FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

# RYMUR
# (JONESTOWN)

## FF-2 AFFIDAVITS RE. GRACE STOEN

**BUFILE:89-4286**
**BULKY 2233**

SUBJECT RYMUR

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FF-2 AFFIDAVITS - RE. GRACE STOEN

8/29/78

To: Marrett Tropp

Fr: Ben Orsot

RE: Jim Stern

Since it was requested last night for everyone who had received legal advice to submit their names, I thought it would be best for me to review the entire list + pick out which cases are relevant to the time I was in the law office.

Other points which I feel may be important are as follows:

1. Apostolic Corporation (see Tish)
2. Conscientious objector cases, specifically, he helped my son, Antonio Harvey, get that status when I first came in church in 1970.
3. Chris Lewis FF-2-1A over [redacted]

(4) IRS, FBI.
ADVICE SOUGHT ON
DOR OBTAINING FILES
ON PT + JIM JONES
UNDER FREEDOM
OF INFORMATION
ACT.

(5) I THINK HE WAS
INVOLVED IN A VISIT
TO A PLACE LIKE
"MISSION IMPOSSIBLE"
BY US. DONT KNOW
IF THIS IS RELEVANT.
NOT WORKING IN LAW
OFFICE. UNFAMILIAR

(6) PEOPLE'S FORUM

(7) JOHN BROWN
ADOPTION BY JIM +
MARCIE

(8) Relies N Things

(9) Two Ponts
real estate
child custody

(10) Debbie Evans
registration
Livingley

(11) MELISSA JACKSON

FF-2-1B
FF-2

Outline of the Medlock Transaction:

Wade and Mabel Medlock had come to church services in 1971 and 1972 when meetings were held in the Embassy Ballroom in Los Angeles, monthly. In the winter of 1972, when the church acquired a church building in Los Angeles they became regular members.

During counseling sessions beginning in 1973 ~~and early 1975~~ it became evident they were not a happy couple. Wade Medlock repeatedly told many members of the congregation he wanted to sell his two properties, give his share to the church, and divorce his wife who he claimed was "dealing him ..."

He talked to Tim about this in 1975 & consistent with church policy Tim advised him to try and get along with his wife. Nevertheless Wade continued to complain about his wife and further complained that the church was not doing enough to assist him in making the gift. The matter was brought to a head in mid summer when Wade talked to Archie Ijams, long time member and associate pastor. Archie brought it to a government meeting one Saturday night in L.A. Present among others were Kay Nelson, Tim Stoe, Tish LeRoy, Jim Jones, Clara Johnson (mother of the Medlocks). The matter was discussed and Tim advised on what would be legal and proper under the circumstances. It was decided that both would be asked to sign gift deeds but on the verbal condition that

FF-2-8-7A

22 Sept ⊕ At that time they would begin work to make the big arrangement.

They would continue to receive and manage the properties, market them and make payments on loans and taxes until such time as the church should need the funds for the development of the Guyana Mission project. ⊕ Sept 9 Those selected to speak to the mellows about the matter were Clare Johnson, Tim Stoen, Kay Nelson, Archie Graves and Tim Lee Roy.

The next day the mellows were asked to speak to this group, and were asked to sign deed forms. The forms were presented and the signing supervised by Tim Stoen. After the signing, that evening Stoen gave Kay Nelson a file containing the blank deed forms each signed by Wade and Marked Mellows. The file was marked "Mellows Real Estate" in similar words and contained stapled on the right hand side yellow lined foolscap with about a half page of handwritten notes in Tim Stoen's handwriting. It also contained other papers containing the legal description of the two properties. Tim asked Kay to be sure that the deeds were not recorded because of the commitment made to the mellows regarding their use.

This was finally carried till the latter part of 1974 when it was decided that the church would need the funds for the Guyana mining project.

FF-2-28

Kay then went to the Medlocks and asked them to sign a listing agreement, which they did. However, sometime she wanted to show the properties ~~they~~ Mabel would make efforts. She informed Rev. Jones of this. He contacted Stone who advised him on the last come to take, and that would not make the transaction unbearable to revision. The next evening, at a meeting of many very members of the church including all of the previously mentioned persons, with Stone present the transaction was again discussed. Several days later the Medlocks signed another listing agreement (the first had apparently expired) and thereafter cooperated fully in the sale of the properties. The church spent a great deal of money in the repair of the properties to ready them for sale. The escrow instructions were originally made out so that the sale proceeds (net of encumbrances) were to be delivered 1/2 to C.T. (representing under shares) and 1/2 to Mabel Medlock, representing her shares. ~~These instructions were amended and approved by T.O.S.~~ ~~Subsequent~~ Subsequently Mabel signed separate instructions authorizing the delivery of her share of the proceeds to C.T. The deals that T.O.S. had signed were never used. ~~See~~

Several months later the Medlocks protested to ~~church~~ Kay that they wanted their money back. So the person Mabel told Kay: ~~That~~ "The first person ~~I talked to~~ who talked to me from the church about giving my property was that named J.B. Stone who left the Church ...

ff-2-2C

Yours truly, Tim Stoen

FF-2-2D

Working with all of these activities I was constantly in contact with Timothy O. Stoe. I was directed by he and the Board that he should approve all transactions, so I consulted with him very frequently. He often corrected or drafted the documents I used.

Affidavit of Kay Nelson:

By profession I am a Real Estate Broker, licensed by the DRE and working in Los Angeles County for ___ years prior to ___. I have been an active member of C.T. since ___, and for ___ years after ___ (1973) I participated in organizational decisions, and in the meetings. I was often involved in transactions for the purchase and sale of Real Estate, and also in mortgage sales and other money raising activities. I was also a closed corporation with Donald and other partners, partners in Orchard and Lakeside.

During 1973, 1974, and 1975 the corporation of C.T. entered into 10,000 actions of various degrees of interest and activity. From time to time the board would review details of real property which I would generally contact be contacted and sold. It was in this context that I first became familiar with the Medlock real properties.

30.00 2DOBRIN - OOTRAN

PF-2-3A

PF-2-3-E

✓ Sandy Coll
✓ Gua Coll
✓ Joyce Burke
✓ Christine Coll
✓ [illegible]

Facts:

① Requested advice on foreclosure action for right of mortgagee on a club which bound f.s. & R.I. personally and the city? Wrong of Action? Constitutionality

②

FF-2-3B

FF-2-3-B

Rough 9/5 E.C.

Affidavit of Harriet Thorn:

I am a graduate Nursing College of the University of U.C. Berkeley. I am 20 years old. I have been a member of JOT since its inception. During the latter part of 1977 CHI was a third year student at Nursing, and a participant in the Peoples Temple Legal Services program. I was stationed at the Drucker Mission.

Our problem / major concern was the possibility of lawsuits being brought against some of our young people, including MK. We did legal research on this issue, obtained copies of constitutions, and thoroughly reviewed all the time, T.D.S. providing. We discussed the constitutional objections for such attitudes, and T.D.S. discussed the MK case which with his own families. Shortly thereafter T.D.S. made a report on the whole situation at a church business meeting. T.D.S. remained active till he left for Guyana in Feb of 1978.

A meeting took place near the end of April in Georgetown, Guyana, where I had gone with E.C. for a legal conference that lasted 3 days. T.D.S., E.C., myself, T. Buford & Jim were there. We thoroughly discussed the Concordia times. Jim again reminded that MK. go at once to Guyana to avoid jurisdiction and that if need be, ~~the~~ Mission on the church would publicize the hideous (main Father) mistreatment of MK, in order to be helpful against any attack by S.K. He said he would not concern with any sort of suit because he believed S.K. would not be willing to be cross-examined

FF-2-48

by the Truth be in court.

My name is Clara Johnson. I am a school teacher and have been employed by the LAUSD for ___ years. I am now Headmistress of the Jonstown Community School. Mable Medlock is my aunt, and Wade Medlock is my uncle by marriage. I have known them since 19___.

We all began to attend People's Temple in 19___ and became members in 19___. My uncle Wade was much taken with the church. He involved himself in church work, including a lot of money raising projects, and insisted that Mabel do so as well. In fact, Mabel did most of the work.

I can recall that sometime in 1972 Wade & Mabel donated several hundred shares of stock to the Temple. Wade also wanted to donate their two main real property, all contents, beginning in 1972 and talked to me about his desire to donate the property to C.T. and retire to Guyana. ~~At the end of 1972~~ He was not able to get Mabel to agree and on numerous occasions asked me to talk to her about it. When I refused to do so he became belligerent. During this period of time T.D.S. would come to the L.A. area every other weekend. Most often he would stay with the Medlocks, in their home at Don Zoremba. He stayed there many weekends, ~~they were good friends~~

Sometime in the Summer of 1973 Wade spoke to the Church Council about his desire to donate his share of the tax real, inventory, assets and say refused to permit his wife Mabel to go along with it. [illegible]

⊗ I remember having another talking to Mr. Curtis about the letter. To get him a divorce from Mabel so he could marry the prospective. Curtis told me he would donate [illegible] but leave the matter with the Church Council.

Thereafter, as he had to see me on many occasions, that if he could get it done any other way he would divorce Mabel, split from a couple of the Brigham girls and donate his share ⊗ ~~[illegible]~~ the L.A. Church at Hoover & Adams was sold. Signers to Convent were (among others) myself, Tillie Coy, Tim Stone, ~~[illegible]~~ Ray Nelson, and several others. After the initiation the bishop Tim formally called the girls whom they would be called in the night day, that the epistles intended to sign a deed to the Church the second later. All the women were described in the [illegible] the reason the Mormons were to contribute in the property in the above bill. The next day T.O.S. called them in and had them sign the deeds, ~~[illegible]~~ Tillie Coy and similar others ~~[illegible]~~

— Sutherland during the trial, seemed very disgusted of his satisfied with the arrangement, but Mabel dictated. She complained just of losing and the girls, but love it broke down the [illegible] for the wedding. Then again with we did the [illegible] divorce [illegible]

SB
FF-2-RHM

E-3-5-77

[illegible]

[illegible] to go. When the school was [illegible]
contributed to give ½ of the [illegible] to C.T.
(Understood) [illegible] to build. Israel felt
she needed to go to Tyler to care for his sick
sister during her life and help many friends.
Pete wanted to go to Guyana later, when Israel
observed his sister could go to Guyana
too she was shifted and signed her name
over to the church. On the [illegible] 7/1977
5-79

FF-2e-3

started with [illegible] to Houston, Tex. When we got his mother and brother, it [illegible] L.A. organization to going to Oregon.

Before they could leave for Oregon, Jack's mother died. After that they changed their minds — I [illegible] 197_ first began to ask for the return of their property to the Church. They first started it to me on or about ___ 19__. A woman, [illegible] I was present one evening in the meetinghouse with other Church representatives (Elder [illegible] was there too) about their property. They were never threatened or coerced. Forcement from the Church on food the officials, then took books and to photo them and to try to [illegible] their moving of ___ year. The books were used. The donation was continuously offered for 1973 — 1976, 3 years, by wide & [illegible]. It was withdrawn by [illegible] only in 1977. The church acquiesced and the [illegible] was accepted. She later changed her mind and the church only agreed to accept when it was clear they felt it [illegible] to go to Oregon, where the funds would be used, in part, for their benefit.

Dr. Jack did work & helped date the grounds for the [illegible] of the real property, they donated stock, [illegible] of time to him, [illegible] for 5 years worked on fund raising projects for the church. The work, mainly, was legitimate.

He was instrumental in obtaining data for several of the geographically [illegible] Sociological [illegible]

PP-2-B-SP

Rough
9/16/78 EC

Maria Kotsis

I was initiated into the order of Gospel Temple of the Disciples of Christ (the church, Gospel Temple) since January of 1972 and prior to the fall of May of 1972, with my father, and continued to attend thereafter till I finally became a member. I first met Timothy O. Stone on June of 1972, when he was introduced to me as the church attorney. Shortly after I became involved, my father began to be uncomfortable with my participation. He is a former Greek Orthodox Priest and it was very different from his religious thing. He said he respected the aims and purposes of the church. As time went on he became increasingly more active and he became increasingly negative, particularly when I decided to leave the family home and reside with church people (at Hope Haven). Before I left my father's home I consulted with Tim Stone about my rights, because of my father's hostility and negativity. Subsequently thereafter I consulted with Tim Stone about my relationship with my father, and his attitude toward me and the church. I believe it was in the fall of 1974 when he and I had a discussion about the possibility of my father attempting to obtain a conservatorship over me. Carol Stahl was present. He gave me very elaborate advice as what to do. Also, first, he thought I should go to Hayward to avoid court jurisdiction. If not, he told me to stay in the San Francisco Church where I was working and always go out with several other persons, and to keep his phone number handy and call him if anything happened. He also told me to change the room of the church where I was living without my father's knowledge.

Sometime thereafter, there was a lengthy discussion

FF-2-8-6A

Dennis Flesser discussions with Timothy O. Stone and Carol Stahl, and my father, concerning my situation with my father.

Received
[illegible]

Attn S.F. Cal

in a government meeting about my case and the
case of several other young persons in the church.
~~[illegible]~~ The conference was given to by
several "mormon" Hospital Church Conservative in Cases
that had received wide publicity in the Roy Area.
I recall Jim Stewart and Edgar Clark both speaking
on the subject saying they had researched and
consulted together about it, and giving legal advice
[illegible] I remember the outstanding thing was [illegible] and
[illegible] that it would be a definite [illegible]
[illegible] I came to Logan on June 14, 1973. This
was partially in response to a radio message sent
earlier that the Lord wanted I should come
to Logan, following a legal meeting held through
Rev. James Hamilton in Bangkok, and partially
because I was no longer willing to defer to my father
problems with me.

FF-2-6B

FF-2-6B

Affidavit of Johnny Moses Jones

I ~~have been a resident~~ [illegible] in the USA. I was employed as a public program administrator. I have been a member of People's Temple (People's Temple) of the Disciples of Christ since 1970 and became an Associate Minister since 1972, a position which I have held ever since. I have known Timothy O. Stoen (Tim Stoen) since 1972. He advised me, among other things, on a guardianship proceeding, tax matters, various legal problems of members, and on church organizational matters. ~~In 1973 Tim Stoen and myself negotiated the terms~~ In summer 1973 People's Temple had a large event meeting in Los Angeles Convention center, jointly with the Nation of Islam. Approximately 20,000 persons attended from across the country. Timothy O. Stoen was the speaker. She introduced Reverend Jones. He identified ~~himself~~ as Assistant District Attorney for Mendocino County, & Chairman of the Board of Directors (Condor Temple) & Legal attorney for People's Temple, and spoke as such. He also was active as a representative for People's Temple on the regional board.

~~In most recently~~ His first went to Guyana in December of 1972 with a People's Temple group, including myself. He was there for two weeks. He was the only legal advisor for the group in analyzing Guyana laws and regulations, ~~some~~ organizational forms, trade and commerce regulations, and all other laws pertinent to setting up a mission project. He did all of the original legal work for the Guyana Mission Project.

~~In Sept 1977~~ I left went again to Guyana in Feb of 1977, and stayed there until May or June of the year, except for a trip ~~vacation~~ to Europe and a trip with a People's

FF-2-[illegible] 7A

Temple grounds. The island of Kanda where the snow
indicated the practicality of establishing a second mission
thousand ten. She provided legal advice while
participation in discussions with the Prime Ministry.
While in Europe he was studying to take the
bar in Calif. and had studied for an instructorship at
the University of Eugene. He did considerable legal
work including a series of the agricultural laws
and opinions about the advising on the purchase of
a house that was completed, and the purchase of a
business and other real properties that were interpreted
negotiating a settlement of a dispute with purchase of
land, advising Chuck

FF-2-7B

Affidavit of Carolyn Layton Prokes:

I am by occupation a certificated secondary school teacher. I have been an active member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("Church", "Peoples Temple") since 1968. Over the years I have had many secretarial and administrative positions in the Church including a seat on the church Board of Directors. I have known Tim Stoen (Tim Stoen) from 1969 when he joined the church until 1977 when he left.

During the period from 1970 to 1972 part of my responsabilities were in the area of banking and investment of church funds. During all that time I frequently asked for and received advice from Tim Stoen concerning banking practices and the investment of church funds, as well as the legal effect of certain banking instruments, and the legal and tax consequences of various investments.

Often, usually bi-monthly, the Redwood Valley Congregation and the San Francisco Congregation would travel to Los Angeles for services there on the weekend, in a fleet of Greyhound-type busses owned and operated by the church. Tim, as I, would generally travel on the same buss - No. 7 - and I saw him do so dozens of times. He went for the purpose of giving legal counsel to members of the L.A. congregation, which he would do during and after services. We routinely would have organizational meetings Saturday nights wich Tim would regularily attend and give legal advice and opinions on various church projects, and activities.

Several times he represented the church in situations where we believed that ex-members had taken funds or other property from the church. (SEEE ADDITION) (This representtation included hiring and paying private investigators. He also represented the church in several instances when we believed that we had been ~~libeled~~ libelled by the press, including sending letters, telegrams and speaking with various persons. When outside counsel was employed in these matters they were selected by Stoen and supervised by him. On occasion the church adopted the tactic of filing a suit on behalf of some members rather than the corporation itself as in the case where Tim and Mike Prokes sued the columnist Lester Kinsolving. This was done on the basis of legal advice by Stoen. The church paid the bill.

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 8A

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Affidavit of Carolyn Layton Prokes: (page 2 of 2)

Although Tim never received a salary or fees for his work for the church, ~~they~~ they were donated, there was some financial compensation. He received monies for travel expenses for church activities, and renumeration for gasoline and auto repairs. These various payments often amounted to $400 to $500 per month. He also received free room and board with a church member, arranged by the church, during the whole of 1976. Tim did make some financial contributions to the church while he was a member, but these were rather modest because he was ~~always~~ deeply in debt for school and other expenses, that he had acquired before joining the church.

O.K. EC 9/5
~~OK~~ HT

add: meeting w/ TOS + Merkle
meeting w/ TOS, HT + Joyce Shaw — late 1976

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 8B

2 of 2

Addition to Carolyn's affidavit

On one occassion he arranged that I go with him to Berekeley, California for a meeting with Elmer and Deanna Mertle (aka Al and Jeannie Mills) who had left the church . We met the Mertles on Durant, near Shattuck Ave. in Berekeley, by the Berkeley public library. We walked to Shattuck ave where there were some concrete-type benches and sat down. Tim proceeded to write the Mertles notes, rather than communicate orally with them, as he said they might be taping us. Ido not remember the content of th ese notes. This was in 1978.

Another time, in late 1976, Tim Stoen, Harriet Tropp, and Myself met anoth er ex-member of the church at the apartment of Phyllis Houston at 998 Divisadero Street in S.F. The woman we met there was Joyce Gable Shaw. She had been living in the midwest, but returned for the funeral of her husband, Robert Houston, Jr. Tim again advised that nothing be said to her, except in writing. At the time, both Harriet and myself thought that this was a little ridiculous, since there was nothing impooper about the content of the communication. Tim insisted however, and he produced a notebook with a message typed on one of the sheets inside, covered with plastic, for Joyce Shaw to read. As I best recall the message said something about our esteem for her late husband, and our hope that she would not try to pressure Mr. and Mrs. Robert Houston Sr. to take their grandchildren, Patricia and Judy Houston, out of the church. The childreh's mother was a member of the church and still is. I think we were concerned that Joyce might attempt to persuade the grandparents to obtain custody over the children. Again, this was during the period of "Moonie" conservatorship cases, and we were concerned about that issue.

FF-2

Affidavit of Eugene Chaikin:

As I recall now, the first time I attended Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("Peoples Temple", the "the church") was in January of 1972 at a meeting in Redwood Valley, California which is in Mendocino County about 20 miles north of Ukiah. At that time, having been an attorney licensed in the State of California for over 10 years, I was employed by Shasta County as Deputy County Counsel. Some of the first persons I met upon going to church were Timothy O. Stoen ("Tim Stoen" or "Tim") and his then wife Grace. Timothy introduced himself as Chairman of the Board and Attorney for the church, as well as Assistant District Attorney for Mendocino county in charge of civil matters - a position roughly equivalent to the one that I held in Shasta County at the time. I was very impressed with Tim and his dedication to the church and to Reverend Jones. We had a lot in common in terms of our jobs. He was very instrumental in impressing me with the ideals and values of the church. I continued to live and work in Shasta County, but attend church frequently in Mendocino County. The person that I delt with more than anyone else was Tim Stoen. He functioned as chief legal counsel for the church and I acted as his assistant, principally doing free legal work for indigent persons in the church free legal services program.

During the summer of 1972 I gave up my job in Shasta County and my family and I mooved to Redwood Valley where I began to work on church affairs, mostly free legal services on a non compensated full time basis. The church was growing very rapidly, there were lots of new members and it seemed that they all had legal problems. Tim continued to do the bulk of the church legal work, and to supervise me in the legal services program. He appeared to be one of the hardest working lawyers I have ever met. This relationship continued until December 31, 1973 when I went to Guyana to set up the church mission program there. One exception to the statement that I was not very involved in church organization legal work was in the area of real estate where I worked with Tim because I had a heavy real estate background.

(1 of 4)

FF-2-9A

I remained in Guyana, South America until July 31, 1975, ~~as I recall, the end of August~~, 1975, when I returned to work with the church in the U.S.A. During the time I was in Guyana Tim worked as the sole legal counsel for Peoples Temple, taking care of all matters. On my return to the States I again began to work and Tim Stoen ~~serve~~ as counsel for the church and worked in that position under Tim until the late spring or early summer of 1977 when he severed his connection with the church.

During the time that I worked with Tim Stoen, beginning in 1972, we handled many real estate transactions for the church, including the purchase of church properties in Mendocino County, San Francisco County and LosAngeles County. He organized and set up bank accounts for the church and was personally responsible for handling church funds and, in addition, funds of some individual members of the churdh in an individual capacity. He wrote several revisions of the Articles of Incorporation and of the Bylaws (which I also worked on) which encompassed a reorganization of the entire church structure. He continuously acted as the counsel for the church and representative of the church with the denomination, the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ). In this regard he contacted attorneys for the Disciples of Christ, attended meetings and conferences, wrote numerous letters and in other ways represented the church as attorney. There were several lawsuits filed against the church over the years. In each case Tim either represented the church, or selected outside counsel and superivesd him for the church. I recall one rather lengthy suit involving a dispute over real property the churhc had purchased in Mendocino County which Tim handled alone for the church. (added PP

As a part of the church activities there was a so-called governmental, or organizational meeting of some principal members of the church at least once every two weeks and usually more frequently. The Board usually ratified decisions made informally in these meetings. These meetings continued, from muy knowlege, from the summer of 1973 through the summer of 1977. Tim attended the meetings regularily till he went to Guyana in February of 1977, and in alomst every meeting gave legal advice concerning matters that were broached that had legal implications.



FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 9B

Mikes Concert Show:

Arrived Heathrow 30 Mar 1977

Left Heathrow 1 April 1977

As a result of these activities he became intimately familiar with all of the affairs, corporate, financial, religeous and otherwise of the church structure. It is difficult to imagine any other person in the entire organization of this large church, which by the end of 1973 had some 20,000 members, maintained three independent church structures with three independent congregations, maintained a fleet of 11 Greyhound-type busses which it serviced itself and regularily mooved that caravan all over California and annually across the United States, who was more intimately familiar with all of the affairs of the church than Timothy O. Stoen. He was one of the most dedicated persons I have ever met - his life was his job and the church. He hardly took out time to eat and sleep. I suppose that his position can be best expressed by the office that he held for a number of years - Chairman of the Board of Directors, and Chief legal Counsel.

.....

Added Paragraph

He gave legal advice to the Board of Directors, the Officers and the Pastorial staff of the Church. He wrote numerous letters to various persons with respect to the legalactivities of the church. He filed tax returns with the State of California and exemption certificates with several counties. He gave llegal advice concerning acceptance of donations for m members. Among others was a donation of two pieces of real property in Los Angeles County by wade and Mable Medlock. He drew a huge variety of legal forms used by various church departments and programs, including the Guyana project,. He wrote wills with dispositive provisions in favor of the church, drew gift deeds and other documents. He gave legal advice to literally thousands of church members. As a result of participating in the church legal services program he became intimately familiar with the lives of hundreds of church members.

Tim was especially close to persons who had more intimate organizational connections with the church. An examole is Maria Katsaris, whose case he discussed in detail in my presence a number of times - both in the U.S. and later,



FF-2-

Affidavit of Eugene Chaikin: (3 of 4)

~~As a result~~ of these activities he became intimately familiar with all of the

The Guyana meeting occurred as follows. On or about Pax received a call on the shortwave from Tim Stoen requesting that Gene and [illegible] [illegible] to Guyana for a legal conference. We did so and arrived in Georgetown, Guyana [illegible] as reflected by the [illegible] stamps on my passport on April 22, 1977. We immediately held a conference that continued until May 1, 1977 when I gave [illegible] to the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] S.A.

The conference lasted for over 60 hours, allowing time only for some sleep. It took place in the property located at 41 Lamaha Gardens, Georgetown, Guyana. Present were Carolyn Layton, Debbie [illegible] Terri Buford, Timothy O. Stoen, Tim Jones, Harriet Tropp and myself. Marceline Jones, Jim's wife & myself, was there for a while. There were several subjects discussed in detail. Among the [illegible] [illegible] some of these matters. In particular we discussed Maria Katsaris's case. I can recall Tim Stoen ~~[illegible]~~ saying that her father, Steve Katsaris was an evil man, very dangerous to the church, and would stoop to any level, that he was very hostile, that he was "no good bastard" or words to that effect. He told me that Maria had told him in detail about how Steve Katsaris had molested Maria, ~~he said that we should [illegible] that [illegible] confirmation to protect Maria and the church.~~ that he had personally reviewed the facts and he believed Maria to be telling the truth. He advised that we ~~tell her~~ suggest to her that she should stay in Guyana [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] if that was not possible she should stay in the S.F. church and not go out; that she should not say anything to her father altogether, but write no letters to plead to him. He also suggested that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

~~[illegible]~~

provisions in favor of the church, drew gift deeds and other documents. He gave legal advice to literally thousands of church members. As a result of participating in the church legal services program he became intimately familiar with the lives of hundreds of church members.

He was especially close to persons who had more intimate organizational connections with the church. An example is Maria Katsaris, whose case he discussed in detail in my presence a number of times - both in the U.S. and later

in Guyana in April, 1977. During the latter part of 1975, 1976, and early into 1977 there was a law office established on the premises of the San Francisco Church. There were a number of persons who worked together there handling church business and also handling clients affairs as part of the legal services program. Among others were myself, June Crym, Harriet Tropp (who was then a law student), Bea Orsot and several others. Weekly meetings were held similar to meetings in any law firm where files were reviewed and signifigant business discussed. Tim ~~attended~~ presided over ~~practically all of~~ those meetings as chief counsel participated in the discussions, drafted documents, delt with transactions and worked with the cases, as did the others.

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 9D

ADDITION TO CHAIKIN AFFIDAVIT:

The Guyana meeting occured as follows. On or about April 23, 1977 at the San Francisco church we received a message from Tim Stoen requesting that Harriet Tropp and I come to Guyana for a legal conference. We were to drop everything and come at once. We did so and arrived in Georgetown, Guyana, as reflected by the date stamp on my passport, on April 27, 1977. We went at once to the house kept by the Peoples Temple Guyana organization at 41 Lamaha Gardens, Georgetown and began a conference that continued till May I, 1977 when, againaccording to the date stamp on my passpprt, we returned to the U.S.A. The conference lasted over 60 hours, allowing only time for some sleep. It took place in the large master bedroom in the rear of the dwelling. Present were Carolyn Layton Prokes, Terri Buford, Timothy O. Stoen, Jim Jones, Harriet Tropp and myself. Marceline Jones, wife of Jim Jones for __ years, was there from t me to time.

Seferal subjects were discussed in detail. Among those was the risk that conservatorships might be attempted against some of the members and strategies to avoid them. Individual cases werediscussed. In particular we discussed Maria Katsaris case. I can recall Tim Stoen saying that her father Steve Katsaris was an evil man, very dangerous to the church; that he was very hostile and would stoop to any level; that he was a "no good bastard" or words to that effect. He told us that Maria had told him in detailabout how her father had molested her, that he personally had reviewed the facts and believed that Maria was telling the truth. He advised that he suggest to her that she come to Guyana to avoid the jurisdiction of the court; that if that were not immediately possible she should stay inside the San Francisco church and not go out; and that she should stay away from her father altogether but should write "nice" letters to him to mollify him. He also suggested that she disclose the facts that he had molested her feeling that such disclosure would deter her father from further pursuit of her.

FF-2-Atta 9E

Affidavit of Laura Johnston : ( 1 of 2 )

I am a social worker by profession. I first joined Peoples Temple/in February of 1970, just a few months after Tim Stoen. I knew Tim till he left Georgetown, Guyana in June of 1977. I stayed at his home in Redwood Valley from February to June in 1970. During that time I constantly heard him involved in church legal business.

I was employed by the Mendocino County Welfare Department as a social worker in August of 1970 and worked there till March of 1977. During most of that time Tim was employed as Assistant District Attorney of th Mendocino County District Attorney. He was the attorney that advised the Welfare Department. During those years I would ask his advice on how to assist Temple Members in resolving problems or potential problems thatthey had with welfare.

During my career in Mendocino County the church owned several care homes in Mendocino County which were county licensed. Several otheer county licensed homes were owned and operated by church members. The liscencing agency was the Welfare Department. One of my, and Tims duties for the church was to advise and counsel on welfare matters including care home liscensing matters. During the time we worked together in Mendocino County, at least once weekly or more often, Tim advised church officials and care home operators concerning legal aspects of the operation of care homes. Of course, all such advice and help was without charge. These services were extended as a part of the "people helping people" philosophy of the church. I would regularily for years counsel people at church on their welfare problems and Tim would regularily counsel with me giving legal advice on the same subject. He also advised me on many occasions to select numbers of church volunteers to come to various court proceedings in sympathy with the causes of church members. On such occasions he would tell me the background of such cases, how to act and what to say.



FF-2-10A

Affidafit of Laura Johnston: (2 of 2)

When Tim Stoen was in Guyana in the Spring of 1977, I was also there and I recall that he gave legal advice to many members there and also to church officials about the conduct of their affairs both in Guyana and the United States. He also did the legal work on buying a house in Georgetown and investing church funds in Guyana including the purchase of Government Bonds. ~~xxxxxxxx~~

ok E.C. 8/4

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 10B

Affidavit of Harold Cordell: I am at present 41 years of age. I have been an active member of Peoples Temple since 1955. I work as a bookeeper and in cost accounting. I have worked on the books and records of Peoples Temple since 1971 as a part time volunteer worker, and on a full time basis since about March of 1975.

I have known Tim Stoen since 1969 or early 1970 when he joined the Church. Shortly after he became a member he became active in the central organizational structure because of his legal background and qualifications. He was the only attorney of the church for all tax and corporate functions, and all business functions till summer of 1972 when Gene Chaikin began to assist him, and again during the whole of 1974 and the first eight months of 1975 whene Gene Chaikin was in Guyana. Untill the ~~latter~~ early part of 1976, during those times when Gene Chaikin was active in church affairs in the United States, Tim Stoen acted as senior counsel. As such he was acquainted with and participated in all aspects of Peoples Temple activities and programs.

I can recall being advised by Tim, and working with him on tax matters including church tax returns during the years 1973, 1974 and 1975; with respect to corporate and financial affairs during 1973, 1974, 1975, and 1976; with respect to church which he regularily reviewed and approved during 1973, 1974, 1975, and 1976; with respect to tax returns for members which we did on a volunteer basis during the same years; with respect to the management of church owned real properties during 1973, 1974, and 1975. During these years he either handled himself or supervised outside counsel in handling all church litigation (there were several cases) and all claims made against the church.

During the years 1973, 1974, 1975 and 1976, to my knowledge as an attorney he spent at least 20 hours per week working on church legal affairs. Next to Rev. Jones he was the single person most acquainted with the total program of the Peoples Temple Church because he would give "legal clearance" on every proposed program and periodic "legal review" of every active church program.



FF-2-[illegible]

Affidavit of Harold Cordell ( page 2)

During the years of 1970 through 1976 he was usually aviaiable before, during, and after church services ( Sundays, Saturday nights, and Wednesday nights) to give free legal counsel and assistance toall persons who attended church and m ight desire such. In this function he bedame intimately acquainted with the confidential affairs of almost all of the active membehshup of the Church, and also hundreds of more casual members.

All references inthis affidavit to Tim or Tim Stoen refer to the defendant Timothy O. Stoen. All references to "church", "the church", "peoples temple" refer to the plaintiff Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ, a California Corporation.

ok r.c. 9/4

FF-2-11B

Affidavit of Johnny Moss Jones:

While in the U.S.A. I was employed as a public programs administrator. I have been a member of the Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("the church", "Pepples Temple") since 1970, and became and remained an Associate Minister since 1972. I have known Timothy O. Stoen ("Tim Stoen") since 1970.

He advised me on, among other things, a Guardianship proceeding, traffic matters, various legal problems of members, and on church organiaational matters. In the May of 1976 Peoples Temple held a mass meeting in the Los Angeles Convention center jointly with the Nation of Islam. Approximately 20,000 persons attended from across the country. Tim Stoen was the speaker who introduced Rev. Jones. Tim was introduced as Deputy District Attorney for San Francisco County, Attorney for and Chairman of the Board of Peoples Temple. Joseph Freitas the District Attorney of San Francisco County was present on stage and also introduced. Next to Rev. Jones himself, for years Tim Stoen was the most prominent member of the church. He very frequently appeared in public as a spokesperson for the church and his "weight as an attorney and as a District Attorney lent strength to his appearances.

Tim Stoen first went to Guyana in the winter of 1973 with a Peoples Temple group, including myself. He was there for two weeks. He was the only legal adviser for the group in analysing Guyana laws and regulations, forms of organization, trade and ownership regulations, and all of the other laws pertinent to setting up a mission.

Tim went to Guyana again in February of 1977 and stayed there till May or June of that year, except for a brief trip alone to Europe and a trip with a Peoples Temple group including myself to the island of Grenada in the Caribbean where the group studied the possability of establishing a second mission there and Tim provided legal advice, including participation in discussions with the Prime Minister. While in Guyana he studied to prepare for an examination for the Guyana Bar, and had made application for an Instructorship at the University of Guyana. He did considerable legal work including a review of the agricultural lease and corp-

(102)

FF-2-12A

oration, advised on the purchase of house (that was purchased) and on the purchase of several other investments and other items of real property (that wer not purchased), negotiated the settlement of a dispute over the purchase of lumber, advised numerous church members about legal metters in the United States, and did sundry other legal work. During this period of time I was also in Guyana and often worked with Tim on these matters.

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 12B

Does he have a license?

AFFIDAVIT OF JOHN HARRIS

By profession I am a forensic pathologist. I have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ (Jonestown, Guyana) since October 1969. I have known Tim Stoen (Tim Stoen) from about that time until 1977. He was introduced to me as the attorney who handled church affairs.

In Spring of 1970 I received legal advice from Tim Stoen regarding alimony and child support payments.

Sometime in 1971 I consulted Tim Stoen about a probation violation, and he again advised me as to what my legal rights were and what course of action I should pursue.

In 1972 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice regarding traffic violations. He dictated a letter for me to the judge and agreed to talk to him on my behalf.

In 1972 my probation was revoked and I went to jail. Tim Stoen gave me legal advice while I was in jail and arranged for bail. He also handled the payment of restitution, which resulted in my release from probation.

In 1973 Peoples Temple was interested in buying a printing firm in San Francisco called Infocom. I was working there at that time. Tim Stoen was negotiating on behalf of Peoples Temple for the purchase of the business. I participated with him in meetings to discuss the purchase with the current owners. While I worked at that firm, I printed church literature. Tim Stoen reviewed all the material prior to printing for the legal implications of the content, and made corrections.

During 1973 Peoples Temple had a radio broadcast on KFAX. The station was planning on changing their format and cancelling our program. Tim Stoen, myself, and others spoke with the station manager. Tim Stoen was acting as the attorney for the church during that meeting.

In 1974 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice regarding a personal injury suit I was going to file against Penny's, ~~Tim~~ he discussed with me the merits of the case and referred me to another attorney. He later reviewed the settlement offer and advised me that it would be in my best legal interest to accept it, which I did.

In late 1974 I was involved in a car accident, and Tim Stoen gave me legal advice on this matter. Around 1975 I received legal advice from Tim Stoen on obtaining a passsport. I was concerned because of my past police record. He also gave me legal advice on several occasions about welfare, social security and SSI.

In 1976 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice regarding child support and the payment of alimony, and referred me to another lawyer.

He never made a charge to me for any of these services, which he extended to all church members without cost as part of the church program.

FF-2-13

Sep. 5/4

Affidavit of Richard Tropp:

By profession I am a college instructor in Engl ish. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1970, and have known Tim Stoen since that time.

During 1976 and 1977 Peoples Temple published a periodical entitled "Peoples Forum". I had an editorial responsability for the paper and wrote a considerable portion of the material. The printed material went through an organizational structure prior to being cleared for publication. Among these was a legal check because, of course, we wanted to avoid litigation which is always a risk in printing a periodical. Tim would be routinely given materials for legal clearance prior to publication and he would return the materials with such corrections as he might make and with his initials indicating his approval of the materials for publication.

In addition to the "Peoples Forum", since 1973 the church also sent out a monthly solicitation mailer, printed notices of meetings, and other printed materials. Tim routinely cleared these materials for legal problems prior to their distribution, in the same manner as described above for the newspaper materials.



FF-2-6014

Affidavit of Jack Lovell Beam: ( 1 of 2)

I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1949, one of the founding members. The Temple has always been an activist organization. All members are expected to devote a great deal of time and energy to Church projects and organization, and most do so. The members of Peoples Temple are far more involved in Church activities than are the members of most churches. I have known Tim Stoen since 1969 when he joined. At that time there was no member who was an attorney. The Church had no regular attorney. Tim was very devoted and immediately assumed that role. When he joined he was employed by the Mendocino County Legal Services Foundation and seemed very concerned over the legal needs of the poor. The church had similar concerns, and in fact had assisted him to set up his office, so his involvement in church work was quite spontaneous.

The church very rapidly grew in size. Tim's work and influence in the church grew as the church grew. He assumed full charge of all of the legal affairs of the church and its members, including Jim Jones, the Pastor and guiding influence of Peoples Temple since its inception. All legal decisions were left to Tim Stoen. From 1970 to 1973 our church grew from a small congregation in Redwood Valley, Mendocino County, California to a congregation of well over 10,000 owning churches in Redwood Valley, San Francisco and Los Angeles, with members in every major city in California between Ukiah on the north and San Diego on the South, with additional smaller congregations in Philadelphia, PA, Chicago, Ill, and Houston, Tex) and owning in addition four care homes and a number of residences in Mendocino County, a large auxiliary project center in Mendocino County, an 31 unit Apartment house in Los Angeles and a fleet of 11 Greyhound-type buses which made annual and often semi-annual trips around the United States and weekly runs between Mendocino County on the North and Los Angeles County on the south. Periodical publications and regularily scheduled radio broadcasts were produced and solicitation mailers and other publications distributed. A full scale free legal services program was instituted which rendered legal ervices to more than 100 persons weekly.



FF-2-15A

Affidavit of Jack Lovell Beam: (2 of 2)~~Tim~~

Tim Stone did the legal work on most of this entire development. Another attorney Eugene Chaikin joined in 1972 but his role from then till the end of 1973 when he went to Guyana was as an assistant to Tim. Tim Stoen remained the principle attorney and legal adviser to Peoples Temple till ~~spring~~ summer of 1977 ~~when he resigned~~. During his entire membership he had the principle responsability for all of the legal affairs of the church and was the personal attorney of literally thousands of church members. He was intimately familiar with the total structure of the church and ~~of~~ with all of its projects and operations. He served ~~many offices, but principally~~ for years as a Director and Chairman of the Board of Directors of Peoples Temple.

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FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 158

~~[illegible] dedicated to human service~~
They believed that service of the people was in fact the good life and
belief in. That they must devote their goodness rather than just
talking about it. That it was very important. It had produced the
Tepeyac girls and they gave new meaning to the neighborhood
and so it became a reality. Really, we had one called Tom
people in our town, fed them, clothed them, and then
bailed. At least one ongoing responsibility. Slowly
that concept of reality of loyalty developed so
he was able to organize the group. Rules and regulations
were organized. Girls were selected to distribute
on the street, personal relationships for individuals who
would give big sums. Then we went to find
a free legal service group for illegal persons, the church
of Good Shepherd was [illegible] medical fees for persons who could
not afford it, [illegible] overnight medical groups
for seniors and minority groups, an extension group of free
tuition and support for college for poor and minority
students. At one time in [illegible] we had more than 110
students in universities and colleges, 3 in law school, 1
2 in medical school; a young man who a constituent
wanted some further who could not afford it. And who
often had been cited for violating ordinances, motorcycle agents were
made for persons who could not afford bail and were losing
their homes; we supported many other community groups
a Senior Citizen's center and a local free medical clinic.
Hospital visitation and court services, city groups were
contacted on regularly, as were groups for visitation of
persons in jails and prisons. We gave seminars and funds
to ~~[illegible]~~ the groups and organizations in the American Indian
movement, for groups who have been in the depths
of poverty and oppression for decades. ~~[illegible]~~ Most of
rules were within the control of the group. We tried
not deliberately to demonstrate that we really could be in
better hands.

Affidavit of John Bean

They beleive that service to the Diety can best be expressed by service to ones fellow man, that they must - as a religeous-philosophical imperitave demonstrate goodness rather than just talking about it, and that this demonstration must be an ongoing part of their everyday lives. In practice this becomes very involved. Jim Jones had proclaimed this before the people and doing it gave a new meaning to the peoples lives, and so it became a reality. They reality was that one indeed takes people into ones home, feeds them, clothes them, pays their bills. It becomes ones ongoing responsability, and with that concept of reality a lot of loyalty is developed.

To finance these ideas-becoming-institutions programs like pastry sales and rummage sales were developed, funds solicited on the streets and in the offices of donors of larger means. These sums went to fund a free legal services program. They went to pay medical fees for those who could not afford adequate medicine. They went to support preventative medical programs for senior and minority groups. They supported a college scholarship program which, at its height supported over 110 sutdents in, either part or full time, in colleges and universities, including three sutdents in law school and two in medical school. They supported a program whereby the homes of poor persons who were facing the loss through demolition of their homes due to deterioration, had them repaired by a volunteer construction team with materials furnished by the church, all without cost to the recipient. It went to make up mortgage payments for those who were in danger of loosing their homes due to financial ill fortune. It went tosupport other service agencies in the community, including, among others a medical clinic and a senior citizens protective service in San Francisco. Hospital visitations and senior care programs were carried on regularily, as were programs for the visitation of persons in jail and prisons. We gave material and financial support to the American Indian struggle, a group who have for decades been in the depths of poverty and oppression.

Most members were active in several of these programs. We tried to demonstrate most diligently that we really could be our brothers keeper.

Rough 9/3 - HT

AFFIDAVIT OF CHARLES TOUCHETTE

By profession I am a sales engineer and construction superintendent. I became a meber of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("Michael" "People Temple") in December of 1970. I have known Tim Stoen (Tim Stoen) since that time, until Spring of 1977. He introduced himself to me as attorney for the church at a meeting soon after I joined the church.

In September 1973 an incident occured when Jim Cobb, my daughter Mickey Touchette, and others left the church. When they left, they took with them certain items that were not their property. Among those items, as I recall, were a hunting rifle, the property of one Tom Kice, a member of the church. In addition, they had vandalized Tom Kice's property by tearing the phone out of the wall and doing other damage. Because I was very concerned about what they might do with the weapon, Tom Kice and I went to Tim Stoen's office in Ukiah. Tim Stoen gave us legal advice on how to handle the situtai n so as to protect Tom, and how to make a formal complaint. On his legal advice and instructions I talked with one of the Sheffif's deputies in Ukiah about the matter.

I moved to Guyana in July of 1974 withmy family and I have been in Guyana since that time. I last saw Tim Stoen in the Spring of 1977 in Jonestown Guyana. Tim Stoen was in Jonestown approximately two months. Twice weekly there were organizational meetings that Tim Stoen participated in and gave legal advicr on purchases of businesses and real properties in Guyana; the resolution of sales disputes, leasehold obligations, and other matters.

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FF-2-16

Affidavit of James W. Jones:

I have been the Pastor of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ, and its predecessor organizations, since 1949 ("the church", "Peoples Temple"). I am, and for some years have been a Minister ordained by the Christian Churches (Disciples of Christ), of which denomination the Peoples Temple is an affiliated church. I have always been an activist, striving to make the Christian goals of equality and brotherhood a social reality through the demonstration of people caring for each other. I thus developed a large interracial church with extensive human service programs.

When Timothy O. Stoen joined my church in 1969 I was thrilled. Besides the addition of another sincere, committed member I was overjoyed to have his help because in my rapidly growing church I needed a concerned, dedicated lawyer badly. I also needed an activist associate minister badly and Tim rapidly began to fill both roles. I trusted him fully and entrusted him with more responsibility than any other single member of the organization. I was very greatly saddened by his departure in 1977.

I have read the Affidavits of Jack Beam, Eugene Chaikin, Joyce Parks, Maria Katsaris, Kay Nelson, Tish LeRoy, Harold Cordell, Carolyn Layton Brokes, Carol Stahl, Terri Buford and Mike Prokes, & Harriet Tedd. To the extent that I have personal knowlege of the things therein described they are true and correct. I did consult privately with Tim Stoen about the Medlock gift and Maria Katsaris problems with her father. I did consult privately with Tim Stoen about problems with Jim Cobb. In fact I consulted with him privately in addition to publically about most of the problems of the church which had any kind of legal implication. I am sure that over the years he, through his legal knowlege and activities, gained more confidential information about Peoples Temple and its members than any other living person.

1/1 + insert

FF-2-17A

He was my chief legal adviser and I did nothing either with respect to the alcohol affairs [illegible] without his legal advice. I am, and for some years have been a member of the church (the "church") [illegible] 1969-1972 [illegible] 1973-1975 he was in my legal line. Everything that was done with him [illegible] Cobb and Mabel were [illegible] with Jim Cobb. I [illegible] with his advice. I [illegible] was done [illegible]

[illegible] through the development of people seeking for [illegible] [illegible] church with extensive human service programs.

[illegible] Stoen joined the church in 1969 I was thrilled. Besides the addition of another attorney, considering [illegible] I was overjoyed to have his help because in my [illegible] church I needed a concerned, dedicated lawyer badly. I did needed an activist associate minister badly and Jim probably seemed to fill both roles. I consulted him fully and encouraged him with more confidence than any other single member of the organization. I was very [illegible] by his departure in 1977.

I have read the affidavits of Jack Dean, Grace Chaikin, Joyce Parks, Maria Katsaris, Ray Nelson, Jim Lapoy, Harold Cordell, Carolyn Layton Brookes, Carol [illegible], Terri Buford and Mike Prokes. To the extent that I have personal knowledge of the things they described they are true and correct. I did consult [illegible] with Jim Cobb about the Jackson girls and Maria Katsaris problems with her father. I did consult [illegible] with Jim Stoen about problems with Jim Cobb. In fact I consulted with him privately in addition to publically about most of the problems of the church which had any kind of legal implication. I am sure that our lives be, through his legal knowledge and activities, placed more confidential information about People Temple and its members than any other living person.

PF-5-1174

He was my cheif legal adviser and I did nothing either with respect to the church or tax with respect to my own personal legal affairs without first consulting him and getting his legal approval. From sometime in 1969 through the summer of 1972, and again from January of 1973 through the summer of 1975 he was my, and the churches only legal adviser. Everything that was done in connection with Maria Katsaris, James Cobb and Mabel and Wade Medlock , was done with his informed advice and consent.

FF-2-17B

Affidavit of Carol Stahl:

By profession I am an elementary school teacher. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1968. Tim Stoen joined the church in 1969 and I have known him since that time untill he left in 1977.

I have held a series of volunteer jobs in the church over the years, and several corporate offices and directorships, and am currently the Corporate President. Shortly after Tim Stoen joined he became the attorney for the Church and really he was the main attorney down through the years. We did employ other counsel from time to time, and in 1972 Gene Chaikin joined the Church and did assist him and handle the "free legal services" matters for members from mid 1972 through the end of 1973, and again from mid 1975 through 1976, but Tim Stoen was always the one primarily responsible for Church business and corporate activities.

He was the principal person I would discuss church business with if it had any sort of legal implication. Under his direction I kept a whole series of legal documents relating to church and individual business and personal affairs.

I was present on one occasion on 1976 when Maria Katsaris discussed her relationship with her father and her fears concerning him with Stoen, and heard him give her legal advice about it. I was also present in a Los Angeles meeting of some of the key members of Peoples Temple in June or July of 1975 where Tim Stoen gave Rev. Jones advice concerning a proposed donation of real properties by Wade and Mable Medlock to the Church. He advised on how to handle the transaction "legally", what should be said and not said and so forth. He, himself participated in obtaining the Medlocks signature on certain deeds. He was also present at another meeting at which I was also present with the Medlocks in the winter of 1976 where the gifts were discussed again and again advised now the transaction should be handled.



FF-2-1018

Affidavit of Harriet Tropp:

I am a graduate of Hastings College of the Law, and of U.C. Berkeley. I am 28 years of age and have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("the church,","Peoples Temple") since 1970. I have known Timothy O. Stoen ("Tim Stoen" of "Tim" ) since that time. During the latterpart of 1976 and early 1977 I was a third year student at Hastings and a participant in the Peoples Temple Legal Services program. Tim Stoen was one of the directing attorneys.

One problem of major concern to the office was the possability of conservatoorship orders being obtained against members of Peoples Temple, including Maria Katsaris. We did legal research on this issue, obtained copies of existing case records, and thoroughly discussed all of the points, strategies, etc., with Tim Stoen presiding. We discussed the case of each member we felt might have the family potential for this sort of litigation. Tim discussed the case of Maria Katsaris with which he was familiar. Shortly thereafter Tim made a report on the whole issue to a business meeting. He remained active in this program till he left for Guyana in February of 1977.

I next saw Tim Stoen in Georgetown, Guyana in April of 1977, where I had gone with Eugene Chaikin to meet Tim Stoen and Rev. Jim Jones for a legal conference that lasted three days. We thoroughly discussed the conservatorship issue. Tim again recommended that Maria Katsaris come to Guyana to avoid jurisdiction. He also recommended that if need be, in order to protect herself, Maria should make public the fact that she had been molested by her father on several occasions. He said that he was not concerned with any sort of suit because he believed that Steven Katsaris (Maria's Father) would not be willing to be confronted by the truth in court. We discussed numerous other matters of church business at that time including future plans for the Guyana Mission Project, financing, transport of members, passport and custody matters, the specific problems of certain members and many other matters. Shortly after Gene Chaikin and I went back to California, Tim went with a church group to the island of Grenada on a church business project.

(1 of 1)

AFFIDAVIT OF JEFFREY JAMES CAREY

By profession I am a cook. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since August of 1969. I have known Tim Stoen since that time until Spring of 1977, at Jonestown, in the Northwest District of Guyana, South America.

In 1973 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice concerning a criminal matter.

In addition, in 1972 I was concerned with my father's feeling about my partic-pation in the church ( I was then 19 years old) and I discussed the matter with Tim Stoen. He telephoned my father who was then a resident of Mangilao, Guam, and satisfied him as to the church, and arranged his consent for a church member, Jack Beam, to be my guardian to establish my residence for college tuition purposes.

Until I came to Guyana in 1974 I worked in the church publications department evenings and weekends. I wouldrun errands for Tim Stoen and routinely tookall publications to him for "legal clearence". He would normally review them in my presence, correct and delete in his own hand, and initial " T.O.S." , and return them to me to take back to the publications department. I would also routinely take legal documents to him, for his review; I ould take several files of such documents to Tim Stoen each week which he would, at times, review in my presence.

Affidavit of Mike Prokes:

I first visited Peoples Temple in 1972. At that time I was employed by KXTV Sacramento as News Bureau Chief, Stockton, Ca. I had come to Peoples Temple to do a news story. One of the first persons I met there was Timothy O. Stoen who introduced himself to me as "the Church attorney", "Jim's attorney", and Assistant District Attorney for Mendocino County.

I was so impressed with what I saw and heard about the humanitarian work of the church that I decided to join full time. I became a member of the church staff responsible for radio broadcasts and publications. I later also assumed the community relations function. From the time that I became a staff member till late in 1976 as an organizational proceedure of the church all of my working materials were given a "legal review" by Tim Stoen. before publication or distribution.

In 1974 the church began to publish a periodical entitled the "Peoples Forum". Tim, as the church attorney reviewed all material for legal clearance prior to publication. I would also seek and obtain legal advice from him with respect to the church structure and organization which I would then give out to the public officials and the media. He would also, often give me legal advice as to the legal effect of public statements I would make on behalf of the Church.

During the years 1973, 1974, 1975, and 1976 I was in very close contact with Tim Stoen and sought his advice, by his instruction, almost daily with respect to Church business. I would call him at his office, at his home and also see him regularily at Church. He also gave advice concerning the organization of church volunteers to attend court hearings in support of certain causes, usually those involving members.

I was frequently present when he gave Rev. Jones advice about all matters of Church legal affairs including publications, media releases, corporate and denominational structure, tax, faith healing, and other topics. As the Church Attorney he was responsible for all legal relations and dealings with the denomination which Peoples Temple is affiliated, the Christian Church of the Dis-

There was a thing that J.J. did that was done before consulting Stern first.
Constantly advise the Temple in all legal matters.
J.J. left all legal matters to him.

FF-2-[illegible]2.13

ciples of Christ. Virtually everything I did had some legal aspect which as Church Attorney he instructed me to check out with him, and I did so.

All references in this afida vit to Tim or Tim Stoen are to the defendant Timothy O. Stoen. All references to "the Church" or to "peoples Templem are to the Plaintiff Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ, a Californai Corporation.

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FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 2/c

Affidavit of Eva Pugh:

I am a retired rest home operator, and have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1953. I have known Tim Stoen since he joined the Church sometime in 1969.

I was the financial secretary for Peoples Temple from 1965 through 1976 and routinely received, banked, and disbursed Temple funds. I regularily got advice from Tim Stoen on how to handle bank accounts, how to keep books for the Church, and on my other duties. In fadt he set up several bank accounts for the Church and also set up a simple set of books which I followed. He was familiar with all of the church financial affairs.

Over the years I gave him monies for various purposes: travel expenses and so forth. These expenses would often be $500 dollars per month. He received cash. Often he could not account for his disbursements, but at times gave adequate accounts. I never pressed him for receipts.

In 1976 my husband and I sold our rest home in Mendocino county, and a lawsuit was later filed against me with respect to the transaction. Tim assisted me in the handling and disposition of the suit.

In 1976 he arranged with the Bank of America for me to be the signatory to deposit the checks of many of the members who had gone to Guyana, and also drew other financial documents with respect to banking for me. Once during 1975 or 1976 the church gave a man a check for $2500 as a deposit on the purchase of an airplane. The transaction prooved a fraud and Tim helped to get the money back through bringing criminal charges against the man.



FF-2-A 22

Affidavit of Joyce Parks:

I am, by occupation, a Registered Nurse and Nurse Practitioner. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1949. I have known Tim Stoen since he joined the church in 1969. Very soon after he joined, Tim became the attorney for the Church. He was the only person with legal knowlege in the congregation. He continued to function as the principal attorney for the Church until sometime in 1977 when he left.

During the years when Tim was our attorney the Church carried on a variety of para-medical programs. Since there were many legal implications to this activity we always sought and received legal advice from Tim. He drew, at our request, a variety of authorizations, releases and other legal documents to facilitate our program.

Tim would also handle the legal affairs of many members of the Church. Frequently these matters were in connection with some established church program. For example, over the years the church has been very concerned with the care and protection minority and disadvantaged children. Many members volunteered to raise such children. Tim Stoen consistently gave legal advice with respect to custody matters involving such children and represented the involved adults in Adoption and Guardianship proceedings, or drew pleadings for them and told them how to represent themselves. In my case he represented my husband and myself in court for the adoption of my son J. Warren Parks in, as I recall, the last part of 1974 or early 1975. These child help programs were consistently referred to by Tim as "church programs" and the church had a very good reputation in Northern California with respect to the care of children.

In the summer of 1973 I was at a church service in Los Angeles when there was a near riot in front of the church. As a result certain church members were detained by the police and two arrested. I was with Tim when he went to the police station in Los Angeles as attorney for the church, Rev. Jones, and certain members to represent those persons with respect to that incident.

(Reference paragraph)

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OK EC 9/5 FF-2-[illegible]23

Affidavit of Linda Sharon Harris, a.k.a. Sharon Amos:

By occupation I am a social worker and have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ (Church, Peoples Temple) since 1966. I have known Tim Stoen (Tim Stoen, Jonestown) since 1969 when he became a member of the church. I have been a member of the Board of Directors of Peoples Temple for the last four or five years.

Part of Tim Stoen's responsability was to give legal advice to various members of Peooles Temple. He gave me advice over the years about a variety of legal matters including child support, an employment problem with the Mendocino County Welfare Department and represented me in an adult adoption proceeding. He also advised me with respect to the legal problems of a number of church members that I was assisting in social work areas.

Later, in 1975, when most of us including Tim Stoen had mooved to San Francisco from the Mendocino County area, he accompanied me and several other church members to a grammar school in the San Francisco Unified School District where he met with school officials to discuss the problems of several children whose parents were church members. He there introduced himself as the attorney for Peoples Temple. I also attended numerous public and private social affairs with him ~~public and private~~, in 1975 and 1976 where he introduced himself as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

At one time in 1975 we were planning to start our own private school for certain children of Peoples Temple parents who were experiencing trouble learning in the public school system. Tim gave us legal advice on how to establish a private school. He was particularily knowlegeable in this area because he had represented all of the school districts in Mendocino County while working there.

During 1975 we had developed a sort of team approach to counseling, especially of the poor due to the cross-disciplinary nature of their problems. A team of three including an attorney or para-legal, a social worker and a secretary would interview. I often worked on a team with Tim in 1975 and 1976, as he was very much involved in the program. We interviewed and advised hundreds of persons, many of whom were members of the church.

In 1973 when the Church Board first conceived of the idea of establishing an Overseas Mission, Tim reviewed the laws of a number of nations and advised the Board concerning the legal and political affairs of the nations



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Affidavit of Linda Sharon Harris: (page 2 of 2)

reviewed, including Guyana.

He participated in the selection of Guyana as the site by coming to the country as part of a team which included myself and doing a legal evaluation of its laws and regulations and their probable effect on the mission development. He recommended a legal structure for the formation of the Mission organization. After Guyana had been selected as the mission site he prepared a variety of legal forms including powers of attorney, consents, authorizations and releases all of which were used in arranging or assisting persons to come to Guyana. He also assisted in obtaining passports, and gave me legal advice and wrote up affidavits which were used to obtain passports. He counseled persons concerning dealings with creditors, sale and distribution of assets, tax and other matters germaine to winding up their affairs in the U.S.A. In my case I had a problem in obtaining my passport and he gave me legal advice and wrote up some affidavits that were given to the Passport Department which assisted in obtaining my passport.

FF-2-24B

Affidavit of _____, a.k.a. Tish Le Roy:

I first attended Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("the church", "Peoples Temple") services at the Embassy Ballroom in Los Angeles, in 1971. Soon thereafter I attended services in Redwood Valley. It was one of those occasions that someone introduced Timothy O. Stoen ("Tim Stoen" or "Tim") to me as the church attorney and the Assistant District Attorney for Mendocino County. I am skilled as a secretary, office manager, and full charge bookeeper. During trips to Redwood Valley in the first half of 1972 I did legal secretarial work for Tim, and Gene Chaikin (sometimes "Gene") as well when he was there on some weekends. I particularily remembed typing an offer to purchase real property dictated by Tim and Gene. It was complicated and took almost all night to complete.

Later in 1972, In august I beleive, I and my family mooved to Redwood Valley. I did so at the request of Tim Stoen and Gene Chaikin because there was so much legal work to do that they couldn't get it all out. From that time on I have been a staff worker for the church. I worked primarily with Gene, but also with Tim. Tim used to work at night because he had his District attorney job during the day. Tim also had other legal assistance, outside the church. He usually listed Gene as attorney on most things, primarily he would say because of his job. Often Gene was never even there and Tim would instruct me to put Genes name on the letter, document or as attorney of record in cases that in fact Tim Stoen advised, strategized and dictated documents on.

On legal issues and on insurance matters Tim was always consulted. Even when Gene handled the matters, Tim was always consulted and insisted that on every occasion he review anything that Gene did before it would go out. Usually Tim wrote things out ... he was not too good at dictation and there was always a first draft for him to correct if he had dictated a document. More often, he would write out the first draft of a document, and dictate subsequent drafts from the corrected copy, often as he and Gene would discuss it.

There was always more legal work than I could ever keep up with. When Gene was in Guyana —

(1 7 —)

FF-2-bill

Affidavit of Tish LeRoy: (2 of __)

Tim did all of th legal work for the church as well as all of the parishioners. He gave me a standard will form to use. I recall in allmatters of the churches corporate minutes he dictated these to me -- or corrected the minutes I wrote myself from the meetings -- and then signed them. During this time he advised on all financial purchases, legal issues, insurance matters for the church, disputes with vendors (for exampel the dispute with a vendor over a large purchase of buss tires which turned out to be defective), motor vehicle laws, and other regulations pertaning to the operation of t e busses.

Later, when I did most of the accounting work for the church, I also had side jobs involving various church publications. I was in constant contact with Jim concerning these subjects. There was never that a week went by that I did not confer with him - except when he was out of town. He personally read the paste ups of all publications and approved them before they were printed. In all of these activities he persisted untill he left for Guyana in the early part of 1977.

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 258

Affidavit of Elois Christine Young, formerly Elois Christine Cobb: ( 1 of 2)

I am a licensed vocational nurse. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1956 and have known Tim Stoen since 1969. He acted as my lawyer on several occasions.

In about 1970 I began to divorce my then husband James Cobb and retained Tim Stoen for that purpose. Although another attorney completed the matter Tim instructed me and several of my children on how to testify in court, and had a number of chursh members to come to court to give moral support.

During the years 1970 to 1973 my son Jim Cobb was a student being supported in school by Peoples Temple. His politics were extreemly radical. At times he caused difficulty for the Church by talking violence and Tim spoke to him about this several times. In mid 1973 Jim Cobb, with several other young church members, left the Church carrying with them a considerable quantity of guns and ammunition, saying he intended to form a rural guerilla band. At that time I, with several others in the church consulted with Tim with respect to our legal position, the position of the Church, (least it become involved), the position of Tom Kice from whom they took a rifle, and the position of Jim Cobb himself - hoping to prevent him and the other young people from doing something foolish. Tim Stoen spent hours with us advising and working out arrangements to help protect all concerned. Under his advice a report of the incident was made to the Sheriffs Department.

A couple of years later, when Jim Cobb began systematically contacting people and making derogatory statements about the church and its members I frequently consulted with Tim Stoen on how best to handle the situation to protect the good name of the church against Jim Cobbs attacks. During those meetings Tim frequently told me that I should be carefull in any dealings with my son Jim, that he was an incorrigeable liar and that I should not believe anything he might say to me. He told me many times that my son Jim was saying many totally false and vicious things about the church, Reverend Jones, and several members. This is the same Jim Cobb that he is now representing in a lawsuit against Peoples Temple. ~~for defamation, among other things.~~



FF-2-26A

Affidavit of Elois Christine Young: ( 2 of 2 )

From time to time I was harrassed by my ex-husband James and I consulted with Jim when these episodes occured. He also assisted me in a bankruptcy proceeding, and gave me advice on a probate proceeding in which I was an heir, as well as other legal advice. He never charged me, or any church member to my knowledge for legal work. It was all given free as one of several church service programs.

On August 1, 1976 he performed the marriage ceremony between myself and my present husband. (He was also a minister in the church ordained by the Disciples of Christ.) We were rather close friends, as well as co-workers in the church and ~~as well as being~~ additionally he was my attorney down through the years. I last saw him in church in ~~12~~ February of 1977 when he told the congregation that he was going to Guyana to work with the church there.

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AFFIDAVIT OF CHRISTINE COBB

Prior to March 3, 1987 I had not seen Jim Cobb for about a year and a half. This was not because I have been asked, or told by anyone that I sh ould not see him. However, over the years his conduct has been so selfish and crude that I have preferred to have little contact with him. Once , however, I did try to reach him but could not do so through his job because his home phone was unlisted and they would not give it out.

My residence phone number had been listed for some months before the date in question, but Jim Cobb had never called. On that date he came to Childrens Hospital where I was then employed, walked in where I was working and made a scene. He was very loud and very pushy, and was interfering with my work. I was concerned, not for fear of being watched by P.T., but for fear that his conduct would alienate my supervisors. I said "If you don't stop and quiet down I am going to loose my job." and he replied "I don't care. I am my own boss and don8 have anyone over me. Thats the way it should be." I then asked him to meet me in the coffee shop downstairs to get him out of my work area.

When we arrived at the coffee shop, he asked how I was and gave me some pictures of my grandson (his son). He said one of his sisters would be coming to SanFrancisco the next week and asked if I would join them for dinner. I said that I would have to see, If I did not have anything I had to do that night I would come. He gave me his work phone number. He never spoke to me about Guyana or about anyone being there. He said that no one had better get between him and his mother or he would make lots of trouble, and that I had better tell "them" that. I said that I did not know who "them " referred to, but that no one was telling me who to see and who not to see. I further said that his coming and making trouble on my job did not endear me to him and that I was sorry that I had failed to teach him manners. I then told him that I had to get back to work, but would call him later in the week.

I never phoned him because I did not care to see him. It is a genuine tragedy in my life that he is just not the sort of person that I would like a son of mine to be. Seeing him as he is is more painful than I care to endure. Shortly after his visit I went to Guyana where I now a resident. Part of my motivation was to releive myself of the burden of further association with him. I did this of my own free will because this is where I would prefer to be, no one directed or ordered me to come. I am contented here, working in the Medical program at Jonestown where we give free medical treatment to many hundreds of local persons in the surrounding area who had no such care before our Medical clinic was established, It is a re warding lifre and I would not prefer any other.

severed of my children

FF-2-[illegible]21

Still to be typed:

Clara Johnson - the rough draft has blanks throughout

Tish - what is the name you want to put there; couldnt find her to ask

Where is Kay Nelson's?

FF-2-28A

AFFIDAVIT OF CLARA JOHNSON:

My name is Clara Johnson. I am a school teacher and I have been employed by the Los Angeles Unifield School District xxxxx for ____ years. I am now the Meadmistress of the Jonestown Communiyt School (a part of the public school system of Guyana) located in the North West Region of Guyana. I am ____ years of age. Mabel Medlock is my aunt. Wade Medlock is my uncle by marraige. I have known both of them since _____.

We all began to attend the Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("Peoples Temple", "the church") during the _____ of 197__. During the year of 197__ we became members when the church was established in Los Angeles. My uncle Wade was much taken with the church. He involved himself in church work including many money raising projects, and insisted that Mabel do so as well. In fact, Mabel did most of the work.

I recall that sometime in 1972 Wade and Mabel donated several hundred shares of stock to the church. Wade also wanted to to donate their two parcels of real property, and, beginning early in 1973 repeatedly about his desire to donate his property to P.T. and retire to Guyana. He would say that he was old, did not need much, and wanted the money to go to a good purpose rather than to his relatives who would do nothing good with it. He was not able to get Mabel to agree and several times asked me to talk to Mabel about it. When I refused to do so he became beligerant. I was present at one occasion during this period when he spoke to one of the church attorneys, Eugene Chaikin about divorcing his wife so he could give his share to the church. I remember Mr. Chaikin advising him to xxxxxxx consult with the church counselors and staff concernig the xxxxx divorce and saying that he did not know if the church would be willing to accept a donation obtained under those contiditons. I remembet that Wade was very irritated with Mr. Cahikins response to hisrequest.

During this same period of time Mr. Timothy O. Stoen ("Tim Stoen") would come to Los Angeles every other weekend. Often he would stay with the Medlocks. Mabel was

(1 of 1)

FF-2-[illegible] 2B

very pleased to have the Cahirman of the Board of the Church stay with them and took very good care of him. I remember Wade telling me that he had talked to Tim Stoen about "turning the property over to the church" early in 1973.

Sometime in the summer of 1975 Wade spoke to some members of the Church Council about his desire to donate the properties to the church, about my refusal to assist him by talking to his companion and Mr. Chaikins unwillingness to do ad. and about his frustration that the church was not doing anything to assist him in making the donation possible. I was there on that occasion. As I recall it took place in the main sanctuary of the church in Los Angeles and Kay Nelson and Archie Ijames were there. He then stated, as he had done on many prior occasions, that if he could not get it done any other way, he would divorse Mabel and force a sale of the properties and donate his share to the church. He was very angry at what he considered a "lack of cooperation" on the part of the church officials and attorneys.

That same night in the office of the same church a meeting was held at which thesubject was discussed. Present, among others, were Enola M. "Kay" Nelson, myself, Tish Le Roy, Timothy O. Stoen, Archie J. Ijames, and Jim Jones. After the whole matter had been discussed Tim Stoen formulated a solution whereby they would each be called in separately, the situation explained, counselled and asked to deed the property over to the church with the understanding that the deeds would be used at a later date. I recall that Jim Jones did not want to have anything to do with the property deed. In the meantime the Medlocks would live in the properties and deslwith them as they always had. The next day, in the presence of myself, Tish LeRoy, Kay Nelson and others, Timothy O. Stoen called them in individually, explained the situation and asked each of them to sign deeds that he provided. Each of them did so.

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During the ensuing year Wade always spoke of being satisfied with the arrangement but Mabel was displeased. She often said that she was satisfied with having made the donation, but did not like the fact that she and Wade were spoken to separately about it. I never undserstoof her point because of the delicacy of the divorse situation, and because she signed the deeds after Wade did, and she signed the same papers he signed (deed forms) so she clearly knew he had already signed the same thing that Timothy Stoed was asking her to sign.

Later, during the winter of 1976 and spring of 1977 when Kay Nelson was showing

(2 of 4)

FF-2-[illegible] 28C

that under the circumstances it would be better if my just kept the property. Tim Stoen knew and prompted the easiest + said he thought it would be the appropriate thing for the church to do + was probably the only way to save the marriage. Everyone knew it had become sick and tired

then selling, both of the properties the Medlocks were eager to go to Guyana. Theyspoke to me very positively about going. I assisted them in filling out applications for passports and took them to the passport agency to get their passports which they obtained. I accompanied them on several shopping trips where they bought clothing and personal items in preparation for the trip. After their residence was sold they mooved to a church woned apartment which I then managed. They paid the first two months rent. At their request I assisted them in selling much of their personal property which they would have no further use for because they were going abroad. These events took place in Los Angeles periodically throughout the spring and summer of 1977

Originally, I guess it was in the fall or winter of 1977 but maybe as late as February of 1978, Mable did not want to go to Guyana. Her objection was that she could not take her aged mother who then resided in Houston Tex. with her. She did not want the donation to be completed, she said she needed her share of the funds to take cahe of her mother; Wade could go to Guyana, she was going to Houston, she said. Accordingly, whenthe sale documents were signed ( I was there at the business office of the church) the instructions were made out to give her one half of the proceeds to Mable. ~~In this instructions were made out~~ The church agreed. Later, when Mabel was told that she could take her mather with her to Guyana she no longer had any hesitancy about going and signed papers to turn ~~the~~her share of the sale proceeds over to the church. ~~Intercoded~~

Later that summer Mable and I went to Houston Texas and got her mother, and returned to Los Angeles with her, in preparation to taking her to Guyana with the Medlocks. Before they completed their arrangements to go to Guyana Mabel's mother died. ~~xxxx~~ Sometime after that, and in _____ first began tospeak to me about the return of their funds.

I was present at each occasion that church officials spoke to church officials (except when Timothy O. Stoen was at their home) about the donation of their property. They were never threatened or coerced. As a matter of fact thechurch off-

(35 4)

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~ 28D

ered to return the deeds on several occasions when Mabel said she was upset with the transaction, but she always refused them. In addition the church in fact gave Mabel her share back by allowing the sales to proceed for the properties rather than recording the grant deeds. For years the church had refused those deeds, when given they were never used. The transaction originated because there was the desire that the church not come between a marriage that had lasted for _____ years. Later, the Church only agreed toaccept the donations when it was clear that the Medlocks sincerely planned to go to the Church community in Guyana., where the funds would be used, in part, for their benefit.

Not only did Wade and Mable donate the proceeds from the sales of their real properties, theyalso donated stock and from time to time sums of cash. They assisted for years in fund raising projects. In addition, Wade was instrumental in obtaining donations from several other persons, including from my aunt Soyola Williams.

To: Dad
From: Tom Grubbs  Oct 27, 28
From: ECU
Re: Thoughts, relevent, irrelevent, erronious

I appreciate the experience in E.C.U. Conditions are much better than I had imagined, the patients are more relaxed, open and friendly than I had imagined. The staff is much more friendly and thoughtful than I believed. Christine Young is exceptional. The atmosphere is very cordial, helpful.

I appreciate the chance to rest but do not believe that I manipulated or staged the incident last night for this purpose. Elaborate more later.

I am sorry for the whole incident last night. I did not choose nor desire a public setting because of the Nature of some of my peeves, re Exaggeration, brain washing etc. I was wrong to have ventilated to Bea though ~~t~~ I knew full well she would report me, knew she would not speak of it to anyone, would not be swayed by my perception of things. I calculated the possible effects (results) of stating my thoughts before I began and decided to pay the price whatever it might be.

I have no respect for a liar because a liar is also a coward (except for principle) I do not count myself a liar nor a coward and refuse to be intimidated. I feel compelled when asked what I had said, to repeat it exactly with the same voice tone, volume, and speed if possible because they are as much a part of the message as the words. ~~Exp~~ If I had changed my projection I would have been practicing deceit with

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The possible interpretation of covering my ASS. I could also then be suspected of lieing outright to cover my ass. No Way! If you don't get truth from me, its because I don't know the truth. I don't want to lie for myself, don't like to lie at all. Don't like being intimidated nor being a Coward. I was cowed and intimidated for 36 years. No more!

Every time I get fucked up (emotionally disturbed) I determine to pay the ultimate price to resist intimidation, even months in a straight Jacket if necessary which is much worse than death.

However, I do not want to fight Socialism/communism, do not contemplate thoughts of violence to you. Even when I am really fucked up, I don't think I can justify killing the only hope of others just because I don't believe the offers hope to me. Example. As a child of 13, 14 my mom would go bezerk and beat us children with an enema hose. I could never stand for her to hit the other children more than twenty times. Every time I counted the 20th lash, I attacked to grab her hands. I Never hurt her, never struck her, but she would beat me until she (MANY TIMES) callapsed in an exausted sobbing heap on the floor. I am sorry my understanding of justice is not identical to yours, but I do have a sense of justice and am willing to pay the premiums on it until understanding changes it.

I may well (probably do) have a martyre complex. However, I don't think I am more loving, more good than you because I know damn well I am not willing to make the sacrifices you make. And, I do not care about creating a "following" gaining

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a "fan club", starting a faction or counter movement because I am not able to lead one and as you well know I do not seek responsibility. Neither do I believe in anarchy. I really do not give a damn how the people view me. I have No alliances, No close friends, and with the exception of my mistake last night, have related my thoughts and feelings to no one. Ken, whom I care for more than others has Never known when I was disturbed, until last night. My co-workers may know something is bothering me, but I control it quite well.

You ~~cured me~~ began the cure of pre-occupation with image consciousness when I was confronted publicly about my attraction for young girls. It took about 4 years to get over it. Now, my image is only utilitarian, I prefer to be obscure. I will publicly spill my guts, confess my "sins" including beastiality (which I am not now engaging in but am ashamed of. But, I don't like being mis-represented, distorted or lied on.* Just ask me and give me a chance to tell the truth. It does not make me humble to be lied on or have cases framed. I know damned well I can't beat a frame rap. In fact, before I started talking to Bea last night, I knew if it hit the floor, I could not win. I know the way the administration must work.

By the way, something should be done about the surveylence system. Who ever summarized what they heard has comprehension, interpretation or retention problems or all three. As you know as much as you

* to people I respect and/or desire respect from.

have taught us, repeated in many ways, stressed in many tones and volumes, people still don't understand or remember well. I won't give the surveylence workers another cause to report on me like last night, but I clearly don't want that person as a witness for or against me. I would be much more pleased for you to hear a tape recording. People can infer or interpret almost anything any way.

You referred to getting me out of trouble with my school district. I appreciate it. But, my sins were, showing the pictures of the Mai Lai Massacre in Viet Nam to my class and discussing the atrocity, Reading an article and discussing George Jackson's murder, Reading the book Sounder with such feeling it brought tears of Anger, standing on a chair in the school yard reading at the top of my voice the Amendments of the U.S. Constitution abolishing slavery and reading the Bill of Rights to protest the auctioning of Slaves as a school student body fund raising project. They had Nothing else on me. I had done nothing illegal or immoral That they knew of. I had my Ass ate out by the principal many times on Civil Rights issues. I did not repent, apologize nor change.

I do not demean your value to our people, Socialism the world. Ask my co-workers or students whether or not I support and inspire support for the office, struggle etc. But, I did and do believe that you are spread too thin, that you need to be more involved in the common events of this community, that we need your genious here, that there are mistakes made and

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being made that need correction, like diet, that need study and changes. (5)

I did say and do fear for the future of our community unless we change diet, reduce work, study and stress. I did advocate purposeful Social Engineering. I said a lot more that I am willing to repeat if asked.

I am peered by people who will not work or study to find solutions to problems yet have the power to squash things. Particular reference to Tish and and old incident with Carolyn Layton. I am wrong for doing what I did the way I did it. But I am willing to study to achieve understanding and find solutions when often just protect their ignorance by shouting elitist intellectual.

I do not think I love children more than you do. I am just close to them, their problems and conditions more hours each day. I believe you lack first hand experience with their school and living conditions. I don't impugn your motives or love, just question the adaquacy of your input or information. I have tried hard not to pressure you with my assessment of conditions but Steering Committee has heard me speak loudly, clearely and often on behalf of the school → but to very little avail. usually persons assigned to council me regarding my emotional outbursts due to frustrations tried to argue me down from their position of lack of awareness, of the conditions, lack of knowledge of problems etc. I desire to see them get familiar with the conditions before attempting to refute my claims and demean my motives. They should observe the problems that occur because of the crowded conditions.

FF-2-[illegible]

the noise so loud the teacher sometimes can't be heard, people passing through causing distractions, --a lot of distractions to children who have never learned to concentrate under good conditions. And, just sit in the school tents about 2 P.M. when it isn't raining and feel the heavy infra-red radiation -- it is cooler in the direct sun than under the tent. The infra red makes the eyes burn, makes the children sleepy and irratable, restless and troublesome. In short - the kids aren't bad, the conditions are.

I have studied childhood in China, read also about upbringing in USSR and ~~Korea~~ N. Korea. A common method -- minimizing stress and frustrations on children. They do not scold, confront and punish children, they buffer them from potential problems and remove them quietly from existing problems. In the USSR most of the confrontation is from the peer group, rather than adults. ~~The~~ Our teachers have done considerable research on child rearing methods in China, PDRK, and USSR and desire to present their reports to the community in the evening meetings. Their (china etc) systems have evolved over many years and seem to be working well. But, we need to learn as much as possible about their goals, objectives, methods and incentives. 3-4 minute segments on films surely doesn't teach us how to duplicate their effectiveness.

I am concerned that all of the character qualities of a good Communist can be taught in only one

way --- by example. I just don't believe sensitivity, empathy, concern etc. will ever be taught by lectures. We have too few people willing to try to be examples for children. These who will try are worn to a tattered frazzle until their fatigue renders them also short tempered and inefective. Also, the people who care more and try more encounter more of the problems and frustrations. It's hard to choose to keep trying when solutions are few and solutions slow.

In my blasphemy of you to Bea I said that I had religion forced down my throat, forced to endure a lot of unnecessary sacrifices. I learned to HATE!! religion with an intense passion. I fear that our Youth may learn to hate Socialism likewise unless we re-appraise their situation and make changes. Right or wrong, I believe this. It is a virtue to choose to sacrifice, another situation not to have a real pressure free choice and another to have no choice.

I Know I am a white, educated-elitist, critical ass-hole. I Know I am a pain in your --heart and I don't want to be. I don't want to make this mistake again. Perhaps there can be someone designated that I can ventilate to - say anything on my mind who will try to understand not lecture. Shit, I Know most of the answers, I just need to blow off a lot of steam and I can usually sort things out reasonably well with a little help. I understand this person would report to you and that is agreeable if they

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can report faithfully and leave the interpretation and inferences to you. as I said, I will stand behind what I say and pay the price, but I don't like people interpreting what they don't understand. Some people try so hard to read between the lines that they miss the lines and "create" their independent fiction.

In closing, I have kept up with and am probably a bit ahead in Russian language and have kept up reasonably with the news. I request to be allowed to remain out of the meetings to do independent study. I have used the meeting time to study. When I could not read longer, was too sleepy to study efficiently I quit and went to the meetings. If allowed to, I will promise to include more books on Socialist/Communist Revolutionary history in my reading. I have read about 5 books (one yesterday, one today) about Kim Il Sung and the Korean struggle. I like the books and they help me to view you more in a benevolent Father role than the authoritarian/diciplinarian role.

With the exception of this fuck-up (which started from an incident in a meeting) I have done much better since I have been out of meetings. In the past 3 weeks besides studying Russian, doing school work, and writing reports, I have read ½ of the Soviet Constitution, 2 books on N.Korea, 2 books on Nutrition, 1 book on learning disabilities and 1 book on Hyperactivity in children.

F-2-Mar-8 29H

How can I do this thing that I am being asked. What false figures and doctored statistics must I feed into this computer so that it will give the generals the excuse they need to carry on a war that not only cannot be won, but should not be won. What is the morality of trying to destroy a brave people--the Vietnamese--whose belief in their cause is so strong that they fight back harder--with firmer resolve--each time their land and their babies are blown up by America's bombs.

Beautiful land. Precious babies. Human beings, so proud and so bold, and yet we call them gooks, because it's so much easier don't you know to drop napalm on gooks than it is on human beings. What kind of vicious inhumanity is this? What kind of sick and depraved minds would look at persons as if they were things. This is racism-- like the world has never known before.

And you want me to tell you this war can be won? It's already lost. It was lost long before it was started. It was lost American when you told that poor young black men, whom you wouldn't provide a job for, that you would pay him to fight. You gave him no choice. And then you lied to him. You told him he was going to fight for someone else's freedom, when he did not have his own. And now he's dead. You killed him America, and you don't even care.

God damn you America, and goddamn your system, your war and your men who created it. God damn you Sec. Rusk and Sec. McNamara for lying to the people to hide the death and destruction you caused. Goddamn you Gen. Westmoreland and Gen. Taylor ~~for the premeditated~~ I charge you with murder of innocent babies whose blood drips from your hands. And Goddamn you Pres. Johnson, you who could have stopped it all but kept it going because you didn't want to look weak or admit you were wrong. You blinded yourself to the tortures and suffering all because you wanted to perpetuate your immoral and corrupt power.

And you want me to feed your statistics into this computer. I'll feed it alright-- but I'll feed it with the truth and I'll take the truth that comes out--the truth which reveals America is committing one of the greatest atrocities in the history of mankind-- I'll take that truth...and expose it to the world.

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~30

# SEPTEMBER 1978

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 LABOR DAY | 5 | 6 | 7 Engineers (7) people | 8 WRSM CHARLES GARY JUNE CRYM Lerth, TX | 9 |
| 10 | 11 WRSM leaves | 12 YSM | 13 CHARLES GARY LEAVES | 14 | 15 | 16 CL, PC Lunch for Livingston Dupont Chaufferson |
| 17 | 18 arrive Paula, Alva, Dunaway Winnie arrive | 19 Walter + Verdella coming in. | 20 Jim Brown ~~coming~~. | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 Dan Brown arrives | 27 Dan Brown due in Jt | 28 | 29 ~~CYC BR.~~ ~~BEGINS~~ | 30 |

DECLARATION UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY
ADMITTING SOLE RESPONSIBILITY

I, Deanna Mertle, hereby swear, admit and declare that I am totally and solely responsible for all representations and publications, including those pertaining to healings and the paranormal, which have issued from the offices of Truth Enterprises, Inc. and Peoples Temple Christian Church, pertaining to the Church and/or its pastor Rev. Jim Jones.

Neither Jim Jones or anybody else connected with the Church had any composing, editorial, writing or composing responsibilities for such publications, including those who did the mechanics of publication and mailing.

I further swear admit and declare that we have made these representations and publications because of my 100% sincere and total belief in the utter goodness and healing powers of Jim Jones. I did so, however, well knowing that Jim Jones and the Board of Directors of the Church had requested and demanded that the publications and representations so made be limited to discussion of the human service ministry of Rev. Jones and the Church.

I am sorry we went beyond our instructions to the extent any trouble or hardship has been caused Jim Jones or the Church or any of its members, but I just felt we had

FF-2-~~[illegible]~~31A

to tell the world about this wonderful man, Jim Jones, and his fantastic paranormal powers.

I sign this declaration freely, voluntarily, of my own free will, and upon my own initiative.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

Executed on this 2 day of at Redwood Valley, California.

Signed Deanna Mertle

FF-2-Cbb 31B

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

I, Michelle Touchette, being duly sworn, declare:

I was told by Pastor Jones on December 29, 1974 that I had Leuchemia. That day I went to the St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital in Guyana, South America. My white blood count was grossly elevated. When I came back from the hospital he said everything would be alright. I then went to Pomo Clinic in Mendocino County California, USA for a complete workup on the condition. All test results came back negative and the once grossly elevated white blood count returned to normal. My physical fatigue and debilitated condition resolved and I have no longer any medical disability.

Michelle E. Touchette

GUYANA REVENUE

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-32

Georgetown), ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/

I, Lue Dimple Goodspeed, being duly sworn, declare:

I have been a patient of Dr. James Gato on 1st and San Pedro Streets in Los Angeles, California. This was in the year of 1953. Dr. James Gato told me I had a weak heart, bad kidney, and a nervous condition. I suffered with this up until the year of 1973. I was sitting in Pastor Jim Jones' meeting and he repeated the same words that the doctor had said to me. Pastor Jones told me that I received perfect health at very moment. I then went to Dr. Hermon C. Schoen, M.D. on 6200 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California. He gave me a physical examination on July 31, 1975. He said my body was as sound as a stone, there was nothing wrong with my body.

Again in Pastor Jones' meeting he called to me, to build my faith, the names of all my family and my birth date and year. All this was true and he also told me that I was worrying too much.He said that by April 14th at 3:30 I would have suffered a heart attack. He told me this on April 13th. Sure enough on April 14th at the very hour that he said it would happen it did happen and I felt his presense all over my body and felt much better like I could or would be truly willing to testify to the fact in person that all I have said is true.

I Lue Dimple Goodspeed have been one of his followers for the past five years.

Lue Dimple Goodspeed
Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-33

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Lexie Davis, being duly sworn, declare:

I attended a meeting in 1976. He had called a member from the audience. He was reminding her of a heart condition she had. I was feeling extreme heaviness in my chest, arms, and hands. So heavy I could hardly lift them up. When he was talking to this other member he then turned to me all of a sudden and said I am saving you of a heart attack in 8 minutes. Right then all the heaviness and pain left and I have had no occurring pain since.

Then in 1976 I was a witness when Rev. Jones predicted that L. Callahan lived threw a stab wound in the head. He told her to stay close to him before it happened and not to go to Mississippi. She did go and sure enough she was stabbed. The doctors gave her up at Presbytarian Hospital. She pulled through as Rev. Jones predicted and she has resumed daily activities normally.


Lexie Davis

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-34

Georgetown) ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana

Affidavit s/

I, Rita J. Tupper, being duly sworn, declare:

I was told by a doctor at Kaiser Hospital years ago that I had rheumatoid arthritis and that nothing could be done for it. I had a lot of pain in my hands and all the strength I had in my hands was lost.

Doctors have told me I have had a lot of arthritis in my body. They said they could tell this by the structure of my bones. I should have long ago been crippled with arthritis as was my mother, who had to use a walker, barely able to walk. Her hands were so swollen and doubled up that she could not use them. After I came to the Temple, I noticed all the pain and crippling disappeared from my hands and the strength I had lost returned.

For years I had suffered on and off with bladder and kidney infections. I was taking medicine for the kidney infection. One night, Rev. Jim Jones called me out and told me about the infection, which was cured right away, that has never caused me another problem since, both the kidney and the bladder infection. This happened over six years ago.

Rita Tupper

GUYANA REVENUE

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-35

Georgetown) ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana

Affidavit s/

I, Rita J. Tupper, being duly sworn, declare:

This year I was having a problem with my back and had been suffering such pain that it was hard to sit up or walk. X-Rays were taken and the doctor said I had an unusual spot on one of my vertebraes. Tests were scheduled to determine exactly what the problem was. I had said nothing about this condition to Pastor Jones or anyone in Peoples Temple. One night Rev. Jones just turned around and looked at me with much concern, as I was in a lot of pain at the time. The next day I went back to the doctor who checked me again. He was amazed to find that the spot he had seen and worried about on one of my vertebraes was now gone. My back has not bothered me since then.

Rita Tupper

GUYANA REVENUE

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-36

Georgetown), ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/
Claude Goodspeed

I, Claude Goodspeed, being duly sworn, declare:

I was in Pastor Jones' meeting in February of 1974. He told me that I had a dog by the name of Rosco, light gray and more brown. He said to rub my dog's back up and down, this would protect my house from being robbed. The following week the robber did come but he saw the neighbors watching him so le left.

Pastor Jones also said I had a green bathrobe and a fern in the north-east corner of my living room. No one else knew these things. Pastor Jones has never been in my house but what he said was true.

I was told by Dr. James Gato on 1st and San Pedro Streets in Los Angeles, California in 1955 some time in February that I had a slightly enlarged heart, appendix, weak lungs, and anemia. The Dr. said that I might need an operation in the future. I attended Pastor Jones meeting in February of 1974. At the time I was having very bad heart pains in my chest which I told no one. Pastor Jones told me that I had a bad heart and I was having very bad heart pains in my chest. He said I would be all right. After he said that the pains in my chest had left.

A week after I attended the meeting I went to Herman C. Schoen, M.D. on 6200 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California for a thorough physical examination and he said there was nothing wrong with me. He showed me a picture of my heart, appendix, and lungs and he said they were there normal size and I no longer had anemia.

FF-2-37
Claude Goodspeed

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

I, Mary Ford, being duly sworn, declare:
For several years, I had migraineheadaches which incapacitated me for hours at a time. I had been seeing Dr. Williams, 1101 Compton Ave., Los Angeles, Ca. who diagnosed my condition but was unable to prescribe any drugs that offered me any relief. In 1973, Rev. Jones called out my name in a Peoples Temple meeting and sent me a cloth to touch my head with. I no longer have any headaches. When I went to Presbyterian Hospital in San Francisco, Ca. they could find nothing wrong. I have never had a migraine headache since then.

Mary Ford

Dated September 20, 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-38

Georgetown )s.s.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/

I, Tommie Keaton, being duly sworn, declare:

I joined Peoples Temple in 1971. I knew it wasn't the same as other churches. The healing power of our Pastor Jim Jones overwhelmed me. It was like one night he touched me I was made whole, before that I was diabetic as diagnosed by Dr. Ludlow.

Tommie Keaton

GUYANA REVENUE

Dated July 29, 1977
Witnessed:

FF-2-39

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

I, Tommie S. Keaton Sr., being duly sworn, declare:

I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1971. My doctor, Dr. Ludlow, diagnosed me as having diabetes, "High Sugar", which showed up in my urine.
I took medication daily and was on a special diet to control this condition. I had made no mention of this condition to Pastor Jones, but in one of his services he told me in detail of my condition, and he touched me, advising me to see my doctor and follow his instructions.
I returned to my doctor for testing. The results returned showing no further evidence of any sugar in my urine. As of June 1975, my doctor took me completely off my medication and this condition has never returned since.

One Sunday I was having a lot of pain in my chest. Pastor Jones sent a nurse to my side telling me that these pains were caused from my heart. He sent word for me not to worry that everything would be alright. This proved to be the truth, my pain left immediately and I have had no such pains since.

Tommie Keaton


Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed: [illegible]

FF-2-40

Fort Kaituma )
North West District)
Republic of Guyana )
South America )

Affidavit s/

Geraldine H. Bailey

I, Geraldine H. Bailey, being duly sworn declare:

Late in 1975 there was a drawing held at the San Francisco Temple, for the winning ticket of a trip to Guyana. It so happened that my name was drawn and I was immediately given instructions to prepare for the trip which was to take place around Christmas time.

The following week I was informed that I would be going on a flight with ninety people aboard. All plans were laid and the date was set but two days prior to leaving, Pastor Jones cancelled the trip because he had had a revelation that our plane would crash. Of course, knowing that our Pastor has never been wrong in anything he ever said, we gave up all plans without question.

Just as had been told us, the very plane we would have been on, crashed and ninety people were killed. This was in all the daily newspapers and the crash can be easily verified.

Geraldine H. Bailey

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Republic of Guyana

Dated: 1st August 1977
Witnessed

GUYANA REVENUE

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No Page FF2-41

Port Kaituma )
North West Region ) ss.
Republic of Guyana )
South America. )

AFFIDAVIT of/
EDITH ELIZYABETH BOGUE

I, Edith Elizyabeth Bogue, being duly sworn, hereby declare:

In May of 1977 my daughter Juanita Bogue went to an ear specialist at the Presbyterian Medical Clinic for Hearing on Sacramento & Buchanan Streets in San Francisco.The doctor told her that she had 40% hearing in one ear and that the other ear's hearing was very poor also. He made arrangements for her to take a special hearing test. Before the date of the test Rev. Jones told her not to worry, that her ears would be alright. When she went to take the test the doctor asked her what she was doing there because one ear was registering normal hearing, and the other was above average.

Edith Elizyabeth Bogue
Dated: August__1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-43

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region ) ss
Republic of Guyana, )
South America )

AFFIDAVIT s/

I, Lovie Jean Lucas, being duly sworn, declare:

At one of the meetings of Peoples Temple in 1976, Rev. Jim Jones told me that on the coming Tuesday I would have a heart attack, but not to worry, it would be alright. That Tuesday, I felt ill, but I rested and the illness passed. Three months later I went to get my yearly check-up. The results of my EKG showed that I had had a heart attack. Dr. Larry N. Abrahams was so surprised that he ordered another EKG. I have continued to feel well and strong.

Lovie Jean Lucas

Dated: August 1st 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE 1.00 77

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Port Kaituma )
North West Region ) ss.
Republic of Guyana )
South America. )

AFFIDAVIT s/
EDITH ELIZYABETH BOGUE

I, Edith Elizyabeth Bogue, being duly sworn declare:
My daughter, Marilee Bogue, had a terrible back pain. She could not sit down, walk up stairs, sit, or lay down without great pain and assistance. When she went to the clinic at St. Mary's Hospital in San Francisco, the doctor took X-Rays and said that she would nedd surgery on her back. We were coming into the church on a Wednesday night in March of 1977. Rev. Jones stopped us, and told Marilee not to worry-- everything would be alright. He touched her shoulder. When she went back to St. Mary's to have another set of X-Rays, her back was perfectly normal. She has had no problems with it at all since that time.

Edith Elizyabeth Bogue

Dated: August 15 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

CLIFF PORTER ESQ.
Commissioner of Oaths

FF-2-45

Port Kaituma
North West Region
Republic of Guyana
South America.

ss

AFFIDAVIT s/
MARYANN CASANOVA

I, Maryann Casanova, being duly sworn, hereby declare:

My daughter Sophia had been diagnosed with a heart murmer by two different pediatric doctors-- Dr. Mathesonn and Dr. Berrg in Willits, California. We started going to Peoples Temple Church. I took her to another pediatric MD, and, by the time she was checked there, the murmur had completely disappeared.

The GYN doctor I was seeing in Santa Rosa took a biopsy which disclosed cancer on my uterus. He called some of my relatives, trying to locate me, very concerned. I had been attending Rev. Jones' services, where the atmosphere of equality and faithred and strengthened my faith. A repeated biopsy was clear, and I have been healthy to this day.

Maryann Casanova
Dated: August 31, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-46

Port Kaituma. )
North West Region, ) s.s.
Republic of Guyana,)
South America. )

Affidavit s/

Walter Cartmell

I, Walter Cartmell , being duly sworn, hereby declare:

In 1974, Redwood Valley, California, I had just gotten off work from the graveyard shift: when I got home Pastor Jones told me to be extremely careful that day because he was concerned about a table saw accident. That morning at 9:30 a.m. I got my right forefinger cut off at the 1st joint.

When I got to the hospital the doctor said I would have to go to surgery and spend the night. I said I couldn't because I had too much work to do. I put the finger back on and thought on Pastor Jones, by the time the doctor got back my finger was half healed. In 10 days the finger was completely healed.

Walter Cartmell

Dated: 29th July, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me, a Commisioner of Oaths for the Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE 39

PF-2-47

Fort Kaituma, )
North West Region, ) s.s.
Republic of Guyana, )
South America. )

Affidavit s/

Barbara Smith

I, Barbara Smith , being duly sworn, hereby declare:

I had problems holding my urine and when I passed it, it would burn something terrible. I went to the doctor and he told me I had a bladder infection. Jim Jones told me I had a kidney infection and he touched my back and it felt very warm and I was immediately healed of my bladder and kidney infection and the pain it caused.

Barbara Smith

Dated: 29th July, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

Commissioner of Oaths

FF-2-48

Port Kaituma )
North West District)
Republic of Guyana ) ss.
South America )

Affidavit s/

Lucioes Bryant

I, Lucioes Bryant, being duly sworn declare:

Pastor Jim Jones said to everyone from Arkansas stand up that we would be subject to a accident on the way back from Pittsburg, California. This was in the second week of June 1977. The truck got hot and I stop to release the pressure valve on the radiator and I started the truck and the cap of the radiator blew off. I got 1st, 2nd, and 3rd degree burns on the right side of my face and body; on the 3rd day the skin came off and on the 4th day the color came back and left no scar at all.

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Republic of Guyana.

ULRIC F[illegible] ESQ.
Justice of [illegible]
Commissioner [illegible]
of George[illegible] Guyana, [illegible]

Dated: 1st August 1977
Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-49

Port Kaituma )
North West Region, ) ss
Republic of Guyana, )
South America. )

AFFIDAVIT OF
THOMAS D. KICE

I, Thomas D. Kice, being duly sworn, declare:

I had suffered great chest pains for a year and a half prior to February of 1967. In that month Rev. Jim Jones told me, during a service, that if I would quit smoking and also meditate every evening at six p.m., I would not get heart and lung disease. The chest pains stopped almost immediately. I followed Rev. Jones instructions and the chest pains have never returned.

Thomas D. Kice

Dated: 1st day of Aug, 1977

Subscribed to and sworn before me
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE

ULRIC [illegible]ALL [illegible]
Justice of the Peace
Commissioner of Oaths
Republic of Guyana, South America

FF-2-50

Port Kaituma )
North West Region ) ss.
Republic of Guyana )
South America. )

AFFIDAVIT s/
ARTEE HARPER

I, Artee Harper, being duly sworn, hereby declare:

I had been seeing Dr. Earl Cooper of Los Angeles, California for a severe kidney and bladder infection that was causing me great pain in my lower back. I went to People's Temple Church and in the service, Rev. Jones called me out and told me about the pain in my back. He said I would be healed and as soon as he did that I felt a warmth in my back and side and the pain just disappeared. I had no further trouble at all, and the pain never returned.

Another time I had been going to Los Angeles General Hospital because I could not walk without dragging my left leg. In 1972, Rev. Jones called me out and after that I stopped dragging my foot. My leg has gotten stronger and stronger and is now completely well.

Harper
Artee

Dated: August 1st, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

Commissioner of Oaths
Cooperative Republic of Guyana, South America

PF-2-51

Port Kaituma
North West Region
Republic of Guyana
South America.

ss.

AFFIDAVIT of
EARL JOHNSON

I, Earl Johnson, being duly sworn, hereby declare:

When I met Jim Jones in April of 1971, I was crippled and using a cane. My left side had no feeling, but du ring one of the healing services at Peoples Temple Rev. Jones called me out and touched my side. I was healed at once and no longer use a cane.

Earl Johnson
Dated: August 5 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE
1/77

FF2-52

Fort Kaituma )
North West District)
Republic of Guyana ) ss.
South America )

Affidavit s/

Dorothy Lee Worley

I, Dorothy Lee Worley, being duly sworn declare:

In August of either 1967 or 1968 I was Stricken with a heart attack in Redwood Valley, California in Peoples Temple Christian Church I felt myself slipping away. I knew I was dying. I suffered pain at first. Then I felt a peaceful release. A nurse, Mary Stahl took my pulse, I was told she said, "Pastor Jones she's dead." When I came to Jim Jones was standing by me saying to me, "please Dorothy come back we love you very much and need you" I immediately felt strength pour in my body and have never had a problem since then with my heart.

Dorothy Lee Worley
Dated 1st August 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Republic of Guyana

GUYANA REVENUE 15 77

Commissioner of Oaths and Affidavits
of Republic of Guyana, South America

FF-2-53

Fort Kaituma )
North West District ) ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)
South America )

Affidavit s/

Edith Elizabeth Bogue

I, Edith Elizabeth Bogue, being duly sworn declare:

I had severe pain in my side for over a year and the doctor told me I had a growth close to my right ovary and scheduled me in March or April to go into Ukiah General Hospital to do an exploratory laporatomy. He said to expect to have a hysterectomy and I signed all the papers. I went into the hospital on Sunday night. When I went to church on Sunday morning in Redwood Valley, Pastor Jim Jones passed by me and touhed my shoulder and said "Don't worry Edith, you will be fine." When I woke up from surgery I asked what had been done to me. Dr. Robert Cook said he couldn't find the growth but he was sure it was there or had been there. Not a trace of a growth is there now.

Edith Elizabeth Bogue

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Republic of Guyana.

Dated: 1st August, 1977
Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-54

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, ) ss.
Republic of Guyana,)
South America. )

Affidavit s/

Greg Watkins

I, Greg Watkins , being duly sworn, hereby declare:

I was saved from jail, I was facing 5 years to life and was going to prison and Rev. Jim Jones steped in and helped me because there was no way out. I was charged of 211PC that is 5 years right off and Jim Jones prophesied that I would not go to prison on September 1, 1976 which was the day of my trial andthat day the judge was in anger because of the pressure and he wanted to put me away for 5 years. This all took place at City Hall in San Francisco, California, courthouse 722, Judge McCarty. The charges were dropped and was given credit time served. The judge calmed down and was very nice during the trial not before and this was prophecised by Jim Jones. I was freed on September 1, 1976 at 3:00 pm Wednesday afternoon. Thanks to Rev. Jim Jones and my attorney Jean Chaiken he was sent by Jim Jones. And thanks to Rev. Jones for his help and kindness. A prophecy was given to me from Rev. Jim Jones that I would have been killed at my home and I could not walk down dark streets or alleys but the next day I found my door torn down and smashed to nothing, that's how I know I would of been killed thanks to Rev. Jones I am still alive.

Greg Watkins

Subscribed to and sworn before me, a Commissioner of Oaths for the Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

Dated: 1st August, 1977
Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE 1 8 77

FF-2-55

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Joyce Parks,RN, FNP, being duly sworn, declare:

As a small child approximately age 4 years, I was followed by a Doctor Kim in Beechgrove Indiana, for rheumatic heart disease. The doctor had diagnosed me as having a heart murmur and subjective findings were shortness of breath, extreme fatigue and a general dehilitated condition. My parents took me to the doctor for this problem and I was taking medication each day. At age 4½ years my father went to Rev. Jones' meeting conducted in Rev. Price's church in Indianapolis, Indiana and was told my condition in detail. Rev. Jones had never seen me at the time or knew about my medical history. After returning home I was taken back to the doctor and my heart murmur was gone and all physical disability disappeared.

While attending college in Santa Rosa, California in 1970 I was followed by a man for several days. I had never seen the man before and was scared to tell anyone because I thought they would think I was crazy. This same person kept hanging around and would say things of a sexual nature and talk of taking my life. I called my mom and told her to come pick me up that I was quiting school. I did not tell her anything about threats - the next Sunday I was in Pastor Jones' meeting. He called my name and told me about the complete experience and the exact thoughts I had in detail.

In my last year of high school I was stung by a bee which caused such a severe reaction that I went into antiphilactic shock and was taken to the Canyonville Hospital, Canyonville Oregon. I was given adrenlin, oxygen and drugs to maintain a blood pressure. My parents were in Hayward, California and notified of the problem. Pastor Jones was in Indianapolis Indiana at the time and knew nothing of my condition. About three weeks after my discharge from the hospital he and his family were in California on a visit. When he came to our house he told me and my parents of the incident and the

FF-2-56A

exact place on my foot that I had been stung. He expressed concern about the allergy and advised me to contact my doctor about getting medication to carry with me in case I was stung again.


Joyce A. Parker

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-56B

TO PHYLLIS CHAIKIN:

We are continuing the project of getting affidavits and Wanda King is in charge of it. I am wondering if you can help us out by finding out from some of the following people over there specific doctor information, etc.:

Bertha Cook - treated for arthritis in 1973.

Mary Ella Cook - glaucoma

Esther Dillard - full name and address of Dr. Colyean

Leola Morehead - treated for hole in heart, kidney trouble

Viola Moton - dr who treated her in Pennsylvania for growth in throat

Arvella Cole - dr who treated her for arthritis

Tomnie Keaton - full name and address of Dr. Ludlow who treated him for diabetes in 1975 and earlier

Michelle Touchette - is it possible to get medical records from St. Josephs Mercy Hospital in Guyana where she had blood tests and was diagnosed as having leukemia? Later she was tested here and was normal.

Inez Conedy - who treated her in 1975 for eye problems?

Rita Tupper - who and where was the doctor who treated her for vertebrae who treated her for kidney infection, and did she have it checked after she was healed?

Erma Winfrey - who treated her for stomach ulcers; she says Dr. Stout in 1967 - what is his address?

We also need signed medical releases on the following: I know some of these may have already signed I release but we need more than one. Please have them do three each:

~~Mary Ella Cook~~; ~~Esther Dillard~~; ~~Leola Morehead~~; ~~Viola Moton~~; Arvella Cole; ~~Rita Tupper~~; ~~Erma Winfrey~~; ~~Michelle Touchette~~; Rosa Keaton; Joyce Parks

PLEASE SEND THIS INFO BACK WITH SOMEONE WHO RETURNS: DO NOT MAIL IT.

THANKS.
JUNE
10/14/77

Dr. Roland DeJohn
Cathedral Med Center
SF.

FF-2-57

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Helen Swinney, being duly sworn, declare:

I had suffered severe feet and leg cramps in 1964 and 1965 and in spring of 1966. Pastor Jim Jones healed me. I have not been bothered with cramps since.

In the fall of 1976 I spit up a groth that was literally cutting off my breath. It was spreading rapidly in my throat. Pastor Jim Jones spoke the word and it came out. The pain stopped immediately.

In 1966 we had been in California about 6 months. Jim Jones called Cleave (my husband) out and told him that our oldest son Robert and his wife had been in an accident - one that would have taken both lives. But Pastor Jim said he saved their lives. He said at the time that Cleave or I could have taken our lives also. The next day we received a call from our daughter Joyce telling us about the accident. They said that Robert and his wife had a very narrow escape from death. Our son telling Joyce about the narrow escape said it was like slow motion - a car had pulled out in front of him - he was traveling 75 miles per hour. He said as far as he was concerned there were no escape from death. He said he could see himself and his wife layed out dead. I had the privilege of telling them about Pastor Jim Jones and how he had saved their life.

GUYANA REVENUE

Helen Swinney

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

_____

_____

FF-2-1081 58

Georgetown), ss.

Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/

I, Bea Jackson, being duly sworn, declare:

I had severe pains in my chest. Pastor Jones gave me a cloth and the pain left my body.


Beatrice Jackson

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-59

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Gloria R. Carter, being duly sworn, declare:

I went to a Redwood Valley service of Peoples Temple in 1972 from Santa Barbara (8 hour drive). Just before pulling out of the lot after the service, Rev. Jim Jones touched our car and asked us to wait 2 minutes. We left and on our way home we found ourselves going through a very serious accident including 5 cars. Had we been there 2 minutes earlier we would have been killed.

In April, of 1974 Pastor Jones called my dad out and said there is someone in the building with a brown wallet with a rubber band around it and a blue comb in it. Pastor Jones mentioned emphyzema and the fact that my dad smoked before coning to the Temple very heavily. My dad has had no breathing problem or smoking habit since that day.

Once when Pastor Jones was at the Agricultural Mission in South America, he called a message to me about a letter I had written to him that he hadn't seen. I was very depressed at the time but was so shocked that he knew about the letter (which no one knew about) that it knocked some sense back into me.


Gloria R. Carter

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-60

Fort Kaituma )
North West District)
Republic of Guyana ) ss.
South America )

Affidavit s/

Linda Theresa Arterberry

I, Linda Theresa Arteberry, being duly sworn declare:

I was healed of brain damage on November 25, 1976. During this day I received a severe blow to my head which caused me to lose all conciousness when I came to I realized what happened. I called a member of Peoples Temple who immediately came to pick me up and took me to West ADams Hospital in Los Angeles, California where I was examined by two doctors. When they left the room to discuss my condition not knowing what I was doing left the room and proceeded out of the hospital, I found my way to the Los Angeles Temple but I do not know how. The very next day I was on my way to San Francisco. When I arrived I was told that Pastor Jones had great concern for me and wanted me to go to Mt. Zion Hospital for further tests. I was examined once again and there were x-rays taken there were blood clots showing up in the x-rays but when they looked once again there was nothing there. From that day on I have never had any sort of problems with my head.

Linda Theresa Arterberry

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Republic of Guyana

Dated: 1st August 1977
Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-61

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

I, Shanda Oliver, being duly sworn, declare:

As a young child I had problems with my kidneys and also a very weak bladder. My mother took me to the doctor because of this problem. She knew our family had a medical history of kidney problems. Our cousin had his kidney removed and my mother and my sister had had several serious bladder infections. The doctor told my mother I would have this all my life and to make sure I flushed my kidneys with large amounts of water everyday. After Pastor Jones called me out and told me he was healing my kidneys I never had any problems again. I'm the only one in my immediate family without a kidney problem.


Shanda M Oliver

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-62

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Avis Breidenbach, being duly sworn, declare:

Two and a half years ago Pastor Jim Jones healed me of a kidney infection. Years before my kidney was always hurting me, but now I have no problem.


+ Avis Breidenbach

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed: _____

_____

FF-2-63

Georgetown), ss.

Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/

I, Bill Oliver, being duly sworn, declare:

In 1975 Pastor Jim Jones called me out and told me that I had a bad habit of teasing dogs, which was very true. He gave me a cloth and told me I would need this for protection from dogs. The next day when I was walking to work a big great dane dog jumped out of an alley and starting after me,he stopped, looked at me and ran away. What Pastor Jones told me, came true. I was very very thankful.

Bill Oliver

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

GUYANA REVENUE

FF-2-64

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/
Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Inez Conedy, being duly sworn, declare:

Pastor Jim Jones placed his hands on my shoulder taking away the severe exhaustion when I was so tired I could hardly walk and I was able to continue working five eight hour days per week productively. This was in 1972.

I was also loosing my eye sight from an infection that doctors' tests did identify the cuase, their medication did not stop the fast failing of sight - Pastor Jones called me out in a service telling me of this condition ministering unto me, and my sight came back to normal in 1975. Jim Jones also spoke to me in one of his services, saying, "be very careful there is great danger around you." Two weeks following a man blocked my driveway not knowing there was someone else on the lawn seeing him: he took off in a great rush. This was about 3AM in the morning in 1974.

For quite a long time I had been experiencing much soreness and irritation in my chest, so severewhen I moved my arms - thought it was cancer and would not tell anyone. Pastor Jones called me out in a service saying, "that condition you have in your chest is lead poisoning that got from painting that room turquoise blue - that had been 4 years before I met him - the healing came instantly. I've never felt it since.

Jim also healed a toe that I noticed the sock was wet and I examined the pus coming out of it. He called me out concerning that toe, and it healed immediately and has not had any condition since then. This was in 1973.


Inez Conedy
Dated July 29, 1977
Witnessed:
_____

FF-2-65

Georgetown), ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/

I, Marvin Sellers, being duly sworn, declare:

I went to a doctor at General Hospital in Los Angeles and he told me that I had hearing problems, and that my ears ran with wax all the time. One day in one of Pastor Jones' meetings, Pastor Jones called my mother Alta Sellers out and told her that I had hearing and ear problems which I did. My mom did not tell anyone there in the meeting because she didn't really know anyone there, she had only been to 4 or 5 meetings at this time. Pastor Jones also told my mother that she had an older brother in Miami Florida and that he had 12 children, then Pastor Jones told my mother to put her hands over my ears, when she did I felt a tingle feeling in my ears. She took her hands off of my ears and my hearing was ok. Things that low in sound that I could not hear before. I began to hear, and have not had a problem hearing them since then.


x Marvin W. Sellers

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

Marvin W. Sellers

FF-2-66

Georgetown )
Cooperative Republic of Guyana) s.s.

Affidavit s/
Vinnie Thompson

I, Vinnie Thompson, being duly sworn, declare:
I became a member of Peoples Temple in 1972. Pastor Jones told me prophetically about my first husband and the particular thought of my mind that I had always thought regarding my husband. That he (my husband) was "a good man". This particular refrain was always the exact thoughts I had about my husband. Pastor Jones also said my first husband was deceased and I married again in 1950. Pastor Jones also told me that my first and second husbands were totally different.

He also told me I had lost a daughter, Fannie Mae Johnson, who passed at the age of 34. My daughter passed several years before I knew Pastor Jones.

He also told me of the loss of my parents named Fannie and Wallace Silvers. He also told me my mother passed with high blood pressure and my dad with low blood pressure, and that I had suffered with sorrow in my life. I was a mother of 9 children; none of which are living.

Also I had terrible pain in my left knee and Pastor Jones touched me and my pain immediately left.

Vinnie Thompson

GUYANA REVENUE

Dated July 29, 1977

WITNESSED:

FF-2-67

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Ida Albudy, being duly sworn, declare:

For years - at least 15 or 20 - I had horrible painful constipation. One day in 1975 Pastor Jones touched me while I was working. He told me I would never have trouble again. Since that day I've been fine.

Ida Marie Albudy

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

Back in 1975 I was attending a service. He called my name, at this time I was having acute pain in the neck and shoulder area especially around C 7 & 8. When he called my name he told me he was saving me of a stroke. He gave me a cloth to put on my neck and the pain immediately went away. I have had no pain since then.


Ida M Albudy

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-68

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Johnny Moss Brown, being duly sworn, declare:

about 4 years ago I took a sickle cell Anemic test from S.C.A.R.E. in San Francisco. Before I received the results of the test Pastor Jones told me the exact time and place where I took my test. He also told me not to worry (because one of my biggest fears is dying from sickle cell Anemia) and my test would turn out to be negative. Three days later I received my results in the mail. All tests showed no trace of sickle cell anemia.


Johnny Moss Brown

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-69

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

I, Lexie Davis, being duly sworn, declare;

This year in 1977 in June I witnessed an astounding thing. A member like myself had a heart attack right in church. His name is Carl Irvin. The nurse checked his vital signs and established he had none. Rev. Jones came down and touched him right over his heart. He immediately regained his vital signs. Within an hour or so he was as strong and healthy as ever. This was attested by the nurse in our medical clinic.


Lexie S. Davis

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-70

Georgetown), ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/

I, Anita Kelley, being duly sworn, declare:

In the summer of 1966, Jim Jones called me out in a meeting and told me about a young man named Allen Sonny Brown with whom I was corresponding at the time. He told me Allens' full name and the contents of a phone conversation. Jim also told me that I felt that I was ugly. These details were things that I had communicated to no one! He also told me that I had been craving orange juice - something else that I had never told anyone about.

One day in 1958, I was riding in a car with Jim Jones and my parents. Jim awoke suddenly out of a sleep and prophesied the U.S. involvement in the Vietnam War. He stated "for all the vain reasons for man to destroy------ over a little place known as Hanice. He told us that Dean Rusk would be the Secretary of State and would be very much involved in this. At the time, Dean Rusk was not known in the political arena and no one even knew what or where Hanoi was. Years later, however, the U.S. did become very much embroiled in the Vietnam war, and Dean Rusk had become the Secretary of State.

In early September of 1966, I was in a car with 7 other youths. It was late at night and we were driving north or East Road in Redwood Valley. We were hit headon by a drunken driver. Some in the car suffered servere head wounds from the broken glass. The front half of one girls' scalp could be liffed up. Another's head went through the windshield and back then out the side window. She appeared to have a broken neck, and she had no apparent vital signs. The drivers arm broke the steering wheel and she thought her arm was broken. Mike Cartmell jumped from the car and ran 1 mile to Pastor Jones' house to tell him about the collision Jim told him there in the yard that everyone would be alright and there would be no broken bones and no after effects. Jim also told us this at the scene of the accident. At Ukiah General Hospital, the X-rays were taken of everyone involved and not one broken bone was found. The doctors said that Cathy Stahl would have brain damage and severe eye damage. Extensive testing was done and she suffered neither. The hospital staff was truly amazed at this. The wreckers who towed our car away told us the glass slivers had to be flying as fast as bullets to become embedded so deep in the cushion of the rear seat, and that it was a miracle that the people in the car were not killed.

Anita C. Kelley

GUYANA REVENUE

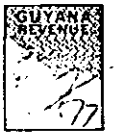
FEB-2-71

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Helen Johnson , being duly sworn, declare:

I was healed of asthma by Pastor Jones in 1972. I was in so much pain, at that time I could not get my breath, I couldn't speak. Pastor Jones said someone by the name of Helen Johnson can not breath. He told me to stand on my feet which I did then he told me to take a deep breath. It was like ice water going down my throat. He said believe, jump up and down 3 times. Of course I jumped up and down. I never felt so good I had an appointment with the doctor at the County USC Medical in Los Angeles California. The Dr. found nothing wrong with me he said to come back in 6 months. Before I had been going every 2 weeks.




Helen Johnson

Dated July 29,1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-72

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

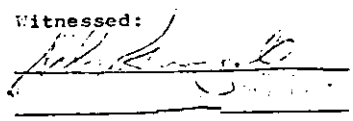
I, Helen Johnson, being duly sworn, declare:

Pastor Jones saved me from a heart attack in 1975 that would have took my life. It did take place 2 weeks later. I was sitting in my car waiting to go in to work. The doctors at the County USC Medical Center - Dr. Nicker at 1105 W. Vernon Ave never told me about my heart until I told them about this pain I was having in my heart and I felt the blood seemed to drain from my body. They told me I had a heart murmer.


Helen Johnson

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:



FF-2-73

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Sandra Jones, being duly sworn, declare:

In 1974 a car load of my family was on the way to San Francisco from a Wednesday night service in Redwood Valley. The driver of our car fell asleep at the wheel and our car overturned several times tearing down a barbed wire fence. The same time we had our accident, Pastor Jim Jones was still at the Redwood Valley Temple he told some of the people around him that we had had an accident but everyone would be fine. Our car was totaled. The truck was crashed in, doors were crashed in and windows were broken out. Not one of the six people in the car received an injury.


Sandra Jones

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

PF-2-74

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Terry Jones, being duly sworn, declare:

One morning in December of 1974. I awoke to cook breakfast. We had a gas stove. The gas had been leaking all night. I turned the burners on though I did smell the gas. It was a grill. I went to eye level with the grill and lit a match. I wasn't close to the burner but the whole stove blew up with gas. The force blew me back 4 feet. Fire was all over my hair face and top half of my body. My shirt was burned (not wearable) but the only thing that happened to my face was my eyebrows and eye lashes singed. This happened at 7:00 AM at 7:05 AM Lew Jones called me, he told me Pastor Jones had woke him up and told him what happened to me. He told him to call me to see how I was. Lew repeated to me exactly what had happened.

GUYANA REVENUE

x Terry Jones

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

PF-2-75

Georgetown), ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/
Evelyn M. Eichler

I, Evelyn M. Eichler, being duly sworn, declare:

Pastor Jones healed me from a heart condition at a young age of 16. My heart used to palpitate very fast when I was sleeping or just sitting down and I would get pains in my chest. I was going to visit a doctor about this but Pastor Jim Jones sent me a cloth which I put on my heart and I have never had any problem since.

I lifted some heavy furniture once and I felt my back strain. For the next couple of days I had such terrible pain that I felt I couldn't even stand. Pastor Jones sent me a cloth. When it touched my back the pain left immediately. Now my back is strong and I can lift things without pain.


Evelyn M. Eichler

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-76

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

I, Marion Campbell, being duly sworn, declare:

I had terrific pains in the back of my head and shoulder. During a Peoples Temple service in San Francisco, California, Reverend Jones sent a nurse to me; his message was that I would be saved from my pain. Instantly my pains were gone. I have had no problems with head or shoulder pain since then.

Marion Campbell

Dated September 20, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE 22 71

9/20/77

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, So. America)

Affidavit s/

I, Marion Campbell, being duly sworn, declare:

I had terrific pains in the back of my head and shoulder. During Peoples Temple services in San Francisco, Ca., Reverend Jim Jones sent a nurse to me, his message was that I would be saved from my pain. Instantly, my pains were gone.

Marion Campbell
Dated September 20, 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the

GUYANA REVENUE

PF-2-18

To any medical doctor, laboratory, or hospital:

You are authorized and directed to release any medical records (including lab reports and x-rays) in your possession regarding myself (my son/daughter/ward [illegible]) to my attorney, Charles Garry, for his use on my behalf.

Please make and send him copies at his request.

date: 9/20/77

Thank you,

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

I, Louise Teska Lee Williams, being duly sworn, declare:

In 197 , my vision was blurry and I had only half my normal vision. My stomach was sore and painful and I had difficulty eating. Rev. Jones said it would be ok and not to worry. I now see very well and the soreness and pain in my stomach is gone and never returned.

Louise Teska Lee Williams
Dated September 20, 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

[illegible]

To any medical doctor, laboratory, or hospital:

You are authorized and directed to release any medical records (including lab reports and w

To any medical doctor, laboratory, or hospital:

You are authorized to re

To any medical doctor, hospital, or laboratory:

You are authorized and directed to release any medical records (including lab reports and x-rays) in your possession regarding myself (my son/ daughter/ ward _____) to my attorney, Charles Garry, for his use on my behalf.

Please make and send him copies at his request.

date: _____

Thank you,

Lonnie Sutton Lee Williams

To any medical doctor, hospital, or laboratory:

You are authorized and directed to release any medical records (including lab reports and x-rays) in your possession regarding myself ( my son/ daughter/ ward ) _____ to my attorney, Charles Garry, for his use on my behalf.

Please make and send him copies at his request.

date: _____

Thank you,

Lonnie Sutton Lee Williams

FF-2-80

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

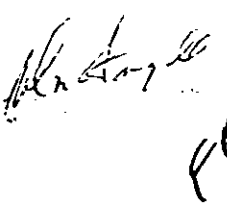
I, Louise Teska Lee Williams, being duly sworn, declare:

On July 4, 1972, I went to a Peoples Temple meeting in Redwood Valley, Ca. I had been having blinding headaches for weeks. Rev. Jones called me out and the pains went away immediately and I haven't had one since.

Louise Teska Lee Williams
Dated September 20, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

I, Helen Love, being duly sworn, declare:

I had been a patient of a Dr. Killian for years in Philadelphia, Pa. who was treating me for heart trouble. I grew worse instead of better and spent my nights in a reclining chair since I could not sleep. I could only walk 1 block and sometimes less than that. This was in December 1971. I read of Rev.Jim Jones and decided to fly to Redwood Valley. I was told I had to travel at my own risk with a sign around my neck which stated my destination and identification. I came to Redwood Valley where Rev.Jones took me in. Rev. Jones told me I would be o.k. and touched me. I immediately felt stronger, and now can walk and sleep without difficulty. I could not hear for a long time, and was almost blind. Rev. Jones called me out and told me I would be alright, and now I can hear and see well.

Helen Love

Dated September 20, 1977

Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

To any hospital, medical doctor, or laboratory:

You are authorized and directed to release any medical records (including lab reports and x-rays) in your possession regarding myself, (my son/ daughter w/ name HELEN LOVE ) to my attorney, [illegible] for his use in my behalf.

[illegible]

Date: 9/21/77

Helen Love

Georgetown), ss.
Cooperative Republic of Guyana)

Affidavit s/
Claude Goodspeed

I, Claude Goodspeed, being duly sworn, declare:

I was in Pastor Jones' meeting in February of 1974. He told me that I had a dog by the name of Rosco, light gray and more brown. He said to rub my dog's back up and down, this would protect my house from being robbed. The following week the robber did come but he saw the neighbors watching him so le left.

Pastor Jones also said I had a green bathrobe and a fern in the north-east corner of my living room. No one else knew these things. Pastor Jones has never been in my house but what he said was true.

I was told by Dr. James Gato on 1st and San Pedro Streets in Los Angeles, California in 1955 some time in February that I had a slightly enlarged heart, appendix, weak lungs, and anemia. The Dr. said that I might need an operation in the future. I attended Pastor Jones meeting in February of 1974. At the time I was having very bad heart pains in my chest which I told no one. Pastor Jones told me that I had a bad heart and I was having very bad heart pains in my chest. He said I would be all right. After he said that the pains in my chest had left.

A week after I attended the meeting I went to Herman C. Schoen, M.D. on 6200 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, California for a thorough physical examination and he said there was nothing wrong with me. He showed me a picture of my heart, appendix, and lungs and he said they were there normal size and I no longer had anemia.

Claude Goodspeed

GUYANA REVENUE

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-83

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

I, Viola Moton, being duly sworn, declare:

In June, 1973, I was hospitalized in an emergency condition. I had gone to John F. Kennedy Memorial Hospital Outpatient Clinic for breathing treatments which I received on a regular basis. I did not respond to the treatments at all and was immediately admitted to the hospital. At that time, my temperature was elevated, my speech was slurred, and I had no control over the movement of my eyes. I was admitted to the hospital on Tuesday morning. Wednesday night, the doctors instructed my husband to call all of my relatives and inform them that I was near death. When my son was reached in California, he informed Reverend Jones of my condition. Reverend Jones said that everything would be alright. Although I was hospitalized in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the terrible pains I had been having in my head subsided immediately and I was soon released from the hospital. I have never had anything like that since then.

Viola Moton

Dated September 20,1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE

Georgetown), ss. Affidavit s/

Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Erma Winfrey, being duly sworn, declare:

I went to doctors for many years for ulsers of the stomach. Every 6 months I would have severe attacks. This was in 1967 and the doctor treating me then was Dr. Stout. Pastor Jones called me out about (18) months ago, and I have had no more attacks with ulsers of the stomach of any kind. I know that I was healed.

I had severe pains in my neck and shoulder for many weeks, I felt like my shoulder was out of place. I was taken to Dr. Robert Kraft. He said it was arthritis. He gave me a very heavy shot of cortizone it only helped for about twenty four hours. Pastor Jones touched my shoulder and the pain immediately left. I was unable to raise my head off the pillow or lie down to go to bed without help, it was the worst pain I ever had.

I saw many miracles and healings in the Temple, such as these, people would get up out of their wheel chairs and walk, many times I have seen casts taken off of broken bones and healed. I have seen twisted arms straightened, people speak, that have never spoken a word, because the mother had an illness before the child was born. The first word they spoke was, I love you, it was spoken several times and then it was perfectly clear and understandable.

I was told by Dr. Lapkass, I had arthritis and should be in a wheel chair. My toes and fingers had began to get stiff and I was unable to lift my feet and walk. But Pastor Jones touched me and I could walk again, my ankles were swollen and stiff.

I went to Dr. Winters in Santa Rosa, California. He said I had a cataract on my right eye, I was unable to see at all, he said an operation was needed. Pastor Jones touched my eyes, I am now

PF-2-85A

able to see. I can read, write, and sew. In 1975 I went to a Dr. Smith in Ukiah, he said I did not need an operation now.

Emma Wingfield

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:


FF-2-85B

Port Kaituma, )
North West Region, )
Guyana, South America)

Affidavit s/

I, Flora Sanders, being duly sworn, declare:
During a meeting at Peoples Temple one day, I thought I was having a stroke. I had pains starting at my shoulders going down the center of my chest, around the area of my heart. I was told by Rev. Jones that I was not having a stroke but that he would heal the condition that was causing the pain. That night, I could see a line like an incision. Several others saw it, including Dr. Guyam the next day. He showed it to the other doctors who were absolutely amazed. I have had several electrocardiograms since then and everything is fine. I have never had pains like that since that time.

Flora B. Sanders
Dated September 20, 1977
Witnessed:

Subscribed to and sworn before me,
a Commissioner of Oaths for the
Cooperative Republic of Guyana.

GUYANA REVENUE 22.71

[illegible]
8-2-84

To any medical doctor, hospital, or laboratory:

You are authorized and directed to release any medical records (including x-rays and lab reports) in your possession regarding myself ( my son/daughter/ ward _____ to my attorney, Charles Garry, for his use on my behalf.

Please make and send him copies at his request.

date: _____

Thank you,
Flora B. Sanders

Georgetown) ss. Affidavit s/
Cooperative Republic of Guyana) _____

I, Rosa L. Keaton, being duly sworn, declare:

I met Jim Jones in November, 1971 at the Embassy Hotel where he was holding services every other weekend. The second time I attended the services he came to me after services while I was waiting for my husband to come from the restroom so that we could go home, and spoke and asked how did I feel? I told him that I had a condition in my throat which made it difficult for me to swallow liquids, not to mention solid foods and that the condition had bothered me for several months, but it was getting worse each day. He told me to go to a throat specialist and bring his report back to him. I did as he told me to do. The throat specialist examined my throat and sent me to be x-rayed. Eight or nine x-rays were taken of my throat. I went back to the specialist the next week to get the results of the x-rays. The specialist showed me the x-rays and told me that arthritis had set up in the fork-like membranes in my throat and had caused them to get swollen and that was why it hurt for me to swallow anything. I asked him what could he do about the condition. He said, "I cannot do anything about it, you will have to live with it." I took this report back to Pastor Jones the next week that he held service. I just told him what the specialist told me and Pastor Jones just touched my throat with his hand and said, "Don't worry about it." I have not felt the pain since and I have not had any difficulty in swallowing food and liquids. That was more than 5 years ago.

I also had arthritis in my right hand so bad that my fingers would close up and when I wakened in the mornings I would have to use my left hand to straighten each finger out before I could use my hand. Pastor Jones told everyone with arthritis to stand up and extend their hands toward him. I was among the many persons who stood and stretched forth their hands. The nextmorning I woke up and my fingers were straight and I did not feel any pain. I have not felt any pain since and my fingers are still straight. That happened almost 5 years ago.

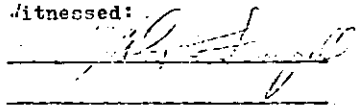
Before I became acquainted with Pastor Jones, I spent 13 days in the hospital with kidney stones. This was in 1964. I did not have surgery. The stones passed and I felt okay until 1975. I had the same symptoms and pain as I did in 1964. I did want to go to the hospital. I just put one of Pastor Jones' pictures on the area of the misery and all symptoms and pain went away and I have not felt it since.

PP-2-87A

x Rosa Wilkeaton

Dated July 29, 1977

Witnessed:

FF-2-87B

the

From the time I entered into Santa Rosa Junior College dormitories which was also my first few months at even being in Peoples Temple, I came under the viciousness of the so-called leadership of the dormitories. Jim Cobb, Terri Cobb, Wayne Pietila, and Terri Cobbs protege (as well as Jim Cobbs) Nicki Touche Myself, along with several others, were new in Peoples Temple. We were kept up night after night by these people for counselling. We were called "honkies or uncle tom s" all night because we were not revolutionary. If we defended ourselves when being "confronted", as they called it, we would have to stand up in the middle of the room for hours usually until daybreak until we "confessed" to being a honkie or uncle tom. When different ones of us started reacting to this terrorism and fascist dictatorship, we were told that Jim Jones knew everything that went on, which was absolutely untrue we found out later. They threw Jim Jones' name around whenever they wanted to throw in some inhumane rule. We were told that we would get into a lot of trouble if we went to Jim about this because it showed that we didn't trust him (Jim). I would have left if I hadn't gone to church services during the weekends and midweek because I would see that Jim Jones was a sensitive compassionate man who preached about egalitarian living, and that concern for others was the essence of living. This was not the same Jim Jones that Jim Cobb and Terri Cobb, and Wayne Pietala showed me, and I would return to the dormitories confused and upset terrified at what new mental torture we would be put through in our all night meetings.

Terri Cobb got one of the girls so incited in revolutionary fervor that she play-acted out a scene where she was demonstrating what she would do to me if I betrayed and pretended to hold a gun to my head and pulled the trigger.

The all night meetings usuallly centered around someone being confronted about something as insidious as one of the more studious persons not helping out one of the leadership on a test by cheating. Then he was to steal also because stealing from the system wasn't bad.

Nicki Touchette was a nothing at the dorms until she started an affair with Terri Cobb. Terri Cobb always liked to break in new females at the dorms. Terri Cobb and Nickey Touchette's had their affair for months and even continued it after Nickey Touchette started an affair with Jim Cobb who was by this time married to Sharon. Jim Cobb had no more than gotten married than he started screwing with Nickey Touchette and tried to get me into his pants too. Jim Cobb took me up to a park on our way home from school just to look at the ducks. This occurred after Sharon and him had just gotten married. He pulled me over and started kissing me and trying to feel my breasts. I protested that this wasn't what I wanted, but he insisted that this was how "comrades" got to know each other. Jim Cobb always picked females with blonde hair and blue eyes and called everyone else a racist if they didn't bend to his will.

Guerrilla training became a major emphasis on the college students. We were being trained for the revolution that we were going to start. Wayne Pietala would dress up like Che Guavarra and shout revolutinnary slogans such as "traitors never live", "we'll kill anyone who betrays the revolution", "the end justifies the means". We didn't even know what they were talking about, but if we didn't want an all night standing in the middle of the floor being screamed at, we had to go along with it. We were drilled in leadership skills in guerilla warfare; night runs and marches were taken in empty fields to test our ability in doing invasion maneuvers. On one hike that we took, we were being trained in guerrilla fighting and also in abilities to take on leadership responsibilities. Jim Cobb was in charge and beat a girl with a stick because she became too exhausted to keep up with the whole group.

FF-2-88A

Our meetings were not without violence being inflicted on someone who dared to disagree with the way the fascist regime was ruling the dorms. ~~Jeanette Harris~~ C. Sitz was slapped up against the wall by someone who was caught up in the emotion of proving that she was not a coward, and that she supported the dormitory leaders.

Racial animosity was encouraged as a means of controlling the people down there. The light complected people were never allowed to sit on the chairs or couches if there was even one person who was Black who did not have a seat. Light complected persons were never allowed to sit in the front seat of a car unless there was no choice. ~~Black~~ Dark complected people were called Uncle Tom or Aunt Jemima ~~but [illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ Light complected people Monkies ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ keep animosity stirred up.

FF-2-88B

hike - Jim C. beat Lillie Jo Carr with a stick for not keeping up on a hike to train us in military; guerilla warfare

Lillie J. Carr - withdrawn, screamed at for not talking

- pretending to put gun to my head

- Jim C. tried to come onto me after he was married to Sharon

- Jim C. and group said Jim and counsel knew about what went on in our meetings and Jim did not and was furious when he found out.

- guerilla training in the night: in an open field next to S.P. dorms

- Wayne's hero was Che Guevarra. He tried to act and look like him.

- kept us up all night several nights in a row for not being sensitive

- Terri was always yelling at someone. She was crazy. If she liked a girl she'd try to put the moves on her; if she didn't

FF-2-88C

AFFIDAVIT OF MATTIE GIBSON

I am a retired cook. I have been a member of Peoples Templesince 1972. I have known Tim Stoen from that time until sometime in 1976. He was introduced to myself and others as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

To the best of my recollection, sometime in 1974 I asked Tim Stoen for his legal opinion regarding the sale of some property I owned in Fresno, California. He gave me his legal opinion and advised me about the sale of my property. This consultation took place in Los Angeles California.

Frequently, over the years, I heard Tim Stoen speak as the attorney for the church in services and meetings at Peoples Temple churches, giving legal opinions and advice on church affairs, as well as the legal affairs of individual members.

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No. 2749

# Government Analyst's Department

GEORGETOWN, GUYANA.

19th January, 19 77

## CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

*Of a sample of* Dry Cassava Meal

*Marked* Unmarked

*Sent by* People's Temple Agricultural Mission, Jonestown, North West Region

*Received* 6th December, 19 76

Results of Chemical Analyses

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Moisture | 13.7% |
| 2. | Ash | 1.8% |
| 3. | Protein | 1.1% |
| 4. | Fat | 1.2% |
| 5. | Fibre | 6.6% |
| 6. | Phosphate (expressed as $P_2O_5$) | Nil |
| 7. | Copper | 0.2 ppm |
| 8. | Iron | 14.3 mg/100g |
| 9. | Cyanide | Nil |

$90

Fee $. 20.00

Receipt No. 3D-89703 J

GOVT. ANALYST-NO. 2 C.G.P. & S. 1757/67.

C. Fincham
for Government Analyst.

30th. May, 1976

I Conan Campbell agree to give Peoples Temple Agricultural Mission the permission to take the furniture, purchased for me by Peoples Temple and allow 75% of the original purchase price as credit to the amount I have taken from them. I do agree to this and do this date assure Peoples Temple Agricultural Mission that this furniture is in very good condition.

Conan Campbell

PF-2-91

AFFIDAVIT OF BERNICE THOMAS

Recd 9/3 HT

I am a retired practical nurse. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since about 1969 and I have known Tim Stoen from that time until about January of 1977.

I was referred to Tim Stoen by members of Peoples Temple as the attorney for Peoples Temple. In 1972 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice about the purchase of real property in Redwood Valley with a G.I. loan.

In late Spring of 1975 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice regarding an offer I had received from a song publishing company in Los Angeles.

In 1976 I was involved in a car accident in San Francisco, California. Tim Stoen gave me legal advice about both the accident and the settlement offer.

In 1976 Tim Stoen gave me lgal advice about a claim I had against property in Weskom, Texas. Tim Stoen took the lease and some other papers from me and agreed to look into the matter for me.

Tim Stoen would speak as the church attorney, giving legal advice and opinions on church affairs during public church services at the Peoples Temple churches on many occasions over the years. He also advised individual members on their legal affairs as aprt of his regular function of church attorney. He never charged for his legal work for Peoples Temple members.

FF-2-92

CHRISTINE RENEE LUCIENTES

B. Sacramento, Calif. January 22, 1952

I grew up pretty much in a middle class atmosphere without the pain of physical deprivation. I, like so many millions more, grew up with the pain of shallow relationships and superficial exchanges. My dad, Jose, bought a tile company in Ukiah, Calif. and we moved, my mother, father, brother and sister and I, from Sacramento to Redwood Valley.

My dad always seemed to be a bitter and restless man and I suppose it was this in his nature that made him seek something outside the routine of his established life and into the budding drug cult of the 60's. Whatever the reasons, his searching wrought dramatic changes to his already shakey family. Jose, like a volcano, was always on the verge of a great outpouring- in his case, of deep emotion, most generally anger; often gentle, sensitive and reflective, he was an enigma to me. His quick "Latin" temperment brought much grief to his offspring, yet this one has since come to the realization that he is merely a product of the pain and hurt that society heaped upon him. It was sad that he has always been ashamed of a Latino heritage and denied it with great vehemence. Certainly he was never conditioned to have pride and it never grew under a barrage of vicious teasing, "wetback" etc. that he received as a child.

My mother Gail, a passive person in many ways yet deeply affectionate, was a buffer to the violence of my dad and I feel indebted to her for what shreds of sanity I managed to salvage. Certainly she suffered as much or more than anyone in the Lucientes' circle.

As my parents experimented with drugs so did they with people. Our home was always filled with people since I was a small child but the diversity of our company increased with their psychic ventures into the unkown world of the great stranger- the mind. Drugs were viewed as the mystic vehicle to self-realization and actualization, yet dramatic illuminations and brilliant insights happened while personalities crumbled and deteriorated.

I was given marijauna at the age of 14- already a troubled personality- my problems were magnified and if I got any deep insights they were lost or absorbed in the chaos of my personality. The great clincher was the first LSD experience. While others had profoundly beautiful visionary experiences, or at least made claims to such, in my typically contraty hostile manner I had magnificent nightmares of undiscribable dimensions. Deeply affected by the Vietnam war, my hallucinations consisted of napalmed Asian babies and I screamed out in outrage. It was quite an experience for the adults dealing with me as they tried to steer me away from the whole topic. In my mind it grew to paranoic proportions of international significance, the more they tried to get me off the subject the more I viewed it as a fascist plot to keep my concern off of Vietman. It was an agonizing ten hours or so and I remember at one point, in an effort to divert my mind from the babies, someone removed a Christmas package from under the tree in the living room and allowed me the childish delight of opening a package- to my horror it was a meat cleaver and once again I was off on the subject of Vietnam.

I met Jim Jones as a friend of the family was trying to start a branch of the Peace and Freedom Party in Mendocino Co. We went to the Jones' home and spoke to Marceline Jones who graciously made arrangements for us to meet at Ridgewood Ranch after a People's Temple meeting for further discussion. Sue Jones, Jim's Korean daughter, was a classmate of mine and she introduced me to members of the organization and explained the vegetarian dishes as she served us plates. It seemed strange to me to meet people thoroughly mid-western in dress, speech and manner, yet strangely radical.

A few years later I heard of Jim Jones through students of his at the Ukiah Adult Education Night classes. All the young people in attendence raved about his class. I was at the high school one night with a friend and we decided to drop in the class for a visit. I must say I was very much unnerved when I found myself standing at the door, after class had started, peering into the window to discover a class packed wall to wall. I was ready to call it a day and go home. My friend was persistent and I entered the class with much trepidition and full anticipation of being physically tossed out of the room for 1) being a hippy 2) disturbing the class with our late entrance. Neither 1 nor 2 occured. Number 3, Jim said, "Hello, how are you? We are so pleased to have you. Could someone get these young ladies

FF-2-98A

a chair?" I sat down in amazement and gratitude. It was a shock to be treated like a human with respect and decency. I was very touched by his ability to find justice in every situation as he taught current events to a very mixed class ranging from rednecks to radicals.

One evening our home was further disrupted, my mom had recently seperated from my dad after he moved his young girlfriend quite boldly into our house. I had just been kicked out of the house again by my dad. After a few weeks at a friends house I came back and was accepted back without tomatoes and rotten eggs hurled at me. Unfortunately my timing was bad, it was the same night that Mendocino Co. decided to make an election issue out of the drug traffic in the county. Our home was descended upon. I was in my bedroom and saw cars entering the driveway at highspeed, thinking it was more company, I pointed out that someone had just arrived. Someone shouted, "It's the fucking cops." I ran out to the living room to inform Jose of this new development. With perfect and short-lived command Jose told me not to worry about anything. Always a worrier, I ran from door to door locking them. I got to the living room door to be greeted by two six foot giants, Sherriff Howard and Sherriff Bartlomei bursting in fully armed. I proceeded to try to stuff them back out the door and was quickly knocked down to the ground. When I got back to my feet I was standing between the cops and my dad who was holding a shotgun. The cops commanded him to drop his gun. He countered with a, "put your gun down." and "Where is your search warrent?" (not totally ignorant of his rights, though terribly naive). One cop said truthfully, "We don't need one." The other one lied, "It's in the car." By this time the entire house was filled with Sherriffs, Highway Patrolmen and Police as well. My dad was overwhelmed, knocked to the ground, disarmed and handcuffed. At this point I found it expedient to go back to my room and stuff the bag of marijaunia down my jeans. I came back to the dining room to see my dad struggling as they drug him out of the house. I screamed out in anger, "You can't take my dad away!" I tried to run after him and one cop grabbed me my the arm. I drug him through the dining room, the kitchen and out the back porch, struggling, fighting kicking and cursing. Another cop assisted him and they handcuffed me and drug me off to another car. I managed to get one handcuff off and eat the grass in the bag.

Meanwhile back in the house, some of the local high schoolers had managed to make it upstairs and up into the attic before being apprehended. They would have made a clean escape if the football star among them with the bum knee andn't shifted his cursed joint into a more comfortable position, bumping the trap door and alerting the officers of justice. They were drug down one at a time and frisked. Another enterprising soul, unaware that the entire house was surrounded by swarms of law officers, opened a downstairs window anticipating a quick getaway, as he stuck his head out his forehead was met with the barrel of a shotgun and the implied threat to get back in the house. My brother David age 15, decided it was time to have a little fun. He came downstairs with a billy club and was immediately relieved it by an untrusting officer. David then announced that the little knob (thermostat control) would cause the entire house to be blown up when turned . The officers stopped dead in their tracks and exchanged furtive glances between themselves, my brother, the thermostat and the exit. They were not amused.

My dad in one car, the minor females in one and the minor males in another, we were all driven to Ukiah, that is except for Dean Morehouse, the only other adult in the entire cast of arrestees. Somehow after serving the officers coffee, he convinced the law enforcement jokesters that he was necessary to stay at the house and guard it. His fifteen year old daughter Ruth Morehouse was also arrested with us. Why he was not arrested was a source of much suspicion to me. While he slept comfortably in bed we were bitterly lodged in a little cell. On the way to Juvenile Hall I admonished all the young ladies not to tell the pigs a thing. I must say we did a much better job than our weak kneed brothers, we didn't say a word and two of them signed statements. We locked arms and refused to talk. The others gave their names but I was determined to be totally uncooperative. I wouldn't tell them my name, in fact I told them that it was none of their motherfucking business. They told me to watch my language and I informed them that no one was in control of me and I could say what I fucking well pleased, further, they were a bunch of motherfucking punks. One officer went out of the room and asked an obliging little punk what my name was. It was downhill from there on out. I'll never forget the feeling of lying on the top bunk of the cell unable to sleep after they shut the damned door and one at a time all the youngsters with families that had money were removed and sent home.

FF-2-98

The charges were dropped against everyone but my dad. I believe that I was charged with resisting arrest, striking an officer, being a minor out of parental control and being in a house where drugs were being used or sold. They found no drugs in the house (while I was scuffling with the cops, my brother took the other bag of grass to the bathroom and hid it under the loose floorboard under the bathroom rug). My dad was charged with selling marijauna to an undercover agent. It was election year for Sherriff Bartlomei and he played up this whole issue to the hilt, as if he had cleaned up the major drug traffic in the county. In the months that followed I experienced one of the most painful events in my life. It easy to make light of now but at the time I was deeply affected and disturbed. The Ukiah Daily Journal took a little bit of fact and wove the most outrageous distortions that I could imagine. I was filled with an impotent rage that seemed to consume my personality.Already ostracized in the little provincial community we became nearly totally outcast. I remeber that I was not allowed to go to people's homes- the few times that I did it was under an actual assumed name! This was a new perspective for me as I had formerly been Girls Athletic Manager, Vice-President and President of the student body and people had related to me as being among the "popular set." I was used to my peers looking up to me and had a rude awakening to the shallowness of such relationships.

I continued to go to Jim's nighclass and was amzed that he was concerned about my family's situation. One time in class he asked me if my father's business was suffering as a result of the bad publicity. The subject was a difficult one for me and a bit of the pain must have flickered across my face. Jim immediately said, "Never mind, I don't want you to talk about it. I can see it is too painful for you to discuss." I was quite touched at that sensitivity, for it was very rare.

I became increasingly disturbed and quit attending night class. Jim continued to show concern and sent his associate minister, Archie Ijames, to my dad's trial. After Jose was sentenced to prison, Archie opened his home to Jose's girlfriend and she moved in with the Ijames family and began attending People's Temple., Eventually I began attending. I was intrigued by his social message but had an extremely difficult time adjusting to the religious vernacular and mid-western constituancy. I had always had a great deal of independence as a child and had to adjust myself to the tight-knit community of People's Temple. It was difficult for me to remember the importance of being accountable. People's Temple was the subject of harassment by racist elements in the community, threatening phone calls, torture to animals, etc., therefore it was necessary to be accountable, just for safety sake alone.

It seems to me that People's Temple tried in every way to affect change in the States. We worked with whoever would work with us, we spent hours writing letters, getting petitions signed, marching, working, distributing newspapers. We visited most of the major cities with a message that was extremely radical yet garbed in language that would be acceptable. This was done by people in many cases who had been nearly crushed by the society. It was amzaing that we were able to do as much as we did in view of what we had to work with. I feel that there is no hope for the United States in it's monopoly fascist stage. The apathy is worse than that of Hitler's Germany and the potential for evil is so much greater. With the fall of the economy racism flourishes and the climate for scapegoating, for genocide grows. I am confident that we did the wisest thing in leaving before we were crushed by a move that was orchestrated at a high level.

H-2-95

DAVID BETTS JACKSON ("POP" JACKSON)

b. 1874

I'm setting around here free this morning. Ain't nobody got no pistol on me. Ain't nobody running up behind me, "Pull over there". Th white man alwa wanted to know what you doing—where you been last night. "Put your hands on that car", and they go around putting stuff in your pocket. You better take that stuff out of my pocket.

Everybody that come up that want to do something for a nigger they shot him. They shot Martin Luther for trying to talk for his race. They killed the two Kennedy brothers for trying to talk for the people Sho him right through the head. And you tell me...ahh, shit. They say, "This is the white man's world". As long as you work with the white man you live. If you didn't, they do you just like Martin Luther, you're shot.

You know one thing. I seen white folks just come right out and just kill niggers. A nigger passes church one Sunday morning on his way home and he was whistling and he got in his car and went 'round that way and cut that nigger off. He got right out of his car—the nigger was whistling a tune, you know—and went right up behind him and shot him through the head. That was in Shreveport, Louisiana. He killed that nigger dead as a hammer. The police come and said, "Who done this?". The man said, "Me", the policeman said, "You done a good job". You think I wanted to live in a place like that??

I could spend my life [illegible] telling you because I spent my life back there. And all the dirty things I'm telling you they happened. Now, when it comes to Jonestown, I'm [illegible] it's the best place that ever was. I had never been to a place like this. It ain't been took up and dried up and you take the best and I took the worst. I want Jonestown to be cared for because it cared for me. When I came here it was just getting started. I been fooling around the United States for a hundred years and it didn't do a thing for me. The United States is the last place you ought to stop to. You in danger. You should go around that because if you go around, you'll live longer.

I was just laying down last night in my bed looking up in the roof and and I say, "Free at last, free at last". One hundred years under slavery. They used to hire me out and they draw the money in the [illegible] you [illegible] just jump in the river. You're gonna drown or you're gonna get killed. So what you gonna do? Do what they say do. Last hired and the frist knocked off. If the white man made $2.00, I made 50¢

I had some land back there and they done took it. It had some oil on it They done took it. My wife had land with a oilfield on it —they done took it. They took it and put us outdoors. No, I ain't goin back there. One hundred years of slavery is enough for me. You don't know—you really don't know—just how much Jonestown means to me after that.

FF-2-94

SHABAKA VALGENE BAKER

b/ 1965

Well, ever since I was small I was always a quiet person, so that always made me feel kind of left out. I grew up in the small town of Pomona. Nothing ever went on there and I was always excessively bored. I never had many friends-- one or two maybe, if I'm lucky. I didn't know too much about drinking and smoking. So all I did was watch t.v. and eat plums. Sometimes I would try something new, "sex". But all I ever did was rub butts, and that wasn't no fun. I was spoiled and got my feelings hurt easy. What was really a put down was that everyone in my family had at least one or two baby pictures except me. I would bother my mother from time to time asking her, "Why don't I have a baby picture?". All she ever showed me was a picture when I was about four years old, but that never did satisfy me. The more I bugged her, the more angry she got, so I just left it alone. Still I never forgot that when I asked to see my baby picture, she said, "Oh honey, you do have a baby picture," and pulled out that picture of me when I was four. Finally she came to me one day and explained why I had no baby picture. She said, "Well son, I was going through a lot fo changes when you were born-- youunderstand, don't you"? "Yeah, I understand, I didn't want to see myself anyway." Well, I soon went through that era in my life, but still I was bored.

Sometimes, when I would come home from school and watch the school students walking, chatting with their friends, I would always envy the fun they had. It was hard for me because I was so quiet. All I succeeded in getting was one "stick buddy" and that was frustrating. His name was Lamont and I must have been a masochistic fool because he put me through some hell-- he and his brother Demetrius, but everyone always called him Meechie. My grandmother told me to stay away from them, but Lamont was the only so-called friend I had. I felt I couldn't leave him or I'll go back to my stagnant way of life. My grandmother said I would pay and I did.

One time I was playing at Martin Luther King Park. Me and Lamont were throwing dirt rocks. Finally we got tired and we went behind a big dirt hill. I was sitting down digging in the dirt; Lamont was standing up throwing rocks (hard rocks). I didn't pay much attentinn til I heard a loud yell. I jumped up as soon as Lamont ducked down All I saw was a big, strong dude and two other guys walking to where we were. None of us said a word; he walked over and asked "Who hit me with that rock"? We both denied it. He finally said, "Alright, then I'll hit both of you then". Lamont yelled out, "He did it" pointing at me. I looked shocked and tried to deny it all I could but that did no good. He threw rocks at me hitting me in the face. Dirt went all in my mouth. I was lied on by my own friend I thought soon after he and his gang left, Lamont looked at me nervously, smiled and said, "I really threw the rocks". My reaction was he's the only friend I have, so I just stayed with him. (When I look back I was a fool.) His brother Meechie could beat me up at the time.

Every time I would come home from kindergarten, Meechie and his friend Perry would always trap me and stick my head in the sand. After about fifteen or even thirty minutes of sand being thrown in my face and getting beat up, I finally gave up my money. Well, everyday this would go on and I would try to endure as long as I could. Finally, I got fed up; they stuffed my head in only once and I jumped like a roaring lion. I pushed Meechie off of me and started beating up on Perry. He ran away and I guess Meechie was in shock, but I got him too. I started to walk home strutting a proud strut, walking a proud walk. It was like every step I took was like walking on a street of gold. Well, I finally realised that those little cliques weren't what I thought they were. But when I came to Peoples Temple, I really found friends. I didn't expect people to like me simple because I looked down on myself too much. But when I came to the Temple I got confidence in myself-- self-pride.

I had a lot of fun at the Redwood Valley Peoples Temple. I would just feel the love and solidarity and I wanted to stay there forever. But when I got back to Pomona, it was like going on another planet. More Mexicans were moving in from Tiajuana. Blacks and Mexicans were always fighting. At first, it was the whites vs. the Blacks; now two other races were fighting. It made me sick. Then, when it seemed

FF-2-95A

SHABAKA VALGENE BAKER

like the Mexicans were winning (and finally they did), everybody wanted to be Mexican.

I would have never come to the Temple if it weren't for Chris Lewis, my uncle, but in my heart he was my daddy. When my dad Bill Baker wasn't getting along with my mom, Barbara Baker, one day he just got in his car and drove away. I didn't see him for about three years. Well, my mom didn't own the house, she had no job and didn't know how to drive. With four young children on her hands, she didn't know how to do it on her own. When Chris and my grandmother found out, they quickly moved in and helped. Chris was a gangster then, so he gave my mom lots of money.

My grandmother took care of us and taught my mom how to drive. I disrespected my grandmom very much. I took my hostilities out on her simply because she was old. When she got sick and ready to die, I started to realise what I did-- how I disrespected her. So before she died, I just had to show that I really did love her.

My grandad, I never knew him. He died of cancer before I was born. All I know is he was from Trinidad. His name was Rudolf Alexander Lewis. He was a very handsome man from the pictures and participated in many riots in New Yrok. He and his wife and three children, Barbara, Ruthann, and Chris moved to L.A. in 1945 into my great grandmom's three story house. Inherited from my grandmom, Chris was always outstanding. Barbara loved to party. Ruthann was the kind searching for Beverly Hills and she got it too. She worked at a job that I would have hated to be at. She worked in a prison. My mom worked as a pre-school teacher. She was put through a lot of hell because of racism and she wouldn't take no shit from her fellow workers (white). It would have been easy for her to have asskissed because she was mopping and scrubbing floors before she got the job. But she didn't sell out and she got fired. She took it to court because it was a conspiracy. She didn't win but everyone in that preschool will never forget the hell she put them through. She was the best teacher and all the kids called her Teacher Baker.

Chris was a gangster and hooked on heroin til he came to Peoples Temple. When I lived with them, it was still far away from the Temple and it was hard for me coming from a loving society back to a hateful one (when I moved from Redwood Valley Peoples Temple back to Pomona). I started getting into fights and was expelled from school. Sometimes I would smoke about six packs of Winstons. I would rip off wine and beer. I just started throwing my life away. Once I was so depressed, I drank six glasses of eighty proof brandy.

I never smoked weed because I had seen what it did to my brother. He almost got killed from getting too high off Angel Dust. I got into homosexual and regular sexual relationships. I started fires add almost burned someone's house down. I broke out car windows and broke into houses. I stole out of stores almost everything that a depressed boy would steal. Then finally, my dad came back and he took us on trips. That fulfilled my life a little bit but not enough. I was looking for Peoples Temple once again which I had left two years before.

Well, I finally went back after two long years. My patterns changed overnight. I started to sing for Peoples Temple members. Once again, I had meaning to my life. My mom promised she would never leave again (the Temple).. Then finally, we decided to come to Jonestown. When I got here, I was shocked. It was more beautiful than the pictures. Now I can go to Georgetown and sing. And now, I'm learning a profession. In the states, I didn't have anough money to start in on a profession. But you don't need money here. So, I grow up planning to be a singer and electrical engineer.

Oh, and by the way, my name wasn't always Shabaka. I changed it from Shawn when I saw "Roots".

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MARYLOU CLANCEY

b. 1954

At the age of 17 yrs. my life revolved around weekends spent at "Winterland" concerts,on Post & Stiener Sts. in San Francisco. Never going there anything less than "stoned" , this night in spring didn't start out as anything different. With a group of close friends, we arrived early to listen to the "Greatful Dead" -long-time original acid rock band. Already high on a blissful combination of weed,Southern Comfort, a few snorts of cocaine and atab of mescaline.... I was floating 2 feet off the ground already. About 1 hour into the Dead's psychedelic rendition someone passed me a jug of water,unbeknown to me,laced with LSD 25....I guzzled it down. Within ½ hr. this stuff gathered up my mind and took off running with it...literally. I didn't know what was coming down.- The inside of Winterland and the people around me turned into a reeling, cosmic merry-go-round. Next thing I knew I was hopping over 3 rows of seats and out the doors of the concert hall onto Stiener St.. I started running up the street and I mean in the middle of the street---oblivious to the cars,cops and young people all yelling at me.. I tore off my shirt and continued to runup the street bare-chested screaming "LIVE-DEAD" , "THE DEAD ARE ALIVE " ---I was gone. From somewhere 2 people ,who I remember only as Bruce and Joeane,whom I never had seen before and never saw again afterward, grabbed me and rushed me off to their flat in Haight-Ashbury. They spent the rest of the night trying to help me "come down" off this bad trip. I had no sense of space or time. I must have asked to take a bath. Everything was a distorted hallucination,their faces and words. Joanne put me in the tub and sat by me in a chair eating a piece of watermelon. She got up for a minute and left the bathroom with me in it---while she was gone I turned on the hot water,full blast and submerged my head down under the water---I closed my eyes and waited for death. I had been sitting in that tub hallucinating to the very innermost depths of my subconscious mind---I kept imagining that my mom was walking toward the bathroom, looking for me. I was scared, shaking and I was just so tired...I wanted to die. Tired of running away from myself,my parents, the hateful world around me. I just was really trying to end it --shut the door on life and its pain for the last time.

Joanne came in and found me under the water trying to drown myself. She pulled me out but I fought her,trying to get my head back under the water ---I would have done it---I know I would ---I'm sure of that. They had to have been some good people to put up with me that night. They dried me off and put me to bed wrapped up in a blanket where I spent the rest of the night hallucinating and battling for any contact with reality.

When the sun finally shone into the room I got up,put on my clothes and walked out the front door like nothing had happened...I was still verrrry high. I was over 12 hrs late in getting home. If my parents had been there when I arrived (luckily they were not) I would have had a nice little stay in Juvenile Hall. They were always threatening me with that. In those days my parents worried about me a lot. As the parents of an only and adopted child,they were desperate about my using and abusing drugs and alchohol.

They adopted me at birth ( or shortly after ) through an attorney. That's all I know of it, besides the fact I was born in St. Mary's Hospital on April 16,54 , in San Francisco. My parents were worried that I would be insecure about being adopted that they didn't tell me until I was 18 yrs. old. I think it was heavier on them than it was on me. Raised in meddle-class suburbia in Burlingame, Ca. , weaned on parochial schools ...cheerleading and boyfriends had once been my main objectives in teenage life.

One person who affected me immensely in my childhood was my girlfriend,Daile , who I grew up with on the same block. Daile was born with a serious heart defect , and then at the age of three she contracted cerebal palsy, which left one side of her body damaged for life. So she was labeled "handicapped" . She also had a lot of difficulty with her speech and therefore expressing herself because of a cleft pallat. She was spending so much of her early life in and out of hospitals, she fell behind in terms of school education. As many others like her,Daile , became ostracized as a result of going to "special schools" and "special education " classes within the public school system. A lot of people treated her as less than

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human. Different because she looked and talked a bit aside from what they termed "normal". She depended so much on her mom,Sandra , who loved her a great deal and always stood up for Daile and giving her support and caring whenever she needed it. Daile was crushed when Sandra died at the young age of 35 because of the pressures of trying to raise 4 children alone ( her first husband died and the second one became a hostile alcholic ) . Sandra was my second mom, I loved her a lot. Daile was a determined soul. She taught herself to sew and macrame with the use of one hand better than most people do with two. The way people continued to treat her made me angry as hell. It got really bad for her though no matter how hard she tried to make something of herself she got slapped down by some bureaucratic inequality or narrow-minded person who wasn't willing to give her a chance. She attempted to commit suicide two times at the age of 21. She ended up in a County Rehabilitation Center for over 2 years.

When I was 14 years old I was traveling with my parents to Guerneville for the weekend. We were driving up Bayshore freeway when all of a sudden this car with two men came barrelling perpendicular across four lanes of freeway--just missing us and hitting the car directly on our left broad ---went off the road, swerved back on and hit the same car, which was spinning all over the road, one more time. It was around 8 p.m. and there weren't many cars around. All I could see was a body hanging limply out a car window and I could hear the screams of frightened children from the car next to us that had been hit twice. I thought for sure my dad would stop and help those people and when he kept going down the freeway I started yelling at him---" What are you doing ! " , " Why don't you stop and help them?!" But he just ignored me and I cried all the way to Guerneville- for over an hour. I spent the whole weekend depressed and disillusioned. My parents reaction, or lack of reaction,had shocked me.

Another person who I owe my initial political "awakening " to was the big brother of my best friend,Terry. We were in the 7th grade when he left for Viet Nam, he was only 17 then. He came home 1 yr. and 2 mos. later --a changed person. He began ,slowly and painfully at first, to tell us about the people of Vietnam and what was really happening there in the name of " justice". He painted vivid descriptions of the pain, suffering and starvation of those innocent children and people. He was so angry. Horrified that 100,000 's of innocent people against their will , were being used and murdered by manipulation of war , and that he had been , as a Marine , a part of that war machine. They hadn't fooled him. At first , maybe, but they had created in him, a hostile , seething, enemy to the war. He told us of one night when he awoke to find his buddies on either side killed in their sleep in an ambush. I began to hate war. Even more so I began to hate the system which created and paid for the war---the same system I had been pledging allegiance to every day in school. God---I was disillusioned. The values held up on a pedestal before me all my life were crumbling fast. I refused to pledge allegiance to the flag anymore. A lot was happening at that time I didn't understand as well. I was helping my mom campaign for RFK , going to Railroad stations and handing out leaflets. He was assassinated on the eve of my 8th grade graduation. I can remember sitting in front of the T.V. set crying.

I spent the first 2 years of high school in parochial all-girls schools. Continuing to be active in school activities like aquatics, diving teams, head class cheerleader, I even won a school spirit award that 1st year at Notre Dame College Prep in Belmont. The next year I transfered to Mercy High in Burlingame, although closer to home they were much the same. I was elected school mascot " Crusader Rabbit " , helped organize school dances , and attended all the parties and dances with the boys from the local all male parochial school. I spent my weekends skiing,(Another one of my parents' attmepts to divert me from my less desirable activities ) . In my sophomore year my friends and I started smoking dope, dropping speed and getting drunk more often. Mercy High was located on an estate and we had modular ( free) scheduling. All our free time between classes was spent in the " canyon" behind the school getting high. We did it every day and often attneded classes quite stoned. If the nuns suspected, they never let on.

About this time I met a black young man at a high-school dance. He was a lot of fun to be around and we got along real well. When I told my parents about him they began hinting at first , then blatantly admitting that they did not want their daughter dating sometone black.I absolutely flipped my lid. I was so angry and hurt I couldn't cry. To me they were blazing hypocrits. Where were all the principles of equality they had been preaching-teaching me all my life? Shortly after they did the same thing concerning a Mexican guy I met named Andy. From this point on my relationship with my parents took a slow but steady downhill course. I soon became bored stiff with the high school dances and Catholic School System in general. My grades were high but my morale was low. I stopped going to church ( unbeknown to my parents) around this same time.

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Elected as Jr. Class President in 1970 , I was required to give a 1st quarter statement to the School Assembly. I announced along with it my resignation as class president because in good conscience and in striving for a better education , I was leaving the high paid tuition of the parochial school paradox for the public school system.

The next 2 years of High School at Mills in Millbrae , proved more productive educationally and socially. I got a new perspective of society. I volunteered one day a week as a candy-striper in transportation at Peninsula Hospital . I also worked actively to pass the Coastal Initiative...getting petitions signed , attending meetings , painting postors . I learned about International Relations with Mr. Alkema and attended War Moratoriums in Golden Gate Park. My parents continued to do their best to divert me from my political involvements by sending me to ski and spend up ~~to~~ the mountains ~~time~~ in the summer with friends. They were doing their damnest but it wasn't working, I was also using drugs more and more all the tim e.

There were only 12 black students at Mills. Most of whom I at least knew and spoke with-occasionally hung out with. They put on a dynamite program for National Black History Day at a School Assembly. It was outspoken with their Black Pride and Culture so profoundly I didn't hesitate at the end to stand up ,applaud and yell my approval. Exept for my freind Terry , standing beside me, we were the only 2 in the whole auditorium who showed any recognition of their message they so eloquently displayed. God-- I was angry -- so angry I almost refused to attend Commencement Exercises. Those white kids at that school were getting under my skin...deep.

I was always aware from about the age of 10 yrs. that my dad drank too much. He had a medical problem that complicated it further. On one hand I felt sorry for him because he was so tied up inside from trying so damn hard to make it for himself and his family,as an accountant at Bethlehem Steel Co.. 27 years of his life he gave to that corporation and all they gave him in return was overwork, overtime and ruin his health. He almost died of peritonitis one time and always had severe intestinal problems , all tension related. On the other hand , we had some heavy arguments when he had had too much to drink. One night at dinner we were having a discussion about Capital Punishment. I voicexd my strong convictions against " legal murder" and he got so angry that he got up from the table with a steak knife in his hand and chased me through the house . I was more taken aback by his behaviour than I was scared. He was yelling, " No daughter of mine is going to talk like that about Capital Punishment ! " With ~~as well as every other time~~ I found out I had been lied to about "democratic justice ", I became increasingly more adverse and hostile toward my parents and society in general.

I left home shortly after I turned 18, when my mom confiscated ½ pd. of marijuana I had purchased with my own part-time work money. I told her to give me the $ 90.oo or the dope and she refused so I walked out and moved in with a friend. She turned over the weed to a friend of hers who belonged to the F.B.I. . I really felt good about that. But, I was never busted, miraculously. So I moved in with my boyfriend. It was easy to leave my parents at this time , because , especially my mom had been harrassing my friends and I . Having us followed by police and even requesting that my friends house be searched. I felt nothing but contempt for them both. Our relationship had totally dissolved over my using drugs , and in the next year I only saw them 2 times. Once at my graduation and again at Christmas. I know it was hard on them. They saw their daughter being destroyed ( as they saw it) and they couldn't handle it. They were desperate.

After being jilted over a deal involving Tim's candle business by his so-called "best-friend" in Oregon, we decided to settle down in Pescadero,Ca, We resolved ourselves to do our best all over again. We found a little house in the Santa Cruz Mountains near Pescadero ,Ca., where we set up and made candles. We lived on very little but we were satisfied with our garden and fruit trees and our friends who often came to stay in our country-mountain home. We became close with the old man who lived up the hill from us , "Mac", Walter MacDonald. He would sit for hours and tell us of his past --everything from the S.F. earthquake and his years with the S.F. Fire Dept. to all about his family living and dead. He was so lonely. His only son, a wealthy architect , living in Marin County , had no time for Mac. In the year we lived there I never saw him visit once and he lived only 60 miles away. Mac treated us like his own. He was always buying us things and when I would ask him not to,he would convieniently go deaf . He taught us how to roatertill and plant our 2 acre garden . We were often invited up for "Firement Stew", his specialty , many a time we would have to go home and start on candle making at midnight to catch up, but it was worth it. Mac got real sick that winter and I came over and cleaned house for him---what he'd let me--he argued with me the whole time to quit. His son never showed up one time when he was sick. When he got well he bought his grandaughter a horse in hopes she would come visit her grandpa and ride the horse. And I mean this horse was ½ thoroughbred and beautiful. She wouldn't come because it might damage her "ballet knees" to ride the horse. Mac was heartbroken.

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So I went with Mac two or three times a week to feed Bubbles and sometimes ride her to. It made him happy so it made me happy. I had always been horrified with the way Sr. Citizens were regarded and treated by our society. One Christmastime in grammar school I had cried when we walked through the Convalescent Hospital singing Christman Carols. Now here was another old person being ignored and neglected by his own self-centered son and family. Mac died last year , alone , in his hospital bed in Burlingame.

Then one day a neighbor came by with a petition ---there were plans to construct a Sattelite Monitoring Tracking System Station complete with asphalt parking lot and cyclone fences in the field directly across the road from our home. Everywhere we turned things were being ruined. When people we were acquainted with asked us what we were doing or why we chose to live in the mountains we answered that by just living the way we did---doing what we saw as "right " was all we felt we could do. There wasn't going to be any way to change things. Well, we thought we were "safe " living in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

One winter's day in January we finally looked up Jim Jones and Peoples Temple. That was in 1973 .. We had heard about him the previous summer on a trip to Colorado to a "spiritual festival " I won't ever forget that day. The four of us, Tim and me , and 2 of our closest friends walked into Peoples Temple , San Francisco expecting to see some "cosmic charismatic guru " type person like Swani Satchidananda or Mahareshi. We were pleasantly surprised. We were warmly greeted by a group of black and white men and women who sat down and talked with us about ourselves and where we came from. Then they took us on in to the meeting. We took our seats and waited to see "JIM" . A very modestly dressed man stepped up into the pulpit and began, very humbly to tell about the Temple's Sr. Citizen homes and theChildrens Ranch and even an Animal Shelter taking in abused homeless animals. Then Tim nudged me and said , " You know, I think that is him". Sure enough. I was really impressed. This man was highly unusual--humble and to the point. We were further impressed by the friendliness and warmth of the interracial (mostly black) congregation. Several times Jim asked everyone to "greet your neighbor " and I found myself being genuinely embraced and greeted by black seniors, young people and small children-black and white alike. I was deeply touched. Jim mentioned his views on a few current events such as the Vietnam War and Watergate, Civil Rights and integration. I was greatly pleased to find myself in full agreement with him... and he had a lot to add to my present knowledge of all the issues at hand. I knew I would be back , I was very impressed.

About this same time all of us were getting into a lot of drugs. Snorting, smoking, dropping,drinking anything to escape. We started to spend every weekend at the Temple--sometimes we'd stayed home to catch up on the candles. We were living double lives in a way. Weekends with the Temple and Monday thru Friday staying high and getting by. Life was becoming increasingly frustrating and more empty. Tim and I were no longer content with our lives. Knowing that there ware so many people who needed help out there--and now we had a way to help them--no excuse anymore. So in May of 1973 we got married and moved to Redwood Valley. I was 19 years old then and Tim was 22. Shortly after I re-established communications with my parents.

Jim Jones represented much more to me than just an example of someone who was dedicating his entire life to improving the world for others. He expressed so many of the feelings and hurt I had experienced in my upbringing as an average middle class white child in suburbia. He opened up new dimensions and gave me a whole new perspective about what was going on in the world. Not only that but he and the Temple gave me a way to do something about it. I had always wanted to do something about it , and now the opportunity was mine. I just couldn't walk away and shun the truth. It became my whole life. That is quite a major improvement for a young woman who had spent the past 5 years of her life dedicated to not much more than getting by-staying high and hating it all the time....hating it because I could not see what direction all of it was leading me. Now I had direction and much more than that I had encouragement from Jim and the other Temple members, and motivation as well. The Temple sponsored me through 3 semesters in College and I got a job as a Community HealthAide in the Family Planning Project at the Health Dept as a direct result. I would have never landed that job by myself.

I left a lot of friends behind when I came to the Temple. I saw them one or two times later on, but of all things they seemed aloof and non-caring. I think now that they were indifferent or even a bit angry that Tim and I and 3 other close friends who came to the Temple, rejected the life that was made available to us as white-middle-class "hippies ". We'd found something much more in life and discarded the more materialistic ways (such as drugs and constant partying) to buckle down and get something done to change things around us. There is also a fringe benefit to making and carrying out that decision. For us, we became persons who now had some self-respect and in good conscience we could continue to live out our lives to their fullest.

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HENRY MERCER

I was born in Jessup, Georgia, April 3,1885. I went to school to the 6th grade. My daddy died when I was thirteen years old and I had to go to work to help my mother. I considered then that there was something wrong at that young age because I knew that I seen the white kids had something that I just couldn't have. I seen the oppression of all people, white and black. When I was around sixteen years old I joined the Marcus Garvey movement and quite naturally started to learn a lot about the revolutionary struggle.

But to go back a bit first. One thing I can tell you, when I got to be a young man, I was working one night at the ice plant and a honkey picked me up in a car and said, "I just got to kill me a nigger tonight." And I was scared to death. He put a pistol to my head and drove all around. And he came back, he brought me back and he said, "Well, you're a good nigger, go ahead and go to work.You ain't the one I'm looking for." That was in Georgia, Wayne County.

We used to go out and pick cotton. This was before I worked on the railroad, you know, to help along with the family because my dad wasn't making out a dollar and a quarter a day. There was four of us in the family to feed and he somehow or another managed to provide a place and pay for it. He worked in a freight house and I used to help pick cotton from the time I got out of school at two'o'clock to into the evening.Cotton come in around the middle of August,

We had a baseball game one evening on the hill. We been having our own people to move the people back from the line, and this honkey police come up and he went to pushing the girls back, pushing the women back, So he draws back to hit one of them and one of our fellows reached up and got the blackjack away from him. At that time we broke up the game and we went to the hills and we went to the houses and we all got our guns. That night we knocked out every light down in Black Town. And some of them was under the houses, and some of them was up on the hills, and some of them was on a low place there, and there was an iron bridge and some of them was on that. So we was ready for trouble that night, but it didn't happen. About 12 midnight, a Methodist preacher came down, flying a white flag, flying a white flag. Well, the leaders come out and recognized him and he said there wouldn't be nothing to it-- they'd squashed the thing. So we had a conference. We had a little trial the next morning and the whole thing was completely throwed out. That was a tight place. They was hard on blacks.

There was a time, if you was a black man, you couldn't come through there on the train, and if you did, they'd. throw rocks at the train.I was working down at the depot one night,and we had a white fellow kill a black man on the train and nothing was done about it. Another time, there was a bunch of blacks working in a little town about five miles from Jessup and this white woman hollored rape, and they arrested the gang of the boys, drove 'em in and put 'em in jail.The train was coming at around 2:10 and I worked the train, but I noticed that it turned around and didn't come back. Well, I didn't get off work til about 4 o'clock and when they came back they was loaded with honkeys and they had every kind of gun that you wanted to see. Well the blacks all left there and I was scared because I had to stay on my job. So they went down to a little place across the river in a little thicket and they stayed there until that night, until 12 o'clock and they blowed their horns at 11'o'clock and they went to the jail but the sherrif kicked them out.

I never saw a lynching but I saw it after it happened. It's an ugly looking thing. What they do , they hang you up on the trunk of a tree and they'd cut your penis off and put it in your mouth.I went away from there. I stayed away 26 years and I went straight from Jessup to Philadelphia. All of us blacks used to keep guns.

I had a Winchester and a double barrel shot gun-- at least my daddy had one-- and I had a .38 pistol. I kept it on me all the time. I had to. We never did have no shoot-out, but one time, The time before I left, we had a shoot-out and I had to skip.Yeah, I had to skip.We got as far as Savannah, and then we left on a freight train.Some terrible things happened between the blacks and the whites there. There wasn't but one time they civilized that place and that was after I left-- they tell me Bob Neal came through there and they killed 151 crackers, and wounded a gang of them. They killed him later, but he sure killed a gang of them before they got him.It was a terrible place, a terrible place. You were always in fear of your life and I was glad when I got big enough to leave.I can remember back and its painful, it's painful to think about.

While I'm on it, a lot of us poor farmers had good livestock, horse and wagon, and had a crop, and then if you didn't leave, the whites would burn your house down. That way they took everything. A lot of poor fellows had to leave there by night with nothing but what they had on their back.

One thing I can say, that we were all for one and one for all-- we stuck together. that's what kind of kept it down. I don't know how many guys I shot, I don't know how

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many guys I wounded, but I know I got away from there.

Another thing we got rid of , we got rid of a lot of Uncle Toms too.Got rid of them. I know one fellow there, I was working on the job and he used to tell the boss everything he did to his wife, and everything, so we took him out that night and whapped his ass good. And he came back the next day and he was very quiet, he didn't do it no more. That's one thing I always did hate--a sneak and a stool pigeon. I never did like a stool pigeon nor a snitcher. I never was one myself, I wasn't an Uncle Tom myself and I HATE that, I hate that, just like I hate a defector, a counter-revolutionary. I hate an anti-socialist and all that. I tell you, I feel like going out and chewing them up when they do anything aginst the working class, against the poor people. Sometimes, I cry about it ( his voice breaks) the hurting things, to think about it, ' till Jim Jones came and rescued me ( sobbing). You don't know until you go through it. People say "I'm a socialist, I'm a socialist." But they don't know. (There were things that Mr. Mercer felt were too painful to discuss in his life, things he had witnessed) It takes more than you know to be a socialist.( sobbing) I got many a beating by the police (pulling himself together) I beat many of them too— don't you think I didn't do that. I know many tricks about fighting in the revolution. In fact I went to revolutionary school for two years. I was designated to go to Moscow, but I didn't go.

I worked on the railroad. We were getting a dollar a day. I remember in 1910 the comet star,the star with the tail on it, Churches was full and everybody bordered the streets, most of the peoples was scared, they was afraid. The whites, they came out of the house and tell us of a sudden that they weren't no better than we was— and let's all get down and pray together, 'cause when the comet star touched earth it was going to set it on fire. I remember that real good.

In 1914 World War I broke out and at that time Germany was an empire and they had many colonies in Africa. I was working on the railroad and I didn't have to go. I was running the road at that time and we were doing a lot of defense hauling and I was even a part of the Liberty Bond Train.

In 1929 I joined the Unemployment Movement in Philadelphia. We got to have jobs, everybody was unemployed and nobody was unemployed and nobody knew what to do. There were many days I was hungry, there was many days I didn't have food to eat. They was giving us soup, watery soup and we had to go to the station house to get it. During this time we were in line and some Communists came along and distributed leaflets and I take one of the leaflets and read it and it said, "meeting tonight" at a place they had in Philadelphia called 612 Brooklyn Street. And we went that night there, we had a discussion on strategy. We was going to organize the workers. So we had a meeting that night and decided to collect food for the workers which we did.

The Spring of 1930 it was, and sometime in the middle of May we had, we met there with a hunger march. We carried around 150 of us to Harrisburg, Penn. But we had to struggle to get there. We were denied entrance to many towns. We negotiated and went through and we went to Harrisburg and they wouldn't even give us a place to stay, they wouldn't rent a hall to us. We had a meeting the next day on the Capital Plaza. We had Communists come from west of Pennsylvannia, miners and different unemployed workers. At that time we had 300,000 people unemployed in Philadelphia and the government was not giving one nickel of relief, not one cent of relief. So we went and pressured the State and they gave us some form of relief. All channels was exhausted and that was the onliest way we could get anything, by pressuring the State government.

The Democratic Convention came off somewhere about 1931. Roosevelt came out and in his speech he said " One third of the people are unemployed." After he was elected he went to Congress and called for billions of dollars for the first work program that we had. It lasted about 6 months becuse the politicians stole all the money. And then they had little local relief programs in the states to try to tide us over. Had us working for our relief. What we did wasn't useful work; we'd dig stumps, clean up golf courses and such as that. Then came WPA. They worked 10,000 people in Philadelphia, it was the biggest project that we had. We had some miserable conditions on the WPA job. We had , we decided we'd call a strike, and members were called out and singled out, the leaders were singled out as Communists and they were immediately transferred away from the project to other projects that was much tougher. I was one. They transferred me to a stone quarry. Well, that was pretty hard work— I didn't have no experience about breaking stones. I worked there about 18 months, and during that time I was in an accident and we didn't get paid for that. Around 1939 I got a job at a naval yard but I never did sign the denial that I was a Communist because I was a Communist and I never did sign it.

I was Chairman of the Propaganda Committee, and I had a tough time. If you was a Communist at that time you had a tough time. After that we had Joe McCarthy, in the 1950s. They called us subversives and I was arrested for that. But we had a good law department and I came clear of that. I wasarrested again. I was picked up again, and

they taken me in and arrested me, and interrogatedme.They called certain names and I didn't know nobody. I wouldn't talk, and then this guy said he'd been around the neighboorhood and I had a pretty good record and all that kind of bullshit, and they let me go.

I had other jobs and then I went to work for the Board of Education. During that time I was a Union Steward in the Union and we got along pretty good. We had some terrible working conditions, where they worked women part-time. We demanded they work them 8 hours. They claimed they couldn't work the women 8 hours, so we had a meeting and decided to call a strike. That was around 1968. During this time I was doing pretty nicely. I was Steward in the Union and we was having little skirmishes but no strikes. But it was at this time that we called this strike, and that's when I got it-- I got my eyes blinded from tear gas.

When I came out of the hospital I joined the Senior Citizen's Action Alliance. I worked in that from 1968 to 1973,and we done a lot of good, We had a nice organization then, we had some struggles. We had it so that the senior citizens in Philadelphia all had a free trolley ride.But we had to have a strong fight to do it. We called out all the senior citizens ,everybody that was able to go: blind, people that was in wheelchairs, all was in the picket lines. We crowded the ballroom in the hotel. We had the mayor there, the governor, several legislators and Congressmen. We didn't go there pleading or begging neither, and we got a reduction in our electricity rates. I got to be travelling representative of the organization. We was very successful in getting in Georgia and Florida senior citizens not to pay property taxes. Same thing in Virginia. No sales tax for senior citizens, 25% reduction in drug prices, 10% reduction in clothing.

In the winter of 1973 I was sitting down on the corner one night, and I had WCT radio station on, and I heard this sing and I heard this Peoples Temple Christian Church with Jim Jones as minister. I was impressed with the message. I called the station and asked for the address, and the man said " The best I can do for you is Redwood City." I was just sitting there, turning the dial around and I just happened to let it stay on that particular station. This other preacher came on, and I laughed at him, made fun of him, just had a lot of fun off him---I knew the guy personally, and so I knew what he was really doing. So after he went off, this song came on and Jim Jones. So I called the station like I said, and we took a bus to Redwood City and I called a taxi. The taxi driver took me around lokking for the church. We went to the police station and I asked the desk sargeant about Peoples Temple. I called the secretary and they said they would come and get us, but I said, no, we will stay in a hotel and you can get us in the morning. When I got to the Temple I got up to speak. I said I'd never liked preachers all my life, that I'd been a revolutionary for 40 years and I never did like preachers, because they didn't want to do nothing but eat chicken and buy Cadillacs. The congregation went wild and cheered for a good while and I went back to sit down. Jim said to me, "You don't know how you thrilled my heart when you talked about the preachers." And I laughed. I seen some things I never seen before. I seen a dog up there with Jim, and a cat came up and sat on my lap. I said, "My goodness, there's some love going around here, even the animals are loving you."

I'll never go back to the U.S. again. Jonestown is the most beautiful place I've been. It's the onliest place you can relax, it's the onliest place you can be safe from robbery, rape,and I love it out here. I wouldn't go back to the States if I had the best room in the best hotel with a silk suit and a pocket full of money, eating beefsteaks every meal-- and that's just how I feel about it. And I hope someday my boys will come over; I hope someday my sister will come over. I'm glad for the care we have here for all of our comrades, for seniors, and all of us-- and I'll do everything I can to help the revolution.

I've been a Communist a good many years. I did a lot of study with the Daily Worker when I first got started, and I got the Moscow News, and I read every paper I could read, plus the underground papers. It convinced me further. To me, Russia was the only country that gave workers inspiration that they could rule themselves , and conduct their own business without the fatbellies.

I believe that everyone should be equal. That the wealth of the world should be distributed among the workers who produced it. The fatbellies didn't do nothing. You take the farmers-- they worked the ground, produced it, gathered the food, and carried it to the tables. So that son-of-a-bitch didn't do nothing, so I think we're entitled to all of it-- not him. That's being fulfilled here in Jonestown, and I'm glad I lived to see it.

FF-2-97c

ANNIE MOORE

b. 1954
Oakdale, California

This one nurse who always worked in the burn unit said with a sick smile, "I'm so bored, I wish we'd get in an emergency. I love to take care of an emergency". I told her I would really rather be bored.

~~My life was what I would call a big bore. My father was a minister and a counselor and my mother a busy-body housewife.~~ From childhood up to junior high school, I was what I would call "protected" although my parents were liberals and open to the rights of all, despite their race, creed, or color, whether prisoners, homosexuals or mentally ill. It took me until the eighth grade to start really realizing what the world was all about. This was when I began to really think and notice how unhappy much of the world was. I began to question the actions of those adults that I had looked up to. There were different people I knew who had committed suicide and others who were killed in car accidents. I knew there was a war going on in Vietnam and I was involved in war protests and fights with the "cowboys" at school over this. By the ninth grade, I was totally confused, lonely, bored, and I began experimenting with drugs, although my parents never knew about it. I lacked self-confidence so much, and had such a poor self-image that I thought about different ways to commit suicide. I put on an act through most of high school pretending I was crazy, doing outrageous things like making faces at teachers and following different people I disliked acting like a chimpanzee. I did anything to cut the boredom and the only way I could handle it was by making a joke out of life.

At age 16, I worked in a burn unit at Children's hospital in Washington, D.C. for the summer. The children needed someone to play with since their parents worked or didn't care to come and visit them. There was so much pain in their faces from the hell they went through! One 12 yr old, Tyrone, had gasoline poured on him and a match lit to him on July 4th. His arms and hands were burnt— a human firework— and the medicine that was applied caused most children to scream with pain for hours at a time. Tyrone never screamed though and for all the pain and rejection he had gone through in life, he had a sweet disposition. After working there I was never the same. I returned to high school the next year. More than anything, I wanted to do something with my life that would be helping people like Tyrone, but after mixing with the same bunch of friends—some of whom were shooting heroin, and others who were involved in various crimes— I selfishly planned to commit suicide at some time. I had no one I could express what I really felt about anything to and I was upset that the boys at school who liked me were always the creepiest creeps you could find.

Finishing my high school years in a university town, I had grown to hate "intellectuals" because they were all a lot of hot air and no action. This is why. Whenever I was on a project to care for prisoners' children while the wives visited their husbands, or when I was tutoring minority children in their school work, the "intellectuals" could always find a reason why they could not help. But they always had plenty of time to talk about the world's problems and sermonize about what should be done.

So, due to my eccentric hate for intellectuals and school, I refused to go on to college. My mother wanted me to be an artist or musician but I hated them too. I thought they were all so phoney and egotistical. So I had no plans was totally confused, and poured an entire bottle of codeine pills in my mouth preparing to swallow them. I don't know why I stopped but I did--and spit them all out into the toilet. Days later, my sister who was in Peoples Temple invited me to visit. I found people who were friendly, mixing all races together, working in a cooperative setting. The people were not phoney and seemed for real. They took no drugs and still seemed to enjoy themselves. So, not having anything else to do with myself, I came. Jim told me that I could be helpful in the group, that I was talented and could teach others or even go to school and make something of myself. He convinced me it was not right to commit suicide and that I could be useful and gain happiness by helping others. It was he and the support of Temple members that helped me though nurses' training, which I had adamantly refused to attempt at first. I found that even though I hated intellectuals and didn't like the schools I'd been to, I had nothing against learning.

Now I've been an R.N. for three years and my life is fulfilling. I know that I am helping others. The hospital burn unit in which I worked before coming to Guyana taught me a lot. Our entire shift of nurses, I thought, must have been inherently evil. They refused to give pain shots to people, many of whom had their entire bodies burned, stating "You should be able to take the pain," They ripped off dressings quickly and bragged about how they could finish everyone's dressings within an hour, when with some patients they should have taken an hour each.

FF-2-98A

ANNIE MOORE

With all their extra time, they sat in the nurses lounge, turned off the buzzers, watched T.V. and drank beer and wine. ~~This is no exaggeration~~. When patients whose hands had been burned and were wrapped up requested the nurses help them to eat, the nurses responded, "I'm sick of you--feed yourself" So many a plate would be returned to the kitchen untouched, or into the nurses lounge for the nurses to eat. The calories that were so badly needed for wound healing most often went to the nurses' bellies. The two nurses I worked with at night were nice and we prided ourselves in treating patients caringly. The patients often told us that they was relieved when 11 p.m. came and they could see us. ~~With all the humiliation the patients were put through (some of which brought out my fighting instinct from previous experiences) I refrained from killing some of the nurses on the other shift~~. The only thing that kept me from it was that I knew it was right to be non-violent just as Jim had taught me. I was finally O.K. to some degree with this one bunch of sadist nurses after pulling a butcher knife jokingly at the one nurse who kept coming late to work and leaving me with the entire floor of patients by myself. They still did not like me because I was kind to patients, took time with them and tried to be sensitive to their needs. A group of us tried to change these nurses but it was almost impossible. Their activiites were reported and they just lied about giving pain shots and treatments. The hospital, being a civil service institution, found it difficult to fire anyone—especially nurses who were desperately needed in this particular unit. It seemed ironic to me that the most callous, cold, and sadistic people, with few exceptions, worked in a place which needed caring people so badly to deal with the mental and physical pain of being burned.

The medical treatment people receive in Jonestown is totally different from what they were forced to endure in hospitals like the one I worked in. One man, Earl, had had terrible pain for years from a large growth on his back. It was the size of an apricot. Our doctor here removed the growth surgically-- something that no US doctor had even suggested. Another child, Rondell, had cut his lip severly from inside to out. Most any black child in the US would've had to sit for 2 to X amount of hours waiting for treatment in a public hospital and they would receive a lousy stitch job that most doctors would give in their usual hurried fashion. Here, Dr. Schacht spent two hours carefully calculating each stitch so as to put the lip back together exactly. The lip was not a life and death situation but would have left a terrible scar on the face and develop a keloid ( an enlarged bulging where the scar is) if it had been done sloppily or in a hurry like most "on call" doctors do in a public hospital.

Just the lip being sewn up properly was not the entire point. Preventing the scaring prevented Rondell from going through the ridicule and pain anyone goes through (especially children when they have a physical deformity). Fortunately here in Jonestown, any type of ridicule of a person's physical abnormalities is not tolerated.

Here in Jonestown I can treat patients kindly without being sneered at or made fun of. My experience in US hospitals seems so backwards. It is illogical to me that someone would scorn compassion shown to the ill, yet many medical people are just this way. I always felt that I had to get back at the mean medical people that I worked with. One homosexual 'queen' who was Black was the talk of all the nurses. His hands and nose were burned. He told me I was one of the two others who were nice to him. The entire nursing staff except for us three were nasty to him. They didn't like Blacks and they didn't like gays. He told me he was mad at them for treating him meanly, and that they would be sorry because he was going to do voodoo on them. . . So, the next day when all the smart cracks about faggots came from the bitches (one of whom was obviously a closet lesbian), I told them in a mysterious tone that they should cool it with Ben, that he was going to do voodoo on all of them. I thought it was funny because I don't believe in voodoo, but it shut the nurses up. I don't know that they treated him any better but they quit the cracks in front of me.

Medical people take care of the sick but are sometimes grossly sick themselves. One nurse who worked with me rarely, told me while washing and pulling the dead skin off a newly burned patient not to worry , I would get used to the screaming and that it always bothers people at first. She was too rough and caused the patient much extra pain. She wasn't bothered but I was. The screams always bothered me so I tried to be most careful while performing a painful procedure. This one nurse always said with a sick smile, "I'm so bored, I wish we'd get an emergency. I love to take care of an emergency." I told her I would really rather be bored and was contented to sit and read or draw comic strip pictures to cheer up

FF-2-98B

ANNIE MOORE

the patients.

Nursing here in out Jonestown coopertaive is much different from nursing in US hospitals. If there is a problem of any kind it is brought up for discussion. No one could get away with all the hell they did there, but no one attempts it either. The medical staff is excellent; a caring group of people determined to give the best care to those who need it.

FF-2-78C

JANICE WILSEY

1.1949

On Sept. 23, 1949 I was born in a very small town in Northern Ca. I spent the first seven years of my life on an Indian reservation called Round Valley in Mendocino County, Calif. My people had been relocated in this area at the time of the California Gold Rush. They were herded like cattle by the soldiers, 2,000 survivors of several tribes were put into this stockade in remote Round Valley.

My grandmother told me stories of how her mother, as a little girl, made the long walk. She said that the nights were cold and the mountains were high. The older people who could not make it or just needed to sit for a minute or two along the path were shot and left to die. This was only the beginning of much suffering. Another story told to me by my grandmother was how a young girl from the Wylackie tribe watched as her father, brother and all the men of the tribe were lined up and shot all at once. The people built a fire with the trees and bush that these men had been cutting for days, not knowing that it was their own funeral pyre they were fixing. She said the fire was big and the smell of the burning bodies made your hair rise on the back of your neck and the smell made you sick to your stomach.

It did not take the white man long before he moved into this valley and formed a town called Covelo. Along with the town he built five bar rooms to sell the alcohol that he brought with him. I will always remember the five bar rooms and two stories that made up this town. What a place to grow up!

Both my mother and father were born and grew up on the reservation and like every child they were taken away, I call it kidnapped- from their parents and sent away to an Indian boarding school. They could not speak their own language and they only saw their parents on holidays and the summer time; now this is very hard on a young child. In fact there are many cases of children who ran away time after time, sometimes traveling many miles over many states only to be returned once again to the boarding school. A lot of times there were as many as 5-6 suicides during a school term. This was the life on an Indian confined to a plot of land with nothing to look forward to. Even at the baording school there were guards to keep you within the school.

I will always remember the look on my mom's face when I said I wanted to spend a couple of summer months at an Indian boarding school called Sherman Institue in Southern Calif. She made it clear that she did not want me to go, because the thought of it only brought her pain. In the early '50's a law was passed that Calif. Indian children did not have to go away to boarding school but would go to the public school system. To this day Indian children in many states are forcefully taken away from their parents and sent to these schools. My mom let me go after my dad spoke up and said I should be able to go if that was what I wanted.

Sherman Institute was named after General Sherman who went through Southern Calif. killing off any Indian tribe that got in his way. What an insult to name the school after such a man. This to me only added more salt to the wound. The two months that I spent at this school I will never forget. We were all given a talk as to what time we ere to be in the dorm, for bed checks were at 9 o'clock. It had been some time since my bedtime had been that early! I hated the rules and you can bet I broke many of them while there those two months.

It was sad. In fact I cried many times when I thought of the other Indian children, all my age, who never had a water fight or even thought of staying up after the lights were to be out, running up and down the halls yelling and screaming. To me it was what any young person would do to have fun. But I soon found out that these young people my own race and age were so much oppressed that they did not know how to express themselves. I was withdrawn to a great extent, but to find other Indian children who were far more withdrawn than I was heartbreaking.

FF-2-99A

I went home from this summer a little more aware of the world around me. I also had another burden of guilt that I did not want to deal with. My dad was put in a Vet hospital becasue the alcohol he had been drinking for years was beginning to have its effect. One morning he woke up to discover that he could not get out of bed, he was paralyzed in his lower part of his body and he had no use of his hands. I don't think I can ever tell the pain I had to endure watching my dad who once was a very proud man, deteriorate day by day.

It was not long after my dad became paralyzed that both my brothers started to drink heavily at a very young age. They both came to the conclusion that there was nothing in this world that they wanted and no one that gave a damn about them. By the time I was 16 my mom had tried suicide because she could not cope with the pressure of trying to keep our family together. She had been the sole supporter of the family ever since we moved off the reservation, because my dad could not get a job or keep the job-which was no fault of his own. I remember one time he said to me how proud he was of me that I could stand up in front of people and speak my mind. He always had to have a drink before he could walk into a place and ask for a job.

By the time I was 14 years old I was using drugs to escape from the unreality of life. I was told by a high school teacher that I might as well take a typing class and office machine classes because I would never achieve in college. I had a limit place on my life. I was told to forget it and don't try. Well, for the next four years I did cop out by escaping into the world of hard line drugs. Within these years I had tried suicide more than once. I felt that no one cared and if there was hope, I would never find it.

One day I heard of Jim Jones. Christine Lucientes, a friend of mine, said he as different than any teacher she had ever had and she wanted me to come with her to a night class. I went, but before I went I indulged myself with some opium which had become a daily thing with me, sometimes 4-5 times a day. At 17 years of age it helped me to forget the hurt and pain of life. I will never forget that scene as I walked into the class room that night. An Indian lady that I had known all of my life was up in front of the class leading the discussion about the life of the Indian poeple. She felt at ease enough to get up in front of this group of poeple and express herself. I could not believe it and I must have stood there looking shocked for some time. Jim Jones looked my way and showed more concern for me than I could ever remember anyone showing. He said he was glad to see me and he found a seat for me to sit up front. This may seem like a small gesture to most but to me it was not. I would remember this and other things, like the fact that he made sure my friend Christine and I had a ride home after the class at night, when I was at my lowest moments a year later.

I was 18 years old and alone in the city of San Francisco, a very lonely and depressed person. It was the last part of December and a very cold day in my apartment on the fifth floor. That day I had reached a very low point. There seemed to be nothing in the way of drugs to bring me out of it. I had taken four tabs of acid and I had no relief, so then I tried some speed, which only depressed me more and I felt the only way to solve the problem was to jump out of the window. Just as I was ready to jump, I remembered the concern that had been shown to me by Jim Jones and I stopped, made a phone call to my parents who came right down to the city to pick me up. A week later I joined People's Temple.

I was at the point that I could not speak one complete sentence without forgetting what I was talking about right in the middle of what I was saying. The drugs most defintely had there effect on my brain. I was one of the first to go through the drug rehabilitation program. What a job the people had on their hands as they stayed by my side around the clock. They tried to get me to talk but I would not do it. In fact Christine, for the first few months after I had joined People's Temple, did the talking for both herself and me. Jim said that he knew I would not talk but I could sing, so the first song I sang was "My country tis of they people you're dying" in front of the whole group. It was thefirst time I had sung before thousands of people. At first I could never make it through the song without crying, then as time went on I was able to sing the song of my people the whole way through. Time was taken with me to guide me along, it was no easy process to bring me out of the shell that I had around me. FF-2-55B

Next came the fully paid college education, I had never given a thought

to even try to go to college, for I had been told years earlier to "Forget it," in so many words. Jim encouraged me to go to college, he said I had a good mind and I could achieve. I went although I really didn't believe I could do it. I had been in school a few days when I decided that this was not waht I wanted, but Jim stepped in again and wrote letters to all my professor's asking them to give me all the assistence that they could. He also told them about my life, with this I got the extra attention that I needed. I came out with a straight B average that term.

It was Dec. 1974 when I was asked if I would want to go to Guyana in South America to help build a community out of the jungle. My answer was yes I would go, I would love to go, and I must say to this day I will neveer regret my choice. Today almost four years later we have a city, that was once nothing but jungle and for those of us who were her first to see the jungle be cleared and the roads put in and the buildings go up one by one, there is a sense of prode that can never be replaced.

I cannot begin to tell the opportunities that this community has afforded me. One thing very important to me is the fact that 10 years ago I could not even express myself, think one clear thought much less make decisions. Today I am a coordiantor and supervisor of the livestock and agricultural Dept. of Jonestown. This includes the responsibility of the orchards, bananas, nursery, field crops, chickens, pigs, cows, horses and small animals.

FF-2-99C

[redacted]

b7c

b. January 7, 1950
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

> Instead of going to bed, I sat at the top of the stairs to listen to see who it was. It was the next door neighbor. I overheard her and Mrs. Arnold speaking about my mom who they said was in prison. I was shocked. At twelve and one half years of age, I never knew my mom existed.

My name is [redacted] At 28yrs of age, I am the mother of five beautiful, energetic daughters, thanks to the caring atmosphere of the Jonestown community. I know that if our lives had not been integrated into this progressive humanitarian community, there would be no existence for me or my precious children. I am grateful for the opportunity to live in a constructive free society where my children's future security is not predicated on my economic status or ability to take care of them. Instead, here in Jonestown, my children along with several other hundreds, are guaranteed a prosperous, meaningful life.

Reflecting back on my past life, I see that total destruction was inevitable for my family and me. I knew that death would have been a pleasurable escapism for my life miseries but I was never lucky enough to accomplish this goal. My arms still bear the razor scars indicating the life I attempted to end. In the past, I had been hooked on drugs. I was beaten by pimps (from New Jersey and Detroit) because I wouldn't prostitute for them. I was a victim of sexual abuse by a maniac rapist who raped me twice consecutively while I was suffering from a high fever. A lot of my trouble came from my mother's being imprisoned for life, way I found out. I was being threatened by ex-associates of mines ( including members of mafia-like gangs) whose daily occupations were based on crime.

At two and one half years of age, I had to face the realities of a cold, lonesome cruel world. I was prematurely issued a double dose of rejection when my Mom was sentenced to life in prison for murder. And my Dad, a poor Sicilian who hardly spoke English could not afford to take care of me. Consequently, I along with my brother, [redacted] who was one year younger than me were placed in the Salvation Army Children's Home. Although I was very young, I still can remember the hurt I experienced when my Dad left me at the Children's home. Through my screaming and yelling, I could hear him saying,"Go to sleep, and I'll be there in the morning." I finally cried myself to sleep. But when the morning came, Daddy was gone. Daddy would come and visit me on a visiting pass every month. Boy! Was I ever so glad to see him the hour he came to visit. But when the hour was up Daddy would leave and I was as disappointed as ever. My withdrawn life resembled that of a snail who would retreat in his shell for shelter. It was here at the Salvation Army Children's Home that I was sexually assaulted by one of the assistants of the orphanage home. This lady would sit in her rocking chair and place me in her lap. She would then proceed to stick her perverted finger up my private parts. I was too young to fully understand what was happening. But I never uttered a word of it to anyone.

My brother and I were then moved to the Catholic Charity Bureau of Children's Shelter Home. This was a strictly controlled home where I stayed temporary until placement in a temporary foster home. Later my brother and I went to live in a foster home supervised by a lady named Mrs. Sibiggi who had a daughter named Rosie. Mrs. Sibiggi was very nice to us, but on the contrary her daughter Rosie was mean, mean, mean. Rosie was 22 yrs. older than me. She used to bully and threaten my brother and me all the time and make us do things for her. She would mistreat us behind Mrs. Sibiggi's back, constantly telling us how she hated us. At night I had to sleep with Rosie. She would demand that I made no moves whatsoever in the bed, stating that if I did, she would beat me. Nevertheless, she would roll all over me in her sleep nearly suffocating me. Rosie was so mean that one day when she got mad at my brother [redacted] she threw him right down a flight of twelve stairs.

FF-2-100A

Next the authorities from the Catholic Charity Bureau of Children's Shelter Home came to take my brother and me back to the Shelter Home. We remained there until a Mr. and Mrs. Arnold decided to take us in as foster children. Mr. Arnold was a quiet, passive man who was bossed around by his wife. By this time my brother [redacted] had developed a terrible habit of stealing. Emotionally and mentally disturbed, [redacted] would steal peoples belongings and hide them. When people would register their complaints to Mrs. Arnold, she would strip [redacted] naked and beat him with an extension cord. It wasn't long before Mrs. Arnold turned him over to St. John's Orphanage Home for boys, stating that she could no longer cope with his behavior. From here [redacted] was sent to St. Francis Home for the Emotionally Disturbed. My heart ached as I had to be separated from my brother. I felt as if I had lost my last and only friend.

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I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold for five years. All the time I stayed there Mrs. Arnold never showed me any type of affection. She never kissed or hugged me not even once. The only time Mr. Arnold kissed me was at his child's request. He was on his way to work one morning as I stood by watching him kiss his children good-bye. His three year old daughter, Patty, looked at him and said,"Daddy, why don't you kiss [redacted] good-bye?" Blushing, he kissed me on the forehead. It was a kiss I shall never forget. Regardless of how it came about, it was a kiss--an expression of affection and it meant so much to me. I vowed not to wash my forehead after this.

Mrs. Arnold was a very insensitive person. She would send me to the store to get "us" (her children and me) some treats. However when I returned with the goodies, she would send me to bed and distribute the treats amongst her two children. During the time of my youth, I suffered from a respiratory condition which caused me to breathe mostly out of my mouth. Mrs. Arnold would make fun of me and tell me to shut my mouth and breathe out of my nose. Mrs. Arnold was very conscious of the fact that I was afraid of the dark. Consequently, she would push me into dark rooms and lock me in. A lot of times when she felt I was being a disciplinary problem, she would beat me. Then when her husband returned from work, she would order him to beat me again. Mr. Arnold was a man who carried a lot of guilt. He knew how mean his wife was. He would take me upstairs, instruct me to holler and pretend that I was in pain, while he beat the couch. He often told me that he would be glad for me when I moved because he knew I was unhappy.

One night when Mrs. Arnold had sent me to bed I heard someone coming to visit. Instead of going to bed, I sat on the top stair to listen to see who it was. It was the next door neighbor. I overheard her and Mrs. Arnold speaking about my Mom who they said was in prison. I was shocked. At twelve and one half years of age, I never knew my Mom existed. When the foster home authorities came, I anxiously asked them was it true that my Mom was in jail? They were amazed and wanted to know who told me this. I told them what I had overheard. I asked them could I go and see her. Soon the authorities made arrangements for both my brother and me to see our Mom. It was good being with my brother again, but we could not wait to see our Mom. It took us six long hours to get to Muncy State Correctional Institution. We impatiently waited in the visiting room until the authorities brought our Mom to us. She was a beautiful little lady about five feet tall. As we stared her up and down, she likewise stared us up and down. Her first expression was,"My babies, my babies, well you're all grown up." She then hugged us affectionately. Along with the superintendent sitting in, we spent the visiting hour trying to get acquainted with each other, talking about likes and dislikes. The hour was soon over and [redacted] and [redacted] reluctantly kissed our Mom good-bye. As she turned away from us, I noticed a tear twinkling from her eyes. Although we did get to visit our Mom a few more times before she was off on payrole ten years later, this one visit alone had a negative effect on both my brother's and my own actions. We were both resentful and hostile of the fact that we could not be with our Mom. I especially took on an arrogant, rebellous attitude--no longer wanting to be subjected to the instructions of my foster parents and supervisors. Consequently, things didn't work out at the Arnold's foster home. I was removed from the Arnold's foster home to the Rotelle's foster home. The supervisors here tried to teach me how to be a lady. They introduced me to the proper way to eat, dress, talk and walk. They also introduced me to this rich Judge who wanted to adopt me. The Honorable Judge escorted me throughout his house exhibiting his luxuries and wealth to me and informed me what comforts of

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life I could partake of if I would allow him and his wife to adopt me. However I had no lust for the Rotelles bourgeois taste. Therefore I ran away from the Rotelles foster home located in Aber, Pennsylvenia to the Catholic Charity Bureau Children's Shelter Home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvenia. I went there to talk to the one nun, Sister Paul Marie, who I felt that I had a good rapport with. I explained my situation to her and asked her could I go and live with my Dad. She spoke with a Judge concerning the matter. The decision was to allow me a temporary permit to reside with my Dad until my court case regarding permanent placement with my Dad took place.

When I first moved into my Dad's house everything was just fine. My stepsisters told me from the beginning that I'd be sorry. They warned me that I should go back to the foster home. It was not until later that I found out that they were refering to my Dad's violent temper. He would get angry with my sisters and started beating on them. Later, when I begin to be attracted to boys and vice versa, my Dad's anger also became directed at towards me. He had no tolerance for my relating to males. Evidently he had some type of sexual hang-up because at times he would display such obscene behavior, such as masturbating in front of me. He would only do this when we were in a room alone watching T.V. or something. On one occasion he started off holding me around the waist, and ended up slipping his hand down into my pants exploring my private parts. After this, I made it a point to exit whenever my Dad started going through these changes. He would often tell me, "You look just like your Mom." When I questioned my stepsister regarding my Dad's interaction with her, she said that he never tried this with her. Eventually my Dad started physically directing his irrational anguish at me. He would get violent and beat on me for the slightest things I did to make him mad. I finally decided not to take any more of his beatings, so I again ran away.

At the age of fifteen, I found out the hard way how difficult it was to survive in a cruel, uncaring world. At this age, I was raped by a married man. I came in contact with Mafia-like members of gangs who promised me that they loved me and would give me the world. Instead, they gave me babies, drugs and pains once I would not succumb to their wishes to prostitute, rob and steal etc. They would beat the hell out of me and try to force me.

At the age of nineteen, I was savagely raped by a man in Philadelphia - a lunatic who throughout the whole ordeal held an icepick → [illegible] at my throat. Since I was trying to come off of drugs at the time, my body was already sick, weak, and feverish from the withdraw symptoms. This madman had entered my house through the bedroom window. He warned me to stop screaming and to shut my baby up from screaming or he would kill me. He then enacted all of his sex fantacies on me in front of my two and one half year old daughter who went hysterical. I sincerely felt that this night would be my last night alive as I begged the man to please leave. I promised him that I would not tell the cops. When he finished, he threatened to kill me if I spoke one word to the police. Feeling dead already, I reported the matter to the police and went through a series of interrogations and medical examinations.

After this incident, I was always fearful, thinking this rapist would find me. I became highly paranoid. Every place I went I was on the lookout hoping that I wouldn't run into this rapist again. My inflamed state of paranoia finally led me into a complete mental breakdown. As a result I spent two and one half months in a psychiatric ward and I was an out-patient for three years. I continued to indulge with the hoodlums in the ghetto streets.

At one time I finally thought that I had found me a peace of mind when I married a preacher man. Our relationship was good for a little while then suddenly all hell broke lose. We had severe conflicts of ideas over religion, domestic affairs, and finances. Contributing to our religious conflicts, my husband's brother would interject his two cents into the matter to inform my husband that I was a devil. In desperate search of the truth, my husband and I both found ourselves in the Blue Horizon Auditorium in Philadelphia. There I came in contact with Pastor Jim Jones, minister of Peoples Temple. He was having an Inspirational Meeting along with several hundred people he had brought along with him from Californiaon end summer vacation trip.

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I was astonished at the courageous manner in which Pastor Jones spoke. He talked about the apparent inconsistencies in the Bible. He spoke about the plight of the minorities in their struggle for equality and self determination. Every word that proceeded from his mouth reflected strongly on the realities of today. Although he spoke with much authority, he presented such modesty in his actions and interactions with others. I can truly say that I was impressed by this man and his humanitarian spirit.

Shortly afterwards my husband and my difference of opinions reached a climax so we went on our separate ways. Due to the fact that I did not have sufficient funds, I found it impossible to take good care of my children. I therefore temporary placed them into foster homes until I ~~could~~ got financially stable. When I finally could barely make ends meet, I requested my children back. The authorities at the foster homes acted as if they did not want to give me my children back stating that I was not financially able to keep them. After sitting up several nights crying over the situation and spending several days dealing with legal personnel and demanding my children back, they were turned back over into my custody.

I moved into a small apartment and went back to school to learn a trade. My mind continuously thought about the loving atmosphere I had witnessed in Jim Jones' meetings. The following summer when Jim returned to Philadelphia vacationing with several hundred people of all races, religious backgrounds and ages, I too made up my mind to travel with them. I packed up my children's and my own luggage and boarded the Temple buses with the rest of the people. I ended up staying in California for a few years. There I got to know even more the man called Jim Jones. I saw the consistent life he not just talked about, but actively lived. A total life of sacrafice giving of himself and sharing with others. He took on the burden of educating the people to be sensitive to the needs of one another. Although many self-centered people opposed his equalitarian beliefs and practices, in times of antagonism, I have seen him take a firm stance for what he felt was right. I never noticed him to take a stance motivated by the need to accomplish something for his own perronal gain or self esteem. Instead he would take a stance in support of those whom he knew were being unjustifiably mistreated. He would take a stance to uproot the outcasts of society out of the depts of their oppressive hell. And for this, he was hated by many within and without the movement.

Eventually for the safety of his people, Jim Jones made a reality out of the dreams of such people as Martin Luther King and Marcus Garvey. He provided a place for his people where they would no longer have to suffer from the pains of racism, sexism or poverty caused by the lack of money. The place he provided is named Jonestown. And I am proud to be a resident of this beautiful little community located in Guyana, South America. I am presently a primary school teacher helping to educate the minds of our youth. This is a privilege I never would have dreamed of experiencing in the States. But the most wonderful thing of all, for the first time in my life, all of my fears have been eliminated. It is a good feeling to be able to walk the streets after dark and have no one harass or molest you. Also to me, it is an extremely good feeling to be able to leave your windows and doors open and not have to worry about some raging maniac coming in and raping you. For my own safety and the safety of my children, I am grateful.

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TIM CARTER

Up until the time I was fifteen, I went to a Catholic school, got brought up Irish Catholic. My dad made it clear to me that I would not be a success in his eyes unless I was very good in sports--and I was very good, I was no success at all. I was very religious even as a teenager. I can remember I lived in a lot of fear. Masturbation was a mortal sin. I started masturbating in the fourth grade so I thought I was going to go to hell. I couldn't resolve the conflict in me that if God was so loving, why was I destined to go to hell. I told the priest about this. He told me to say three Hail Mary's and Our Fathers and I would be absolved until the next night.

My mother protected me from my dad's sickness: alcoholism. For 10 years around the time I was born--five years before I was born and for five years after--my dad was not drinking. Then he started again. I remember as a child that he would have periods when he was very loving and also he would be very angry. When I was six years old, he tried to kill me. We were taking a shower together and I reached up and touched his penis. I was very curious and wanted to know what it was. He flipped out and he started beating my head against the bathroom sink. I screamed for my mom and she came in and stopped him.

In 1957, we moved to Burlingame which was a completely white community. The beatings stopped and instead he began a program of verbal assault which he was very good with. Those beatings were much worse than any physical beatings I took. I hated my dad because nothing I did was right. I resented my mother up until the time she died because she mothered me too much. My strongest recollection in childhood was that of wanting to be away from home.

I didn't know how to channel or even how to recognize my hatred at the time So, I would go back to the yard and pick oranges off the tree and smash them against the wall. I would smash glasses against the wall when I got really pissed. My dad started pitting my brother and sister angainst me even befrore my mom died. I was the ogre and they were the family. The only person I ever communicated with was my mom.

My mom died of mental and emotional exhaustion due to my dad's alcoholism. I was fifteen and that's when my life really took shape. WHen my mom died my life changed dramatically. Ovenight I went from childhood to manhood with no in-between. She went into the hospital. She had had rheumatic fever as a child and at the time she was not treated properly. My mother was Jewish but the Jewish side of my family was never ever emphasized. My mother had become Catholic when she married my father.

Anyway, she had a rheumatic heart although she pushed herself hard all the time, she was physically weak and a thin person. Finally, she got to the point where she was totally exhausted. My dad was screaming in the living room that there was a bird in there that was chasing him that had the wing-span the width of MArket Street. This was three weeks before my mom went into the hospital. He was having DTs. This was the first time I as a conscious person recognized this and I asked her what was happening. He physically would go through delirium tremens which are a very scary thing to watch. It was that point that made me realize that my mom's life was very miserable. There were only three people that she ever communicated to about my dad's alcoholism because at that time he had a very high position and she was worried that he would loose his job.

At that time, she was under a tremendous amount of pressure. She talked to the doctor, my best friend's mom, and she talked to my aunt. Strangely enough, although she was very religious, she never mentioned it to the priest. She couldn't have had that much confidence in the church. It took its toll on her. At that point in time, I had a whole new cognizance of her as an individual because it's the first time I had an image of hr as an adult. Unfortunately, three weeks later, she died.

How did her death affect me? I will go through the whole thing. I worked at a place called Coyote Point at a concession stand. I came home and she went into the hospital for what the doctor termed emotinal exhaustion. He insisted that she stay. I came home and my dad was totally blasted sitting on the doorstep. Terri was nine years old, Michael was five years old and they were all crying. They said ,"Mommy was very sick, mommy was very sick". He gave me $20 to take them to a restaurant. He told me she would be home tomorrow. But when we got into the restaurant, Terri started crying again. She

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TIM CARTER

She told me mom was in an oxygen tent and was never coming home. I immediately freaked because dad had told me something different. At this point, my dad put his head in my lap and started crying, Terri put her head in my lap and started crying and Michael was standing up and he was only about knee high anyway and he put his head in my lap and started crying. I was very bitter. I wanted to start crying too but I couldn't because of my dad--he was a fucking child. I din't know what to do.. So we went out and said a rosary and my dad sobbed through the whole thing.

We went to the hospital. My father went in first. He came out--he couldn't even talk he was ~~extremely~~ drunk. He barely ~~barely~~ made it. I went in and my mom was literally in delirium because she was so worried. She was in the oxygen tent. She was extremely pale. She was saying, "My children, my children, my children, I can't die. My children. I have to get home." It really tore me up because he was reacting to his god damn drinking. He had chosen the bottle over his family his god damn life. Anyway, on the way home, I laid it down to him. I said, "You are going to stop drinking, you are going to take your Librium. If she dies tonight, I hold you personally responsible".

We dropped off my little brother and sister at a friend's house. About an hour and a half later, the phone rang; It was the hospital. I had to try to wake my dad up and the mother-fucker--not only was he drunk--but instead of taking two Librium like he was supposed to, he took about eight. He tried to ~~seemingly~~ kill himself, I guess. He was totally and completely incoherent and unable to do a damn thing on his own. I had to lift him up, almost carry him to the telephone. They said you better get here right away.

I remember the utter frustration of having to dress him because he was too fucking drunk. I was so hostile, I wanted to kill him. At that time, I had total responsibility for the family including him which was a very rude awakening .

On the way to the hospital, he slept. Then, I had to help him up the flight of stairs. We got to her room and they said, "I'm sorry, she's dead". I remember I didn't feel fifteen but I was more numb than anything. O.K. They said do you want to see the body. I went in. The mother-fuckers in the hospital didn't even have the sensitivity to close her eyes. I will never forget her face then at that moment. It was exactly the same--she had exactly, exactly the same expression on her face dead as the last time I saw her alive. I know for a fact that she died in total agony worrying about her kids. Her eyes were open; her mouth was open; her arms were still outstretched. They hadn't done anything to her body whatsoever. She was murdered by my fucking selfish dad...

My father slept on the way home from the hospital. I resented that. When we got home, he went to bed. I was the one, at fifteen, who had to call all the relatives and tell them that my mother was dead. I also had the responsibility of telling Terri and Michael the next morning. It was particularly painful because Michael who was five, didn't understand. So, I had to explain it many different ways for him to get it.

We took Michael to the mass. When we got to the casket, he asked what was in it. We said mommy's in it. He thought and then said, "But you told me mommy was in heaven." He was five years old and I remember just looking at him. I had no answer... I think that was the hardest part of the whole thing--looking at Terri and Michael and thinking about what they would have to go through.

Throughout my life, my dad tried to put the responsibility of my mother's death on me. Because I represented his failure as a father, I immediately became the villain and the antagonist as far as his life was concerned.

My dad's condition degenerated rapidly after my mother's death. He told my brother and sister that I wanted to send them away although it was my mother's relatives who thought life in a foster home would be better.

I had no social consciousness yet. When I was working with a college student who got drafted in 1966, I realized I might as well enlist because I would end up going anyway. I was so brainwashed that I decided to join the Marines. When they tested me and found out that I was functionally blind in one eye, they rejected me. I had to get a special clearance from some captain somewhere in Calif-

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to let me be in the MAring Corps.

The San Diego training place they had for Marines was absolutely inhuman. There were several jolts I had in my life. One was when my mom died--that was the first big one. Boot camp was like a jolt but it was like a pre-jolt before Vietnam. Vietnam was a total metamorphisis. My first impression of boot camp I remember was of blood, yelling, screaming.

I will tell you some of the brutality. When we got on the bus, you know we all thought we were hot shit, we were Marines. The first thing I heard was "Keep your eyes in front of you, you mother-fucking puke faces or I'm going to mother-fucking poke them out, you god damn motherfuking pukes. You're in the Marine Corps now, you sissified girls." From the time you get there until a week later, you hardly sleep. The whole process of brainwashing, of deprogramming and reprogramming--when I look back on it--is incredible.

The first thing they do is put absolute and complete, total terror into you--you don't know what the fuck is going to happen. They ~~have~~ shave your head so you completely loose your identity and give you over-sized clothes so you'll have no image. There were 300 of us in the room and the officer in charge shouted, "Alright, the last five out of this room are going to have a foot-locker thrown at them". Some ended up rolling down the steps with a god damn foot-locker after them.

Some of the instances of brutality I personally witnessed were terrible. You could never pass a drill sergent without without coming up three steps behind him and saying, "By your leave, sir". One time, I heard this man screaming and crying, "By your leave, sir". He was crawling on the ground the whole time he was in line screaming and crying, "By your leave, sir; by your leave, sir; by your leave, sir". He got to the front of the line and filled his plate with food. Then, they made him crawl all the way back while eating, screaming, "By your leave, sir". He was totally and completely humiliated. It was one of the most humiliating things I've ever seen.

It was not uncommon for recruits to have to eat their own vomit which I witnessed. You try to think of ways to get out. But there's no way out of boot camp except to graduate. If you do write and expose what's going on, it's not uncommon to get the shit beat out of you. I saw many go to the hospital. If you're called to the drill instructor's office, you go to the hospital. I personally had a rifle butt smashed against my head. The whole orientation is kill, kill, kill. "This is your rifle, this is your gun, one is for shooting, one is for fun." They teach you to kill VC (Viet Cong). They tell you, you are a professional murderer. They teach you that all fighting is fighting is to the death--there is no nice fighting.

In the Marine Corps, qualifying for the Rifle Range is like being able to get a hard-on in machismo society. If you don't qualify, you're less than scum, less than dirt. I know guys who didn't qualify who had to live--I mean live in a fucking garbage can. They had their food thrown in there. They had their garbage thrown in there. They had to do calisthenics in there.

You are totally cut off from communication. I get a telegram from this girlfriend and I have to eat it. Because it came late at night, the drill sergeant had to be awaken for me to receive it. He was pissed so I had to eat the telegram and do calisthenics for at least an hour.

The psychology is this. If they fuck you over enough and if they repress you enough, you will get filled with so much hatred, that when you get a chance to strike back (at the VC) and let it out, you'll be that much more of an animal. And it's the truth--it works. You are filled with the most hatred you can imagine--the honeymoon was over when you first got there.

In Camp Pendleton, I saw a man, what I consider, murdered. This man had a cold--he was sick. He kept on asking to go to the doctor. They refused. They forced him to go on a five-mile run. Well, the guy collapsed in the middle ofthe five mile run and died. And the reason he died according to the medical reports was appendicitis. Everybody knew he never had appendicitis. He was run to death.

The Marine Corps was a microcosm of America in general--but especially of the U.S. government. I realized this when I was in Vietnam.

I left for Vietnam on Sept 7, 1967. When I went there, my whole concept of life was reactionary. I used to call long-hairs faggots. My only concept of communism was J. Edgar Hoover's Masters of Deceit.

AF-2-10C

TIM CARTER

In Vietnam I thought I was killing communists. I had been totally indoctrinated at boot camp. We had been brainwashed against communism and we'd been programmed to kill VC.

There was a study done once which detailed the amount of time it took to recuperate from service in the military. It took 2 years on the average to recuperate from the Air Force, the Navy was on the average of four years, the Army was on the average of four to six years, the Marine Corps was on the average of eight years to never. This was in terms of actually getting back to some kind of normal or quasi-normal life.

So, I was with the Fifth Communications Batallion which was stationed in northern South Vietnam where most of the fighting was going on. I was stationed in Da Nang from September to December of 1967 and I had a chance to set up communications between small command posts and headquarters. So, for four months, I lived the life of what 90% of Americans in Vietnam did: drinking, smoking dope, etc.

After I'd been there for about eight months, my head started going through a lot of changes from things I was seeing.. I realized that I had been totally programmed not just by the Marine Corps but from the time I was a child. With every aspect and phase of American society, our minds are controlled by T.V, radio, newspapers. The process of analysis started when I took dope. We would get high and go to these joints where there would be bands singing about America--"God Bless America" and all that shit. So we would start putting America on a pedestal. This was important because at this point I already despised the US government, but I still glorified America as my homeland. You have to look forward to something to keep your own head together.

In December, I had the chance to go out into what they called "Indian Country"--that shows the subtle racism. They called where the VC were "Indian Country". We got sent to Hoi An which had the highest concentration of VC in all of South Vietnam. I was stationed in the forest with a South Korean batallion which was fighting for the Americans. We were stretched out in the forest which we did not know, we were surrounded by VC, and the people I was with were speaking Korean.. The day before I arrived, they had sent out two patrols. Their bodies got thrown back into the camp tied together. News of that spread all through the camp.

We started dealing with fear. When you're in a situation that every minute of every hour of every day, you could die--when you are around death--nothing but death, you begin to really mentally go through some fucking changes. You learn to accept life for what it is-that it is now--not ten minutes from now. Because in ten minutes, your life could be blown away. Death happens that fast--now you see him, now you don't. You begin to smoke dope, you become an addict or an alcoholic--you had to. But you never get so high that reality of imminent death comes up. Death becomes the center of your life. You have to face it cause where you going to run in South Vietnam???

I hated the government that sent me to Vietnam. I felt resentment not only to the government that sent me but also to the people who were protesting the war. I only learned about Vietnam after I left it--in terms of why the US was there. I learned about the dynamics of war when I was there. I felt an enormous amount of resentment against college students because they were smarter than I was; but also because I was nineteen and I had lost all innocence--I could never really smile again. I was very bitter. I could never live in this naive, protected world that Americans live in.

At one point, during the month of May, we had received an intelligence report that we were surrounded by North Vietnamese. We badly needed generators to keep our radios going. The generators we had were no good so there was no radio contact and we were totally cut off from communication. We had to drive to Da Nang to get a generator because the South Koreans would not share their supplies with us. When we got there, the U.S. supply house would not give us the two good generators they had. They were not in use but they refused to let us have them because the general was coming through on inspection!!! It was more important to have the generators on display than for us to use them for life-saving communications. That was perfectly typical. When that kind of thing happens to you day after

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day after day, your resentment and your bitterness, and your hatred not only for the Marine Corps but for the US government gets to be overwhelming. The US government was aware of our disillusionment. As soon as you're let out of the service, the government classifies all Vietnam veterans as potentially subversive. This is automatic. They know that they trained them to hate, they know they've trained them to shoot, and they know they've fucked them over. And so, they know they have an enemy on their hands. And they're god damn right--they do have an enemy on their hands for life.

On the average we had somebody die every day. On this day, we came out in a pick-up truck and we had just gotten to a little past this bridge and I'd forgotten something. So we turned around and went back in. There were very few trucks going out as it had to be a high priority matter for a truck to venture down this road filled with mines.There was a wrecker coming out with eight guys hanging off the back of it. We turned around and the truck had not goen more than twenty five yards when the truck itself was blown to smithereens. Out of the nine guys who were in the truck, eight died. Five bodies were put in green bags. I'd seen dead bodies before but this was the first time I had seen one that had been caught in a cab.. It wasn't flesh--it was just a black bubbling hulk. This guys leg had been blown off--it didn't look like a leg --it had been blown off below the knee cap and looked like a piece of wood.. And rigamortis had set in and the body itself was like this. The hands were wrapped around. I don't know if you've ever smelled the odor of burning flesh but it's a smell I will never, ever, ever forget. And they came up and poured water on the body because it was smoldering and it didn't disintegrate but parts of it just fell away. I couldn't believe this was a human being--that at one time it was a body like mine. I knew that if I had gone twenty five feet more, that that body would've been my own. When I saw all these green bags some of them containing no more than a hand or a foot of the original person, it made me stop and ask, 'What the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck is this all about?'.

Another time, they brought in some North Vietnamese Army bodies. They always do that when they have some kills--they bring 'em in and put them on display. We found the wallet of this one North Vietnamese soldier and it had a picture of his wife and his kids and a letter from them. I remember at that point something clicked in my head, something... I don't know. That's when I stopped and I thought. The whole insanity of war became so clear and struck me so deeply because here was this man who no more wanted to fight me than I wanted to fight him. In reality I knew that he had the same fears I did, that he had the same longings I had.

At that point my hatred of the US government became deeply embedded. We had one captain who walked in on us when we were smoking dope. He knew that if he told on us he'd die. It happened all the time. Fragging might have been big news in '71, but shit, it was going on all the fucking time--it was a fact of life. (Fragging= killing superior officers) In the jungle, everybody has a gun, everybody has a bullet.. When everybody has a gun, and everybody has a bullet, you quickly learn the politics of life. In the jungle, you learn to walk softly & carry a heavy stick. You have to fucking learn how to maneuver 'cause your ass could get shot any time--not just by the so-called enemy but by anybody.

They had frequent shoot-outs in Vietnam between Black and white. They had actual goddamn fucking shoot-outs between Black Marines and white ones.

Getting back to indoctrination and propaganda, the first time that I actually saw someone getting shot, it was during TET in February, 1968. I was out with these Koreans in the middle of VC-land. For the next week it was hell. We got hit everyday with rockets, with fire, with everything else. The people say when you see combat--well, the typical combat is propagandized. But guerrilla warfare is not like the Guadal Canal. The guerrilla thing --you don't see your enemy--very rarely. You hear his mortars coming down on top of you., his machine bullets whiz by you, but you rarely see the enemy.

90% of American men never saw combat in Vietnam. They sat in their air-conditioned offices, getting drunk at night, having young girls brought to them. That's where the fast money was. That's where they have steak and potatoes; they had mamasons coming in and polishing their boots making up beds and shit--that's how they actually lived.

That whole war had been calculated for years. They started de-escalating in 1968 after TET--they got their asses kicked. All of a sudden from one end of South Vietnam to another, there was VC everywhere. Everywhere we got hit; every city was hit--it was overwhelming--the psychological impact was terrible. All of a sudden one morning BOOM there was VC in broad daylight.

AF-2-1965

TIM CARTER

I began to identify with the Vietnamese people. I hated being an American. I wanted to be Vietnamese. I went into the villages and I really liked being with them. I felt sick being an American. Americans are ugly, brutal, crude, they're rude, over-bearing, they're arrogant; they're ignorant, they're absolute barbarians. I was one of them but at that point in time, I didn't want to be.

I had gone through my transformation. I went to Vietnam hating the the Marines--but still I had this 'Wow, America' feeling. By my tenth month there I hated everything about the U.S. including the fact that I was an American. I was an enemy of the government because I had been fucked over, my friends had been fucked over. My friends had been killed. One captain--one fucking puke-ass captain--I can't think of the words to describe how I feel--sent two platoons up the hill to knock out one mother-fucking machine gun. He could've sent two people but he sent two platoons. He sent eighty people to their death--they were fucking machine-gunned down--every last one of them. The machine-gunner was dug into a hill and there was no wooded area for the men to hide in. The point is all of these people died because of one soldiers ass-hole.

People like that used to get prices on their head. I knew a major who had $7000 on his head. The troops would get the money together and whoever offed him got the bread--no questions asked.

You realize there's no love, no warmth, no affection, no gentleness, no kindness because all those things are lacking in Vietnam. There's a comeraderie. You might come in contact with a Vietnamese family. They lived on a garbage heap. When the Americans would dump their garbage, you would be mobbed by the Vietnamese waiting at the garbage pits to go through what you were throwing.. I learned that poverty meant humaneness--I met more humane people who were living in abject poverty in Vietnam than I ever met in affluent America.

The reaction when I came back to the US were overwhelming alienation and bitterness. Plus you mind was so fucked up anyway. You hear a loud BOOM and you fucking duck or you crawl on the ground. At one time in my life I used to worry if behind that bush there was a gun. That's still with me--it'll be with me the rest of my life. The main thing after I got back was alienation, hostility. I still didn't have the political consciousness at that time--I knew, though, who the enemy was. I was into drugs--I got very much into marijuana, hashish. We were so desperate for a god damn high that we used to buy god damn nose inhaler, cut up the stick inside and sniff it to get speed. Or we used to take Marazine--motion sickness pills which would make you hallucinate.

When I was there, one of the things I saw, I thought of society in general just like I saw football--that's a war. It's not as literal as the war I was going through but you had the same sort of 'Kill'em, get'em' trip--it runs through the entire society. The end result was that whole competitive syndrome is war. It was the end result of what was always being acted out in front of my eyes. But it's very cleverly cushioned--it's cloaked with nice things--with stereos, with rugs, with pretty clothes, it's cushioned with booze All these things to completely remove reality of what the society is: a competitive nightmare.

After Vietnam my life changed. When I left, I swore that I would get even someway.

From the time I got back from Nam until the time I met Jim, my life was an exercise in frustration and wandering. I was a dope addict--I was a hippy--I wandered the streets. I didn't know where I was going' I just knew that somewhere there was something for me. I knew it inside. I knew that I was going to meet somebody; I was going to meet something. Something was going to happen where I would know that was my life.

The one thing that you craved over there was some type of affection. And men don't show it to each other--they can't show it to each other. So, that's embodied as a woman, as a female. I used prostitutes when I was there but finally I stopped because there was more alienation after it was done than even before. So, I'd rather jack off and leave it like that.

Everybody on that plane wore their uniform except for me. When I got off the plane the first thing I did when I went through customs--I mean the very first thing I did before I called or anything--I went into the bathroom and I changed my uniform. That's how much--how little I wanted to be identified with Vietnam. I went home and I got the same old bullshit story from my dad. You're irresponsible, you'll never make it, blah, blah.

I remember how painful that was after thirteen months, after all that misery. I thought, "Jesus fucking Christ, if I haven't proven myself by now...". And I thought at that point, I had proved myself to me--I know what I'm made of. I know what I've actually been through. I know that I can withstand a certain amount of emotional stress. I have a lot of confidence in myself because of what I've been through.

AF-2-10/F

They were preachin' the bible but living everything they wanted--drinking and running with women and breaking up peoples homes--everything he's big enough to do and telling me to be good. I was fed up with that mess, sick of it. I'd listened to Oral Roberts and all those evangelists and there wasn't nothin' to none of it. I didn't want to hear of it. She begged and persuaded me to go and told me he was different. "Thats what they all say ",was my reply. She convinced me to go one day just for the ride. So there I went to meet this man Jim Jones. I went there specially to pick him to pieces. I went there with my mind to see everything in him that was crooked. So I was sittin' down and he came out,I looked him up and down and through and through to see was he real. I had seen so many crooks and pretenders. So I looked and looked and I saw nothing. I turned to my friend and said," I'll tell you something,that man is a man of God",She said,"you do? I said,"I sure do". But that day in the Embassy Auditorium in Los Angeles,I was the first one dressed ready to go back the next morning and I been coming and going ever since.

I am grateful to be where I am at in Jonestown today--because I lived under fear all the time when I lived in the states. I always thought when I saw a stranger around he was always looking for me. But, I am so happy today because I am 92 years old and I'm active and able to get around and go and have my right understanding. I have my right mind, I'm not senile and I just love it down here where I'm at in this lovely,lovely place in this wonderful air and sunshine. Its perfectly beautiful to me. I admire the beans and the banana trees and everything is growing so fine. I have flowers growing in my window. I'm just enjoying myself immensely,and I believe anybody that would be down here in Jonestown ought to be happy to. And I am now revising a song in the tune of "Is It True What They Say About Dixie? ".... .....Is it true what they say about Jonestown? Does the sun really shine everyday? .....

FF-2-106

VIRGINIA DEAN TAYLOR (Mom Dean)

b. 1886

.....'we can't let them hurt those little children and those women up there. When they turned the fence to get to me we started pouring that dynamite at their feet and everywhere.....

I was an unwanted child but I enjoyed a fairly good life. I went to good schools such as Frederick Douglas School in East Walnut Hill, Cincinatti, Ohio where I was born in 1886. I sang all kind of songs and tried to cover up everything that would break a little childs heart. I didn't have the love of my mother and father. My mother didn't really want me and she didn't allow my father to hardly pick me up or touch me and that I craved so much to be loved and picked up as other children were. I never had that blessing. But I made the best of it. I swung in an old rope swing outdoors and got jolly and rolled old hoops and old tires and made the best of my childhood. I was the only child. Its a cute little thing happened to me: I hooked a piece of chalk from school and I hid it on som e of the rafters in the basement and I measured myself everyday to see how fast I was growing up so I could get out of that mess I was in. I lived 3 blocks from Howard Tafts Mansion. His mansion was on Grandon Rd. Three blocks over where I lived was called the ghetto, you know. The rich people, Alice Longworth lived on one corner. I passed by Howard Taft's house every day going to school and you know he became President of the United States. But I'm glad for that xperience because I can understand people better this day. I can know peoples problems and things. I can relate to people because I went through quite a bit of it.

And when I was 17 I ran away with the show called "Holiday in Dixie". I stayed with that show two years. At that time I had a pretty nice voice and I sang. And after I came out of the show business and had to be forced back home, I was 18 then and they couldn't keep me. And I later married ~~by~~ a man the name of Harrison Taylor from Columbia, South Carolina. We had a fairly nice life for about 28 years and then he started drinkin' and running around as most men do and then it got kinda dull. I promised him without a shadow of a doubt if he ever hit me...that would be him. And I meant that from the bottom of my heart. I kept my old trusty 45 where I knew it was at and I had been taught to shoot by shooting tomotoe cans and corn cans off of the fence. I was a pretty good shotsman.

Finally Harrison worked with the Pittsburg Coal Company. . The Company needed an airway drilled and cut through for the miners in Kentucky and they moved him down there and I moved with him. And I had took training as a nurse and I was signed up with a nursing group. And I went from door to door on a mule there was no such thing as a car in Pike Co. Kentucky where they tell me now the roads are fixed. In those days you had to ride through the creeks, up the mountains and all over the hills on a mule was the only way you could get there. And I'd hang my bag on the saddle and away I'd go five miles back in the woods to help the doctor deliver a baby and whatever happened. My husband had sent back to Pennsylvania and got 15 black men to come o and help load coal becuase they were short on coal loaders.

But one night the whites of that community decided that the black people were getting all the money. We heard an expression one day, "We're gonna run all the niggers out of town tonight." And right back my house on the top of the hill was the Company Powder House. I only had the .45 and I had those ten men as borders and there was a German among them named Mike, he and my husband kind of buddied together. He was a good fellow. He said , " I'll tell you what we'll do Taylor, we'll go up here and break in the powder house and get the dynamite out. We don't have a lot of bullets and we don't have a lot of ammunition, we'll get some." So he and my husband broke in the powder house and brought down 3 cases of dynamite what they call Moneybelle, and the fuse that went with it. So I had a little girl there about 17 who was my little dishwasher and my little helper and I sat down there on the floor and taught her how to cut that fuse in two small pieces four to five inches long--and stick it into that dynamite-- and cut that dynamite half in two and pack it in the boxes. I gave my husband and this man Mike 2 boxes to take up on the hill. These men were shooting into all the black peoples houses and as they came up the road four or five miles down the road, we could hear them shooting as they came. When they got to the turn of our road my husband and Mike set off this dynamite on the hill and it was just rainin' rocks! One right after another--LOOK LOOK LOOK ! It sounded like cannons going off. There was about ten families above my house and a lot of little children and I says to this girl ; " We can't let them hurt those little children and those women up there." When they turned the fence to get to me we started pouring that dynamite at their feet and everywhere. As I looked over to the road I saw this man coning our way by hisself and I figured he was going to try and overpower us or do something and I shot the 45. Later the next morning I learned that I had shot, through the Superintendents, hat, to my great surprise. He called

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hisself trying to make peace with the men,how was I to know that? I had already shot him right through that felt hat he had on. This happened about 1920 and I was about 33 years old. So we just poured that dynamite every which way and they broke and ran back. I had saved those 10 families that lived above me. They had shot those others that lived there on the road... shot through their houses and their men had run to the mountains and the women were in the clothes cupboards and children ran under the beds and everywhere to keep from being shot. The next morning my husband went down to the Company Store to see how they felt about what happened. He heard Old man Belcher what lives in Pike Co. Kentucky been there for for years living only 18 miles from the county seat and had never been to town. And with his country hillbilly twang he says," I'll just tell you there ought to be something done to those niggers up on Red Row,they run my son last night till his tongue was hanging out! ". Of course we got a kick out of that. My husband immediately went to Jenkins,that's a company town,and bought alittle box car and we loaded it that morning with all our belongings and put a padlock on it and got the 9:45 train on out to West Virginia. They tell me that the judge said if he ever got his hands on me he was going to make an example out of me. But I certainly blew that town up that night.

We lived comfortably there in Coalwood, W. Virginia , right out of Welch and not too far from BlueField . One day my husband had an abscessed tooth and the doctor told me to take him to Welch to have the tooth pulled. I was driving an open Chevrolet,you have to get out and put the curtains up when it rains.. I took him over to get his tooth pulled and the Dr. lanced it and pulled it and we headed back home. Now while I was gone the driver of the Company Store Truck had come and picked up $35.00 worth of empty pop cases. I had this store called the "Elks Cozy Corner". I served sandwiches and homemade pies and cakes and candy and chewing gum and things like that,in the store I sold. He had picked up those cases and took them back to the store. When I drove down to get my credit for them he said I was a damn nigger liar, that he didn't pick them up. But the Polish lady next door had seen him pick them up. I told the manager of the store whose name was Mr. Green the best way we can prove this out is I just had a little party at my store and I had some bills struck (handbills) that said Elks Cozy Corner on them. Some of the girls that were serving at that party swept that dirt in those empty cases. Go look in those cases and you'll find some of those bills and he looked in his storeroom and sure enough he found those bills and he counted them right on down. He said,"Don",that boys name was Don;" Don,I don't know why you'd lie like that". Heres Mrs. Taylors bills in there showing that she did have those cases. So he gave me the credit and I bought up the 35 dollars worth in candy and chewing gum and Pop for my store. Now this boy had called me a damn nigger liar.

Well I went back to my store and I had a gate that I let down to keep people from coming back behind the counter. I let the gate down and was standing there casually drinking a bottle of NEHI pop. It was one of them thick fancy bottles they made then. So Mr. Green had told this boy Don that when ever he picked anything up he was to give me a ticket and keep one hisself, saying what he left and what he picked up. And when he finished writing the slip this day he says," Here nigger, tell the boss that!" and when he said that he hit me with his fist up under my chin. And I popped him on up the side of his head with that NEHI bottle and the bottle broke and I kept the neck of the bottle in my hand and I cut him all in the top of his head with the neck of that bottle. Of course being in West Virginia something had stirred then ! Everybody wanted to find me.

Now my husband was an Elk and the Elks took me and my baby and put us in a laundry truck right up against the cab with big bundles of laundry tied up with sheets all up around me and left me room enough I could get air. I had adopted this baby right after I had just lost my own newborn baby at childbirth. I took this baby and even nursed her from my breast until I bought her a cow to feed her because she had a stomach problem. So I gave the baby one of those tranquilizer pills that the doctor had left me when she'd have those stomach cramps. I gave her one of them so she wouldn't cry and she'd sleep as they drove me out of the county. They drove me over to Huntington W.V. where I caught a train and came on in to another state. I brought the child and my husband came 3 mos. later. They promised if they ever got a hold of me ... ...they said that guys head was cut up like hamburger...well I had gotten mad and maybe I didn't realize what I was doing. But he had struck me up under my chin and called me a damn nigger liar. So these are some of the things that happened to me in my life.

.....?...

Many years later, long after my husband was gone and I had come out to Los Angeles,California a friend of mine came to me and says ," C'mon ,I want you to go with me to hear a man named Jim Jones." Well I want to say I had long since fell out with all religion. Those preachers weren't doing nothing.

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CYNTHIA DAVIS

I left Texas when I was 21 because of my mom-- because of my mom, and my dad and myself. IT was mostly my mom. She was religious and she believed in stuff like witchcraft. Shehad a feeling that her relatives were trying to kill her and her immediate family with witchcraft. So she just wanted to leave town. She had a feeling that they were trying to kill her because of my grandmom's property. So, she finally decided she wanted to move.

My mom's belief in witchcraft started when she was a little girl. It's like a generation thing that people just pass down. Witchcraft was just one of them. My grandmom told all of her daughters certain things about witchcraft-- things to watch out for the people ares supposed to be able to hurt you with. It's like a protective thing that parents tell their children. A lot of Black families-- Southern Black families-believe in it. My mom told me about witchcraft when I was 12 years old-- she told me a lot about it then. It was just a thing where parents try to protect their children. She would talk to me about it-- tell me certain things that went on in her life-- things that I should watch out for.

She had seen voodoo dolls and how people use them. She had seen people get sick behind witchcraft. She had seen the stuff that different people would vomit up. It was supposed to be things that poison would do to you. She had seen people just shrivel up and waste away to skin and bones. She had seen bloody masses come from people's mouths. It really puts a control on a person. I don't very well appreciate it now because it put quite a control on my life for a long time til I was about 23 or 24. In fact, I didn't get out of it myself until I joined Peoples Temple and actually started believing that no power was a great power-- it was all just a religious, superstitious thing.

She patterned her whole life-- she patterned her immediate family behind witchcraft and strict Catholic religion which was kind of upsetting. We couldn't eat certain things, we couldn't go certain places. For instance, seafood, fish, and stuff-- she would never let us eat seafood from different people becausefolks think seafood was the easiest way to poison a person through witchcraft. She would always look out for people when she had guests come to the house If the first place they would want to go was the bathroom, this was supposed to be a way they could hurt you. She would always watch out for people that picked up our clothes, people that handled our hair. When we combed our hair, we couldn't throw our hair in certain places, she would always make usmake us put our hair in the toilet and flush it. She would always watch our nails-- clip our nails at home because she figured people could hurt you withthat.

When my brother was 16 and strated going out with girls, she always told him about his underwear. What could happen if somebody who wanted to do witchcraft got a hold of that. Everything was just so tight. She had us really scared; it was like children watching late, late movies. It was really weird-- it was horrible. This was a daily thing with her. It was a practice, a ritual. It was just a brainwashing for years and years and years and years. She believed that the only way to get rid of this witchcraft was to do a heavy religious trip. If anything wrong happens, the only way to get rid of it was to go straight to church and pray.

Of course, there was a lot of rebellion because young people are not as religious-- they're just nor going to fall for it. My dad couldn't stand church either. He wouldn't go. They'd get in arguments all the time about it. It caused a lot of hell. So when this thing came up of my grandmother dying, of course her sisters and brothers they fight over money. She just figured that her sisters and brothers-- about five or six of them-- are trying to kill her and trying to kill me and my dad and my brother. So we just took off-- we moved. My brother was already in the service. He was in California and he had asked that we come out there and join him anyway 'cause he liked it there. So we just decided to go ahead on and move to California.

When we moved there, we moved with a cousin of mine. My dad was still working. He was a merchant seaman for years so he would send us money to keep us together. Living with our cousins didn't work out of course so we got an apratment. Nobody had any money. It was

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just me and my mom and we were living off what my dad was sending us and it was kind of hard. Then my brother was shipped to Alaska and that was a worry on her mind too.

She just carried that religious trip and that witchcraft trip all through her life, all through all our lives. She didn't stop it in fact I don't think she's stopped it now but she's getting a lot better. But everytime it comes up in conversations, she's eager to talk about it. But I don't believe in it, I really don't.

I'm quite sure my grandmother used probably the same method of brainwashing of all of her children that my mom did on me. I'm sure my greatgrandmom was the same way. It's a generation thing. Southern Black families, you find generation after generation pass the stuff down. It goes way back, way, way back. It's something just like putting your socks on, your shoes on, having a cup of coffee in the morning--it's something you do. You tell a child-- a young girl fifteen or sixteen the facts of life-- in the same way you tell them about witchcraft. It's the same thing. YOu know, like you tell your son the young lady he's going to meet-- you tell him about the young lady he's going to meet and how he's going to get married. It's the same thing with witchcraft. That's the way she got it; she got it from her mom. It's a protective type thing. You tell her about things to watch out for, things that could hurt her; my mom did the same to me. I'm not exactly sure detail by detail but I'm sure of that; she did mention that.

.....

My becoming a lesbian was a very predictable thing. It came about as a result of the natural thing, the natural hurt thing that takes place when females interact with males. Women are brought up most of the time religious with customary male-female relationships. When you're eighteen, you get married and you live happily ever after. You raise a family and the whole trip. I'm not going to say I wasn't brought up like that. In fact, that's the same ideas and hopes and dreams I had. But when you get into relationships of course you get hurt and most times I felt that relationships I got in, that's what happened-- I got hurt. I got hurt so many different times and so often... different strokes for different folks. People react to hurt from hurt from relationships differently. People react by going into dope scenes or they go into suicide or they go into prostitution. Some people are strong enough-- they learn and they drop relationships altogether.

Some women for instance, they go into a life of gays. They turn over for women. They develop a hate (like me for example) I just developed a hate after so many hurts. In my relationships, I'm the type of person I'm loyal, I have a one-track mind. I don't believe in being with four males at one time. I guess I put all my eggs in one basket too many times. And this one particular time, it must have been the last hurt for me and I just decided skip it-- skip relationships period. I had thought about it. All girls wonder, all guys wonderabout the life of gay and homosexuality and what it's all about. What is it all about? I guess I had the same thoughts about it.

It was funny the way I even started out in a lesbian life. It was strange. I had dropped relationships altogether. It was unexpected. But there was this one young lady who was younger than myself who was very persistent. She even told me after we got together how she planned the whole thing. I was going with this guy and she liked me and she played up to me like a little sister. I was dumb. I didn't know-- I didn't realise what she was doing. She'd come up to me and she'd pat me or we'd wrestle-- things like that. I hadn't any thoughts of it. This particular guy after we had gone together for about two years; what happened, he got interested in her and she got interested in me. And I decided to go ahead and try it. It really hurt that she was a friend ofmine--she was a young friend of mine-- andthat he would make any advances to her. I guess it was a hostile trip of my own-- a revenge thing and I said why not? I sure was angry about it so I just tried something new.

I hadn't expected I would do that. I just tried it you know. I enjoyed it. It was a new thing for me. She was more experienced

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at that thing cause she had been a lesbian since she was about 14 years old. After getting into it, I liked it much better. I got a clear look at males and the games they play-- the trips they put women through. I guess it was like going through a certain stage for myself. I became more hostile; I became a female chauvinist, a male-hater completely. I wouldn't have one. I wouldn't have a man for five years. I didn't want to even look at a male for five years and I was real snappy when it came to men. They couldn't tell me anything and they couldn't talk to me and they couldn't whistle at me. And they couldn't ask me any questions and everything they tried to rap to me about I could tell them about it before they opened their mouths. (laugh) You know, it was a horrible scene with men. I must have went through that for about five years. I still say I prefer women to men.

To me it is quite obvious that you know yourself much better than you know someone else-- meaning women know what women like. Women know what makes women unhappy and they know what makes them happy. You know what I'm saying? So, it's like looking in the mirror. You treat a woman gentle because that's the way you would rather a man to treat you. But you don't get that of course because men usually exploit women. Men use women like toys, like meat. They destroy their lives, they destroy their hopes and dreams. I mean they just... to me, men are... I don't know. Sometimes I think I don't understand them and sometimes I think I understand too much about them.

With women, they are obviously more sensitive, they're obviously brighter. Sexually they're more enjoyable of course because men are forceful all the time. They're harsh. They don't give a damn, right? Of course women think about that. Women want to make the other person feel good but men don't think like that. Men think just the opposite So everything a man thinks and does, a woman does just the opposite and it's always in the woman's favor so you enjoy women more than men.

There are issues in this male-female thing that do not break down easily. Why, for instance, if women are brighter and more sensitive etc aren't they more aggressive and acknowleged as leaders? To me, there is a reason for it. It's not the fact that women are as a whole scared or afraid to be in those positions or afraid to think those positions or afrid to take that stand in life. But I think that it's like... I've spoken of the generation thing. Something goes from generation to generation to generation like witchcraft. It's the same thing with women and religion. It's a customary thing you do. Like women go way back as far as I'm concerned in oppression. It's always been said, 'It's a man's world.' It started out that way from Eve and it's gotten better. But women haven't had the backing. They have the intelligence, right? But the man has always had the stronghold on it. It's like having to eventually in the future be released from chains. It's a holdback: the men have got the world and you just have to face it. They control the money, they control the goods, they control everything that exists. It's up to women to beat the oppressor or to overcome the oppressor in whatever move it takes. That's the way it is - It's just something you have to accept. What you don't have to accept is keeping the chains-- you don't have to accept that. You can work yourself out of it, women can work themselves out of it if they pull together and bring themselves from under oppression. But that is just the way it is, it doesn't have to stay that way. That's the question. But it is that way. It started out like that, that's what it is-- men control things. There are some women that think they enjoy it. They're the kind of women that don't give a damn. They'd just rather let the man run the country or have the politics or have the businesses or be the doctors or be the lawyers or what have you. Then there are some

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women like today-- they're trying. They're saying "Damn this, we can be a better politiican, a better driver, a better doctor, a better lawyer, a better teacher." And eventually women will have those positions. They will run things-- that's the way I feel about it. But it takes time.

To me, it's just the way the world was set up from the beginning. But women of course have to change it. We don't have to stay that way, damn. They can change it if they will. If I know women, they're smart and they will.

Communism is the only way you can get equality.Communism-- everything belongs to the working class and the working class have no segregation of women and men; it's just people. And under communism heck yeah, you can do it. That would be the only wayI'd try it and believe in it that it would come about. Through communism is the only way anything like that would come ab ut. The release of oppressionof any people would come about through communism.

For years I watched the women's movement in the states. I never believed in it; I always thought it was a bourgeois trip. I always thought it was a bunch of middle class women that got together in these little jive meetings to discussbullshit-- taking off bras and beating up men. I always thought it was something they had to do besides having tea and cookies. They were bored so they got together and started talking about liberation, right? But I've never seen anything happen from it-- all these unnecessary picket lines and these marches, newspaper interviews and television interviews and I've never seen it change anything. The only time I've ever seen any woman liberated was in this movement and the idea Jim Jones brought about. That's the only liberation I've seen in women period. That's the only time I've ever seen any oppression of women lifted.

I've only been a lesbian for about four or five years and I've been into a lot about myself and women. Women in the states--lesbians, for instance-- outside of this movement are supposed to be liberated but I don't see anything they have done for themselves. They all seem to be working for the same thing so to speak but they haven't gotten anything accomplished. It seems like groups, homosexuals-- I'll put them in a group-- they don't get anything accomplished. I don't think bourgeois ladies like the ones that portray the Women's League-- I don't think they get anything accomplished. I don't think male homosexuals or religious groups get anything accomplished. Ithink they work separately.

Actually when you look at it in the states, the states are so divided with all these little tiny groups, these little organizations doing a lot of talking and accomplishing nothing. What they really want to accomplish is communism if they'd think about it. When you really look at communism and what it offers, it offers everything that all these little groups are trying to accomplish.

Give the goods and give the means of production-- all that shit to the working class-- that's all they're trying to accomplish actually. That's the only thihg that's really going to make them happy.

CYNTHIA DAVIS

But all these little tiny groups and all these little fusses and arguments and all the little picket lines-- I don't believe in them. This movement is the only accomplishment I've seen of any kind. The oppression of women for instance, we've got that beat; homosexuality, gays-- they do not have any trouble expressing themselves-- there is no sexual persecution of them. You don't have any persecution for anykind of a background. Drug addicts-- they're notpersecuted-- not here. Ex-cons-- they're not persecuted-- not here. Gays-- they're not persecuted. They're just people. We don't persecute racists; we don't persecute intellectuals. We don't persecute anybody. All we have here is people-- working class-- working together for the same ideas. So, if we do that, we've accomplished something because we don't have all those trips and they have all these trips in the states. It's obvious we have communism here and that's what they need. And then maybe they can accomplish something.

The working class in the states is, for one thing, unorganized. Not only is there not a movement for communisn in the states, but there is a movement against communism. The working class doesn't organize because they are half-assed communists meaning they want better conveniences and living standards for the workers, but they are half brainwashed and half communist. They want these things but they don't want to go about the means to get them. You know what I'm saying? They want to get things done legally and peacefully. It 's going to take...how shall I put it? It's going to take a little bit more than a prayerto bring about a change for the working class in the states.

They are half-ass doing it. They listen to the politicians and then they go home and they give it a prayer and they think everything is going to work out. To me, it's not. They're going to have to organise. They are too widespread. There, the working class is divided into so many tiny groups.

There are poor people everywhere but they are not together. For instance, the miners, they have their own situation and their own union, right? Then you have the poor people who are extremely religious. And then you have the poor ghetto people who sit at hoem and do nothing butwish and dream. And then you have what they call the 'revolutionaries' in the states-- they're called the 'radicals'. "I want to blow up everybody to make a change." Then you have the people that I call the "talkers". They're going to picket and they're going to rally and they're going to speak out andthen they're going to go home and they're going to get drunk. They're all divided into these little groups.

Then you have maybe communist parties, so-called communist parties They gather together in these big, fat meetings and you're still not accomplishing things. Instead of the working class as a whole getting together and realizing that the real problem is the system and they're going to have to unite to change that system, then they're beating their backs against the wall. Nothing's accomplished and everybody's starving off and dying. So what you have is an oppressed class under fascism and you have a country dying.

.....

I did have this ex-boyfriend I was crazy about. We did a lot of things together-- you know how you get really close. You go out together, talk a lot, sleep together, eat together. He was close to my mom and close to my dad and brother. He spent holidays together and stuff like that. Then what happens? You really think you're close to a person and all of a sudden everything's gone. You're left hanging. You get a hurt like that, you know, and it makes you change your mind really easy about men and relationships with males.

One thing I didn't understand about myself washow many times I would take a hurt like that from a male. The fact that this guy and I were

CYNTHIA DAVIS

engaged to be married and suddenly he just cooled off. All that affection; suddenly it's gone. We had picked out an apratment and everything. Maybe about two weeks before we were going to get married, we got in this argumentand he took the wedding ring he had brought to my house and threw it across a two-story building. And he just walked away. It was cold, really cold. I tried to commit suicide. I knew I couldn't take that. This was about three months before I joined th movement too.

I don't even remember what the argument was about. It was over something simple. They always are simple. The smallest things bring out the biggest results. The smaller the arguments, they just bring outeverything-- all your bad points, all your good points. You start confronting each otherover something small like a toothpick.

All arguments turn out to be so small and they change people's lives. Like this argument, I'm sure it was over something simple, petty. Yet it changed my whole scene. IT turns a person to suicide. Going through that trip, I never believed that I would end up woth any relationships at all. Of course, being at that age, you get right back into a relationship-- another relationship, another hurt. Get out of that and jump into another one. Then, you get out of the last one, and jump into another one again. It just so happens that all these relationships I'm jumping on and out of and getting hurt were men.

I began to wonder. It's like religion when you finally found out the lies on the Bible-- you understand-- and you hate religion.. It's the same thing with males. When you finally found out what rats they are, you hate males. And I found out after about 50 or 60 relationships that I didn't like men.

.....

How did I end up with a relationship with a maleright now? I will tell you it has a lot to do with communism. I'm going to tell you because I hated men. If it wasn't for the way an idea like communism can change people-- communism can make you see individuals and people as people. Not color, not male-female, or drug addicts. It doesn't class people-- it doesn't put people in classes and categories and make statistics out of them. YOu know what I'm saying? It just says this is a person, this is the way she or he is. Try the person, get to know the person, don't stereotype. And that's what communism is all about, right? And this is what I've learned to do, the way I've learned to think through communism. So I think now this guy I'm going with is a person. He's an individual. He has his own principles-- he's not just a man which is something society produces. They seperate people by classes, by categories like rats. There are insects and canines ets according to someone's classification mania. Here people are jus peopleand that is one reason I can see this guy as just a person and I can see good things in him as a male just like I can see good things in a woman.

.....

I think young people inJonestown actually have the greatest future they could ever have under a communist ideal. In this movement, everything-- all the pain that they suffered in the United States, for instance is totally subtracted. The states offered nothingfor the youth. It offered no decent entertainment, no structure whatsoever, no protection from gangs. In fact, that's what the youth were in the states: gangs, hoodlums-- they led renegade lives

FF-2-103 F

CYNTHIA DAVIS

Here is just the opposite of all the pain that they sufferedthere-- racism and what have you. They weren't allowed to make good grades there because they would be disturbed by gangs. The youth there were doing nothing but ripping off and getting into dope scenes-- that's the regular thing. But here, they have the opportunity of education, they have a future, they can get into trades. They have a friend in Jim; they have good friends here that they can get involved with. They have good medical care; they have the chance really get close to seniors for instance, and get close to babies and children which is something that you don't see in the states. You always see ageneration gap-- there is a generation gap in the states-- it does exist. But here, they're able to blend with all ages, they're able to be just what they are-- young adults. There is no gap here in Jonestown; there is no dope scene in Jonestown; there is no unprotected education. Youth can go into trades, they can learn something without being discriminated against. They don't have to worry about race or none of that stuff. Actually they have more of an opportunity in Jonestown than they will ever havewhen they are alive in the states.

Affidavit of Annie J Rozynko

I am a Registered nurse. I became a member of Peoples Temple in 1970. I knew Timothy O Stoen ("Tim") before he came to ~~the~~ Peoples Temple as he was a friend of my husband's. Around 1966 Tim was working with Medicaid Legal Services. Tim, my husband, and I began going to ~~legal services~~ Seminary at ~~the~~ Peoples Temple in Redwood Valley at approximately the same time. Soon after that, I became aware of the fact that he was representing Peoples Temple members in legal matters.

I divorced my husband and around 1971 or 1972, He indicated that he wished to reduce child support payments. Tim advised me ~~on~~ how best to handle the ~~child support~~ situation.

Again in 1973, Tim advised me on a legal matter. My mother died; I consulted Tim for advice regarding my mother's estate and the execution of her will. He discussed the matter at length with me at the time.

In 1974 or 1975, my job at Medical Center Convalescent Hospital in San Francisco was in jeopardy and I sought and received legal advice from Tim regarding the best way to secure my position with the hospital. He told me how to proceed ~~with~~ in dealing with the administrator of the hospital including preliminary steps to take regarding a civil suit against the hospital if that became necessary.

He advised and assisted me, as all Temple members, without charge.

FF-2-104 [illegible] 9/5

Recd 10 9/3 HT
after Discipline of Client

AFFIDAVIT OF HELEN SNELL

I am a retired person. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1971 and I have known Tim Stoen since that date, and until 1977.

He gave many, many parishoners legal advice. I sought his legal advice about an auto accident case in 1975. We discussed my case, and he gave me his legal opinion. He referred me to an attorney in San Francisco to handle the case.

ok EC 9/5
on HT

FF-2-105

Rec'd 9/3 HT

AFFIDAVIT OF FRANCES B. DAVIS

I am a housewife. I have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ (the church) since 1972. I have known Tim Stoen since then, he was introduced to me as the attorney for the church.

My husband and I received legal advice from Tim Stoen about a pension fund problem in 1975. ~~Tim Stoen~~ He gave legal advice to many members of ~~Peoples Temple~~ the church, often after church services.

okec. 9/5
OW HT

FF-2-106

AFFIDAVIT OF GEORGIA LACY

I am a housewife. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1969. I have known Tim Stoen since he joined Peoples Temple in 1969. I was referred to him by a member of the church as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

In 1972 and 1973 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice about a real property matter. He gave me legal advice in 1974 about the guradianship of children. In 1975 and 1976 He again gave me legal advice about domestic relations problems with my husband, George Lacy. In 1972 or 1973 he gave me legal advice about the operation of a care home.

Tim Stoen often spoke as the Attorney fr the Peoples Temple in church services. I have heard him give legal advice and opinions on church affairs as well as on the affairs of individual members.

FF-2-107

HT
4/3

AFFIDAVIT OF PATRICIA LEE GRUNNET

By profession I am a primary school teacher. I have been a member of the Disciples of Christ (Peoples Temple) since 1972. I have known Tim Stoen since 1971. I was referred to him and to the churvh for help by Karl Irvin, President of the Disciples of Christ in Northern California which is the Denominal Regional Organization. I met Tim Stoen as the attorney for Peoples Temple and explained to him that my boyfriend was in prison and I was anxious to secure his release. After several consultations Tim Stoen wrote the Federal Parole Board on behalf of the Peoples Temple, offering on behalf of the Church, to be responsible for my boyfriend if they would see fit to parole him. He also did this on a number of occasions with several other prisoners over the years.

I frequently, almost weekly in fact, attended church business meeting from 1973 to 1976, where Tim Stoen gave organizational business advice as the church attorney.

O.K. E.C. 9/5

FF-2-108

AFFIDAVIT OF MAGALINE LYLES - -

I am a housewife. I have been a member of Peoples Temple from 1972 until the present. I haveknown Tim Stoen from that time until 1977. During that period, I was introduced to Tim as the attorney for the church, and I heard him introduce himself in like fashion in many public church services.

On several different occasions throughout 1975 I consulted Tim Stoen about obtaining my husband's disability payments and Tim Stoen gave me legal advice on the matter.

Over the years Tim Stoen spoke as church attorney on numerous occasions, giving legal advice and opinions on church affairs during services and meetings held at the various Peoples Temple churvhes. I heard him do this, myself.

FF-2-109

Affidavit of Alma Coachman Thomas

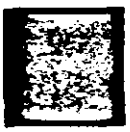
I am retired. In September, 1971, I joined Peoples Temple (the Church of Christ (Disciples)). I was introduced to Timothy O Stoen as the Temple attroney in 1974.

In 1974, he advised me concerning eligibilty for Aid to Dependent Children (which is now known as ~~Social~~ Supplemental Security Income).

In 1976, he advised me again converning the transfer of real property.

OK SC 9/1

FF-2-110



AFFIDAVIT OF LAURENCE SCHAGHT, M.D.

By profession I am a medical doctor. I became a member of Peoples Temple in 1971 and I have known Tim Stoen from that time until 1977.

When I first came to Peoples Temple I had been a passenger in a vehicle involved in an auto accident. I had started a lawsuit, a claim for damages. I consulted Tim Stoen about the suit and he gave me legal advice.

I was in a number of business meetings over the ensuing years where Tim Stoen talked as the lawyer for the church, giving legal advice. I heard him discuss business transactions, the conduct of litigation, legal regulations, and give opinions on various laws and tax regulations.

FF-2-111

Affidavit of Geraldine Bailey

~~By profession~~ I am a retired Deputy Marshall (Los Angeles County). I joined the Church of the Disciples of Christ (the Temple) Temple in 1971 and in 1973, I was referred to Mr. Timothy O. Stoen by a fellow memeber. He intorduced himself as the attorney for the Temple.

In 1973, I was involved in a civil suit in which it became necessary for me to answer interrogatories. Tim advised me in the answering of the interrogatories.

ok SC 9/5

FF-2-112

Aff idavit of Selika Bordenave

Neigh 86 7/3

By profession, I am a retired mens' suit inspector. I became a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples Christ in 1972. I met Tim Stoen on July 10, ~~1972~~ 1972 whenI stayed overnight at his house in Redwood Valley. So what At the time, I had just join d the Temple.

Do Not use - Approval E.C. agreed NT

Do not use

FF-2-113

Rough 9/3 HT

AFFIDAVIT OF MARYANN SCHEID CASANOVA

By profession I am a medical assistant. I have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("People's Temple") since about 1971, and I have known Tim Stoen (Tim Stoen) from that time until 1977.

Sometime in 1973 or 1974 I spoke with Tim Stoen about the custody of my child Sophia. Tim Stoen gave me legal advice on what I should do.

In 1974 I received Tim Stoen's legal advice about my husband's failure to pay child support. He got copies of my husband's divorce decree, and he gave me legal advice on what I should do, on several occasions. Sometime in 1975 Tim Stoen again gave me legal advice about my status as a welfare recipent, and the payment of child support. Tim Stoen dicatted a letter for me to send to my brother's attorney in Beverly Hills, California, as my ex-husband was making the child support payments to him.

In 1973 I particiated in a picket line organized by Peoples Temple around the San Francisco Examiner Building. Tim Stoen was present and gave legal advice concerning the conduct of the picket line. Tim Stoen also spoke to policemen there, and identified himself as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

ok ic 9/5

FF-2-114

Affidavit of Ruby Carroll

I am a seamstress. In 1969, I joined Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ and one year later was introduced to Tim Stoen as the Temple's legal counsel.

In 1975, he advised me in a civil suit I was bringing.

In Around 1970, he drew up guardianship papers for my son, John Gardner.

He also advised me from time to time about various legal affairs of my children and their companions.

ok SCS/S

FF-2-115

b7c

AFFIDAVIT OF [redacted]

I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1972, and I have known known Tim Stoen since that time. He was introduced to me as the church attorney.

In 1972 I consulted Tim Stoen about my prior narcotics and other convictions. In 1973 he gave me legal advice about a welfare problem, and in 1975, in December, he gave me legal advice about a problem involving an automobile accident.

The church was very successful in rehabilitating me, and a number of others ~~[illegible]~~ addicted to drugs. A major T.V. network did a story about it, and Tim Stoen spent hours with me, pressuring me to do the T.V. story.

ok cc. 3/5

FF-2-116

9/3 Rough

AFFIDAVIT OF CHRISTIAN ROZYNKO

By profession I am an electrician. I became a member of Peoples Temple in 1970. I knew Tim Stoen from about 1969 until 1977. He was very instrumental in my joining the church. Tim Stoen told me that he was acting as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

Over the years, my father, Vitali Rozynko, although divorced from my mother for some time, was continuosly hostile towards the church, and my mother, brother, and sister's participation in it. Periodically I consulted Tim Stoen on how the situation should be dealt with in the event he should attempt to use any legal device to restrict my participation in Peoples Temple. I received legal advice from Tim Stoen on what might be done if such an attempt were made, and how to avoid or prevent matters from reaching that point. More than once he indicated to me that there were other young persons in the church who feared a similar problem and that he and Eugene Chaikin had done considerable research on the subject, and that they were in a position to deal with it.

I also received legal advice from Tim Stoen regarding financial problems I was having. Tim Stoen gave legal advice to church members on a regular basis as part of the program of the church. He also publicly gave legal advice and opinions on church affairs as the attorney for Peoples Temple over the years. I have heard him give such advice and opinions myself.

FF-2-117

Affidavit of Cathy Garett

~~By profession~~ I am a waitress. My family joined the Temple in 1955. I met Tim Stoen in 1970 when it was announced by Tim that we could consult him for legal advice.

~~[illegible]~~ Tim asked me to speak to a Mendocino County sheriff who was a friend of mine in order to get the sheriff to drop the charges against a client of Mr Stoen's. This occured in 1976.

Do not use - consult E.C.

FF-2-118

Rough HT 9/3

JOHNNIE MAE YATES

By profession I am a physical therapist. I have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Church of Christ (Disciples) since 1970 and I have known Tim Stoen from that time until 1979. He was introduced to me as the church attorney.

In 1973 I was injured in a car accident and I consulted Tim Stoen about the possibility of bringing suit. He gave me his legal opinion on the matter and advised me about the steps I would have to take. He then referred me to a lawyer in Los Angeles.

In 1974 I consulted Tim Stoen about I back surgery I had had, and the possibility of bringing a suit for medical malpractice. He gave me legal advice on that matter as well.

ok. e.c. 9/5
OK H

FF-2-119

AFFIDAVIT OF JULIA BIRKLEY

I am a retired cook. I joinded Peoples Temple in 1971 and I have known Tim Stoen from that time until early 1977. He introduced himself to myself and others as the attorney for the church. He often referred to himself as such in church services.

In 1974 I consulted Tim Stoen about an insurance policy. I received legal advice from him regarding this insurance policy and my financial af affairs.

Over the years I often heard Tim Stoen speak in church services at the Peoples Temple churches as the attorney for the church and give legal advice andopinions on church affairs.

FF-2-120

Affidavit of Leon Perry

I am a profess ional truck driver. I joined Peoples Temple in 1971. I met Tim Stoen in the same year; he was introduced to me as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

In 1971, I was involved in a truck accident and he gave me lgal advice on the matter. I also consulted him around that time about a divorce and the possiblity of bringing a civil suit for the failure of a contractor to repair my house properly.

FF-2-121

Gloria Rosa
8-15-78-

FF-2-122A

Flora Rosa
8-15-78

FF-2-12B

Gloria Rosa
8-15-78

FF-2-122C

Gloria Rosa
8-15-78

FF-2-122D

Mary Bailey

FF-2-123

Ida mae Cliffs apt 5 age 60

FF-2-124

Contact Mike Klingman because he gave him legal advice how to avoid the draft. Mike was down to 55 days before being called in the service and I think

FK-2-125A

Jim wrote a letter
to the government
concerning Mike's case.

Ellen

FF-2-125B

Affidavit of Debbie Schroeder

By profession, I am a school teacher. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1972. I met Tim Stoen in one of the meetings when he was introduced to me as the attorney for the Temple.

In 1974, he advised me to call the sheriff when my husband had gotten lost in the mountai for 24 hrs. ~~He advised~~

Q: When did Jim form the Disciples?

FF-2-[illegible]

AFFIDAVITS

I Hana K

A. Conversations c. TOS in SF Fall 1976; ~~1977~~
- asked advice
- what he advised her on

B. General facts - TOS gave legal advice, at appearance, familiar c. he case, Medicaid - Cal etc

C. Knew TOS - force - say John is given child

D. Gov't & meetings TOS gave legal advice.

E. Finance - always exist to go to TOS for legal advice
Attorney to ch. matters - in case in Fall 1976 had ambi-
TOS rec'd advice re. client legal matters & had always
rec'd it

F. She came to S in pursuant to his advice, based
father-conversations. Only sure way of absolutely
remove from jurisdiction of cts

G. Being better that he (TOS) and, were things he
told him is in reference to he told him in
confidence. Trepidations of returning to US
by bc. he had represented her father, but
ready & willing to give deposition in proceeding
concerning Child Support.

H. Present when TOS advising re Medicaid (perhaps)

II Sue Crum

A. Law Office - TOS present - describe meeting
advice re Medicaid
- other matters

B. Generally describe his role as Atty for PT
as she sees it in her role as legal secretary
from Mendocino days on down. She should
describe in detail the kinds of matters he
dealt c / based on her taking his dictation
for yrs / - Property transfers /

C. Describe research that went on around
time of Moore case & spec. discussions
of Morris case

FF-2-127A

D. TOS's general level of knowledge concerning Temple affairs
also abt John.

III. Hazel Tropp

A. ~~Exp~~ Background - UCB, Hastings research asst, law clerk

B. TOS's general background + activities - Cobb, Medlock, & Kaiser (specifically the April note)
TOS talked to Mel abt Mrs prop transfer on behalf of church

C. John Jim Child (bro TOS + Grace)

IV. Clara Johnson

- her relation to Medlock
- she had extensive dealings c̄ Mens
They told her that TOS had come to them + solicited that they give the church.
- Present at mtg in LA where TOS, acting as atty for PP, demanded transfer c̄ Medlock.

V. Jim

A. For yrs pres of corp + ~~exec + c̄ the Board~~ ~~[illegible]~~ + TOS consulted all the legal affairs + Jim assisted him. Had intimate knowledge of church.
- Jim consulted him on all legal issues, took his advice.
- Specifically c̄ respect to proposed Medlock gift + TOS advised it would be legally sound to accept + suggested methodology + appropriate documentation be used
- TOS handled every aspect of legal work of church + many of its members.

FF-2-127B

left house to PT - maybe germane - if that if he deeds his property he would want to do same.

ASK: TOS if signatory on any acct

BA Ukiah Branch #(2) - copy of bank card - a children concession stand in Ukiah - Ask if any other accts he had his name on.

SOME OF DEAD REAL EST. FILES, SIGNED BY TOS AS CHM OF BOARD. EARLY TAX FILES may have DECLARATIONS SIGNED BY STOEN.

FF-2-127C

II Jim-

~~consulted TOS as a lawyer~~

Mann consulted him as a partner in
father + Jim consulted c TOS as lawyer
concerning church as off. might
take + rec'd legal advice from him
in April 1977 mtg

ASK BEA: talk about TOS- law office
see what she remembers

VI Tish
+ Rosstherapy
- Const. consulted TOS re: how diff business records should be kept.
- Advice concerning certain tax matters c respect to the Church
- insurance. resp for insurance. Gave legal advice to TOS

KAY- ask whether TOS ever advised her regarding any real estate transactions.

June- shd check out lawsuits ~~in~~ in Mendo. that TOS ~~to~~ did for PT

VII Richard Jones
- how long member
- reach / TOS activities legal adv c respect to operation involved in prosecution for PT
- TOS handling lawsuit.

VIII PROKES
- advice took illegally + otherwise re: PR
- ~~[illegible]~~

FF-2-127D

Rough 9/2 HJ

AFFIDAVIT OF FRANKIE GRIGSBY

~~By profession~~ I am a retired cook. I became a member of Peoples Temple sometime in 1969, and knew Tim Stoen from that time until he left for Guyana in February 1977. Tim Stoen had been introduced to myself as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

Sometime in 1974 I was injured on my job, at Trinity School in Ukiah. I consulted Tim Stoen for his legal opinion, and we talked on more than on occasion about the accident. He gave me legal advice on how to proceed so I could get some compensation for the injury. He eventually referred me to another lawyer, who took the case. Tim Stoen told me that he had talked about my case with this attorney, and when I was offered a settlement, Tim Stoen reviewed the offer, and gave his legal opinion that I should accept it.

Tim Stoen would often speak in church services at the different Peoples Temple churches as the attorney for the church. If a legal opinion was asked for about church business he would give his legal opinion and advice. He also gave legal advice to many individual church members, both during and after church services.

FF-2-128

Rough - 9/6 HT

AFFIDAVIT OF BARBARA CORDELL

~~By profession~~ I am a pre-school teacher's aide and a housewife. I have been a member of the Disciples of Christ (Methodist Church) of Peoples Temple since 1968. I have known Tim Stoen (Tim O. Stoen) since he joined the church, in about 1969, until early in 1977. As I recall, not long after he became a member he became the attorney for Peoples Temple, and represented himself as such.

In June of 1974 I spoke with him about obtaining guardianship over a child I was caring for. He gave me legal advice regarding this, and directed June Crym, a legal secreatry and a member of the church, to draw up guardianship papers on my behalf. He was with me at the court hearing in San Franxisco, and advised me on what to say to the judge.

I ~~was on the~~ attended ~~governing board~~ business meetings of Peoples Temple from May of 1973 until ~~it ceased to function~~, sometime in 1977. Tim Stoen was also ~~on that~~ attended ~~Board, which met~~ these meetings regularly. He attended most meetings until he left for Guyana in Feb. 1977. At each meeting, Tim Stoen would be called upon to give, and would give, legal advice and opinions regarding church affairs, including the purchase and sale of real property, corporate matters, publicity and radio broadcasts, public relations, potential matters, and other church business, Even if he were not present, if a legal opinion were called for, he would be telephoned from the meeting, and asked his opinion.

O.K. E.C. 9/5
HT 9/5

HT-2-MG

AFFIDAVIT OF BRENDA JONES

By profession I am unit assistant for hospital central supply. I have been a member of Peoples Temple since 1972 and I have known Timothy O. Stoen from that time until 1977. I was introduced to him as the attorney for the church.

In 1975 I received legal advice from Tim Stoen on my status as a welfare recipent. I spoke with him about the matter subsequently and he gave me further legal advice.

I have often heard Tim Stoen speak as the attorney for the Peoples Temple at meetings and services in the various churches, giving legal advice and opinions on church affairs. Whenever a legal opinion was called for, Tim Stoen would give that opinion.

FF-2-130

Affidavit of Irene Edwards

I am a ~~member of~~ cook. I have been a member of ~~the~~ Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ ("the Temple") since 1970. I knew Timothy O. Stoen was the attorney as he had publicly announced in church ervices that he was the attorney for the Temple.

In 1973, Tim Stoen came to me and my husband ~~and advised~~ advised us to sell our rest home and move ~~to Redwood Valley, Ca. He also~~ gave us legal advice on some property we were thinking of purchasing. ~~In~~ advised us on the operation of our care home.

~~In~~ Tim, my husband and I 1977, ~~we~~ traveled form Georgetown to Jonestown, Guyana together. we had numerous conversations at that time and we became close friends.

OK EE 7/4
OK HH 7/4

FF-2-131

Rough 9/2 HT

AFFIDAVIT OF BONNIE JEAN SIMON

~~By profession~~ I am a housewife. I have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ (the church of God in Christ) since September of 1975, and I knew Tim Stoen (Timothy O. Stoen) from that time until late in 1976. He introduced himself to me as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

Periodically through 1976 I talked to Tim Stoen about my brother-in-law, Ray Simon's, divorce case. He gave me legal advice on the case, and agreed to handle the divorce. He drew up some papers and arranged a court date. Tim Stoen also gave me legal advice on a child custody matter. This advice and assistance was always given without charge, as part of the church program.

During the period I knew Tim Stoen, I would often hear him speak in Peoples Temple services and meetings as the attorney for the church, giving legal advice and opinion on church affairs aswell as the legal affairs of various members.

ok. c.c. 9/2
OK HT

PH-2-132

HT Rough 9/2

AFFIDAVIT OF THOMAS R. FITCH

By profession I am a welder. I have been a member of Peoples Temple of the Disciples of Christ (Peoples Temple) since Februaury 1973, and I have known Tim Stoen (Tim Stoen) since that time until 1977.

In Sept. 1974 I was involvee in an automobile accident. Tim Stoen gave me legal advice and opinions on my legal position, and what I should do about the matter. He drew up a statement for me to sivn about the accident, which I did sign.

Frequently, over the years, Tim Stoen , speaking as attorney for Peoples Temple in public church services and meetings & the various Peoples Temple churches, gave legal advice ahd opinions about church affairs, in addition to advising individual church members about their legal affairs.

ok. E.C. 9/5
all left

FN-2-133

Rough HT 9/2

AFFIDAVIT OF STEPHEN ADDISON

By profession I am a psychiatric technician. I have been a member of Peoples Temple, of the Disciples of Christ (Methodist, Baptist Family) since 1959 and I have known Tim Stoen (Timothy O. Stoen) from ~~1969~~ around 1969 to 1977. ~~Xxxxx~~ After joining the church, Tim Stoen very quickly became involved in church affairs and was introduced to myself and others as the attorney for Peoples Temple.

In late 1971 Tim Stoen gave me legal advice on obtaining a divorce and appeared on my behalf in the Superior Court of Mendocino County in the matter, in front of Judge Brauddus.

Over the years, Tim Stoen frequently gave legal opinions and advice on church affairs, speaking as the attorney for the church in public church services in the Peoples Temple churches, as well as giving such advi e and opinions to individual members.

OK. E.C. 9/5
GW 19T

FF-2-134

Finish 9/26?

+ an attorney

Harold Cadell (41 yrs old 25c)

Background: Active with C.T. since 1955. Trained to do cost accounting. Worked with books and records of C.T. since 1971, as a part time volunteer function, and on a full time basis since about March of 1975.

I have known Tim Stoen since 1970. Shortly after he became a member he became active in the central organizational structure because of his legal background and qualifications. He was the only attorney for the church for all tax and corporate functions till June or July of 1972 when Gene Chiklis began to help, and again for 1973 to Aug 1975 while Gene Chiklis was in Guyana. Untill 1976, during the periods when Gene Chiklis was active in church affairs & the U.S. Stoen acted senior counsel. As such, he was acquainted with and participated in all church legal problems.

I can recall being advised by him and working with him in: 1) Church tax returns during 1973, 1974 & 1975; 2) with respect to corporate and financial affairs during 1973, 1974, 1975 & 1976; 3) with respect to church insurance which he reviewed and approved for during 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976; 4) with

FF-2-1354

(f) church litigation and any claims made against the church.

regard to tax returns for individual members which we did on a voluntary basis during the same years 5) with respect to the management of church owned real properties during 1973, 1974, 1975; 6) during these years he either handled or supervised all (a)

# During the years 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, to my knowledge, as an Attorney, he spent at least 20 hours per week. Next to Rev. Jones, he was the single person most acquainted with the total program of Central Temple Church because he would give "legal clearance" on every proposed program; provide "legal review" of every active church program

# During the years 1970-1976 he was usually available before, during and after Church Services (Sundays, Sat nights and Weds nights) to give free legal counsel and assistance to all persons who attended church and might desire such. In this practice he became intimately acquainted with the confidential affairs of almost all of the active membership of the Church, and also of hundreds of more casual members.

Dear PC?

FF-2-358

Laura Johnston

Profession: social worker. First joined P.T. 2/70. T.O.S. joined a few months prior. Knew him till he left Ukiah in May or June of 1977. I stayed at his home from Feb to June 1970. During that time I constantly heard him involved in church legal business.

I was employed by the Mendocino County Welfare Dept as a Social Worker in August of 1970 and worked there until March 1974. During most of that time T.O.S. was employed as Assistant District Attorney by the Mendocino County District Attorney. He was the attorney that advised the Welfare Dept. During those times I would often ask his advice on how to assist Temple members in resolving problems that they had with Welfare Departments, including Mendocino County.

In May of 1970 he advised me on obtaining a divorce in S.F. County. I would regularly for years counsel people at church on their welfare problems and T.O.S. would regularly counsel with me giving legal advice to Welfare Recipients in LA. Co, S.F. Co and Mendocino Co.

He also advised me on many occasions to select numbers of church volunteers to come to various court proceedings in sympathy with the causes of church members. On such occasions he would tell me the background of such cases, how to act and what to say.

FF-2-136A

When Tos was in Guyana in the spring of 1972, I recall that he gave legal advice to many members there and also to church officials about the conduct of their affairs both in U.S.A. and Guyana, including buying a house in Georgetown, investing funds in Guyana including the purchase of Govt Bonds.

During my Job i earlier in Mendocino County P.T. owned 25 care homes which were county licensed. Several other care homes were owned and operated by members & licensed by Mendocino County. ~~The~~ ~~The care homes~~ The licensing agency was the welfare dept. One of my duties for the church was to counsel and advise on welfare matters, including care home licensing matters. During the time we worked together in Mendocino County, at least on a weekly basis or more frequently, T.O.S. advised church officials and care home operators concerning all legal aspects of the operation of care homes and obtaining and keeping residents or patients.

FF-2-136B

Rough
9/12 E.C.

Mike Prokes

I first visited C.T. in Nov 1972. At that time I was employed by KXTV, Sacramento as a News Bureau Chief in Stockton, C.A. I had come to C.T. to do a news story. One of the first persons I met there was Timothy O. Stoen, who introduced himself to me as the "Church" attorney and "Jim's Attorney" ~~for Peoples Temple~~ and as Assistant ~~Deputy~~ D.A for Mendocino, Co.

I was so impressed with the humanitarian service work of the Church that I decided to join full time. I became a member of the Church staff responsible for radio broadcasts & publications. From that time until Feb. of 1980, as per organizational procedure all of my working materials were reviewed and given legal approval by T.O.S. before publication or distribution.

In 197_ the church began to publish a newspaper called "Peoples Forum." T.O.S. ~~also~~ as the church attorney ~~also~~ reviewed all material for legal clearance before publication.

I would also seek and obtain legal advice from him with respect to information concerning the Church structure and organization which I would then give out to public officials and the media. He would also, often, give me legal advice as to the legal effect of public statements I


FF-2-137A

would make on behalf of the church.

During the years 1973, 1974, 1975 & 1976 I was in very close contact with T.O.S. and sought his advice almost daily with respect to church business. I would call him at his office, his home, and also see him regularly at Church. He also gave advice concerning the organization of church members to attend court hearings in support of particular causes, (and would use the facilities of his office to obtain information about certain persons, such as drivers license information, upon request.)

I was frequently present when he gave Rev. Jones advice about all matters of church legal affairs including publications, media releases, corporate and denominational structure, faith healing tax exemption and other topics. As the church attorney he was responsible for all ~~denom~~ legal relations and dealings with the denomination to which P.T. is affiliated, The Disciples of Christ.

Virtually everything I did had some legal aspect which, as church attorney he instructed me to check out with him, and I did so.

FF-2-137B

Please give [illegible]

Joyce Parks

I am by occupation a Registered Nurse and Nurse Practitioner. I have been a member of P.T. since 1949. I have known T.D.S. since 19__ when he first joined p.t. Very soon after he joined he became the attorney for the church. He was the only person with legal knowledge in the congregation. He continued to practice as the principle attorney for the church till sometime in 197__ when he left. During those years the church carried on a variety of para-medical programs. Since there were many legal implications to this activity, we always sought and received legal advice from T.D.S. with respect to these activities. He drew, at our request, a variety of authorizations, releases and other legal documents to facilitate this program.

T.D.S. would also handle the legal affairs of many individual members of the church. Frequently these affairs were in connection with established church programs. For example, over the years the church was very concerned with the care and protection of minority and disadvantaged children. Many members ~~of the~~ volunteered to raise such children. T.D.S. consistently gave legal advice concerning the custody of such children, and represented the involved adults in Adoption and Guardianship proceedings. In my case he represented me & my husband in court for the adoption of my son ~~Jay~~ I Warren Parks

FF-2-138A

No, as I recall, the last part of 1974 or early 1975. The child help services were consistently referred to by T.O.S. and others as "church programs" and the church had a very good reputation in N.Cal. for the care of children.

In summer of 1973 I was at a church service in L.A. when there was a near-riot in front of the Church. As a result certain church members were detained by the police and two arrested. I was with T.O.S. when he went to the Police Station in L.A. as attorney for the Church, Rev. Jones, and certain members ~~which~~ and proceeded to represent those persons with respect to that incident.

FF-2-138B

Rec'd done 9/2

Violatt Esther Dillard nurses aide

PT 1970 - Knew TOS since that time.

He introduced himself in church services on many occasions as the ~~church's~~ ~~PT~~ atty for PT.

In 1971 I spoke with ~~him~~ TOS after a church service in RWV about my daughter Claudia Norris who was then in ~~Youth~~ Youth Guidance Center in S.F. TOS gave me legal advice about how to proceed ~~to~~ so as to best protect my daughters interest. He dictated a letter for me to send to the Welfare Dept in San Jose about her case. I talked with him subsequently on more than one occasion about this matter and ~~ad~~ discussed the ~~legal~~ alternative courses of action take.

In 1974 I had a job related accident. I went to TOS and discussed with him the details of the case and TOS gave ~~me~~ legal advice as to how to proceed to see that I received my proper benefits. During the the next few years I discussed the case with him ~~[illegible]~~ periodically and he advised me on each occasion as to what legal steps I should take. The last time I recall discussing the case with TOS was in the middle of 1976, when I gave him ~~all the papers~~ copies of ~~all the~~ all the papers I had relating to the matter dated from 1974 on. TOS said he would review the papers and discuss my case with

2-17-94

~~the~~ ~~the~~ the attorney from my union (Local 250).

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Millie Cunningham retired domestic PT 1971 - I knew TOS ~~from~~ since that time. I was referred to TOS as an atty for PT. In 1972 I was ~~in~~ injured in a car accident. I went to TOS's office in Ukiah and spoke with him about the accident. We discussed the merits of the case and he agreed to handle the ~~matter~~ case for me. At that time he had me sign some papers. ~~He told me that~~, ~~I remember~~ I saw him several times after that about the case. One time he told me that he had written a letter on my behalf. Sometime in 1973 TOS ~~told~~ advised me not to take the first settlement offer, but later in 1973 TOS advised me to take another settlement offer, which I did.

Beatrice Jackson - retired person.
PT. around 1971. - Knew TOS from that time.
~~He was introduced to me as the atty for PT.~~
I was referred to him and he introduced himself to me as the atty for PT.
About 1973 after achieved service in Los Angeles Calif, I met with him about property I owned in Abilene, Texas. ~~He asked~~ I asked him ~~about~~ for his legal opinion regarding the sale of that property and he ~~gave advice~~ gave me legal advice regarding how to handle the sale.

---

Diane Lundquist ~~child~~ pre-school teacher PT about 1969. Met TOS from about that time. He represented himself in church services as the atty for PT, beginning not long after I joined the church.

Around 1974 my son Dov Marc Lundquist was having problems in school. He was attending Calpella School and I was dissatisfied with the conduct of his teachers, ~~I contacted TOS~~ which I felt at the time was physically abusive of my child. I contacted TOS for his legal advice on ~~how to go~~ what to do about the situation and he asked me to come to his office in Ukiah. We discussed

FF-2-398

the matter there and he advised me to call the teacher in question and instructed me as to what ~~I could say to~~ ~~I could say~~ I should say to her, ~~and~~ that ~~what~~ would be within my legal rights. I made the call in his presence, following his advice. (I subsequently learned that, at the time, TOS represented the Ukiah Unified School District which included Calpella School.)

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~~Maurice Hines aka Pitnell Tardy - actual molestering person.~~
~~PT. around 1971 knew TOS since abt that time.~~
~~He was introduced to me as atty for PT.~~

Joicy Clark - retired domestic.

PT around 1969 I knew TOS from that time I was ~~referred~~ introduced to TOS as the church atty.

Around 1973 I asked TOS's advice about an insurance policy I was paying premiums on. He read the policy and gave me legal advice about how to get the most benefits.

In 1976 I had an accident on a bus.

In the Fall of 1976 I consulted TOS about whether or not I should accept a settlement offer. He asked me about the accident and we discussed the case. He looked over the offer and gave his legal opinion that I should accept the offer, ~~based on~~ based on ~~his~~ ~~[illegible]~~ our discussion of the case.

FF-2-140A

Rough
PT. 9/2

BARBARA CORDELL - profession: child care. PT. member since 1968. I knew TOS since he joined the church around 1969. ~~and~~ Soon thereafter ~~soon became~~ He moved to Redwood Valley and ~~[illegible]~~ he ~~[illegible]~~ represented himself as atty for the church.

In June 1974 I ~~[illegible]~~ spoke with him about obtaining guardianship ~~for~~ over Jameel Lawrence. ~~He advised me~~ He discussed the procedure with me and gave me legal advice. He directed Jene Guym, a legal secretary who was a member of the church, to draw up guardianship papers on my behalf. Although I represented myself in the court hearing, he met me at the courthouse on S.F. and advised me on ~~[illegible]~~ what to say in the court hearing. He was with me at the hearing.

I was on the Government Board of PT since May of 1973. Tim Stoen was also on that Board which met weekly. At each meeting TOS would be called ~~up~~ ~~to give~~ upon to give ~~and~~ would give legal advice regarding church affairs, including the purchase + sale of real property, corporate ~~affairs, and~~ matters, public relations and other matters. If a legal opinion was asked for, Tim Stoen would

FF-2-1408

be consulted.

Rough 9/8/80

FRANKIE GRIGSBY - retired cook

PT - around 1969. - I knew TOS from that time TOS had been introduced to myself + others as atty for PT.

Around 1974 I had an accident on my job at Trinity School in Ukiah. I asked TOS for his advice on what I should do. He talked with me on more than one occasion about the facts surrounding the accident and gave me legal advice about how to get some money to compensate me. He finally referred me to another lawyer (a Mr. Luther) who took the case and it was settled. TOS also told me that he had talked about my case with Mr. Luther and TOS advised me to accept the settlement that was offered.

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SANDRA JONES, laboratory assistant

PT since 1956. I have known TOS since about 1969. Soon after his joining the church he announced (in a church service in Redwood Valley) that he was acting as atty for PT and anyone who had a legal problem could discuss it with him after service. He made the same announcement numerous times in S.F., Redwood Valley + LA.

FF-2-141

Rough 9/2

Joseph Lafayette Wilson construction
PT 1971. I knew TOS from 1971.
He was introduced to me as atty for church.

In 1971 I discussed with TOS the procedure for getting my criminal record in New Jersey ~~clear~~ expunged. We discussed the facts of my case, and TOS gave me legal advice on how to proceed, ~~He directed~~ and told me he would work on getting the matter straightened out.

About 1975 there was a warrant out for me on traffic violations in L.A. county. I asked Tim Stoen for his legal advice and he ~~[illegible]~~ advised me to turn myself in and gave me legal advice as to what to say and how to conduct myself in court, which advice I followed.

In 1975 I was in Santa Rosa, Ca when a friend and I were mobbed by a group of persons. I was to appear as a witness in a criminal trial arising out of that incident. The church was very concerned about the incident, as it had racial implications and occurred during a trip on a church owned + operated bus. The church felt that this was an attack on P.T. as a multi-

FF-2-142A

racial organization and was very involved in ~~the prosecution~~ assisting of the prosecution on the hope that it might forestall future outbreaks of racial violence. TOS spent several hours discussing the case with me and preparing me to testify in the case.

In 1976 I had an altercation with the police in Ukiah, California. I went to TOS's office in Ukiah several times and asked his advice on what I should do. I told him the facts of the case and he gave me legal advice on what I should do ~~to best protect my interest~~, so the matter would be handled to my legal advantage.

FF-2-142B

Carolyn Layton

I am by occupation a certificated secondary school teacher. I have been an active member of O.T. since 1968. Over the years I have had many secretarial and administrative positions in the church including a position on the church Board of Directors. I have known T.O.S. since he joined the church in 1969 or 1970, till 1972 when he left.

Part of my responsibilities were the area of banking and investment of church funds. I frequently asked for and received advice from him concerning banking and the investment of church funds, the purchase of Certificates of Deposit and the like, and the legal consequences of various investments.

Often bi-monthly the P.V. & S.F. congregations would go to L.A. on a fleet of busses for the weekend. T.O.S., as I, would generally travel on the same buses (#7). T.O.S. went for the purpose of giving legal counseling members of the LA congregation which he would regularly do during service. During these weekends we routinely would have organizational meetings set nights which T.O.S. would regularly attend and give legal advice and opinions concerning church projects.

Several times he represented the church in situations where we believed ex members had taken funds or other property from the church. His representation included employing and paying

FF-2-143A

private investigators. He also represented the church when, at several instances, we believed that we were libelled by the press, including sending letters, telegrams and talking to various persons. When outside counsel was employed in these matters T.O.S. always was the representative of the church with such outside counsel. On occasions the Church adopted the tactic of filing a lawsuit on behalf of members, rather than the corporation itself, as in the case when T.O.S. and Mike Rokes sued colonist Rev. Lester Kinsolving. All legal fees were paid by the Church. This was done on the basis of legal advice by T.O.S.

Although T.O.S. never received a salary or fee for his legal work, there were financial compensations. He received monies for travel expenses for church activities, funds for house payments and [illegible] and to repairs, and to purchase automobiles. These various payments often amounted to $400-500 per month. He also received free room and board with a church member, arranged by the church, during all of 1986.

T.O.S. did make some financial contributions to the church, but these were very modest because during the time he was a member he was always deeply in debt for school debts and other debts he had when he joined the church.

FF-2-143B

Linda Shaw Hanos aka Shaw Amos

By occupation I am a social worker and have been a member of P.T. since 1966. I have known T.O.S since 196_ when he became a member of P.T.

T.O.S would give legal advice to members regarding general legal matters. He gave me advice over the years about a variety of legal matters including child support, and employment at the Marin Co. Welfare Dept with respect to employment grievances, and also with respect to the legal affairs of a number of members of the church who I was assisting in social work areas.

Later, in 1975, when most of us, including T.O.S (who was then employed by the SFDA) moved to S.F. he accompanied me and several others to a grammar school in the SFUSD where he met with school officials introducing himself as attorney for P.T. and S.F. District Attorney. We discussed problems of the children of certain members of P.T.. I also attended numerous social affairs, public and private with T.O.S. in SF during 1975 & 1976 where he introduced himself as the attorney for P.T..

At one time in 1975 when we planned to start our own school in S.F. for children of members and others he gave us legal advice on how to establish a private school.

FF-2-144A

I was also present when T.O.S. gave legal counsel to many P.T. members over the years because we had developed a court of total counseling forum where a security, socialworker, and attorney would consult together. T.O.S was very much involved in the program → In 1973 when the Church Board first considered the idea of establishing an Overseas mission T.O.S reviewed the laws of another number of nations including Guyana and advised the Board concerning the legal and political affairs of the nations reviewed.

After Guyana had been selected, he prepared a variety of legal forms including powers of attorney consents, authorization and releases which were used in the administration function of preparing persons to move to Guyana. He also assisted in obtaining passports, including drawing affidavits of birth and other documents. He counseled persons concerning dealings with creditors, sale and distribution of assets, TOS and other matters pertinent to winding up their affairs in USA. In particular, I had a (date) problem obtaining my passport and he gave me legal advice and wrote up some affidavits that were ~~used~~ given to the Passport Department which assisted in my obtaining my passport.

In he also arranged and handled an adult adoption proceeding for me to assist in the care of my children.

FF-2-1448

Richard Thorr

By profession I am a College instructor in English. I have been a member of P.T. since 1970, and have known T.O.S. since that time, and until 1976.

During 1976 & 1977 P.T. published a periodical entitled the People's Forum. I had an editorial responsibility for the paper and wrote a considerable portion of the material. The printed materials went through an organizational process to begin cleared for printing. Among these was a legal check because, of course, we wanted to avoid litigation which is always a risk in printing a periodical. T.O.S. would routinely be given materials for legal clearance prior publication and he would return the materials with his initials on them indicating his ~~general~~ legal approval of the suitability of the material for publication purposes.

In addition to the people's paper, since 1975 the church also sent out a monthly solicitation mailer, printed notices of meetings and other matters. T.O.S. routinely cleared all of these materials for legal problems prior to their distribution, in the same manner as described above for the newspaper materials.

FF-2-145

Rough 9/2 HT

I Earnestine March - nurses aide
PT - since 1969 / Known TOS - since 1970.
He was just introduced to me as atty for chur
In late 1969 or early 1970 I sought his
advice on a divorce from Alfred Nard
He gave me some legal advice about divorce
proceedings and division of community
property.

Rough 9/2 HT

Diana McKnight - cook -
PT - 1973 - Known TOS since that time
He was referred to me as the ch. atty
PT - In June of 1975 I sought ~~[illegible]~~
legal advice from TOS in Los Angeles regarding obtaining
legal custody over my younger brother Kenneth
who was then in juvenile hall. He drew up
a legal paper for my mother to get custody
and I gave to the legal authorities on our behalf.

FF-2-146A

Rough 9/2 HT

TH s/c Approved

① Stephen M. Addison - psychiatric technician
PT since 1959 - TOS - since he first came to the church in RNV, around 1969 or 1970. He quickly became involved in church affairs and was introduced to myself + others as atty for PT.

② In late 1971 - I talked to TOS about getting a divorce. He agreed to take the case and appeared on my behalf in the Superior Court of Henderson County in front of Judge Broadhurst in the matter.

Rough TH 9/V

① Thomas R. Fitch - welder
PT - Feb 1973 - TOS since that time.
He introduced himself to me as atty for PT.

② I had an auto accident in Sept 1974 in S.F. I saw TOS in S.F. and asked his legal advice on what my liabilities were and how to proceed. He advised me on what to say and do, and assured me that he would take care of the matter. He drew up a statement for me to sign about the accident which I did

PT. 2-146B

Rough 9/2

① I, Evelyn Thomas, – Clerk-typist – PT – 1971 – Known TOS since that time Intro as Atty for PT

② – Around 1974 I came to TOS for legal advice because I was about to lose my job at Central Valley National Bank in Oakland. He also asked his legal opinion about my financial situation. He advised me on these matters and gave me advice regarding bankruptcy proceedings.

Rough 9/2 ① Eliza Jones, – retired person, – PT – ② 1970 – TOS same time

② I had a car accident in 1975 in Redwood Valley Calif – I spoke with TOS about the accident and he gave me legal advice about my liability and how to proceed.

pf-2-147 A

Rough 9/2
HT.

① Mary F. Canada, - retired person -
PT member since 1971 - Knew TOS from that time. He was introduced to me as atty for church
② Around 1974 I saw TOS after church service in Redwood Valley and asked his advice about my deceased husband's pension - as I had not been getting the benefits TOS advised that I had several thousands of dollars coming to me, and gave me advice on the matter. I spoke with him about this matter subsequently on more than one occasion

VERNON DEAN GOSNEY - COOK
Rough 9/2 PT - 1972 - Knew TOS from that time. TOS was introduced to me as atty for church
#2 In 1974, I spoke with TOS in Redwood Valley about my status as a welfare recipient + he gave me legal advice concerning this matter
In 1974/75 I asked TOS's advice about suing JOHN MUIR Hospital in California for medical malpractice. He discussed the merit of the case with me and advised me on how to proceed.

pp. 2 - 147B

Rosty 9/2

P1 Juanita Green - retired housewife
PT - since around 1970.
Known TOS since that time
He was first entre to me as Atty for PT

P2 Around 1974, one night in RWV - I sought his advice on a property matter. I [illegible] I had been offered a small sum of money to give up my interest in property my parents had left me in Secaucus City. I asked TOS what to do about it and gave him my deed and he said he would check the matter out. I discussed the matter with him several times thereafter and he said he would take care of it, and see to it that I was not taken advantage of. He subsequently told me he had lost the deed. [illegible]

P3.

PF-2-148A

Rough 1/2

① Teresa Cordell - I am an agricultural worker PT - since 1971 - Known TOS since that time. He was introduced to me as the church attorney

② In 1975 my mother who is not a member was causing me problems, trying to prevent me from attending church. I sought + received advice from TOS on having a member of the church become my guardian. He gave me advice on guardianship + how to proceed.

In 1976 I was taking care of a baby and I asked him advice on adoption which he gave. He drew a power of attorney, making me acting as fact for the child.

148B

A8 41-5-44

PH 2