Typhoid

life. She had been very stylish and always well groomed. What would she be doing in Hades? So the legends were false, and I said so... While briefly preparing to cross that river. Legends are always false," she said, "it is the way of humankind to seek to evade the truth of things. But you are not permitted to cross that river yet. There are two very important things you must do before you come here. Your world is so full of sorrow and sadness, and Lew needs you now that he is old more than ever before. He has no one else. Remember?

I thought it over in the wink of an eye and sadly turned to retrace my steps. I came to the bed where the sick woman was and found I was the sick woman.... I walked to the door of Lew's room... I walked to his bed and offered water and cold cloths for his head... I fluffed up his pillow and said: "I will not leave you, now. Do not worry. Just get well, Lew. There will be other rivers, other hardships, but I hope to be with you always — now..." Then, one year later, I married the man I was engaged to and took Lew home with me, but he grieved for his own home I felt. Five years after that, my son was born with brown eyes, too, though both my husband and myself had blue eyes.
SKID ROW

The denizens of the asphalt jungle had not finished with me. They came to my work place, six strong, to announce that Bill Jones, the truant paternal uncle, owed them $36.00 which he had borrowed, and so they had come to collect it off me. "Is this not a bit irregular?", said I, in very business-like tones, wondering a little about what my co-workers might be thinking about my being visited by these unkempt gentry -- from south of the railroad tracks -- and knowing that something "smelly" would of necessity grow out of any deduction. THEY MAKE MIGHT IMPOSS.

"Something smelly and far wider of the truth", thought I. "Roses do not grow out of such unfavorable soil." I, summing up for future reference. Said the leader of this N.C.P. pack, saying, "It seems you are thinking we do not mean business. Or, maybe you do not care what happens to your husband's brother... or maybe you would choose what is commonly referred to as 'else'." After a long and reflective silence, I replied: "Else being the murder of young William Jones, I take it?" Therefore, be it said, this money you want could be termed ransom. No? Yes? Still how do I know you have William Jones captive? And if so why is your price not higher? And do I have any reason to believe this will not happen every day? Maybe three times a day?" One of the heavies stepped forward to snarl in my face, "We are honorable men!" "Shucks", sniffed I, "you are not even men. You think like streetwalkers. I'm told they are women! I will talk to Jones. Bring him here!" There was heavy intake of breath and its slow explosion, like the slow drip of blood. Goose pimples rose somewhat as this thought crossed my mind, though I'm quite sure my exterior registered no sign of "quaking or faltering". The twirled in center of the back seat drew a gun. It looked like a cannon, I wondered if it was loaded with lead or dumb. I jotted down the license number of their car. The remaining
five worthies—downed the armed man. As they careened around the corner toward the tracks and out of town—the gun gave with a loud blast-off and the town folk gathered from everywhere, especially from the garage on that corner, where the loafers habitually held forth, and gave with such learned matters as who was seen sneaking out of town to meet whose husband.

The undertaker addressed me saying: "are you having trouble, Mrs. Jones?" and I replied, "Never! Not a placid creature like myself! What trouble could I possibly have? In a quiet God-fearing town like this?"

"Oh!" said he, "one never knows, I hear your husband, chair and all, fell through the pool room floor last night. Seems the rats are weakening the timbers." "Jeepers! Is that a proper way to refer to potential customers?" said I, with feigned severity. "I daresay, sometime, they will," he replied.

"Tis rodents (4 legged) that I refer to, Mrs. Jones. Seems they are numerous lately, Warf, rats, they are, and bent upon the destruction of the pool room, I'm told."
"Soons a lot for a rodent to bake" says I, "let alone to accomplish, by the heed of the prophets it had its origin in strange manner — uh, er... it borders on the miraculous..." "Ha," said he, "It’s going to be the death of Big Jim — yet. You mean he did not tell you his back is stung from his tail bone to his collar bone — and red streaks running across it. Could be blood poison — could be anything I reckon. You mean he didn’t tell you?" persisted he — "That’s what I mean," gulped I, establishing a precedent that would outlive us both. He never discuss his tail bone — oh — or mine. Fact is we do not sleep together, either. He blushed to the third button on his shirt, which was upon at the throat. In Indiana summers were hot and humid.

Be continued, "I knew he was or is sixteen years old, older than yourself, but I did not know of his impotence," said he, "and my nervousness matched his at this point, for I knew Big Jim would be thoroughly shocked if the townsfolk got a notion he had given that, also, to World War I, though he had long since conceded that the physical toll had been almost too much to bear.

As I have said, Sidif I saw did not forget me. In less than two hours they had returned, all six of them, and was young Bill Jones stuffed between the two small parts in the back seat of their well buttered car.
"Get out of there Bill," said I. "Go into the house, and lock the doors. Go into your room and look it over. Try to sleep off this wretched experience. You look very ill, I think." Tears trailed down his dirty face, leaving a clean trail against the maroon curtain. He answered, "I can not, Grady." (that was his sick name for me). "They will kill me." I appeared to laugh loud and loud. "These? "ill, "tis too bad I have not told them... how harmless a live person is compared to a ghost. Especially if it not its end by violence."

Bill did not obey me, so I figured something was restraining him. There was a look of wildness and pain in Bill's face. It was not, however, the look of eighty years and considerable poverty, was scrubbing my spacious front porch and training her very good ears upon this exchange of conversation.

Mrs. L., fortunately for me, was one to keep abreast of the trends of the winds. Once more I gave the order for Bill to dismount and enter the house. It was as if the whole group had been carved in rock. Nothing moved. Not even a nose twitched. Mrs. L. remarked curiously, "Not that boy loose." Not a muscle moved among the ear occupants. Bill looked white and strained. Mrs. L. looked frightened. It reminded her back to a time before she'd married into the family or hardly been born for that matter, when Bill was four and his mother at fifty-eight years old a coracle. He'd refused to be moved from beneath her canvas even after the remains were taken to the grave; he had lingered in that spot. Thereafter, he
was drifted among something like twelve brothers and sisters. Then I thought of such a fate for my son in the event of my death. I went somewhere beneath the determination to survive even by leper and bond, and so did my responsibility for him, to me remained a child, tho' a man full grown.

Then her order was ignored, Mrs. Haddock insisted exchanged the weet for a broom and advanced upon these recalcitrants, like Homer at the bridge. She snatched the north door to the back seat open and sought to drag that Conspirator to the ground. It didn't work, but then she started prodding him with the broom handle it worked like a top. He dismounted in haste, and she sprang straight to him and pulled him across the head and shoulders and followed it with a rain of blows. His gun fell to the ground. She sprang and kicked it into my husband's freshly straw-treaded strawberry patch. Five minutes later it let fly with a blast that brought the garage leakers running on the double. A thin flame bobbed up a foot high. It was followed by a soft "poof" such as gun powder might have made, and a thin flame surronded all over the patch. By Jim trock! all the men in the patch, and his prized strawberry-patch, and his shrewish wife, and his now-wearing-out all my cleaning tools over the heads of Old Man's bad actors. He muttered disbelievingly, and returned repressed.
What were you thinking! Bill from his bindings. His wrists were tightly bound. His ankles also, and I'll tell you why. The struggle in one direction would have shot off his arm. He couldn't have stood if his life hadn't depended upon it. This was the work of hate—mortal and sinewy. It was then more vile than I had thought. I urged the Joneses to press charges before they killed Bill Jones or me or both of us. He must be sought to punish me by taking off with my child. I was about to take off to some strange place with my child.

Bill talked me out of it by saying, "It's safer and happier here. Those people are scared to death of you, really. They credit you with supernatural powers."

The Jones brothers wanted no part of rocking Skid Row's boat. Bill went to Skid Row. In a matter of hours he was dead. I've always thought that he knew this would happen and thought in this way he could save me from him or Little Jim or both of us or all of us. I screamed for the Jones brothers and sisters to demand an investigation. They wanted no part of it for fear it would cast aspersions upon their family name. I investigated.

Then I got close, the embattled ones up and de-camped the country in the dark hours of the night, taking all heir possessions with them.
the eight family compagny, i figured that was all.

but to return to getting will out of his trusting
guy, peeling potatoes for a lazy rolling would have
been easy. they must have tied him with skip's
hause. he both, hist, i, and i, worked with sharp
long-knives, but it was the doings of liza. it
that triggers my laughter to this today.
at first i couldn't decipher her hijinks, but
she'd gathered every splinter of the broken cleaning
tools and packed them like hieroglyphics. she
had found the strawberry patch with cross-brances,
hair, and feathers. it was obvious this god-
feared woman was engaged in black magic, as
she muttered at intervals in a voice very unlike her
own: "molzebub. if god ain't done it . . . maybe
you had better try it."

it was obvious that she was laying some sort of
curse on the wild breed down in skid row, and
highly unlikely that even the innocent could escape
it.

there was a tremendous barking and yelling in the
distance and young john was borne around the street
corner on the crest of a wave of dogs. in fact,
every dog in town. the raccoons' kitten rode on his
head voicing breathless "whoa"'s as the gallop
quickened. liza, jost and her young twins brought
up the rear. beholding this out of the corner of
his eyes, Bill, who had recently been operated for appendicitis screamed: "By God! Do something Slimmy!"

Panicky, I flung my body across his soft middle and wore the hoof marks (three sets,) fully three months thereafter.
"Jesus have mercy on God," leaned against an adjacent tree and allowed his asthma attack to have full sway with him while the garage loafers beat out the flame with coats, shirts and anything handy. But to my knowledge, his very productive strawberry patch never bore fruit again or even "flowered." It had produced a gratifying income for him in its beginning days with berries larger than a man's thumb. It must be said of big Jim that he had a "green thumb." The culprits managed to reassemble. They mounted up and headed west. Ten minutes later I had a phone call from the owner of the local lumber yard.

'Eight big plug-uglies down here and another car with five or six men in it just joined them. They claim they are working for you and want about $100 worth of lumber charged to you," said he.

"Tell 'em I'm a poor risk. Meantime, I'll call the sheriff and send him down to your place as if he just happened in to pass the time of day, etc." The man replied: "They appear mighty nervous. Doubt if the sheriff makes it before they leave."

I said "Meantime, watch it. These birds are ex-convicts for the most part. Methinks the charges were "murder." I think they are unarmed, now. I shall give the sheriff the nose count on them and the license number on the touring car. The eight are in a truck, you say?"

He verified that, and I said, I'd tell the sheriff to bring help along.
It was one of those rare days when I had escaped the treadmill of my self-enslavement to regular jobs in industrial plants to expel the usual accumulation of dust and attack the disarray of my house. I was a working wife. My husband had been a semi-invalid all of our married life -- a matter of ten years or more. He was sixteen years older than I, and a veteran of the first world war.

I had read the signs correctly in the early years of our marriage: economically, this marriage was and never could be greater than my ability to endorse it with whatever worldly goods were required to make it.

I was of slight build and limited strength, but according to my philosophy, nothing was impossible and my ambition for my son knew no bounds! I had chosen what I had considered a favorable time to bring him into the world, and my judgment had been at its lowest ebb at that moment. My son was born right in the midst of the depression and all he had seen of this world since had been the grinning aftermath of depression.

The animals on this day, and there were many, had taken up comfortable positions in (they hoped) quiet and less frequently disturbed place. The salvage of these rejected and needy fellows had been my son's very first objective. "These things ARE my work," he very often said, "you must understand, Mother, that I was sent to earth to do many things that others do not wish to do -- or cannot do. That is why I must often offend the baby sitters by not being at home and even off hurt, now sometimes. You though, I love you very much and you have come nearest to understanding this and everything else about me than anyone else now living."

There was young Jim's crib in the corner -- it was four feet in length and still large enough to hold him, but seldom was utilized by him these days -- so busy was he, dropping in on the MMXXI loneliness, and kinless and sick, taking wild flowers and enchanting odds and ends of things which he could not bear to see abandoned to a garbage heap because of their latent beauty... wherever beauty was in person or thing, obscured as it was often was by careless handling, it became its BEST under his touch.

Troubled people came and he talked long because with them he to take philosophical approaches to solutions. He did this in the privacy of "his church" in the 2nd story of the garage (a spacious, comfortable place with fresh flowers ALWAYS on the altar). Some time later and after their troubles had cleared up, many of these would seek me out to say (some would speak rather nastily or irately) as if I personally... resenting "something" about my attitude toward my son. These I assumed to be close associates of my husband's sisters-in-law, who held that one's character of a housewife was dwarfed by working outside the home especially if she
was so skillful, and if her services were as much in demand as were mine.

The sun topped the distant trees and cleared the intervening shadow, and in a swoop (burst) of glory washed through the big picture window where my husband sat observing the early morning passers-by as they gaped in and out of town along the main artery of travel easterly and westerly. Our village of Lynn, Indiana, provided but few means of making a living for the impoverished who were forced to seek employment in either Winchester, 17 miles to the North, or in Richmond, a somewhat larger city, 17 miles to the South. Our city was halved by Federal Highway 36 which ran from coast to coast through flat lands and hot winds.
of Kansas, though I do not recall my outstanding job opportunities for committing heads of households either to east of (west)...

This need of transportation to apply for and maintain jobs in such distant employment and the extreme duress of the depression, making the price of gasoline and upkeep prohibitive, predicament got me buggered over such conditions and made me bent upon seeking alternatives, too.

Our bankers had looked askance at potential manufacturing interests. Incentive upon borrowing. Like many small towns they wished to cleave to old ways, etc... so being a woman of outstanding impatience and with narrow that persisted in making the poor poorer and fostering new generations of them as in the past, I brought together these bankers and a so-called "deadbeat" from just across the line in Ohio who knew tomatoes and the processing of same from "a to izzart" and whom the depression had just driven into bankruptcy.Just a sum of outstanding importance as with success and failure.Just another "toot." I pushed him... So I talked and advocated and stood into this 100% until a job offer in another city again made a commuter of me. By this time, I was certain I had convinced the processor of tomatoes that would tear into him like a rooster on a compile at the first thought that crossed his mind about "defrauding" even the least of these people who had trusted him ONLY because I had sworn that "risk though he be, he was RISK worth taking." ...even though... I knew he would defraud his own Grandma. "Remember," said I, when we reached agreement, "just remember -- in the event temptation starts dangling foolish ideas before you covetous mind's eye... that nowhere on the face of this earth lives a human being who can so "expertly reduce RISK to zero."

I never saw the man again, but kept my finger on the pulse of his "impulses" as I had sworn to do. He saw me fight -- not only keeping faith with the folk in the town but "expanding" in response to increased need, holding strictly as he had agreed with me to our hiring of local residents on a first priority.

Bobby, the raccoon kitten was rolling and kicking amid the downiness of the crib arranging and rearranging his covers. An attention he insisted that I grant him at bed time is giving a plaintive whimper "whoa" when he was ready to end his busy day. His waking up to a new day was quite a ritual as he conducted it -- so cunningly, appealing as to make one weep at remembering. It always inspired to grab him and shield him from all harm in some enchanted nook where "harm" could never come.

The village never-do-well strolled past the picture window over all the dewy, plow shoes, outfitted for agricultural work which he had shunned
most of his life.

"Ugh," growled my spouse. "There goes a good for nothin'. For all of the years I know him and I swear, he never tells the truth."

The truth is often too drab. In his case, it was so. He likes more color, more humorous events than every day happenings afford -- quite a philosophical man...

"Philosophical, hell... he's downright ignorant," said he, with undue heat.

I continued, "Once he challenged his sister Beatrice about having kids faster than a cat can respectfully have kittens... Betty answered, "The Bible said populate the earth and I believe the bible..." said she smugly.

He replied, "But dear sister, it did not say you gotta do it all by yourself. Why doncha just relax this big heat of yours before all the kids start lookin' as if cut over the same pattern... You, Betty, I love ye but I do not think
we have all that much to hand down or pass on... Ye know how Paw
lit out and left me, house full of kids and nothin else... and showed up
in this county on a dozen towns every election day to vote the republican
ticket... 'cause his paw did. Why else? Paw didn't have enough solid sense
to pour pea out of a book. How would ee know what's best to vote for?

A screen door hit the outside wall of the house with a bang and th
young man, I called Jimba, my son, bounced into the room. Clad in sun suit
slender, bronzed and full of zip, he gave the raccoon kitten a gentle
roughing. Bobby spat, hissed, blew and became a round ball to be stuffed in
the bib of Jimba's onesuit. I landed again, he hoisted himself up beside
me where I sat on the ancient library table beside my typewriter.

"Remember that man who offered you that marvelous opportunity
way back in that time you called depression, Mom, said he. I was
could sense my husband giving full rein to his morbid suspicions of vast, ill
founded promiscuity. Startled, I stammered a "Good Heaven's, No, child!"
Whom man or woman either could have boasted such excellent turn of events
or safely hustled(?) such strength of bargaining power at such an
unfortunate time in our history when nations starved and all people
sought sustenance from garbage dumps...

The child continued. "You needn't be so shocked, Mom. Perhaps
you do not remember, but that does not mean there was no such man. He
sat in that very chair right there. I stood beside his chair. My eyes came
level with his ear and I was surprised and shocked when I saw a speck of
dirt there...

"Why," thundered I, with more feeling than I'd dreamed possible
to register -- especially over...nothing.

"Mother," said he with studied patience... "there was a man well
dressed, clean as a pin, who spoke remarkably well and who was concerned
only with you, and you deliberately did not restrain Pete the groundhog,
and he was bitten to the bone and one of his crimson socks rent in half
so he had to stick both socks in his pocket and let his ankle bleed
better, etc., but somehow he thought it funny and looked much happier
when he left our house. You know I've wondered for years about what that
remarkable opportunity was that he offered you.

"Oh, thought that!'" tittered I, gustily, "I shall reveal it the
very moment your father sets off for the pool hall this evening.

His father rose in high drudgeon and decamped the place, speedily
and at once.

88-18-2-41
I clutched the bronzed shoulder in a weak hearted grip. The raccoon kitten rose to full height out of his sun suit bib and blew a warning blast in my face.

Always playing with Jimba and our wee animal babies, I croaked hoarsely, "Alas! Twas a correspondence course he offered and with almost no installment terms, and though I could not have bought it if the charge ______ had been a bag of cincers, money was that tight, then -- non-existent. Perhaps you should reveal this to your Father, not later than tomorrow....

"Mom," said he, "I can urinate over our hen house since I was circumcized."

"Man!" exclaimed I, "I must say that is real free wheeling compared to the modest-- arc we had before."
Later in the day, when I was making some progress with my house cleaning, I was aware of voices out in front on the sidewalk and lifted the edge of a curtain to sneak a peek...

There was little Jim conveying a stranger (an adult female) straight for the front door and it was still the depth of depression years and without a doubt she had a cargo of something to sell, for he was saying, "Do not be troubled, Madam. You will feel better after we talk to my mother about it. She can think of ways to do most everything. Last week she made our Miss Mouse a pair of pj's and Miss Mouse on the very verge of having babies, to which she did almost immediately thereafter, and of all the things that might have messed up Miss Mouse's plans — what with Mon meddling with her plans, NOTHING did as I shall show you. Miss Mouse's plans wokked very well, indeed, in spite of mon's meddling with 'em. I shall show you her babies. It's like that with — any I will say Mon doesn't work at getting into people's business... though it never fails that she knows more about it and how to get 'em out of it than they know about their own business. She says that is because these are depressed years and nobody has lived through the likes of it before.

By now, he was pounding on the front door and I had darted into an upstairs bedroom and crawled under the bed. This lady had looked so correctly English throughout, that I hadn't the courage to confront her problem in present state of physical fatigue and disharmony. Certainly I had never come up with such impolite solution, hitherto.

So he escorted the lady into the house and seated her comfortably with a tall glass of water at her elbow, then swung the stair door wide open to yell into the void: "Come out from under that bed, Mon! That's no way for a grown up lady to act! I know you are under there!"

Miss Mouse
It was in the years immediately following the depression and before there had been any measurable indication of a leveling off, such as more work available at better pay... or reduction in the cost of living.

But Little Jim (my son) never seemed to lack for answers when the troubled approached him with their troubles and this they very often did.

Jim had entered this veil of tears at the very crash of the depression in the year 1931, and had allowed nothing to dim the sparkle in his beautiful brown eyes, since.

He had his little church on the second floor of the garage, and the animal quarters directly beneath it and any person who sacked up their domestic animals and flung them by the roadsides to thirst and starve to death... had reached the last level of depravity and deserved to starve in company with all their blood line... so this earth would be FREE of them, henceforth and forever, and KNOW them no more.

While I was in full accord with his findings (>98%) most of the population had already resorted to the heathen rule of "self-preservation being the first law of nature," all... that is, except the young Jimba, who went out every day before sunrise to comb every highway and byway for kittens and puppies... babies who may have been tightly-sealed in gunny sacks to starve and thirst to death. It was a very hard task for the four year old to cycle these unfortunate home, not to speak of the ever present hazard of the highways where small bodies are often thrown and broken beyond "recognition," by those who worship at the speed... more and more speed, greater speed and evermore greater speed... but always there was that ever watchful higher power looking after the young Jimba -- maturing him to maturity in order that he might meet the need of those thousands of "troubled others" for whom there would be no other way to peace and well being in the turbulence of these grievous times.
JIM BAKE'S ADVENTURES ON "THE LONG WALK"

I was deeply involved whaling the dust out of my house, hoping it would remain suspended until I found another interval from my jobs to "whale" it again.

Young Jim raced through the house, hurricane-fashion, relieved himself of a few inaudible words, and buzzed out, heading for the "Long Walk". Suddenly I realized that Ms. Samantha and Ms. Bear were not in Jim's big crib beside the front door, and figured that he must have taken them along with him.

I had created Ms. Bear and Ms. Samantha from whole cloth in rare idle moments. Samantha was made of golden brown cloth. Ms. Bear was made of darker brown stuff. They had been smooth and expertly stuffed with something soft and firm and tempting to the touch. They wore colorful and very becoming costumes -- well suited to their culture and the environment of their time. "There was an enchantment and an aliveness about these remarkable toys that puzzles me to this day. They seemed to repudiate inanimacy and kinship with distant culture. They were definitely a part and parcel of the "now" generation.

I often discussed with them the vexations of our times and the trials and tribulations of my days. I missed them when they were absent from the big crib when dusk came.
just as I missed young Jim at that hour when he was overdue from his wanderings. A psychiatrist would dub such conduct on my part as a departure from the norm, no doubt just as I, on the other hand, have always entertained a deep conviction that the theory advanced by the doctors of psychiatry is merely the outward manifestation of deep-seated disturbance of the mind. There is no verification of the claim that psychiatry ever 'cured' anything or anybody.

Restless over the absence of young Jim and the dolls, I walked out on the front porch and was startled to find all the village dogs stretched at full length in deep sleep of exhaustion from the morning run with Jim. I had never known them to sleep through his departure before.

At that moment there was a frightful scream from the direction Jim had gone. All of the dogs leaped up at once, knocking me down on my knees as they charged away at break-neck speed in the direction of the sound. I leaped to my feet and took off behind the dogs. Tearing my way through green briars, tall weeds, and dead branches, there in the vacant lot I came to a high fence of chicken wire.

The dogs had torn the sturdy gate down so it was flat on the ground. The air was a fog of chicken feathers. Chickens were running madly about. Some, overcome with
fear, huddled in fence corners and in the outbuilding which had been home to them. All were nude or semi-nude. Unfortunately, some had been killed. Pal Dog, a capable leader and an astute strategist, was indeed a formidable adversary when young Jim was being either embarrassed, harassed, or harmed. He was a large snow white Eskimo Spitz.

Pal had taken a firm grip on the back of Jim's sunsuit and had dragged him out of the path of the dogs and the panicked chickens and was comforting him with his large wet tongue. Jim, who had been laying prostrate, but thrashing wildly about and yelling at the top of his lungs, became quiet. I restrained the dogs, bellowing loudly to recall them. They formed a circle around young Jim. As I tested his flesh for injuries, the dogs observed me closely. Had he let out a yell of protest, the dogs would have jumped me, in mass, as readily as they had rushed the chickens. Jim's flesh was pitted with triangular breaks. The fowls, in the desperation of hunger and thirst, had attacked him and bitten out small pieces of his flesh.

I hurried him to our house which was only a short distance away, where I disinfected his wounds. Jim Babe was pitching hissie fits over the disappearance of Ms. Bear and Ms. Samantha. I was also troubled about that and the plight of the surviving chickens. Hotly pursued by the dogs, the fowls had crossed the railroad tracks and headed for the
deep woods to the southwest.

I laid a trail of cracked corn from my chicken lot back to the scene of the conflict in hopes the surviving birds might return and follow it to the safety of my house. I also put food and water there, where they had lived so long and suffered so much. This place had not been visible from the Long Walk because of intervening weed growth. My inquiry established that no person had knowledge of the fowls being penned up there without food or water, or even a notion as to who might have done such a cruel thing or for what reason.

Little Jim and I searched the lot often, hoping to rescue some of the surviving chickens and find some clue to the disappearance of Ms. Bear and Ms. Samantha. This quest was unsuccessful. The fate of the dolls and the surviving chickens was never revealed. We have often wondered about it, over the years.
I. CHILDHOOD
   A. PHYSICAL ENVIRONMENT
      1. TOWN/CITY?
      2. NEIGHBORHOOD
   B. SOCIAL ENVIRONMENT
      1. Attitude prevalent at this time
      2. Racial
      3. Class
      4. Goals, values
   C. IN THE ABOVE CONTEXT
      1. Home
      2. Failure/breakdown
      3. Work

II. ADOLESCENCE
    A. WORK
    B. SCHOOLING
    C. DEVELOPMENT OF SOCIAL CONSCIENCE
        1. Final mark

Interviews-Sources
Marceline
Marceline

88-10-29
II. Early Years of Ministry
   1. Adoption of children
   2. Human service work
   3. Teaching of women

III. Independence:
   A. Div. of W. Rights
   B. Integration of women's work
   C. Threats to life
   D. See biographical work

IV. Brazil
   A. Mission of W. H. Willard
   B. Building of church in RV.

V. Prayer
   A. Unpublished
   B. Pray for race
   C. Personal anecdotes: Charles
   D. Hiram J. June
   E. Legal Service

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A. INCLUD PERSONAL TOUCH:
   1. music by kle.
   Andre-Frank et al.

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88-18-252
125 Helen off Washington again

STYLE OF NEW YORKER:
1. Voice of writer dry and direct.
2. Lot of interview-like quotes.
3. Short, punchy sentences.
4. After fellow biography sequences.
Kindness was a human heart but pity was a human face...
JULY 16, 1953

TO: ALL P.E. REMARKS

FROM: HUNTERWORTH

RE: AMERICAN ARTICLE ON J.T.

WE ARE CURRENTLY WORKING ON A FEATURE ARTICLE ON J.T.

TO BE SUBMITTED TO VARIOUS MAGAZINES FOR PUBLICATION. WE NEED

DETAILED INFORMATION ON ASPECTS OF J.T.'S LIFE. PLEASE WRITE

[SHOW BUSINESS, EMOTIONAL, CONFLICT, ETC.]

YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED- ESPECIALLY WE ARE IN PARTICULAR

INTERESTED IN HIS CHILDHOOD, YOUTH, ACTIVITIES AROUND MOVING TO

CALIF. FOR EXAMPLE, PATSY E. HAS TOLD US OF THE TIME J.T.

BY HIMSELF INTEGRATING A HOSTILITING INDIANA JOINT- RECEIVING TREATMENT

IN CALIF. NOW THE ANGRY WISCONSIN. DON'T FORGET THE "SMALL"

STORIES OF J.T.'S LIFE - THE PERSONAL, EVEN

HUMOROUS, INCIDENTS. WE'D LIKE TO PICK OUT A

FEW EXPERIENCES - ELABORATE IN DETAIL (WE REALIZE THAT

EVERY INCIDENT WILL REQUIRE VOLUMES...). PLEASE TRY TO

TAKE THIS IN TO ME AND LATER THAN THIS FRIDAY, JUNE 20TH.

WE HAVE A MEETING TO MEET A LATE TIME TO DISCUSS THIS

CONCEPTUALIZE THE ARTICLE. I WILL BE CONTACTING SEVERAL OF YOU

FOR MORE EXTENSIVE INTERVIEWS. THANK YOU.

[WRITE: TRY TO PRESERVE SOME IMPORTANT THINGS AS TO WHAT KIND OF

THE INCIDENT OCCURRED. WERE IT SUMMER, WINTER? HOT, Muggy, COLD, ETC?

WHAT DID THE PLACE LOOK LIKE WHEN THE INCIDENT OCCURRED?]

86-18-2-55
(in what order things occurred) Who was present? Can you remember what they said — what they wore? What was going on before or after the particular experience involving
him? These are the kind of details that help make a story vivid, real and believable. Please don't worry about writing a "good" essay or story — we need facts.

Thank you,

Harry.
Ira Blue

1. "Victorians: "Mr. Mitchell didn't prove the Moon is a dead, although he called it one."

2. "There are too many cruel men who are rich because they are cruel men."

3. "Victorians considered in some context as extremely high."

4. "For the Guard who told me in the beginning."

5. "Last church that I attended: S.F. Mission."

6. "Jim on!"

88-18-2-57
Your text here
Since the Jettison, the B100 of the

...
Marcella Jones graduated from nursing school in 1949. Last year she met Jim and was so impressed by the way he cared for the suffering and fought for the rights of the poor that I started to lose him very much. We got married seven years later and in the years since that day, Jim has lived a life of constant caring and serving.

We have lived in many countries and have worked with thousands and thousands of people, and he has never changed his characteristic way and never his first concern is for the suffering and oppressed.

I am privileged to be married to the man of principle, but even if I were not married to him I still would always follow him.
Marcy
is nursing
graduate.

21.2.88
Jim Jones...as seen through the eyes of those HE LOVED...
For the 27 years I've known JJ I've seen many miracles, but the greatest of these is the miracle of the life of one who chose to die that God might live in him. He was my lover, the father of my children, but became my leader, my example of God's love and the Father of all who loved justice, peace and equality.

I met JJ when he was a high school senior and worked full time as an orderly in the hospital where I was a senior in nurse's training. I first encountered him when I sent for an orderly and he answered my call. A young pregnant woman had died from trichinosis, a disease transmitted from eating raw pork. He helped me prepare her body for the undertaker. He was visibly touched by the suffering of her family.

JJ was handsome, brilliant and ambitious, but the thing I noticed about him first was the sensitivity and concern he exhibited. As the months passed, I became more aware of the attributes I mentioned first. We worked together in the hospital, started dating, and I fell in love. He pursued me diligently. I often teased him by saying, "I married you go stigmatized you." but the truth is, I knew there was something special about him. I saw greatness. But little did I know how great he would become.

Just as he pursued me when he decided I was the one he wanted, he has pursued truth — once he decided to live and to die to free the oppressed of the world. He didn't have to do it, but he did.

The process of dying that God might live in him started when he was a boy. He climbed the ladder to perfection by saying no to selfishness and yes to love, when making the decisions of his life. Understanding this takes all excuse from us. Our lives are made up of decisions: we may choose self or others, death or life, hate or love. As JJ chose the way of the gap of love, so can we.

It was JJ who first made me aware of the race problem. He was a basketball star and quit the team because the coach referred to black players on an opposing team with racial epithets. He left a barber shop with an unfinished haircut because a barber said he wouldn't cut a black man's hair. He was hitchhiking between college and home when a man who picked him up spoke of blacks in a derogatory manner and he demanded to be let out in an isolated area. These are examples of things that happened during the year and a half that we dated. I can't begin to reiterate all that has happened since our marriage.

But, I'll try to tell you some of his activities in the area of civil rights, in the area of equality, racially and economically and the marvellous ministry of healing that has confirmed all that he has stood for.

He was a freshman in college when we were married in 1949, during the McCarthy era, a time when this nation bordered on fascism, and political witch hunts were rampant. Jim bravely opposed injustice during that entire time. He at a very young age, saw the
hypocrisy in the practicing religions in the churches of that day. I remember well
him standing in a church auditorium in Bloomington Indiana and telling the people of his
displeasure at seeing such an elegant edifice and the minister's cadillac parked in front
of it when poverty was so evident in the community that the congregation served.

We had been married about 2 years when he decided to become a minister of the
gospel. He was eager to awaken the people to the humanity of Jesus and to let them know
that what Jesus was they could also be. Jesus was the first born of many brethren.
Although Jim knew the bible from beginning to end, he emphasized the human service
ministry of Jesus and said, there must be no creed but the helping ministry of Christ
and no law but love.

Jim was 20 when he became a minister. After I had been ministering for about
1 year he went to a church convention in Columbus, Ind., where a fellow minister prophesied
that he would have a deliverance ministry. That night Jim was the speaker and he was
introduced as one who had a ministry of healing and discernment. My reaction to the
introduction was one of concern for Jim because I didn't know how he could live up to
it.

Imagine my amazement when he got up and began to call people out by name and by
their social security number, and by their disease and their illness and marvellous
healings took place. My reaction was one of amazement, it was one of feelings of
depth concern and one of being aware of the responsibility of such a ministry. But for
three days it was as if I walked on air and I could not feel my feet on the ground and
it was difficult for me to even speak. I stood in such awe of this marvellous ministry
and I stood feeling the burden of this responsibility that had been placed upon the one that
I loved more than any one in the world. After that, the knowledge of Jim's ministry of
healing, ministry of discernment went around the world and he received many offers.
He was asked to go to England to meetings, he was asked to go to Africa, he was asked
to go to Brazil... And I said to him, "I don't want you to go?" and his reaction to me was
it's easy to take a ministry like this and go from one place to another, but someone
must use a ministry like this and live a life of Christ, a life of selflessness before the
people.

A short time after that we decided that we would go to a convention in Detroit
...to the Bethesda Temple. And I remember what at the time that I didn't want to go too much.
And we were on the way, driving, and I'm one who never had very many supernatural
things happen to me — and I never had any until I met and knew the ministry of JJ. But
while I was thinking and even expressing my displeasure with making this trip
to the Bethesda Temple and to the church convention, the words spoke in my mind, "You'll
not be sorry my dear that you came here." And in fact, I wasn't sorry because it was an

88-13.2.4
incident at Bethesda Temple in Detroit Michigan that really gave the opportunity to J to take his ministry further and reach more people with it.

At that time J was having horticultura, or in laymen's term for his was hives, and when he was in a meeting and he was having discernment on people and he could not express that discernment, he would break out with hives. His eyes would swell shut, his lips would swell; he was covered with them. And during the meeting in Bethesda Temple there was a well known evangelist there from LA who had a ministry of discernment, but it wasn’t as detailed as J’s ministry; he would do things like pointing out people in the audience to the left who had a pain in the back or a pain in the side, and while he was doing this, J was looking at these people knowing their names, knowing what had happened in their past, knowing what was going to happen to them in their future — but he was unable to express it and so he broke out in hives and his eyes were swelling, and it was so evident that the Pastor of this church, who was a woman, came to him and asked him what the problem was and he told her. Jim at that time was about 21 years of age and she said, Why by all means off you feel that you have a ministry to give, feel free to express it. Well, when J did express it, it was so superior to the ministry of the visiting evangelist that this pastor, this woman pastor had been threatened by this young man who was superseded the person who was supposed to have more knowledge and more experience than in the ways of ministering the gifts that God had given him that she ordered J to be removed from the church and he was physically removed. In that meeting was a pastor of a church in Cincinnati who saw J’s ministry and who asked him to please come and hold services in his temple in Cincinnati Ohio.

Therefore, J began to hold meetings at Elmwood Temple in Cincinnati Ohio. There were marvellous healings that occurred: cataracts were removed, hip sockets were replaced; people were healed by just having his shadow fall upon them. Growths were spit up. I used to carry a paper bag to the meeting just for the purpose of carrying the growths away. People climbed into the windows to get to him. They would come at 2 o’clock in the morning afternoon in order to have a seat for a 7 30 meeting. One day I was sitting in this church and in the front of the church was a large picture of Jesus. I was sitting there and in my mind I said, Oh God, if I could have just lived back in Jesus time and served him... This was another time that words seemed to drop into my mind... which said: Follow your husband and you will have followed Jesus. I am convinced.
I am convinced that if he had been content to just be a healer, there would have been no evangelist in the world that could have compared to him in drawing crowds, but Jim was too much of a man of principle not to also teach people the truth about living the life of Godliness; the life of love. And when he started telling these people that wanted to be healed, and these people that were healed that living a life of God required something of them, that is when the crowds began to fall off. They didn't want to hear that Jesus meant it when he said: You must feed the hungry, and you must take care of the sick, and from each according to his ability and to each according to his need... and that God is no respecter of persons, and that we must live together in peace and harmony with racial and economic equality. When he began to tell them, as Jesus told the rich, young ruler, that in order to enter the kingdom, you must sell all and give it to the poor... they were not interested in hearing this.

However, at the same time that the numbers began to drop, people that did stay were people that wanted to go on to perfection; they wanted to be more Godlike; they wanted to live a life of sharing, a life of selflessness. And so where numbers were sacrificed, quality was gained and we began to develop a church family with ties that were much stronger than any blood tie could be because we began to know what living for truth, what living for justice, what true living was about.

At about the same time O. L. Jaggers in California had heard of Jim's ministry and he was offered a large sum of money to come out and hold a revival meeting for him. The amount was around $3000 a week which in 1951 for a 21-22 year old was a fortune. And so he came to see about holding the meeting. And I will never forget the Sunday that we went to the World Church to attend a meeting and O. L. Jaggers was very unkind to his own father in front of the whole congregation, and without any hesitation, JJ decided that he could not associate himself with a man that would be so unkind to an older man; the fact that it was his father was not so important, but he was a father and a human being that deserved to be treated with dignity. It was during our trip to California then that quite a phenomenal healing happened to me. I became quite ill when I was there and I had very enlarged lymph nodes and both sides of my neck, you would have thought there were marbles in my skin, and Jim touched them and they disappeared instantly...

It was so phenomenal for the simple reason that I, as we all are, are strong believers in medical science... but I had never turned to Jim for healing to me, and in fact at that very moment I had said, "No, leave it alone and I will take care of it." but in spite of me, in spite of my pride, in spite of my disbelief; however you want to describe my attitude at that time, he touched me and I was made whole; I was healed, instantly.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, there was a large Assembly of God Church called Laurel Street Tabernacle. It was there that Jack Beam was on the Board, it was there that Mother La Tourneau and her family had been members for years, it was there that Eva Pugh had attended for a long, long time...

The pastor of that church, Mr. John L. Price, was a very brilliant man, he had met Jim, he knew
of his ministry, and he had asked him to come and upon his retirement become the pastor of
that church. Jim went and he was holding, every Sunday afternoon, deliverance meetings.
This was a large church that was packed out every Sunday afternoon — and I remember that
one Sunday afternoon Jim came to me and he said, “I know by discernment that there are black
people coming to this church and the ushers are sitting them on the back row...” He gave me
the names of two black women that would be there and he said, “I want them to be sat on the
platform...” Well, as you know, Jim is never wrong; the two black women came; the ushers
sat them on the platform and as a result of that a Board meeting was called. The Board was
upset about the black people being on the platform, as a matter of fact, they did not want black
people in their church... they did not want to lose Jim’s ministry because he was quite a drawing
card. after all, not only as far as members were concerned, but financially. So they made an
offer in which they said they would help him establish a church in the black neighborhood. And,
without hesitation, Jim said, “There will be no church in the black neighborhood — I will not
be a pastor of a black church or a white church: wherever I have a church ALL people will be
welcome, and with that he walked out. And with him walked Jack Beam and his family, Mother
La Tourneau and her family, her husband and children, and Eva Pugh... We had no money
and so Jim borrowed the money to put a down payment on the church in the Ioscoinner city
part of Indianapolis, Indiana, and that was the first Peoples Temple.

In the beginning he had a hard time making black people believe that he was sincere and he and
his workers knocked on the door of every black family in Indianapolis, Indiana. I think they
estimated that they knocked on 10,000 doors... and out of that campaign came a few black people
and among them was Archie James. It didn’t take Jim long to realize that Archie had ability,
he had promise, he also was dedicated and he was made an associate pastor of the church.

One of our members, one of our white members, who played the organ and was quite a financial
support threatened to take away her support if Archie was not taken from the platform: and of
course, I don’t have to tell you that Jim had no problem deciding which one should go... Archie
stayed on the platform and we were very glad to get rid of the racist who had been sitting on
the organ bench.

As Peoples Temple developed, Jim’s work and life to free the oppressed, and his ministry of
deliverance and healing worked simultaneously. As always, and up until just the last few years
he worked a full time job in the community as well as pastoring a church. And one of the
jobs he held was with the Marion County Welfare Dept in Indianapolis, Ind. And I remember a
time when his gift ministry helped him on the job. He was walking in one of the less desirable
parts of Indianapolis, Indiana, and he had on him a large sum of money that he was to pay on
the church when a bandit came to relieve him of whatever money he had... and by discernment,
Jim knew that the man needed $29 for a specific need, and he told the man you need $29 and he
gave him the $29 and saved the $5000 that he had with him to put as a payment on the church...
He became well known in the area for his work in civil rights, and so he was appointed the first Director of the Mayor's Commission on Human Rights in Indianapolis, Indiana. This was before there were any civil rights laws... and everything he did had to be done by conciliation. I want to tell you that there was nobody too big for Jim Jones to tackle.

All the way from Bell Telephone company for their hiring practices, the largest hospital in the state: the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis, Indiana, and he was so brave, so unafraid, that the local chamber of commerce in Indiana offered him a job which paid him $25,000 a year to get him out and away from this job as Director of the Mayor's Commission on Human Rights: the job as Director was a $7,000 a year job... but the $25,000 a year that the Chamber of Commerce offered him was no lure for Jim Jones because he can't be bought, and he stayed on the job as Director of the Mayor's Commission on Human Rights.

Before closing this particular session, I would also like to say that Loretta Cordell, and her mother and father stepfather also came from the Laurel Street Tabernacle with Jim to start the new Peoples Temple. There were others that had come to Laurel Street as a result of Jim's ministry, such as the Stahls and Edith Cordell, and they also followed him.
For the 27 years I've known JJ I've seen many miracles, but the greatest of these is the miracle of the life of one who chose to die that God might live in him. He was my lover, the father of my children, but became my leader, my example of God's love and the Father of all who loved mankind, peace and equality.

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which he preached not, he is to be avoided."
incident at Bethesda Temple in Detroit Michigan that really gave the opportunity to J to take his ministry further and reach more people with it.

At that time J was having horticaria, or in laymen's term for allergy to insects, and when he was in a meeting and he was having discernment on people and he could not express that discernment, he would break out with hives. His eyes would swell shut, his lips would swell; he was covered with them. And during the meeting in Bethesda Temple there was a well known evangelist there from LA who had a ministry of discernment, but it wasn't as detailed as J's ministry; he would do things like pointing out people in the audience to the left who had a pain in the back or a pain in the side, and while he was doing this, J was looking at them these people; knowing their names, knowing what had happened in their past, knowing what was going to happen to them in their future — but he was unable to express it and so he broke out in hives and his eyes were swelling, and it was so evident that the Pastor of this church, who was a woman, came to him and asked him what the problem was and he told her. Jim at that time was about 21 years of age and she said, Why by all means if you feel that you have a ministry to give, feel free to express it. Well, when J did express it, it was so superior to the ministry of the visiting evangelist that this pastor, this woman pastor was so threatened by this young man who was superseded the person who was supposed to have more knowledge and more experience than in the ways of ministering the gifts that God had given him that she ordered J to be removed from the church and he was physically removed. In that meeting was a pastor of a church in Cincinnati who saw J's ministry and who asked him to please come and hold services in his temple in Cincinnati Ohio.

Therefore, J began to hold meetings at Elmwood Temple in Cincinnati Ohio. There were marvellous healings that occurred: cataracts were removed, hip sockets were replaced; people were healed by just having his shadow fall upon them. Growths were split up. I used to carry a paper bag to the meeting just for the purpose of carrying the growths away. People climbed into the windows to get to him. They would come at 2 o'clock in the morning afternoons in order to have a seat for a 7:30 meeting. One day I was sitting in this church and in the front of the church was a large picture of Jesus. I was sitting there and in my mind I said, Oh God, if I could have just lived back in Jesus time and served him... This was another time that words seemed to drop into my mind... which said: Follow your husband and you will have followed Jesus. I am convinced...
I am convinced that if he had been content to just be a healer, there would have been no evangelist in this world that could have compared to him in drawing crowds, but Jim was too much of a man of principle not to also teach people the truth about living the life of Godliness: the life of love. And when he started telling these people that wanted to be healed, and these people that were healed that living a life of God required something of them, that is when the crowds began to fall off. They didn’t want to hear that Jesus meant it when he said: You must feed the hungry, and you must take care of the sick, and from each according to his ability and to each according to his need... and that God is no respecter of persons, and that we must live together in peace and harmony with racial and economic equality. When he began to tell them, as Jesus told the rich, young ruler, that in order to enter the kingdom, you must sell all and give it to the poor...they were not interested in hearing this.

However, at the same time that the numbers began to drop, people that did stay were people that wanted to go on to perfection: they wanted to be more Godlike; they wanted to live a life of sharing, and a life of selflessness. And, so where numbers were sacrificed, quality was gained and we began to develop a church family with ties that were much stronger than any blood tie could be because we began to know what living for truth, what living for justice, what true living was about.

At about the same time O. L. Jaggars in California had heard of Jim’s ministry and he was offered a large sum of money to come out and hold a revival meeting for him. The amount was around $3000 a week which in 1951 for a 21-22 year old was a fortune. And so he came to see about holding the meeting. And I will never forget the Sunday that we went to the World Church to attend a meeting and O. L. Jaggars was very unkind to his own father in front of the whole congregation, and without any hesitation, JJ decided that he could not associate himself with a man that would be so unkind to an older man: the fact that it was his father was not so important, but he was a father and a human being that deserved to be treated with dignity. It was during our trip to California then that quite a phenomenal healing happened to me. I became quite ill when I was there and I had very enlarged lymph nodes and both sides of my neck, you would have thought there were marbles in under my skin and Jim touched them and they disappeared instantly...

It was so phenomenal for the simple reason that 1. as we all are, are strong believers in medical science...but I had never turned to Jim for healing to me, and in fact at that very moment I had said, ‘No, leave it alone and I will take care of it...” but in spite of me, in spite of my pride, in I am not sure myself what it was in spite of my disbelief: however you want to describe my attitude at that time, he touched me and and I was made whole: I was healed, instantly.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, there was a large Assembly of God Church called Laurel Street Tabernacle. It was there that Jack Beam was on the Board, it was there that Mother La Tourneau and her family had been members for years, it was there that Eva Pugh had attended for a long, long time... The pastor of that Church, Mr. John L. Price, was a very brilliant man, he had met Jim, he knew B8 - 1B - 2 - 92.
of his ministry, and he had asked him to come and upon his retirement become the pastor of that church. Jim went and he was holding, every Sunday afternoon, deliverance meetings. This was a large church that was packed out every Sunday afternoon — and I remember that one Sunday afternoon Jim came to me and he said, "I know by discernment that there are black people coming to this church and the ushers are sitting them on the back row..." He gave me the names of two black women that would be there and he said, "I want them to be sat on the platform..." Well, as you know, Jim is never wrong; the two black women came; the ushers sat them on the platform and as a result of that a Board meeting was called. The Board was upset about the black people being on the platform, as a matter of fact, they did not want black people in their church... they did not want to lose Jim’s ministry because he was quite a drawing card, after all, not only as far as members were concerned, but financially. So they made an offer in which they said they would help him establish a church in the black neighborhood. And, without hesitation, Jim said, "There will be no church in the black neighborhood — I will not be a pastor of a black church or a white church; wherever I have a church ALL people will be welcome, and with that he walked out. And with him walked Jack Beam and his family, Mother La Tourneau and her family, her husband and children, and Eva Pugh... We had no money and so Jim borrowed the money to put a down payment on the church in the less desirable part of Indianapolis, Indiana, and that was the first Peoples Temple.

In the beginning he had a hard time making black people believe that he was sincere and he and his workers knocked on the door of every black family in Indianapolis, Indiana. I think they estimated that they knocked on 10,000 doors... and out of that campaign came a few black people and among them was Archie James. It didn’t take Jim long to realise that Archie had ability, he had promise, he also was dedicated and he was made associate pastor of the church.

One of our members, one of our white members, who played the organ and was quite a financial support threatened to take away her support if Archie was not taken from the platform; and of course, I don’t have to tell you that Jim had no problem deciding which one should go... Archie stayed on the platform and we were very glad to get rid of the racist who had been sitting on the organ bench.

As Peoples Temple developed, Jim’s work and life to free the oppressed, and his ministry of deliverance and healing worked simultaneously. As always, and up until just the last few years he worked a full time job in the community as well as pastoring a church. And one of the jobs he held was with the Marion County Welfare Dept in Indianapolis, Ind. And I remember a time when his gift ministry helped him on the job. He was walking in one of the less desirable parts of Indianapolis, Indiana, and he had on him a large sum of money that he was to pay on the church when a bandit came to relieve him of whatever money he had... and by discernment, Jim knew that the man needed $29 for a specific need, and he told the man you need $29 and he gave him the $29 and saved the $5000 that he had with him to put as a payment on the church...
He became well known in the area for his work in civil rights, and so he was appointed the first Director of the Mayor's Commission on Human Rights in Indianapolis, Indiana. This was before there were any civil rights laws...and everything had to be done by accommodation. I want to tell you that there was nobody too big for Jim Jones to tackle.

All the way from Bell Telephone company for their hiring practices, the largest hospital in the state: the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis, Indiana, and he was so brave, so unafraid, that the local chamber of commerce in Indiana offered him a job which paid $25,000 a year to get him out and away from this job as Director of the Mayor's Commission on Human Rights: the job as Director was a $7,000 a year job...but the $25,000 a year that the Chamber of Commerce offered him was no lure for Jim Jones because he can't be bought, and he stayed on the job as Director of the Mayor's Commission on Human Rights.

Before closing this particular session, I would also like to say that Loretta Cordell, and her mother and father's stepfather also came from the Laurel Street Tabernacle with Jim to start the new Peoples Temple. There were others that had come to Laurel Street as a result of Jim's ministry, such as the Stahls and Edith Cordell, and they also followed him.
Full Restaurant: 915 N. Delaware, Indianapolis
Opened: 4th-24, 1960

15 days served 16 people
0.0000000000000000

15 meals - an average of 2,800 meals
served for 3 weeks

Mrs. Enoch James sends the want ad:
for want of people gathered dinner 3 and
sleep around clock.

Children who had no money
and who were given no food.

The only food they had had in days.
Free hot.
Clothing, comissary. People cd get any kind
of food they wanted.
Welfare - sent people there too. F.T.
Wld get them jobs.

Other "fire rd." wld make people pray for an hrs
work before they'd get arrest. These groups
recounted F.T. Free kitchen wld they didn't.

PPL wld line up at 7:30 am to load.-
All kinds of ppl.-
Wld sometimes be almost frozen to death. -
Fire next. Located in basement of church. Pre-dress. Too many. Complains the smell of cooking foods. Drift upwards. Threatened to quit church if didn't stop feeding the people. Said it "was a house of death" they didn't want to stink from cabbage."
Restaurant opened Feb 24-60
first day fed 18 people.
Second day fed 100 people.
Average first month 2800
meals were served at
175 N Delaware St.

Arr. Libby Tompkins
on opening day she
helped at restaurant.
Smooth moved to Ohio
Rev Archie White:smooth and pl many people s kow Mrs Bibb going to Ohio been felt like it the road to think it did would help me BrosJames were most convinced to the house to talk. He don't want to talk about the restaurant. We went out at 7:30 pm we waited until 12:30 am. I told him I would wait as long as he waited. Suddenly he began to ask questions. I told him I wanted him to help me. Rest finally he promised to come like a day 5 days a week. First day he stayed about 2 hrs. Each day a little longer. Then a week every thing would work out alright.
Mrs. Muriel St. John
On opening day of
the restaurant.

Mrs. Catherine Mesch and
Mrs. Evans
On opening day ladies
cooked for the restaurant
First meal.

8-8-2-79
Mrs. Dona Smith

In 1914, Mr. and Mrs. Smith moved to Huntington with their four children. They left their home in Ohio and settled in Huntington. Told us to take good care of the children and never leave them alone. Then they left for their new home.

The children missed their friends and had a hard time. They didn't have anyone to play with until they made friends in Huntington. Since then, the children have been happy and never felt alone.
Youth People Group
1562 N. New Jersey St.
and notes took on trip

V.
P.M.

Sing Group
1562 N. New Jersey

Eddie Guenwe
Years in our h.
The men on first day who had their dinner.

Some children also had Sunday dinner.

Four scenes giving out awards on boys' lunching.

Youth group end.
Blanche Edwards

The Oct. 1959

Workout: "contingent"

They could not come to help me, because there was this great friction.
They said not alt. - 300 people.

I don't know.

Are they going to come? Did you send them out? Do they need them?

She thought she had gone for the letter. No. They had to wait for a letter.

They didn't feel it was done.

They're not sure of the entrance. They need help. They're over 50.

We were there. One of the buildings exploded.

The people went down to get their work done.

We had to ask them to come and help us volunteer. From time to time, they went to help them. They had to. Wherever

We had a ceremony. We did it at a glorious ceremony. Held 4th of July.

88-08-02
Came a lot of people for him. He was hard
workin' every day. He got so hot. That was
best when they got through the end of the

6 days. Did you fist meet Tom?

23 yrs ago.

The 1st church was the New Market Church.

The 2nd was the Church of Mytton Ave.

The 3rd was the Church of St. Mark Ave.

[Brazil]

"We went to Brazil. He was very busy setting
up the lawyer. We went to help them (Oct 1962)

While we were there they got the refugee
for 200 children.

They were sick, hungry, and dirty. Let
me see... Of these there must have been 3000
1300 children not dead. These are the

[aff: type 47 drawn]. When we went, after Panama,

To continue. The trials ended in the same week

Any written word in such a state from one lady

Before they pictures almost look for letters

Then... all you could see was the answer

Be one... but anyway it was quite an experience...

It was any word. Because Mr. X told you

86-13-2-84
Wings of Deliverance One of Our Life’s Miseries
in 1858-1859.

 taught me when I was 21... Never always doing something for... any religious healing.

He got dye... "Tell mother and brother... in the church all day... They took out... it... persuaded her to let me home.

I knew about... she father... her mother went home."

Mrs. Stephen... put in adoption (End).

"Her" 15 mo. Stephen's older.

"We had a big celebration one night... and they

bought some. "her" was； he was very young... he was

embraced... had malaria.

"What day?"

They went

Sunday. They went to the

Sunday. That was the 1st. And by 1 black

child by white parents in the Indiana. It

was... in the city... (and) but I think... very bad... in the state wars. And so they had a

very, you know... the idea of... people... it was safe...

for M. to go out to the children. Then...
And when the children had gone out to hide. They were off to work, and so they went. They let the little children play.

"People was so surprised, Doctor, when you'd come see me. I caused my daughter.

"Then we was in people. The children was come around the house, crying for them to feed them. We'd send to the next door to have some clothes done. Every child that came through got something to eat. The saddest of people in there.

"When you want to ask you any questions..."

"Worked in hop at 12 on dark endday."

"Women Mrs. Kennedy! Went to feed them when the women was out to work. (She's about 50 years).

"Two men, two little girls. They had to help the old man. They were very tall and old.

"We had all five in the room. One in the corner."

"Look what we was doing."

"Two of them were. Where he, another were."

"Two of them were."

"I don't know they were."

"Here the weather."

"Two of them were."

"And the weather."

"The good people, didn't have any."

"So I said."

"I give them a flower."

"So I gave them a flower."

"They don't know what flowering was."

88-10-2-80
Home - 6 - 8 ft from "U" Beak
Very weathered plant peeled off
Our quest - only 90 building clean
珣ld stand "them not box and chiminey"
They'd open door & go to three feet
up in room above. "Go tell them to go
down to the wood to put it all cold
"New one was taught - that it wasn't
true a lot of times. Then we came out and they
bed."

Democrat Supperroom
Last room: He'd go by the post room everyday
once. The old man, whoever the postman left
first person out for the race, they'd go 
away, clean up the post office table to the last stitch
Then the old man'd come down, change his
away saying he didn't want them. Then they
prayed for five mornings. Not getting them
well.

"Remember the boys. That leg gave them
was no more - the children all the time.
But in "Hallman" Only went down to them
especially toilet. He closed the door and
left her in it. Otherwise she might have
been. He went for many $ to get an out of town
thing so expensive. She never could
away but I guess she got some work down
that night."
The men in the mornings used to come up a beam up to the eaves. He landed under the bed. And in when he got in a house he said, 'We come or don't get out from under the bed, we go camping.'

'That's how I heard that.' I think all these were old men.

'They were very quiet. I have seen them at times just sitting there. They were all wearing the same clothes they wore all the time.'

'Very few, but a lot of good people.' They helped each other. They were all in one big family. They used to come from

('See next')

'People didn't complain because they didn't have a lot of trouble. They were just content.'

'The men were just content to stay in one place.'

'Ve always had lots of fun. They had a lot of fun. We'd sometimes talk... We'd sometimes talk...'
of our people lived there. We just couldn't really feel like living there, so we just set up a place to live.

I'm not sure if I mentioned this before, but in the town where I grew up, there was a big church. It was a big place, and I remember that my dad used to take us there on Sunday. It was a big place where people could come to church. I remember going there and feeling like we were in a big place, and that was the place we usually went to church. We'd go to church to get help. We'd go to church to find out what was going on. We'd go to church to find out what was going on because we were always there. We were always there. We were always in church. We were always in church.
I'm too busy to meet one of "our fellas" as he called them. When the man got up to leave, he stopped him in the arcade and told him (from the project) "You are not one of our fellas. You're a monster. You're the Ape!" so he told him, "You can have all the fine food you want, but you stay out of our business."

There was a lot of murder that week because for one thing they were jealous. They always had crowds. Lots of people and come. There was always so full. You could hardly get in. Jim was in the back. The owner they threw one of their Molotov cocktails. They got the crowd, he went out down [add details]. Another time people went up and down. As street or front of the same singer. They wouldn't sing directed at him. They would scream (fill in, etc.)
(Next day.)
They woke me up to go down to church. All kinds of volunteers called that morning. White people calling him - didn't like hearing in places.
I remember one time he was at the church. Little kid pulled out of the car some guy coming to him. Seemed like he was turned around and asked him and said, "You'll be alright." The guy was so humbled, he was more concerned about that guy than himself. Didn't mean anything.

Sitting at house, longer. The map came from the side of the house. We just left him on the steps. (Yes, we knew.)
Another time we went in church. Some one put ground glass in his food.
And he died, Eph. 2:8–10

Apologies. I can remember a very young girl who had never been out of the city or

beyond for the first time in a lot of weeks

since they were out in nature. It was really

beautiful to see the land and drink the

fresh cool water and bear the clear air. Indeed in the city it

was so smoggy..." He gave all these children

he had the guts for.

Nursing Home:

...in gave me my 15 cents or weekly

hour me all the nursing. I don't know

where I just came to church. Was

willing to give me the change...

The big building totally intact

when I first came there. The thing that amazed

one was the beauty and nice. One had

all my clothes. And found my. The very

best of meats, steak. He saved each. The

best of coffee. Never completely charged every

day home. My friend. Her friend

said, "Better than roses. Never saw a rose that had a rose so red or so red."
for 24 people.

Mrs. Best paid $2.00 on 8c. which 8rreone were getting 70c. at 1.00. She not only helped her side out of court cases. She gave the cord to one code who had been
buried by her husband. We not for her.

She helped them out when they needed it. To help pay their bills etc.

Complete bed 8t 8very day at least once.

The nurses. The nurses were. There were never
less than five. The people were. The nurse
was needed. They were the same no matter
when they were paid or how much they
had. The hospital would send on the
least care. Even when the home was
beds. See they knew the staff. Take care
of them. One lady had been there
for years. Got the very best care. Never
paid a single penny or one of the
nurses knew it. I didn't find out till after
I stopped there. So I asked the nurse.
Here. Every patient got in need care.
We were never used. And we then had
no fees. We were paid friendly.

Washed. There was plenty for the
patent. All we had to do was
shut the door.
I'm used to writing with my fingers along the top border of my recent加上他 then we'd catch her.

A green, brown, yellow flower grows.
We would have the same type of care as a
guy who plays music to tell us to
stand up or stop ear.

Give one of these gifts: a birthday gift.
Maybe the biggest birthday car ever of
stuffed animal or special regal occasion.

Always in all the food, juice they wanted.
Always in all the clothes, the sheets, the beds,
Always in all the things they had fun.
Always in all the things they could.
Would be much at night after
each one would have ended rest.

Continuing trend.

Fond engaged in to really get friendly
I the patients.

I remember one line. There was this little
man. His little woman. They had a
custom where. She was a
one was upstairs. His little old man
but make his way upstairs to see his friend.
Well, Jim found out and so he arranged it so the little men were moved up to the next floor — he made it easier for them to be together and, instead of lying there, they were up and about and as happy as could be.

In spite of being fed well and fed often, the poor little men fell off. The physicians called the best decay medicine. Big Shabbaz sent meat, but he didn't eat that well himself. He didn't give any. Next time — not last. He didn't have any way out. He must have been quite bad, so the poor patient had the best. The expense didn't matter to him.

In fact, some people from the nursing home came in and asked him, "How can you afford to do this?" and Jim said, "Well, we're not making a profit. We're here to serve people, not to serve ourselves."

88-6-2-96

He had taken the job at 18 in the Methodist Church. They needed a preacher and he happened to have left college to qualify for the job of Pastor to start the church.

First sermon, he preached Christ, God was the One. We asked for youth group. (Several?)

Not only because of God, but in Denver.

We asked, he door to collect $8 for this.

"It was mostly to pay for the place. He was, that really my brother carry home."

"We never had a dinner menu. We were always doing something. I can't remember ever being bored. Remember one time they were going somewhere. I didn't want to go. I wanted to stay home and watch TV. Daddy said no. Two. She had a feeling that I should stay in the house and not move."

"And then, one day Edna C. - Subsequently, the little boy was taken into the church and a

Adopted on Feb. 6th, 1853. We were good. There was 100 and again. So they only..."
I wonder why you have come to me on this particular day... I still have so many things to do—issues to attend to, people to see. But I can never remember him being so young. I never knew him as a boy. He did not_windows. He never played. He always acted as if nothing mattered to him. I remember he never bought anything for me (I do not know if he did or not). He never seemed to care. He was always busy, always working. He was quite a busy man. I can never remember him being as idle as he is now. We lived in the middle of the ghetto. We lived in the only convenient part there. The people [we lived among] were all black. In only [days, a] few people left.
Grateful 'f you died down ultimate.
O was integrated.

A lot of resentment from religion people.
Budy brother fell to work.
Filer in gas tank.


Free Bent: can you imagine going to all keep
Put it here going ahead all those
By now country sound country for their

free seat!!

Werry home.
Be for a lot of free medicine

Want to come - well make sure in the
Supplies giving up all the kids in them
Also who wanted to go - will be

"Animals ... we already had animal on
Little louse always going in animal and
Plan along.

People they scared 103, just in several
Great - from prison."
On 21st July 1910 she was charged £1-6.000. kept from 8th to 10th July.

Catherine got her first school (Goffin) at Mary school.
Executive Director of Mayor's Commission on Human Rights
29 yrs old.

at that time P.T. at 1024 Delaware in Endumps
(founded 6 yrs. before). had
no salary from ministerial work.
Church - 2 nursing homes - extensive free meal,
giving helping service.

Revised from Butler cheer

In first 2 weeks as Director, Jimi integrated
3 local restaurants To assist those less that
6" of integration. They had little customers,
but Jim got dozens of people + church
members to eat at these restaurants.
Harrassment:
- phone calls, hate letters, threats.
- Several people who publicly supported integration received menacing and racist letters or memos forged.
J. refused to get married, wrote in journal it "can't get married, "she's a pervert.
... physical abuse: two slaps, punch, headlock, "you're a pervert in Mary's book club, I'll do this over again if she won't let me,"
... stone constantly thrown through window, so often that church asked to layer
1960 - Direct Human Rights

Peterson: cops in beds, as glass broken.
Dynamite found on Harlem coal piles.
Saturday people in debt.
Closed down the tracks - tore clothes off.
Shot at him, stoned him.
Women had to be escorted to work by dog or
by men + dog both, because so bad.

Throw molotov cocktails at home - but the dog.
He went out there ... (add details)
Killed animals - skinned cats alive - beat
his dogs.
threw garbage, etc. threw window.
ground glass on foot.

STABBING:
1) got out of car - stabbed arm or shoulder.
2) "X" on chest.
Work for Integration:
- Indian Methodist Hosp.  in recent past
  went sit down or not until keep integrated.
walked out down hall, demanding they move
beds. - was integrated within 24 hrs.

beyond not: heard made by convos.
through back door - J.L. hit backside,
tenably forced to integrate, either had a "sit - in closer."

B8-16-2-104
When Jim was just four years old, he was always bringing home animals and people he would find hungry on the street. He never ceased to be amazed at the consistency of his character—always caring about the welfare of others.

I remember when a lady up the street was dying. Little Jimmy went to visit her, and then he came to our next door neighbor's house and got some flowers to take them to her. When the neighbor came home, she was very angry. She came to our house and asked why Jim had taken his prize flowers. Jim told her the lady was going to die before you got there, so I didn't have time to wait to ask you.

Sure enough, she checked and found out that the woman had died shortly before he came home. When he realized that Jim cared so much, he offered him all his flowers and any of the food in his cellar to use for any need that ever came up.

Now I live with Jim and his family, and I see him give this same type of love to a multitude of people—and I marvel that his life has always been exemplary in every way.
Childhood
Lynn (Indiana?) - pop 900 - born.

At 4 yrs. - "always knew home among 4 people that he would find happy on the streets."

"One time lady up street was dying. Aunt June went to visit her and they came to our neighbors' house. He got some flowers from his garden and took them to her. When the neighbors came home, the boy asked why. Old lady had taken his prize flowers. Aunt told him that the lady was..."
One man under box. Crying & wailing.
There were 15 children in the
orphanage.
15 mo: 1300 child died on June from
syphilis of the genitourinary + skin lesions
(a parasite which enure at feet + knees).
No sanitation.
Adoption - Mary Latchette

When I attended Dr. Apostol Church at 85th Street and Clark St. in Chicago, Dr. Apostol made it possible for us to adopt a Korean orphan who had been a precious member in our family for many years since that time.

Kim Young was one of several children who were adopted in 1960;

A fund was established by members of the congregation to pay the costs of transporting the children from and the legal fees arising from the family who wanted to adopt a child. The church would place the child in their home, using the fund. The program was financed by church dinners, collections and revenues from a church-operated cleaning agency.

Jim Jones set the example for this "lesson in religion" two years before when he and his wife adopted Eun Ok Kyoung (Suzanne) and Pac Chi Oak (New Eric), and...
Adoption of Children

"Torn on personal reasons"
First set by church,陕西 costs of
transfers, children held for legal
file. Church paid for these costs.

Mr. Bennett intended to adopt
Kleen-Ann, Stephanie.

Jim adopted 3 kids 2 yrs before
church premiums for children.
Gregson
and Eric
Stephanie (?)

88-18-2-112
Apex Sec
New Era
Jimmy Jr.
Steven Ghendi Inc.
Nursing Home:

2137 Alabama St. Ind. Ind.
College Ave.

He was under most hopeless care to him, but he
always take them.
We take people with 4 + give 14 class care.
People in other nursing homes p.o. by this.

totally integrated.
beautiful meals all they eat
Fresh fruit, veg. bot of meals - star.
Everything cooked fresh.
Linen completely changed at least once

exactly the same.

- Individual care - treated pat. like
  part of family - aides encouraged to
  talk to patients, play chess, etc.
  all kinds of activties for patients.
  birthdays, xmas - gifts, cards, parties.
  flower gardens
  everything kept spotless.
  didn't use any way out - most expensive
  beds, etc.

Other nursing home director asked him: "how can
a day. Complete bed bath every day.
Patient comes kept clean.
RN on every shift
6 aids for 24 people.
Aides best paid in city. 0.00 per day at a time.
when others getting $50.00.
We help aide out - interested in employees.
One time personally paid costs of divorce
for our aide who had been brutalized by
hub... went to court for her to testify.
Helped pay their bills etc.

- No one ever knew the paying patient or
  the non paying patients. Everyone treated

you asked to do this?"
"I said, "Well, we're not here making a
profit. We're here to serve people, not
to serve ourselves."

- Would arrange for older and younger ones
  who were friends to be together: those who
  older people to people.
INDIANA: NURSING HOME.
(Jim Lu Nar Co.)

Esther Nidler:

"One incident that stands out in my mind was when Jim was in Los Angeles, and he called me in Indiana at the (church) nursing home where I was preparing the meals. He said that his plane was about to leave, but told me that he had had an intuition (maybe?) and that I should take a tray of food with me when I went upstairs. I made the tray of food, I took it upstairs not knowing what the need was but knowing that he had a reason..."
for this because her "instincts" had never been
right. When I went upstairs I found a little
old woman sitting on the floor crying
because she had spilled her food on the
floor and she thought she couldn't get any
more. You should see her face light
up with grateful pleasure.

Btw. Rush in geelho.
A FEW EXAMPLES OF CHARACTER

CONCERN FOR LIFE: NATURE

When we went to Philadelphia to the Father Divine Estate, the gardeners there wanted to cut down the tree branches so that the buses could pass under. He refused and said that he did not want to have them cut. Instead the buses were parked there and the people walked over the lawns to the entrance of the house.

When Jim was pulling weeds, he took them and transplanted them along a creek bed where they would grow. While they were waiting to be transplanted, he placed them in the shade out of the hot sun.

One time when Jim was moving redwood burls and such, a black widow spider came out and hit him on the stomach. He gently removed it and said not to kill it for he had disturbed its home and it had a right to live.

He had a daddy long legs spider that would come down every morning when he was shaving and get a drink of water. Would only come down when he was there.

CONCERN FOR OTHERS OVER HIMSELF

When the group was in Oregon, he allowed a rattlesnake to bite his rather than another member.

He discerned that there was a problem with a certain horse that the children often rode. He himself went out and got on the horse and rode it until the horse threw him. He landed on his head and it was a miracle that he survived.

When a man came to the church with intent to do harm, Jim ordered all to stay inside and let his deal with the people alone.

In Oregon there was a race that went out over a river. Jim tested himself to be sure that it was safe for his people. On the way back, the wind caught his and blew him in a path that forced him either to gently bump some people or hit a tree and hurt himself. He chose not to hit the people and bled himself on the tree.

On the vacation trip to Philadelphia, people were thirsty. Though it was close to a rest stop he stopped the buses and gave them water. His unique system required this water for his own health and yet he gave it to people who had no real need of it other than their own desire.

On one occasion the congregation felt that they had betrayed what Jim stood for and signed a paper giving him all the money. They told him that he could do anything he wanted with it and they were no strings attached. Jim took some of the money and instead put it into building the church in Redwood Valley. This was also in spite of the fact that Jim had put thousands and thousands of dollars into the church in previous years without ever getting it back.

At a monthly birthday party Jim gave revelation to a young man that serious trouble would come his way unless he did certain things. The young man went out and spoke all manner of lies against the church, the pastor and the beliefs. The young man did not heed the revelation and he was arrested. He asked Jim at 2am and asked for help. Jim gave the young man help though it took days and nights.

LACK OF CONCERN FOR OWN IMAGE: SELFLESSNESS

Refuses all money, gifts and such. When things such as furniture are offered, he asks that they be given to the senior citizens for their enjoyment.

He refuses to join any clubs, organizations, etc. and chooses to fellowship only with his own congregation. With the offices that he has held of service to the community, he could...
character, continued

have his pick.

When cleaning the Legal Services Offices (which he was instrumental in founding), he cleaned the dirty, stinky toilets that no one else wanted to do and had purposely avoided.

He cleans the church and even washes his cars in to get extra lateness that women have put down the toilet, stopping it up.

When the church was coming from Indiana, he was always the last to eat, waiting till he was sure that all had eaten. He also went out and took care of the people's animals while they ate. (they were more concerned about themselves than the poor animals)

Once when coming to a very important community meeting (Grand Jury or School Advisory Council?) he saw a deer standing by the road hurt. He did not hesitate to stop and help the deer taking it to the vet and such, even though it meant that he would be late for his meeting.

He does not change his sermons or water down the truth when State Senators, Mayors and such are in attendance.

When he was shot, he came into the services and ministered to the people. He also said that if the person who shot him came to him for help, we would welcome him and help him, even taking him into membership if he desired.

When asked if he would like a vacation for his family, he said yes—if he could take his whole family. He took all of the children and as many adults as possible to Oregon.

When we were planning to go to Philadelphia, he announced in the Benjamin Franklin Auditorium that if any of the people knew of a child that would like to go, let him know and he would arrange it and pay for it himself.

When he received the Sun-Reporter Award, he chose not to attend the ceremony as it would interfere with his own services. I'm sure others would have gone.

Though he had had no sleep for days and will be up on the bus, he stays until the last person who wants to see him has had a chance to speak with him after the Wednesday night business meeting.

When Mr. Living was in the midst of publishing his terrible series on the church, he was still able to recognize the good aspects in the men (i.e. his stand against capital punishment).

When Mr. Mr. was in the jail, he refused to take bail as it was not available to all.

When he is questioned by federal agents, he refused to give any information about anyone. He chose rather that they take him.
**Urban Data, 1930: State**

<table>
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<th>White</th>
<th>Negro</th>
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<td>Total</td>
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<td>100%</td>
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<td>Under 19</td>
<td>42.7%</td>
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<td>40-49</td>
<td>9.5%</td>
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<tr>
<td>50-59</td>
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<td>1.3%</td>
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<tr>
<td>60-69</td>
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<td>0.7%</td>
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<tr>
<td>70-79</td>
<td>0.4%</td>
<td>0.4%</td>
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<tr>
<td>80 and over</td>
<td>0.3%</td>
<td>0.3%</td>
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</table>

% Urban: 63.5%
% Rural: 36.5%

**Total: 82.0% Urban, 18.0% Rural**

**All Races Combined**

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<td>0.3%</td>
<td>0.3%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

% Urban: 63.0%
% Rural: 37.0%

**Total: 82.0% Urban, 18.0% Rural**
Indiana - Census Data

Education: Male: 72.5% ages 5-20 yrs attended school (1930)
           Female: 72.9% 6th-15th grade
           19.5% 16-17 yrs dropped
           68.9%

Unemployment:

Unemployment:
Male: 73% of males in 1920
Female: 56.2%

No work: 66.2%

Employment: 56.6% partially employed (1930)

of pop 10 yrs and over worked in 1930

Randolph County - Census (1920)

Total Pct: 14,545
Male: 154

Agel distribution: 6-12 yrs: 2,377

13-15 yrs: 2,095

16-17 yrs: 1,022

22 yrs: 1,192

60 yrs: 807

18 yrs: 1,670

Married:

Male: 146
Female: 1,386

Married: 9,891

Divorced: 67

364

587

277

Urban pop: 7,571

Randolph County: Industry

Male W-
11,114

Female: 560

Ages 50+
4,120

Ages 40-
4,120
Washington Township Census Figures

1930:
- Total Pop: 8,217
- Male: 1,182
- Female: 1,035
- White: 2,191
- Non-White: 26
- Rural Farm: 6,131

1940:
- Total Pop: 2,351
  - Male: 1,216 (1,071 white - 4 black - 163 unknown)
  - Female: 1,135 (1,022 white - 2 black - 113 unknown)
- Rural Farm total: 4,137

Wendelgh County:
- Population in 1920: 9,270
- Population in 1940: 7,772
- 1940 - 1930: 1.4%
INDIANA - Census Figures: 1940:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ETHNIC GROUP</th>
<th>TOTAL (X)</th>
<th>NBC</th>
<th>F B</th>
<th>M Other</th>
<th>FW</th>
<th>BLK</th>
<th>Other (Race)</th>
<th>% NBC W</th>
<th>% FW</th>
<th>% BLK</th>
<th>% OTHER</th>
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<tr>
<td>NATIVE ORIG.</td>
<td>126,706</td>
<td>244</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>26,066</td>
<td>163</td>
<td>141</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>49.7%</td>
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<td>0.4%</td>
<td>0.5%</td>
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</table>

% NBC W: 49.7%
% FW: 0.5%
% BLK: 0.4%
% OTHER: 0.5%

Median school years completed: 8.6 (male) 8.2 (female)

FARM POP
| TOTAL | 11,907 |
| RURAL | 11,948 |
| URBAN | 13   |

ECONOMY

1940: Employment of 14 and 19:

- Male: 12,102
- Female: 14,370

- Occupied 50% of available male labor force.
- Unemployed 4.9%
- Male labor force: 12,102
- Female labor force: 14,370
- Employed: 11,697

Note: In 1940, there were 2,875 Jewish, 5,711 (mostly German, Dutch, English).
Blessed, spruce, bright and part of Sardana's makeup.

Billy Sunday: No, then.

Bless their magnificent legs...

New few months, 1915-1917...

when some fed public official was

sent under indictment, on trial by

jury, for

By end of war it only a few remained.

Met with sweet themes.

Italian myth: "Grecian play, pop by simple,

nearly pleasant and delightful,

quick, sharp, often in a Bulfinch moment, shrewd.

Greek, pleasant, fit for our taste. - Greek for beauty;

plea, winning among Italians and robust

manly.

Malcolm: A drawn near characteristic

still more manly.
Second thoughts about this paragraph. Don't back him up. It sounds as though
the Christian Church is now one preaching
brotherhood via other as competitive.
I could - would - now envision the
Church - the Methodist and others (etc.)
shall be somewhat reconciled.
Probably want to preface about competition.

T. Sten also agreed
to this change.
subject  RYMUR

file number  BuFile 89-4286

section number

serials  Bulky 2233

total pages  17

pages released  17

exemption(s) used  None

BB-19 PT Members - Stephan Jones
INFORMATION OF THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
DIVISION OF VITAL RECORDS
Certificate of Birth

This Certifies, that according to the records of the State Board of Health

Name: Stephan Ghandi Jones

Was born in: Indianapolis, Indiana, on: June 1, 1959

Child of: James W. and Marceline W. Jones

Birthplace of father: Indiana
Birthplace of mother: Indiana

Record was filed: June 1959

JAN 29 1962

ISSUED

Director, Division of Vital Records

NOT FALSE UNTIL SEEN MACHINE SIGNED WITH GREEN-COLORED INK

[Signature]

INDIANA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH
DIVISION OF VITAL RECORDS

Certificate: 59-049551
### Personal Immunization Record

See your physician for primary and booster immunizations.

#### Smallpox

<table>
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<th>Date</th>
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<th>Reaction</th>
<th>Physician</th>
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#### Diphtheria - Pertussis - Tetanus

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Physician</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st</td>
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<tr>
<td>2nd</td>
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<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
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<tr>
<td>Booster</td>
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#### Poliomyelitis

<table>
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<th>Date</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
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<tr>
<td>3rd</td>
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<tr>
<td>Booster</td>
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#### Adult Diphtheria - Tetanus

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Physician</th>
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<td></td>
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**Note:** If you are required to surrender this birth certificate, make a copy of this immunization record for your use.

---

Your greatest wealth is good health.

88-19-A-Z
Life is nothing without purpose. And there are different purposes in life. And many of these are needful, fulfilling. But the only really satisfying goal, is that of helping and reuniting all that has life and needs purpose. And to achieve this goal one must strive to perfect oneself to the best of one's ability, and to fight for what one believes, at all costs.

Thus many have died and many will die. Some proudly, some unknowingly.

For this cause.
# REPORT CARD

**SCHOOL NAME**: JONES STEPHAN

**PERIOD ENDING**: 01/30/75

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PERIOD</th>
<th>COURSE TITLE</th>
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<th>MATH</th>
<th>PHYS</th>
<th>ART</th>
<th>ANTHRO</th>
<th>ENGLISH</th>
<th>REG</th>
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<th>GRADE</th>
<th>COUNSELOR</th>
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<td>HARRIS J</td>
<td>A-5.0</td>
<td>EC505</td>
<td>3.00</td>
<td>7630 EAST RD</td>
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<td>C3</td>
<td>PLANE GEOM</td>
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<td>WATI G</td>
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<td>P50105</td>
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**TO THE PARENTS OF**: JONES STEPHAN

**GPA THIS PERIOD**: 3.00

**GPA THIS SEMESTER**: 2.63
LEGEND

SCHOLASTIC MARKS
A OUTSTANDING
B GOOD
C SATISFACTORY
D MINIMUM ACHIEVEMENT
F FAILING
I INCOMPLETE
N NO MARK
C CREDIT
W WITHDRAWN PASSING
Wf WITHDRAWN FAILING
P PASSING

CITIZENSHIP MARKS
SCHOOLS USING LETTER GRADE
A OUTSTANDING
B STRONG
C SATISFACTORY
D NEEDS IMPROVEMENT
F UNSATISFACTORY
SCHOOLS USING 5 POINT SCALE
3 EXCELLENT
2 SATISFACTORY
1 NEEDS IMPROVEMENT
0 UNSATISFACTORY
W WARNING

COMMENT CODE
0 STUDENT DOING EXCELLENT WORK
1 STUDENT IS PROGRESSING SATISFACTORYLY
2 STUDENT IS IMPROVING IN THIS COURSE
3 STUDENT IS ACQUIRING BELOW APPARENT ABILITY
4 MATERIALS NOT Brought TO CLASS
5 LATE ASSIGNMENTS ARE NOT COMPLETED REGULARLY
6 MISSED CLASS IS AFFECTING SCHOOL WORK
7 STUDENT NEED IMPROVING
8 BEHAVIOR NEED IMPROVING
9 PLEASE CONTACT TEACHER THROUGH COUNSELOR

YOUR SCHOOL IS USING ONE OF THE ABOVE CODING SYSTEMS.
CITIZENSHIP MARKS OR COMMENT CODES NOT BOTH.
THE CODING SYSTEM BEING USED CAN BE IDENTIFIED BY THE NUMBERS
OF LETTERS THAT APPEAR ON THE FRONT OF THIS REPORT CARD.

NOTE: IF YOUR SCHOOL IS ON A 9 WEEK REPORTING CYCLE THE COLUMNS
FOR THE 3RD MARKING PERIOD WILL NOT BE USED.

66-19-C-2
Certificate of Birth

This Certifies, that according to the records of the State Board of Health.

Name: Stephan Ghandi Jones

Was born in: Indianapolis, Indiana, on June 1, Year 1959

Child of: James W. and Marceline M. Jones

Birthplace of father: Indiana
Birthplace of mother: Indiana

Record was filed: June 1959

Issued: DECEMBER 13, 1961

Director, Division of Vital Records

NOT VALID UNLESS MACHINE RIBBON IS MATCHED
**NOTICE:** THE INFORMATION BELOW IS SUPPLIED BY THE INDIVIDUAL AND CANNOT BE VERIFIED OR CERTIFIED BY THE INDIANA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

**PERSONAL IMMUNIZATION RECORD**
SEE YOUR PHYSICIAN FOR PRIMARY AND BOOSTER IMMUNIZATIONS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SMALLPOX</th>
<th>DIPHTHERIA - PERTUSSIS - TETANUS</th>
<th>POLIOENYLITIS</th>
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<td>TYPE</td>
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<td>ADULT DIPHTHERIA - TETANUS</td>
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**NOTE:** IF YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SURRENDER THIS BIRTH CERTIFICATE MAKE A COPY OF THIS IMMUNIZATION RECORD FOR YOUR USE.

YOUR GREATEST WEALTH IS GOOD HEALTH

88-19-0-2
SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
FOR THE COUNTY OF MENDOCINO

Guardianship of the person

STEFANIE BISHOP, a minor

The petition of MARCELINE M. JONES

for letters of guardianship of the person of the above named minor came on regularly to be heard this day. On proof made to the satisfaction of the court, the court finds that all notices of the hearing have been given as required by law, and that the facts alleged in the petition are true, and grants the petition as follows:

IT IS ORDERED AND ADJUDGED that:

STEFANIE BISHOP

is a minor person

is appointed guardian of the person of the above named minor and that letters of guardianship issue to said appointee upon taking the cash required by law, and giving bond according to law in the sum of $ if executed by an authorized corporate surety, or in twigs that sum if executed by individual sureties.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that

is appointed appraiser to appraise the estate of said minor.

Dated July 11, 1975

ARTHUR B. BROADDUS

Judge
SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA
FOR THE COUNTY OF MENDOCINO

Guardianship of the "PERSON OF MINOR"

STEPHANIE BISHOP, MINOR

State of California, County of Mendocino

MARCELLENE M. JONES

I, hereby appointed guardian of the "PERSON OF MINOR"

 Witness: VIOLA N. RICHARDSON, Clerk of the above named court with the seal of the court affixed.

Dated: JULY 14, 1975

By order of the court.

VIOLA N. RICHARDSON, County Clerk

By: MARY McGAHR

An above named "MINOR"

AFFIRMATION

I solemnly affirm that I will perform according to law the duties of guardian of the "PERSON OF MINOR"

EXECUTED ON JULY 14, 1975 at REDWOOD VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

MARCELLENE M. JONES

CERTIFICATION

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a correct copy of the original on file in my office, and that said letters have not been revoked, annulled or set aside, and are still in full force and effect.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Lula</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Father</td>
<td>M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother</td>
<td>P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Place of Birth</td>
<td>Dayton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father's Occupation</td>
<td>Bishop</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother's Occupation</td>
<td>Musician</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Informant's Name</td>
<td>Lula</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Date of Birth: December 27, 1963

DEC 27 1963

[Signature]

B8-19-5-E
FOR YOUR CHURCH IDENTIFICATION CARD - PLEASE FILL IN ALL THE BLANKS

Name: Stephen Doe
Address: 7630 E. Pike
City: Belwood
State: Calif
Zip Code: 95470
Phone: 456-5678
Height: 62" Weight: 160
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Green
Other Characteristics: Student
Occupation: Student
Employed By: 
Work Phone No.

Birthdate: Jan 15th 1959
Birthplace: Abangalor, Indiana
Drivers Lic. No.
Church Membership Number
Mothers Maiden Name: Baldwin
Married___ Single___ Divorced___ No. Children___
Citizenship: U.S.
Church Commitment: 

CHURCH FUNCTIONS

Please have the supervisor who is involved with your position or activity in the church sign their name after each activity or project that you participate in.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Describe what you do on this project</th>
<th>Supervisor Sign Here</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Security</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Counsellor</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>Concession Stand</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Kitchen Worker</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Secretary</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Choir</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Children's Worker</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Nurse or Medical</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Offering Worker</td>
<td></td>
<td>Sin in Charge of the Accounting of Blessing</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Radio Crew</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Legal Staff</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Missionary Staff</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Church Facility Worker</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Photographer</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Fund Raising Project</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: As your responsibilities change, fill in another sheet to add the new information to your file. Please fill in a new sheet also if your name or address or any other vital information changes. Thank you.

88-19- 67
I, [Signature], hereby resign my membership in Peoples Temple Christian Church. I am resigning because my beliefs and activities are at variance with the beliefs and activities of Peoples Temple Christian Church, and Jim Jones, the pastor of said church. I have no criticism of the church or of the beliefs or standards of the Peoples Temple Christian Church. My only reason for resigning is that I do not feel that I can uphold these beliefs and my current activities take up too much of my time.

I have been treated fairly and with justice and love by Pastor Jim Jones and the members of Peoples Temple. At no time have I had any reason to be unhappy or to disagree with any of the treatment that I have received.

Signed [Signature]

Witness

Witness
I hereby agree and consent to the use of this statement and my photograph in the publications and other communications sponsored or otherwise influenced by Peoples Temple Christian Church, or Jim Jones, its pastor, for whatever purpose said church or pastor sees fit. This statement may be used in whole or in part, and may be edited as is reasonable. I sign this freely and without duress because I believe in the Human Service Work of Peoples' Temple Christian Church.

Signature: ____________________________  Witness: ____________________________

3-8-19 - 8:3
Dad,

I know I'm a selfish son of a bitch for doing this, but I've given it a great deal of thought, and I know I'm never going to do anything or accomplish anything for Miss. Betty. I can't blame you if you hate me, but please try to understand.

I constantly feel like shit for the thing to another letter, I feel I'm doing right. I'm trying. I just can't win.

You talk in service of killing me— I assume this because I'm the only one from your family who was able to unburden my guilt by saying I'm only saving you the trouble.

The main thing that worries me is the same. I feel for a girl I can never hope to have. I would sacrifice all else to have her if you said to. At least you have Carolyn and

I just hope I don't die was
I'm sorry Dad, but I just can't see living without what went wrong in life and I don't see any purpose to my life either. I don't think God is looking for a traitor.

Please believe I love you,

Stephanie.
Decency and the truth can not exist in perfect peace, and to acquire that goodness and happiness that is the true end of human beings, man must endure trouble and endurance of hardship and toil, no matter how hard the task, and much suffering must follow. And much of that we can do and endure. And be right for no reason.
June 3, 1974

Mr. Stephan Jones
7600 E. Road
Redwood Valley, Calif

RE:
Auto Accident
Date of Loss : 11-25-73
O/ Insured : Osvaldo R. Pancaro
O/ Claim #: 115769
Y/vehicle : 71 Pont. Lic #: 703-DMX

Dear Mr. Jones

We have been advised of the above accident and according to our report you were the driver of the 71 Pont. Lic #: 703-DMX, which belongs to Mrs. Alice Christin. Our insured has report that your veh rear-ended our vehicle.

If there is or was insurance of the vehicle that you were driving I would like to have the complete information of that insurance company in the return mail. Or if you have no knowledge of the insurance company or are unable to assist us I would at least like a statement from you stating so.

Enclosed is the return envelope for your return reply.

Sincerely Yours,

Vivian Byrd
Claims Representative
subject RYMUR
file number BUIFILE 89-4286
section number
serials Bulky 2233
total pages 3
pages released 3
exemption(s) used None

BB-20 PT Members - Suzanne Jones
Transcript of Telephone Conversation between Marceline & Suzanne  Sept 20

S: Hello.
M: Hi, Suzanne.
S: Yes.
M: This is your mom.
S: Yes.
M: How are you doing sweetie?
S: O.K.
M: I just got into town a couple of days ago and I wanted you to know
I was here.
S: xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxxxx O.K.
M: Are you still planning on going down?
S: Yes, Grandma said that Dad said, and Dad mentioned it also, that
he wanted the trip postponed?
M: Yes, because I was coming back and I thought they could go down with
me. You can go with me too.
S: Oh, O.K. When is that going to be?
M: I can't know for sure how long, but I'm hoping it won't be for more
than 3 or 4 weeks that I'll be here.
S: All right.
M: But having been here for such a short time, I can't tell you for sure.
I will give you enough notice. How much notice would you have to
have?
S: Well, more than likely, it will be the third or fourth week in Oct?
M: Probably.
S: That's when I can't make it because I've got a trip out of the State
(for States) for a week and a half, clear through the first week in
Nov.
M: What is this the third week in Sept?
S: Well, I'm going to be out of town all next week too.
M: O.K. well, let's play it by ear. Last time I came here for xxx weeks
and I stayed for five months, so I don't plan anything.
S: (They both laugh.) Oh, my God.
M: It doesn't mean you have to come with us or anything like that. I
had to come back.
S: How come?
M: Charles Garry thought it would be good if I came back, the people
see me, see that I am well, healthy, and all that kind of thing,
mainly....
S: Did any of the boys come with you?
M: No.
S: Oh, (an obvious let down)
M: I came by myself. So grandma and grandpa were planning the 4th, but
Dad, and I did too, felt it would be kind of foolish for them to be
there when I am here.
S: Yes, because when I first talked to them, they said they had plans
to go see you.
M: Yes.
S: Oh, O.K. I didn't know.
M: This came up and Dad decided, not just him, it was decided, and
Garry thought it was a good idea for me to come back for awhile.
Well, I'll keep you posted. O.K. You'll be gone all next week?
S: Yes. Well, O.K., so when we come back can I, can we meet for some...
to talk?
M: Yes, sure.
S: O.K., I'll call when I get back.
M: You do that, and I'll meet you honey.
S: All right. Are you going back to Indiana? Or are you coming out here?
M: I plan to go back that way.
S: You mean stop on the way
M: Unless my plans change, but that's the plan.
S: O.K., go through that way and just pick Grandma and Grandpa up and then just go on from there, I see.
M: All right.
S: Have you heard anything from Mike down there?
M: No, have you heard anything?
S: No, I haven't seen him or talked to him for ages.
M: I wonder where he is.
S: I called the bank and he wasn't there. I don't know if he was just off for the day, but they said he wasn't there, that's it, and you know, I didn't want to leave any name or anything.
M: No, we haven't heard anything from Mike down there. I wonder where he could be.
S: Well, I do know his job was temporary, when he first got it. Well, I wanted to finish up on the divorce.
M: If there is any contact made, I'll be sure to let you know. Are you all right?
S: I'm fine.
M: O.K. well take care of yourself honey, and when you get back, let me know and we can have a talk.
S: O.K.
To: Jim
From: Marcie

Re: My analysis of Suzanne's response.

At first she was very reserved. I think she believed that my parents' trip had been cancelled and I had been sent here to keep her from coming. When I assured her that I was sent for other reasons as indicated in the write up of the conversation, she began to soften. There was almost a pleading in her voice when she asked if she and I could get together and talk. If it is alright with you, I thought I would meet her but I would be driven to pick her up. My security would take us to a place of my choice that she would have no advanced knowledge of. She seemed disappointed that none of the boys had come with me. I can't imagine what would make her think I'd bring them back to this hell.

She is going to be gone for a week and then she will call me. Unless I HEAR OTHERWISE, I will meet her as stated.
Subject: RYMUR

File number: Bufile 89-4286

Section number: 

Serials: Bulky 2233

Total pages: 1

Pages released: 1

Exemption(s) used: None

BB-21 PT Members - Tim Tupper Jones
Mr. Jack Persaud  
General Manager  
Plaza and Strand Cinemas  
Georgetown, Guyana  

Dear Mr. Persaud:  

It is a pleasure to introduce my son, Tim Jones, and to recommend him for employment as a security guard at your cinema. Tim has proven himself to be an excellent worker, conscientious and reliable in everything he undertakes. I have no qualms about speaking to you on his behalf. In the United States, he was employed as a security guard on a night shift, and his employer commended him for doing his job well. I'm sure that the dangers and the frustrations of his job were far greater in the U.S. than they would be here in this lovely capital city.

While Tim has been extremely helpful at our project headquarters, assisting especially in the necessary tasks of procurement and transportation, he has thoughtfully worked out other means for these jobs to be accomplished so he can help us financially during this time of expansion for our project in the North West District. While we are making splendid progress, we must realistically calculate that the experimental farm will not become self-sufficient for another few years. Some of our main investments, for example the fruit orchard, will not become highly productive until the trees are about five years old. In the meantime, we are pouring every cent we can raise back in the States into equipment and supplies to support the growth of the settlement and to clear and cultivate more and more acreage. We appreciate Tim's concern and hope that he will be able to work with you. As importantly, we feel he would be a great asset to your security team, and could easily head it up to your advantage.

If you have any questions, please don't hesitate to contact one of our coordinators, Deborah Touchette or Paula Adams, as I may not be available for a few days. I'm sure Tim will satisfy your requirements in the best possible fashion.

Thank you for your consideration. Best to you.

Sincerely yours,

Jim Jones  
telephone: 71924

88-21-40