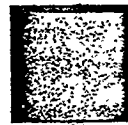


EE3

Joan nie wld naturally never ask her loved  
ones to get a job, but he knows  
it is the right thing to do, even though  
there are occupational hazards, they are  
not as ~~se~~ as severe as some lines of work  
he of work he has done before. It  
that s all i have right now. do u have any more for me  
gn gn

EE-3-A



John, Janice, Joyce & Tommy Johnson  
Eloise Sneed & Syola Turner

2-28-78

Wells Johnsons, Sneed & Turners,  
I didn't write last week  
because I was almost certain that  
I would be there at this time.

However, it won't be long now  
before I will be re-visited with  
you, all of you, Jerry and the rest of  
the family here. I just gave up the  
garage on 2nd Ave. and only have  
papers & reports to complete and  
pack more books and a few last  
minute things.

Rusty is fine. He will stay with  
Sandy & Barbara & Huey & Gertie in S.F.  
until he can come over.

It would help so much if  
you, Eloise, would write one or two  
of the boys every week. They were beginning  
to become a little more positive but not  
hearing from you has caused them to become  
extremely hostile. I told them I received a  
letter from you last night & immediately they  
sounded better. Maybe, it would just be  
best to pretend that you just might come back  
to visit this week. It's easier that way. (smile)

EE-3-B1

(over)

Also, they are extremely concerned  
about the children's education so often  
that and always mention Sylvia.  
Please get her to write Mabel &  
Earl C. Just tell them whatever you  
think they want to hear. Of course,  
I always support our leader & our  
cause, but I just pretend to really  
miss them & etc. I'll tell you more  
when I see you. But, please, please  
write every week. This is so important.

Patrick, Steve, Cesar, Emily & everyone  
say hello. Tell Gloria Walker to write  
her sister Phyllis Jolley. Phyllis's mom  
is Lawrence Douglas. She should  
also write.

Well, it won't be long now. I'm  
good hello. It is passing hard now so  
he won't be here to help me get tonight.

Pence Johnson  
& Rusty Johnson  
(L. A.)

EE-3-B2



1-28-78

Hi Sandy,

I've sent practically everything  
up on the bus. Rusty just couldn't  
leave me, yet. He said he will  
come later. (smile)

Please see that my so called  
family receives this letter.

Shonda,  
Clara Johnson

EE-3-R

To whom it may concern.

I Mary Tupper am living in  
Jonestown, I love it here. It's  
like a dream come true. I have  
never seen a place so beautiful  
in my whole life.

I am studying to be a  
Respiratory Therapist, and am  
doing very well in the course. I  
help with our Respiratory Therapist  
here, in many of his  
duties. I always wanted to be  
in the medical field, but the  
educational system in the states  
wasn't teaching me anything.  
The school here in Jonestown  
is fantastic. There is one to  
one teaching and you can learn  
anything that you ever need  
of. I can see very well where  
my education, I got in the states  
left me. Over here I have been  
taught everything I miss back

EE-3-D)

in the states and more. I can see my younger brother who is very lucky, because he's getting the super education from the start. Even students that were in special classes in school, but they are excellent students, and have total confidence in themselves. I have seen a great difference in the education I got as a child, than the education the children here are getting.

sign  
Mary Tupper

EE-3-D

I have been living in Jonestown nearly a year now and I have only good things to say about this place. People are so kind. The weather is so beautiful. Aside from the deliciously warm sun often times a short but refreshing rain will come to break up the day.

The food is delicious also.

Since I have been here I have been engrossed deeply in my trade and have really learned a lot about what I am doing. In the states I began my trade as an electrician but had little opportunity to advance in my learning doing only house wiring. Now that I am here in Jonestown I do all the electrical engineering and am in charge of the electrical crew.

EE-3-E,

including power line construction,  
engineering, house wiring,  
industrial wiring and motors  
also.

This is the most wonderful  
and fulfilling place I have  
ever lived in. Never have I  
felt that I could contribute as  
much as I have here. Now however,  
I enjoy a life of more freedom  
of expression and easy living  
surrounded by a community of  
happy and cheerful people.

But let me make something  
clear. My dad and my sisters  
have made several statements  
about this place and they are all  
untrue. If they only knew the  
truth about this place they would  
be ashamed that they said anything  
about our community. I can't  
understand them at all. If I  
had any wish to see them before  
all their lies now I would like to  
see them.

EE-3-E2

Mrs. Dortehea M. Ford  
100 Bisby Avenue  
Ukiah, Ca. 95482  
U.S.A.

EE-3-F

Carolyn

These are all materials  
Sally requested for the  
research she is doing  
on Winston's article.

Please see that she gets  
them when you see her.

Thanks Jean

EE-3-9

I value this community  
too much to leave it especially  
to see relatives who never  
cared about me before.

Chris Rozynko

EE-3-H



My name is Carol Kerns and I am 20 years old. I have been living here in Jonestown, Guyana for the last ten months. I can honestly say from every cell of my body that these last ten months of my life are the happiest I have ever experienced in all of my 20 years.

Just sitting here and looking at this beautiful land and how Jonestown is progressing makes me look back to my life and the type of life I was leading before I ever came in contact with Peoples Temple and Jim Jones. I was ten years old, all ready. I smoked half a pack of cigarettes a day. I was sniffing glue and smoking marijuana. Many of my young friends had all ready been sent to juvenile hall, and I at the rate I was going was soon to meet them. My life had no meaning or purpose and at the tender age of nine I attempted suicide.

But then I met Jim Jones and Peoples Temple. My whole family was accepted with open arms. My alcoholic mother was rehabilitated, my brother helped out of jail, my two sisters taken off of drugs and sent to school. As for myself I was given programs to get involved in and became interested in school again. All of my personal and physical needs were taken care of. Because of a family type atmosphere that is part of Peoples

EE-3-1,

Temple each person is loved and accepted.

Several years have passed and I have grown into a healthy, stable woman. I have found a reason to live... I am receiving training here in Jonestown from our excellent medical staff because I am going to major in medicine and become a pediatrician. I am also working with several of our children in their private tutoring. And of course one of my most enjoyable functions here is working in the green and flourishing fields. To get out there and grow food that I know will be feeding my own family or our own soil is a fulfillment never met in the United States. And to know if we keep up our production we will be helping all of our friends in Guyana.

This is why I can never understand why my two sisters Ruth and Jeanette Kers could turn against Peoples Temple after all that was done for them, with no expectations of any returns, and try to tear it down. Their loss hurts me deeply, but they can't change my convictions that what I am doing here is more important than anything to me. And what's more important is that what I am doing here is right.

Thank you  
Carol Kers.

EE-3-I<sub>2</sub>

My Name is Bruce Oliver. I'm very happy here in Jonestown, Guyana. I grew up in one of the roughest parts of San Francisco. I was always in trouble and scared to walk the streets because they were so rough. I never had any peace of mind until I came here to Jonestown. I'm now training in running the Big Carts and I must say I really enjoy my job. It's so peaceful and the air is so clean. It's hard to believe, after growing up in the big city. I must say this is quite a change. I now have opportunity to learn and do things I was never able to do before. All I get to say is in spite of all the lies told about this place I never been happier in my life. I am happily married, and look forward to a great future for myself and my children in the coming years.

Bruce Howard Oliver  
Age 20

EE-3-J

0

Hi. My name is Leslie Wilson. I am a resident of Guyana, South America. I am also a member of Peoples Temple Agricultural Project. Since being here, I have never felt better in my life. My future goal is a physician in the field of gynecology/obstetrics. I am receiving training from qualified medical personnel. Guyana and Peoples Temple has enhanced my life greatly. I'm in the best of health, my family is also in good health. The people here are kind and show alot of friendliness even in passing on a street. Some that's beauty. The weather is warm, with cool tradewinds blowing softly. Rainy season is wet but not cold. Since being here I have a great advantage. my child is in the best pre-school program with enables him to express his talents without being just another child in the class. Guyana is truly a beautiful country and I would never have the advantage or determination to better myself in America.

0

Recently, I heard my dad Richard Wagner, joined in a press conference called "Concerned Relatives". This group is against their relatives who are members of Peoples Temple Church. I have since then lost alot of respect for my father. I don't

0

EE-3-K

understand, how my father could possibly  
be against something that is doing me &  
my family so much good. If he loves me truly,  
why not wish for my happiness. All I have  
left to say is, I love this place and have no  
intentions in returning to him.

Sincerely,

Ledie Monique Wilson Wagner

EE-3-K2

I am Cassandra Minor and I am happy to state my feelings about Jones town, Guyana. I have been here for quite some time and I like it here very much. One thing I like about it is the outstanding medical care that is given here. The food service is also excellent. I am also learning to be a dietitian, learning to work with people and prepare special diets for different people. I have never seen a more beautiful place. Children and seniors as well as people of middle age and teens are treated with the best of care. We grow lots of our own food and we co-operate like a big family. There is true peace and love and care for one another. I like it here very much and I plan to make my life here. I am sorry that some people cannot understand our way of life - brotherhood - and have to make it look bad. This is troubling to me but lies will not stop me from my own beliefs.

Cassandra Minor  
Age 21

EE-3-L

When I came to Jonestown, I had no idea what to expect, except what I've read about Jungles.

But I found a little, thriving community opening up the heart of the Jungle, always cooled by Trade winds and Gentle rains. I've worked here building Jonestown and enjoying every bit of an experience I would never have had in the city.

My name is Mike Poyzko and I teach mathematics in the Jonestown High School, also I repair typewriters and spend time with photography, besides doing research in Tropical Agriculture.

I am living a very fulfilling life with my Brother Chris and Mother Joyce Poyzko, I only wish my sister Sandy Poyzko had decided to stay in Peoples Temple so she could enjoy this peaceful life also.

I cannot understand at all why Sandy and my Dad Dr Poyzko would want to hurt Peoples Temple. I just wish that I could convince them that I am in the best of health and am here of my own free will, and don't ever plan on leaving.

Mike Poyzko

EE-3-M

My brother Harlan recently participated in a smear campaign and press conference. His sudden concern over my welfare is a little startling to me. He never came to see me. Last time he saw me is when I ~~what~~ went to see him. It is a fine time to suddenly be concerned about me. I've been here a year now and wasn't concerned until now. I wonder what his motivation is for inquiring about me now.

Since I've been in Jonestown I've begun heavy agriculture equipment. I've learned to cultivate and rotate. Currently I'm responsible for 200 acres. In my spare time I'm learning ham radio and electronics a very fascinating field.

I want to say one last thing. Where was my brother when I was stealing and becoming an alcoholic? His concern for me now is phoney.

EE-3-N,



I'm very glad I'm here and  
do not want to be anywhere else!

Wesley Breidenbach

EE-3-N<sub>2</sub>

LOOKING FOR A HOUSE

+ OUR APARTMENT WAS TOO SMALL. I DIDN'T USE THE REAL ADDRESS, JUST PO BOX 15156 (EVEN AT WORK) ALSO THEY PAID FOR ALL THESE EXPENSES (THE GROUP I GRABBED THE CHECK BOOK WHEN WE MOVED) AND WAS GOING TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT HERE (DIDN'T SPEND ANY \$)

I HAVE NO EXCUSE REALLY - I DID NOT ~~WANT TO~~ HANDLE THE PROBLEM CORRECTLY  
THANK YOU FOR BEING SO KIND WITH ME  
I'LL TRY TO USE MY HEAD NEXT TIME

Don Fields

Sunday  
8/21

DEAR FATHER,

I FEEL BADLY FOR THE WAY THE \$ - I HAD GOT TO YOU. I HAD ONLY ABOUT 1/2 HOURS TO GET HOME FROM THE HOSP + PACK

I TRIED TO ORGANIZE MY PAPERS + LEAVE ALL SUCH FOR THE ACCOUNTING OFFICE. I LEFT SOME NOTES AS- WHAT WENT WITH WHAT. I LEFT WHAT I THOUGHT WAS ALL CREDIT CARDS (LEFT - ONE BA - TOOK I-BOFA) - THE CHECK BOOK EXISTED TO PAY OFF ANY BILLS THAT EXISTED BEFORE BECOMING TOTALLY COMMUNIAL (ESCROW DID NOT CLOSE TILL AFTER I WAS THERE A FEW WEEKS)

EE-3-0,

II

EVEN WHEN WE DID  
FILL OUT COMMUNAL NEED  
SHEETS - IT WAS ABOUT ②  
MONTHS FOR MOVING TO SF  
TILL THAT WAS TAKEN CARE  
OF

② AN ~~AMOUNT~~ AMOUNT WAS  
NEEDED FOR SHIRLEE TO  
ENTER SCHOOL - SHE  
ENROLLED BEFORE WE ACTUALLY  
MOVED TO SF - SO \$ WAS  
DUE FOR CLASSES + BOOKS

③ I HAD ORDERED SOME  
RX BOOKS (JAN) + A COUPLE  
OF MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS  
WERE DUE ALSO.

④ THE PHARMACY GROUP  
THAT I WAS HEAD OF

WANTED TO EXPAND MORESO  
IN N. CALIF - IN LA I  
RECEIVED MONTHLY EXPENSES  
+ THEY CONTINUED THAT  
WHEN I MOVED TO SF  
(THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHY  
I HAD MOVED TO SF)

I MET WITH MANY PEOPLE  
(PHARMACISTS) TO GET SOME  
WORKERS FOR THE GROUP,  
VARIOUS PEOPLE ~~THE~~ FROM  
THE GROUP, CAME TO SF  
FROM LA. I HAD TO TAKE  
THEM OUT - (OUR APT WAS TOO  
SMALL TO INVITE THEM OVER  
(3 OF US IN 1 BEDROOM)  
IN OTHER WORDS I HAD  
TO "PRETEND" WE WERE

EE-3-02

letter

IS CONCERNED ABOUT HIS DAD'S HEALTH, HOPED TO BE ABLE TO GET A LITTLE EXTRA HELP FOR HIS FAMILY BY GETTING ON DOWN TO THE UNION (CONSPIRACY) HALL, SAYS ITS IS A TERRIFIC CONSPIRACY DOING A GREAT JOB. WOULD LIKE TO LEARN THE ROPES, AND GET TO UNDERSTAND THE TRADE. IS REALLY WORRIED THAT THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME TO HELP AS HIS DAD IS PRETTY ILL. TAKING A TEMPORARY JOB AT THE CONSPIRACY. DOES NOT WANT A JOB LIKE BOBBY HAD. DISCUSSED IT WITH JIM BEFORE AT LENGTH AND JIM ALSO FELT I COULD GET THE JOB. ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY THE CONSPIRACY WOULD CONSIDER HIRING. IS NO LONGER WORKING FOR WELLS (BANKS) IN ANY WAY. SIGNED OFF.

THINKS TIM STOEN MIGHT CONSIDER HER A GOOD CANDIDATE AND GIVE HER SOME WORK.

AGAIN NOTES THAT THE FAMILY ALL SEEM TO BE VERY WORRIED ABOUT HIS DAD FAILING. HAD ANOTHER ATTACK JUST LAST WEEK. CAROLYN NOT SUCH A GOOD PROSPECT FOR THE JOB BECAUSE OF KIMO, AGENT PROVOCATEUR COULD NOT BE AS QUALIFIED IN THE SUPER MARKET BUSINESS (AGENT) AS TERRI IS. IT COULD BE EASILY UNDERSTOOD IN TERMS OF HIS RECORD WORKING FOR PEOPLES TEMPLE. PLUS THE PERSONAL MOTIVES OF HAVING LOST ONE LIKE WENDELL. (A BABY)

I WOULD ASSIST P.T. THIS WAY, HELP GET INFORMATION ABOUT THE TRADE AND TEACH P.T. SO SHE WOULD BE EMPLOYED ALSO. WORK IS SCARCE THESE DAYS. LANE AND FRIENDS ARE HAVING NO LUCK, AND THAT IS A REAL DISAPPOINTMENT TO EVERY ONE. IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME TO GET THE JOB TRAINING HE NEEDS, BUT DO NOT EXPECT MIRACLES. IF THE JOB FALLS THROUGH, NOTHING WILL BE LOST BECAUSE IT CAN'T HURT TO TRY. HE WANTS TO PROVE HIMSELF.

THE JOB SKILLS HE WILL LEARN ARE IN ORDER (1) TO STUDY HARD AND SHARE WHAT HE LEARNS WITH P.T. (2) TO EXPRESS OPINIONS LIKE MR. PITTS (BLAKEY) WAS SO GOOD AT DOING. IF NUMBER ONE FALLS SHORT

EE-3-P1

AND IF IT DOESN'T DRIVE HER CRAZY, (3) SOMETHING HE MENTIONED TO JIM AT AN EARLIER TIME, NOT MADE CLEAR.

AWARE OF EMOTIONS AND PROBLEM OF HESITATION OF THE FAMILY'S SON GETTING A NEW JOB, BUT HOW ELSE CAN SUCH A MEDICAL HARDSHIP CASE GET HELP. KNOWS YOU KNOW HIS TRUE FEELINGS AND HE CARES FOR HER.

TERRI KNOWS SHE CAN TAKE A STAND, DOES NOT KNOW IF OTHERS CAN ~~COULDN'T LIVE WITH SELF IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIS DAD AND HE~~ HADN'T DONE SOMETHING TO HELP HIM WHILE HE STILL COULD. NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO PLAY ON HIM. UNDERSTANDS HE MAY HAVE TO GO TO JAIL IF HE WORKS TOO HARD. TIM STOEN MAY ADVISE IT, BUT IF HE WAITED FOR JIM TO SAY DO IT, IT WOULD GET PUT OFF FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER.

P.T. WOULD NATURALLY NEVER ASK HER TO DO THIS, BUT SHE KNOWS IT IS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS, THEY ARE NOT AS SEVERE AS SOME LINES OF WORK HE HAS DONE BEFORE.

SHE SAID THE PEOPLE WERE TOLD SHE WOULD ONLY BE AT S.F. FOR A FEW WEEKS WHILE JEAN WAS AWAY SO THEY WILL BE EXPECTING HER TO BE BACK IN GUYANA. IT IS NOT WISE TO INVOLVE THE PRESS OR THE ??RADIO AS WE ARE MONITORED.

ASSURE P.T. HE WILL NOT BE GOING AFTER THE MONEY. HAD PLENTY OF CHANCES BEFORE AND NEVER DID. CAROLYN OR MARIA CAN DOUBLE CHECK, BUT HE HAS PROVEN HIMSELF IN THAT WAY. DOES NOT LIKE MONEY IN THE SLIGHTEST. PLEASE DO NOT CONSULT THE PRESS ON THIS. IT WOULD ONLY NULLIFY THE CHANCES FOR HIS HBBES WITH THE UNION (CONSPIRACY).

HE MADE HIS POSITION REGARDING MEREDITH KNOWN. WHEN HE LISTED SAMPSONS SYMPTOMS THAT MAY SPEAK WELL TO MEREDITH, MAYBE NOT. BELIEVES DOING RIGHT THING, SORRY TO CAUSE WORRY. WANTS TO SUCCEED ASKS THAT HIS FOLKS LET HIM TRY HIS WINGS SO HE CAN MAKE GOOD.

EE-3-P2

SHE BELIEVES STRONGLY IN P.T. HAS CONFLICTS, BUT NOT INSUR-  
MONTABLE. SHE HAS NO ILLUSIONS OF PERSONAL LOVE OR TRUST. DOES  
NOT EXPECT THEM. IS RESENTFUL OF THOSE WHO HAVE CHILDREN BY JJ.  
BUT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE FIRM AT THE TIME. SHE KNOWS PRACTICALLY  
IT WAS THE RIGHT THING. SHE KNOWS SHE WAS TALKED ABOUT BY MANY,  
ESPECIALLY BY DEBBIE. BUT SHE KNOWS ONE IS ACCEPTED BY DAY TO DAY  
AND NOT ON THE PAST. SHE HATES TO BE THOT OF AS AN AGENT PROVACATEUR,  
BUT KNOWS THAT JIM KNOWS BETTER SO SHE DOESN'T CARE WHAT OTHERS  
THINK. ONLY PERSONAL FEELINGS SHE HAS FOR JJ, DIANE, AND CHILDREN.  
IS DISCOURAGED WITH THE PROBLEMS OF S.F. \*\*FOLKS JUST WON'T GROW UP

LEFT THREE AFFIDAVITS:

- 1- HER WORK UNDER TOS IN THE DEPARTMENT SAMPSON TOLD ABOUT.
- 2-ABOUT BANKS AND BLAIR?
- 3-ABOUT DIVERSIONS

EE-3-P3

To our Socialist Leader the one and <sup>Monday 6-78</sup> only one, Jim Jones.

J. Prince Cole Bryant and others (2).  
Arrange this short program honoring 200 of  
our lovely SS. 1's from time 2, time we  
will honor them all.

1st Band playing soft music, Hello Darling-  
They all will be escorted on the stage by  
two young men.

They may be seated each will be ask  
to tell the most interesting experience that  
has happen to them, each three min, to tell.  
after this they all stand, we all will sing

Lift every voice and sing till  
Socialist Ring out, Ring with the Harmony  
of Liberty, let our Rejoicing rise high in  
the rolling skies - Let it resound as  
loud as the rolling sea.

(Course) Singers song full of the faith that  
our Leader has brought us, Singers song  
Facing the rising sun as our new day has  
begun let us march on till Victory is won.

2nd Journey the Road he has traveled bitter the  
chilling cold felt in the days when he was  
born, yet with a steady heart have not his  
weary feet brought us to the place where  
all people ~~will be~~ free - (Course)

The Ladies will now be escorted off stage  
music by the Band (Soft)

Ladies will tell jokes -

next) Band will play a no we all will  
dance doing our thing for a short  
time - then we will stop and arrange  
our self - and sing - EE-3-9

we will seek  
we ~~are seeking~~ asylum in Soviet Union  
if you don't do something to stop this -  
exposing us to people contrary to  
our beliefs & conscience e.g. Perestroika,

we have friends in many 3rd  
world countries & we will contact  
every one of these 3rd world nations  
if it's not stopped

See if Bunnie can do something. Tell  
them they're coming to start a fight. Relatives  
see relatives all the time. State Dept  
sees 20-40 people ea. time. But these  
people are coming to Barnstorm in here  
& cause trouble

~~We are looking for~~  
(relatives)  
all they have to do is write or go thru State Dept.  
20-40 do it every 3 months. ~~How~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ why didn't  
the ones coming do it.

~~We want to~~  
we've had asylum offered to us in 4 different  
places and we can't live like this. Ought to  
be told at airline gate to get on next plane out  
they'll go around to businesses & professions telling  
us <sup>this</sup> make talk to Ryan directly find out if he's  
turning down all our conditions & if it is true -- the  
EE-3-R1



1st five pages: Katsaris, Oliver  
on petition

Will take your request on to see if they  
want to see you. They will answer  
in their handwriting see Green

They start incidents - Don't let anyone but  
Cong. man in country. He voted for Peruchet

Get Ryan's voting record.

We won't be forced to meet anyone

relatives. don't want to meet w/ any  
relative, assoc w/ Ryan. Look a voter

Get assurance

The State Dept come in, <sup>talked w/</sup> ~~relative~~ relative  
over so ea. time & know they come on  
their own volition so this is  
just to start an incident.

news report - that he is burgling others besides  
his staffer. If this is the case then Ellis  
would consider it serious.

Sarah: #4 (what variety do you want?) you  
Do you mean 3-11 or just 4 or did she mean 49.  
- Telling all church leaders that you lie & harassment  
has caused ~~you~~ lay down our lives

EE-3-R<sub>2</sub>

The  
I need any words  
without did I need any words  
value of me burgling the article.

PROMISSORY NOTE

Port Kaituma, N.W.D.                      October 21, 1974

ON DEMAND, and if no demand in installments of \$150.00 per month, I promise to pay to the order of Peoples Temple Christian Church in Guyana at Port Kaituma, N.W.D., the sum of One Thousand Thrity Three Dollars (\$1033). The first installment shall be paid on November 1, 1974, and successive installments paid on the first day of each month thereafter untill the entire amount shall be paid in full. No interest shall be payable under this note unless I default on any payment due hereunder in which event the entire principal balance then due shall bear interest at the rate of 10% per anum. Should the services of counsel be required to collect any sums due hereunder I agree to pay reasonable fees therefore as well as court costs.

*Conan Campbell*  
Conan Campbell

EE-3-S

Senior Questions

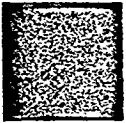
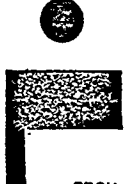
- (1#) false (2#) true (3#) C. Turner (4#) B. Smith  
(5#) C-

(5#) As a Marxist in Jonestown we should be concerned what's taking place to our black brothers & sisters in Africa. Also be aware of other liberation groups fighting around the world. In Jonestown Father has provided free medical care for us, Entertainment such as movies. He has provided classes to learn about "Socialism". He has provided abundance of food for us to eat. As a Marxist in Jonestown - should be concerned about every body having equal clothing - concerned about the enemies trying to come in here to take one of us - should be concerned about the production of this land

5

Scott Thomas, Junior

Johnny Jones - Pauline Grant  
EE-3-T



FROM VERN HOLLOWAY  
TO

DATE 5/21

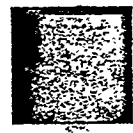
Helms,  
This is a broken photo description  
of what we do.

Unfortunately, they are being developed  
the attached is a preliminary draft

*[Handwritten signature]*

PLEASE RETURN  
 MAY BE DISCARDED

EE-3-V1



Monday Night  
United Airlines

Hi love,

I miss you already!! I certainly wished you would have come with me to see "our" daughter. As you know she considers you her father, so she states. Damn it! I was intending to bring a picture of you to her. I forgot. Speaking of forgetting, believe it or not I forgot my credit cards and driving license, damn it. I knew I would forget something important! Anyway, I'm hoping everything will go o.k. I'm sure that it will.

I'm a companion to 2 older women from San Francisco they are going to live in Guyana permanently. One is about 78 years old. Guess what she said as the plane was taking off. She said "Good bye U.S.A. and kiss my big fat black..." When she

EE-3-V2

②  
said that I thought I would  
~~be~~ croke, I laughed so hard inwardly  
I almost fell out! It was funny to  
hear someone who has lived as long  
as she have in S.F. to say such!!

Anyway we are about half way  
to N.Y. As I told you I had  
plans on exploring N.Y. Well you  
know I can not expect her to do a lot  
of walking she is real fat too. I'm  
not really responsible for her, but she  
needs someone to kinda look after her.

There goes my touring of N.Y. Oh well  
maybe some other time (probably never)  
but its o.k. I guess you really cant miss  
something you've never been exposed to  
or really never had.

Well, I'll close just a note to  
let you know I was thinking of you  
and wishing you were here.

"me"

EE-3-V3

My Testimony  
By Greg Ford

Dear Father on Sept. 24/75  
while cleaning the bean dryer  
house. I lifted shades off a  
platform and put it up against  
the wall and when I  
turned around there was  
a snake two feet from my  
legs. Thanks to you it didn't  
even move. Thank you Jim  
Jones.

Its head was triangular.  
three feet long. Poisonous.

EE-3-W

TO COUNCIL, TO SUPERVISOR OF, TO SECURITY, TO PSU

TO ECU, TO ALL

Family History

Wednesday, 9 NOV 78

(Heart disease, hypertension, stroke, cancer, diabetes, TB, cystic fibrosis, allergy, asthma, anemia, sickle cell, hemophilia, mental retardation, seizures, mental illness, kidney, migraine, rheumatic fever, congenital anomalies)

RE: WILIE MALONE

(Indicate whether living or not, age or age at death)

Paternal Grandfather about Noon - 9 NOV 78, Wednesday - Willie  
 Paternal Grandmother said in a ~~low~~ loud voice "fuck Jonestown"  
 Maternal Grandfather in the Nurses office while being treated by Judy  
 Maternal Grandmother James. I think the then situation was all mother  
 Mother may ~~not~~ have had been trying to find out why Willie was off work 3  
 days - ~~what~~ what medical staff authorized him being off work - people  
 Father involved are Lura Murrell, Julius Evans, Judy ~~James~~ James / No one  
 Brothers ~~know~~ know who or where the off work note is or who signed it.  
 The medical problem - 3 days ago he cut his toe - when he was treated for the  
 wound.

~~It was~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Now - when I heard his loud  
 fuck Jonestown I wanted to get at him - I was enraged  
 It looks like the above is going to be a long explanation, but  
 I believe there is absolutely no room for fuck Jonestown

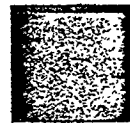
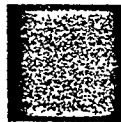
Social History

Members in family unit

Thank you for hearing this -

Stephen Robinson

EE-3-X





MARIA/CAROLYN

QUESTIONS AND FOLLOW-UPS:

10/15

1. Maria, please see that Barbara Hoyer gets a letter to me with her signature for the Bank of ~~Maxx~~ America for withdrawal of the balance of her account. We will have a check from her for \$2,60000 or so which bounced and it is messing up our account. I talked to her about it when I was there ~~ag~~ and gave her the bank statement. All she has to do is write the letter. Thanks.

2. I have attached a letter which Paulette Jackson put inside a glasses case and put in my hand at the last minute. She said it was a list of people who need glasses. But along with that bit of information is the attached letter with many requests for Paulette herself. It puts us in a spot, because when people later ask if their letters were received, paranoia is created that letters are blocked. Can you talk to Paulette or have someone talk to her. Maybe she can re-write the letter with the nice parts for Jimmie and CJ and Valishia, and leave the personal requests off. Tell her I will see the glasses orders are taken care of, too.

3. Please look for a check issued to James and Eva Pugh from an escrow company which represents the close out of the note on their home; while I was in Jonestown, Paula sent it to Pughs for signature, but I have no xerox of the check or letter for our records. If you send it back endorsed, that will be OK. We will deposit it. If not, please send me back a ~~x~~ xerox.

4. Please note that in bringing back the cashiers check for \$300,000 as a transfer, we had to pay \$2,420.20 in exchange. This is Paula's calculation -- what we lost in the transaction. Gene said it might be a ~~xxx~~ good way to transfer money back in the ~~gm~~ future. The transaction went smoothly in Guyana and no problem coming through here either. But the cost is a factor to take into account.

5. Don't forget to send back Roosevelt Turner's deed. I gave it to Jann to have notarized and sent to the consulate for authorization. This means money for us.

It was wonderful to see dad, you and everyone. Separation isn't much fun. I sort of look on being here as a chance to grow up, and just hope the cost in mistakes isn't too high. Your support means a lot and I appreciated talking to you. Teri being here makes a big difference -- there is plenty for all of us to keep up with. Tell Annie I got her note and thank her for the kind thoughts. I miss you. Jean

EE-3-Y<sub>1</sub>

Hi Jimmie, Valisha, or CJ

Just a note since you all don't know how to write. Will be glad when you all are here. Take this list to Dr. Whitten and get glasses made & send back right a way. Also here's a list of things I need make sure they are marked clearly. Rochelle gave Leonard her list but I was ill when she was here so I didn't get a chance to talk to her.

- |                                     |                              |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 pr <del>shoes</del> shoes 8 1/2 ✓ | 1 pr wk shoes 8 1/2 ✓        |
| Need: 2 pr pants size 8             | 2 pr thongs                  |
| 2 pr pants size 10                  | 4 pr colored socks           |
| 4 tee shirts or blouses             | 1 hooded sweat jacket (blue) |
| or halter tops size small           | 4 hrs the cotton ones ✓      |
| 4 sun dress size 8                  | get from Penney's size 34    |
| 2 pull over sweaters small          | 1 robe                       |
| 1 jacket small                      | 2 pr shorts size 8 ✓         |
| 2 jump suits size 8                 | 2 nice pants suits 8         |
| 1 red cotton bedspread              | 1 large red rug              |

Glasses for Manuel Whitten:

1. Dorothy Macon - repeat prescription with photo gray uptown frame silver 58/20
2. Wanda Swinner - duplicate prescription + frame.
3. Otis Mitchell - copy prescription want sweepstake frame, silver, 56/20. or something in this shape.
4. Paula Jackson - dup. uptown 58/20 of something else that you like.

The check ones I don't need tonight during

2/28/80

EE-3-72

To: Valisha Williams or CJ  
James Ingram

Also: Christine Bates duplicate  
prescription

From: Paulette Jackson

I've written everyone and have not received  
and letters so I get what is going on.  
I wrote Valisha, Dixie, Ted, CJ + you. I  
know you all are not that busy you can't  
say hello. CJ can help you get the things  
+ Valisha also she knows what I like.

Ill Valisha I only ~~weight~~ weight 125 lbs  
now + feel good Thanks to Dad. I will  
be happy when the rest of you can share  
the opportunity that has been given up.  
We have so much to be grateful for.

Ava + Alice are doing just fine. Just yesterday  
Dad stepped in right on time when Ava had  
a 106 temp, it come down to 103 with no brain  
damage. Thanks to Dad. Yes these things happen  
but our one + only friend is always there.

Jimmie I wish I could express to you the guilt.  
I feel for not doing all I could have while there  
because he has given us so much. It's sad  
that we have to reach here before we can really  
see what has been given to us + how much  
he has given up for us. Do tell everyone  
hello + to write.

All your love,  
Paulette

EE-3-73

Last Will and  
Testament

I, Michael Byge Cartmell, do this date  
set forth the following, as my last and  
final will and testament, and in so doing  
revoke all prior wills and codicils.

I, hereby, bequeath to Carolyn Layton,  
whose maiden name is Carolyn Moore, all my  
right, title, and interest in all personal and  
<sup>ABC</sup> real property owned or otherwise held by me.

Being of sound mind and body, I do now  
declare this holographic will, written entirely  
in my hand, on this single sheet of paper, to  
be my last will and testament.

Michael Byge Cartmell  
December 3, 1976

EE-3-7

7.8.78

To Dad:

I have been covering up for someone whom I like very much. I don't know why I held back for so long as much as you have stressed these type of acts. Ruth Levin is pregnant and if anything would happen to her I feel it would be my fault. She told me this about 3 wks ago. but I thought she had told the nurse's and yesterday (Sunday) she told me no one knew a few people but I didn't go into names. I fear that being in a situation like this she might try to do something to lose the baby and cause more harm to herself. My conscious would not let me hold back any more because if treason occurred it would be a part of mine or all my fault for not reporting this incident. I told her how I lost my first child by trying to work and do heavy lifting so she might try lifting over her ability. As far as I know the young man doesn't know about when she told me Rita didn't know then I knew it was my duty to see that it was turned in. I wrote this up because I love Ruth and  
EE-3-AA,

she looks to me as one. We see eye to eye in principal, but when it comes to brotherhoods that's different, because I told her to leave Keith Wright alone because he would only use her but she felt that she needed comfort or someone to talk to and he was the only one around at the time or the only one she really wanted, I looked at myself because if this happened to me I would need someone to talk to, I want her to know that if I hadn't turned it in then I wouldn't be a socialist trying to become a communist under Dad's laws and teachings. I didn't tell my companion until I started writing it up because I'm sure he wouldn't let me keep it to my self. I hope some of us learn from the mistakes around us I feel better about her situation because I'm sure sooner or later someone would notice it.

Thank-you Dad  
Diana Dean Smith

EE-3-AA2

Dear Harold,

After landing in a paradise in the midst of a jungle, it's difficult to gear my mind back to the states — and painful, too, cuz god-knows I was unhappy there with conditions as they are. But I think of you & worry for you & hope to hear from you that things are looking bright for you by now...

Let me tell you a little about my new life in Jonestown... We arrived (29 of us) after 40 hours on our boat down the most gorgeous river imaginable lined with tropical jungle bush on either side, spotted with occasional "trolley" houses made of the jungle's own wood, earth & plants. Like something out of a fairy tale! The rains are so refreshing one doesn't even want to take cover — and they are short & the sun pops out again to dry you off.

We arrived at Port Kaituma at dusk & were met by some of our people in a large truck which we rode in  
EE-3-BB,

back under a full moon & stars the like  
of which you can't see in the city...  
We took a windy dirt road several  
miles till we reached Jonestown. It was  
really like coming home. We were  
met by hundreds of hugs - people  
we hadn't seen in years & some who  
had recently left us - all of us  
so glad to be in a free country,  
on land we own & in a town we  
built ourselves...

I can't explain the feeling of  
relief to enter a black nation &  
leave the pressure of racist &  
sexist America behind, to know that  
I don't have to kiss up to "the man"  
anymore or be abused on the job.

Here I am a nursery school teacher.  
Our children are creative, bright & so  
happy with a fantastic future ahead  
of them. Imagine the potential of  
a child that can grow up in an atmos-  
phere of love & acceptance with every  
opportunity open to them for learning;  
no doors closed to them because they  
are black or brown, none of the  
pain of being called "nigger"; none  
of the continuous abuse from all sides

EE-3-BB2



Forever Jones

And from the tomb he did reply:  
Tho, few have fought so well as I.  
Mortal flesh anon, must die;

From the depth of skin and bone  
Unshaken still, did he intone:  
My charges were unloved and lone  
And I, destined from the start  
To know the grief that storms the heart  
of the forsaken and to impart  
to them the surging strength of me.  
Mightier than the charging sea,  
Attuned to all that be, specially unto thee  
Who suffered much to walk with me.

Dream ye not of streets of gold.  
Nor an end to pain,  
Often in our forever, we will walk  
this way again.

The tall pine opened an aging eye and  
trembled its brittle cones  
Then it fell full length, it did  
Athwart the tomb of Jones.

Jim Jones 10/11/69

EE-3-CC,

Forever Jones

And from the tomb he did reply:  
Tho, few have fought so well as I.  
Mortal flesh anon, must die;

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Unshaken still, did he intone:  
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Jim Jones 10/11/69

EE-3-CC2

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The tall pine opened an aging eye and  
trembled its brittle cones  
Then it fell full length, it did  
Athwart the tomb of Jones.

Jim Jones      10/11/69

EE-3-CC3

Forever Jones

And from the tomb he did reply:  
Tho, few have fought so well as I.  
Mortal flesh anon, must die;

From the depth of skin and bone  
Unshaken still, did he intone:  
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Often in our forever, we will walk  
this way again.

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trembled its brittle cones  
Then it fell full length, it did  
Athwart the tomb of Jones.

Jim Jones      10/11/69

EE-3-CC4

The Choice

Where now?  
Perhaps there is hope for Life someday - but not for our lives.  
Perhaps there is hope for Happiness somewhere- but not for us.

No expectations... only the acceptance of the Void -  
the profound, inexpressable void:  
that all-encompassing abyss which demands from us  
that we function according to Duty.

Who is keeping score in this absurd game? Will it never end?  
And who made the rules?

Such Trickery!

For if we had wanted to 'win' - we would have already lost -  
pitifully so.

But I wonder - when it is all tallied.  
When it is asked:

"Which wars did you choose?"  
"What battles did you wage?"

Who could answer better than we?

For did we not have a high road to travel and the way made clear?  
Did we not find comradeship of spirits never before encountered...  
Unity of Purpose binding us together.

What greater heights could we have reached?

Did we not see life... and prefer death?

Is there not some Victory in the choice of Reality?

EE-3-CCS

REFLECTIONS:

Look around-  
What do you see?

Greed,  
corruption,  
violence...  
Nothing worth saving!

(except for the children

So many soul-less beings,  
whose real substance  
has long been abandoned in the struggle.

For when the load grew heavy,  
it was quickly laid down in exchange for all-pervading apathy...

now they are the walking dead.

There is no pulse left...

except for the children.

Gentle, wistful spirits-  
knowledgable of the secrets  
of creation.

Pitiful trespassors  
in a foreign world-

the children bear the scars of their parents battles.

There is no hope at all...

except for the children.

EE-3-CC6

THE DEBTOR

I would offer you something - but everything I have  
is either borrowed  
or stolen.

Stolen from the bulk of Humanity which can claim  
nothing as its own.

The faintest smile; the slightest moment of respite...  
belongs to others.

The despair of the millions; the agony of those  
death claims slowly...  
is no less mine.

The - Debt - Is - So - Great.

Nothing is transferable...  
no negotiating.

Where then in this barren womb is the renewal?  
What is there of nourishment for the 'intangible'?

Nothing...

but the undying  
conviction reflected  
in familiar, trusted eyes.

Unqualified committment is the only Redemption.

EE-3-RC7

ODE TO THE PLANTS

In silence majesty  
they offer  
themselves-  
as a tribute  
to whatever is the sacred  
essence  
of life...

if only it was  
so easy  
to see the Divinity  
in the liter  
that blows  
along the sidewalk.

EE-3-208



TRAITOR BEWARE!

What was that?  
Who is it?

Is someone there?

Oh, maybe it's nothing.

As you grow bolder and more careless- those forces you  
have wronged grow keener-  
Ever patient...

watching,  
waiting.

FOOL!  
Do not think that we have forgotten!

Our memories are sharp with the pain and suffering you have  
caused.  
How vividly we recall the emptiness of the post that you  
deserted!

COWARD!

The breathe of those whose lives you sold cheaply fills  
our lungs- even as they lie dying.  
We are not discouraged.  
We are biding our time.

We know who you are.  
But you do not know us... for everyday our side increases  
its strength, 10 fold... 100 fold.  
The forces of the People grow!

Who shall win in this life and death struggle?

Can you not see the 'writing on the wall'?  
And very soon- there will be no wall standing.

You can run and hide TRAITOR- but it will not help.  
The Hounds of the People shall sniff you out!

And even the most merciful will turn away from you...  
as Justice prevails!

EE-3-CCQ

27.7.77

Johnny Moss Brown  
422 38<sup>th</sup> Ave  
San Francisco, Calif.

About 4 years ago I took a sickle cell anemia 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 & place where I took my test. He also told me not to worry (because one of my biggest fears is flying from Sick 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.

OK.

EE-3-DD

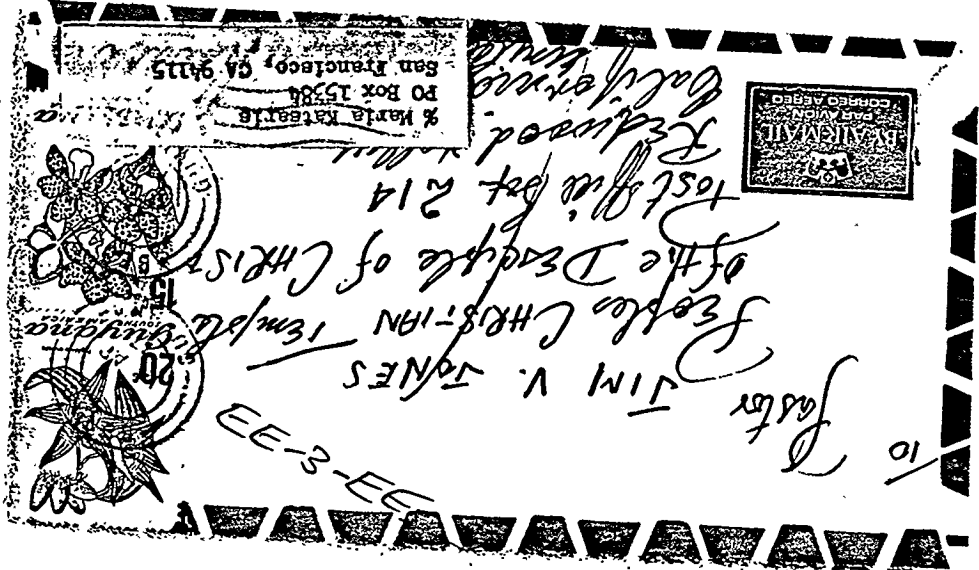
No-59 Village  
Borealis  
Guyana  
SOUTH AMERICA  
6th April 1977.

PEOPLES TEMPLE  
of the  
Disciples of CHRIST  
Post Office Box 214  
Redwood Valley  
California 9470  
U.S.A.

My Dear Pastor J. JONES,  
Greetings to you and Sister Marceline JONES and all  
members and friends of Peoples Holy TEMPLE in the Name  
of our most Holy Saviour JESUS CHRIST our Lord  
I thank you most sincerely for your  
humanitarian meditation of prayer through JESUS  
CHRIST our Lord for me. I always pray to JESUS that  
you enjoy good health and the United States of America  
and Peoples Holy TEMPLE to be always in plentiful and  
successful in all its objectives and achievements by  
Gods Grace.

I heard your voice on the Radio &  
interview the last time you visit Guyana and was  
happy to learn about the good work Peoples Temple  
is doing in Guyana and Jones Town in the North  
west is progressing satisfactorily in God Holy  
name. Some time ago in one of your many letter  
letters to me you indicated that Peoples Temple  
will be happy to provide me with a free place  
to stay for a while if I ever visit your Country  
to pay a visit to that most beautiful Country  
of yours the United States of America. I shall be  
very grateful if your Organization could be in  
a position to sponsor me, by sending me a letter  
of invitation. I thank you most sincerely in  
in Gods Holy Name. I remain your truly  
in CHRIST & precious love to all.  
Samuel

EE-3-EE



San Francisco, CA 94115  
PO Box 15388  
% Maria Katsaris



*California*  
*Redwood*  
*Post Office Box 214*  
*of the Lodge of Christs*  
*Jesus Christs - 1st Temple*  
*JIM V. JONES*

*10*  
*Foster*

EE-3-EE

07-1-77

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 over turned 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 trunk was crushed in, doors were crushed in, and windows were broken out. Not one of the six people in the car received an injury.

Sandra Jones

OK  
EE-3-FF

My name is Ann Breidenbach and two and a half years ago Pastor Jim Jones healed me of a kidney infection. I ~~was going to die an early death~~. ~~Five~~ years before my kidney was always hurting me, but now I have no problem.

Pastor Jones also saved my family last year of a virus that was going to come upon us.

About three years ago Pastor Jones was concerned about everyone that was born in January which I am, now a few weeks ago, Pastor Jones was concerned about people born in January and he was especially concerned about me.

One young lady by the name of Toni James was also healed of cancer. Toni had missed school and went to the doctor because of back-ache, and the doctor told her whenever it hurts to come back. The next night in service Pastor Jones called out Toni, and told

I had severe pain  
in my chest pastor  
Jones ~~said it was~~  
~~heart trouble~~. He  
gave me a cloth  
and the pain left  
my body

B. Jackson 9-11-

Old.

EE-3-HH

I. Claude Goodspeed was <sup>O.K.</sup> in Pastor Jones meeting in February of 1974. He told me that, "I had a dog by the name of Rosco, light gray & more brown." He said, "rub my dogs back up & down, this would protect my house from being robbed." - The following week the robber did come but he saw the neighbors watching him so he left. - ~~Pastor~~

Pastor Jones also said, "I had a green bathrobe & a Fern in the northeast 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. Claude Goodspeed was <sup>told</sup> announced by ~~my~~ Dr. James Gito on 1st & San Pedro in Los Angeles California in 1955, some time in February that I had a slightly enlarged heart, apendis, weak lungs, & anemia. The Dr. said that I might need an operation in the future. I attended Pastor Jones meeting in February

EEB-II



of 1924. At the time I was having ~~the~~ very bad heart pains in my chest <sup>which</sup> Pastor Jones told me that I had a <sup>bad</sup> heart & ~~that~~ I was having very bad pains in my chest. He said I would be <sup>all right</sup> after he said that the pains had left.

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

OK

Claude Goodspeed

EE-3-II<sub>2</sub>

~~At the~~ The first time I ever  
went to a meeting Pastor Jones called  
me out first then my mother Dorothy  
Jones. He told us that we had a  
red car, he said he saw two  
loved ones, and he was going to save

~~Good~~  
Shanda OLIVER Good  
one

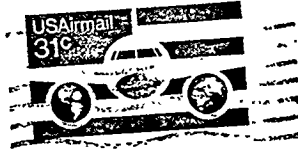
as a young child I had  
~~also~~ problems with my kidneys  
and also a very weak bladder. My  
mother took me to the doctor, because  
of this problem. She knew our family  
had a medical history of kidney problems.  
~~My~~ One cousin had his kidney removed and  
~~she~~ <sup>my mother</sup> and <sup>sister</sup> I had <sup>had</sup> several <sup>bladder</sup> bladder infections.  
The doctor told ~~her~~ <sup>my mother</sup> I would have this  
all my life, and to make sure I flushed  
my kidneys with <sup>large amounts of</sup> water <sup>every year</sup>. After Pastor Jones  
called me out and told me he was  
healing my kidney problem, I've never  
had any <sup>such</sup> problems <sup>again</sup>. I'm the only one  
in my immediate family without a kidney  
problem.

EC-3-JJ,

#2  
I should have been hit by a  
while <sup>10 Good</sup> so many times. In San Francisco  
I was always having problems, I  
always Jaywalked. <sup>Pastor</sup> ~~Mr~~ Jones called  
me out and told me this, and told  
me to be careful, because he  
was saving me from being ~~hit~~ struck  
down by a truck. I can remember  
so ~~the~~ vividly a truck turning around  
the corner. ~~It~~ <sup>It</sup> was so close the wind of  
the truck had a great vibration. I knew  
I was saved because I was about  
to ~~step~~ of the curb. # 3

EE-3-JJ-2

Gregorio, Rodrigue.  
1210 Cacique St. Sp. 58.  
Sta. Barbara, California  
U.S.A. (93103)



*NO*

*Z*  
Rev. Jim Jones  
P.O. BOX-893  
GEORGETOWN, GUYANA  
SOUTH AMERICA

VIA AIR MAIL

EE-3-KK,

June-19-1978  
Sta. Barbara, Ca. 93103

Dear Pastor Jim Jones:-

I AM GETTING READY, DOING ALL I CAN, TO BE WITH MY FATHER, TOGETHER WITH MY WIFE TO WORK AND TO HELP, TO SEE ALL CAN IF SOME IN S. FRISCO, IF THEY WILL DO HELP ME MOVE MY STAFF, TO SURE LET ME KNOW, WHAT THINGS I MUST TAKE, AND WHAT IT IS NOT NEEDED OVERHERE, TO DISCARD OR LEAVE, I AM IN NEED OF HELP NOW, BECAUSE SHE AURORA IS NOT HERE.

IT IS VERY HARD FOR ME TO GET AROUND, DO THINGS HERE, I SURE WANT TO GO THAT BEAUTIFULL COUNTRY, I AM TIRED AROUND THIS MESS, I THINK I MUST MAKE A MISTAKE NOT TO GO AT THE TIME SHE LEFT, BUT I WAS WAITING FOR THOSE DOCUMENTS OF THE RETIREMENT ZISTEM IN SACRAMENTO, AND THAT HOLD ME DOWN HOLD ME, LEFT ME BEHIND, I HOPE SOON WILL BE OK, THAT THE WAY I DID

WILL BE OK. BUT I WANT TO KNOW FOR SURE, I HAVE TO CALL THEM, IN SACRAMENTO TO SEE IF IF THEY WILL UNDERSTAND ME, (I SPEAK NOT GOOD, I WRITE BETTER) TO FIND OUT IF THEY WILL GET ALL THINGS IN DOCUMENT RIGHT, AND IF SOON THEY START SENDING, AND WHEN THE FIRST CHECK, SO AS SOON I GET TO KNOW, I LIKE TO CALL THEM IN, PEOPLE TEMPLE IN GRAY ST. IN FRISCO TO SEE IF THEY GIVE ME A HAND, BECAUSE AS SOON I CAN I WANT TO BE WITH MY FATHER, TAKEN OUT OF HERE TO ME THIS IS NOT GOOD HERE, I CAN'T MAKE IT NO MORE LIFE IS LONSOME, IT IS TERRIBLE IN THE STATES, I AM NOT GOOD HERE, THE YOUNG GENERATION, I AM SCARED TO WALK AT NIGHT, THEY SEEM

NOT TO RESPECT, AND MANY KILLERS, CRAZY, AT MY AGE, I AM AFRAID ALONE\*-PLEASE HAVE MERCY- ON ME, I CRY AND CRY YOU SEE ME, AT THE MEETINGS IN L.A. WHEN I USE TO GO,, OH HOW I NEED TO BE RIGHT THERE WITH YOU, I SURE MISS YOU, BUT I WAS STOUT TO MY WORK, NOT WANTING TO GET OUT YET.,

BUT NOW IN BETWEEN THE TWO ME AND MY WIFE, SHE SAY TO ME BETTER RETIRE, SO I DID AND NOW, I AM READY BUT I NEED, TO FIX THIS THING ABOUT RETIREMENT DOCUMENTS, I HOPE THEY SOON BE FIX. BUT FOR ME I AM READY TO LEAVE, SO THEY WILL SEND ME AWAY OVER TO GUYANA, - RIGHT THERE WHERE FATHER IS, AND MY WIFE AND KIDS, AND GLORIA, AND BABY, AND ALL MANY MANY OF MY PRECIOUS, ONES, WHO I MISS TO MUCH, FATHER PLEASE HAVE MERCY AND DO, HELP ME SO I CAN MANAGE,, TO GO. OR THAT THEY WILL SEND ME TOO, LIKE THEY DID MY BELOVED WIFE, PLEASE PLEASE TELL HER WHEN YOU SEE HER, THAT I LOVE HER VERY MUCH, AND I WANT TO BE WITH HER, AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, SO WE BE TOGETHER RIGHT THERE, LIVING WITH OUR FATHER, I REMEMBER WHEN YOU USE TO TELL US, (ME AND WIFE) IN S. FRANCISCO CHURCH,, OH LOVED LOVE ONES, AND GIVE US BLESSINGS, I NEVER FORGET, AND WHEN YOU DID TOLD ME BLESSED BLESSED DEAR BROTHER.. IN THE TRIP WHEN WE WAS GOING TO CANADA AND WASHINGTON.. I AM NOW SO THAT MANY THINGS DON'T #

KNOW HOW TO DO, EXAMPLE- I DON'T KNOW IF THEY COME IN A PICK UP OR SOME TRUCK TO PICK UP SOME OF MY STAFF, AND AURORA STAFF HERE TO BE SENT TO -THE AGRICULTURAL MISSION-BY SURFACE, AND OTHER FOR ME TO TAKE OVERHERE, AND ALSO I DON'T KNOW IF THEY GET ME INTO CUMUN-SO TO WAIT THERE FOR THE TIME, THEY WILL BE READY TO SEND ME.. I HAVE TO KNOW, MANY THINGS IN ADVANSE SO TO KNOW HOW TO GET \*OR IRION OUT THINGS, TO BE RIGHT AT RIGHT TIME, EXAMPLE TO

GIVE A NOTICE A MONTH AHEAD FOR TO THE LANDLORDS HERE THAT I WILL LEAVE THER TRAILER, VACANT. I WILL TRY TO CALL TOMORROW TO FIND OUT HOW IS THE DOCUMENTS, MORELESS SET..

I GOING TO WORK FOR ABOUT 3 WKS FOR ONE MAN TO GET SOME MONEY TO PAY RENT AND OTHER PAYMENT FOR THIS COMING MONTH, FATHER PLEASE-IF YOU WISH LET OR TELL THEM OVER IN CHURCH TO SEE ME OR HELP ME, AND IF YOU WISH THAT I BE ADMITED INTO COMUN, AS SOON I WILL LET THEM KNOW THAT THIS THINGS BEEN FIX THE PAPERS OR ABOUT RETIREMENT, AND THAT WAY I WILL MOVE OVERHERE OR THAT THEY ADVISE ME HOW TO GO, OR DO ABOUT IT, TO BE THERE AT SAN--  
Francisco Church-in Cumun So To be ready to be sent TO GUYANA LIKE MY WIFE.

EE-3 1/2

MY BELOVED REVEREND JIM JONES, in a little while more I sure like to be sent to that land  
IF YOU HAVE MERCY ON ME, AND SEE MY WEAKNESS AND MY MISTAKES, I SURE NEED HELP, I AM ALONE  
I BEG FATHER TO BE GOOD, FORGIVE ME FOR MY WEAKNESS, AND MY IGNORANCE, WE WAS IN A RUSH AT  
THAT TIME ME & WIFE, WHEN THAT HORRIBLE THING HAPPENS THAT MY SON, DID OR COMIT, AND CALL

TO SEE HER, IT MAKES ME AND HER VERY VERY CONFUSED OR NOT THINKING STRAIGHT, NERVIOS OR  
SO, VERY DISTURBED, SO WE DIN'T GET TO THINK THINGS STRAIGHT AT THAT TIME, HOW ABOUT  
ME BEHIND LEFT BEHIND, NOT BEEN ABLE TO FINISH FIXING THE RIGHT PROCCIDINGS FOR FILLING  
AND SIGNING THOSE THOSE DOCUMENTS OF RETIERMENT, AND SHE DIN'T THINK OR NOR I THER ME TO TELL

THAT MAN IN CHARGE AT THE TEMPLE-JIM RANNDALLS -and Philbic..WE JUST CAN'T GET OUR MINDS  
TOGETHER AT THAT-OR THOSE DAYS- SO FOR THIS I-AM LEFT HERE, WITH PLENTY WORK AHEAD TO SO  
TO BE ABLE TO DEPART OR GO TO S. FRANCISCO, AND SO THAT THEY CCAN SEND ME OVERTHERE.

JIM RANDALLS ASK ME WHAT I HAVE HERE? I SAID NOTHING-ONLY I HAVE TO WAIT TO FIX THOSE PAPERS  
BUT THAT HE TOLD ME AFTER SHE HAVE ALRREADY LEFT (MY WIFE). SO I WENT BACK TO S. BARBARA HERE  
I AM SSOCK OR HOW DID YOU WRITE THE WORD?? FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG YET..

((PLEASE--FATHER IF YOU DOND UNDERSTAND ME VERY WELL)) TELL MY WIFE SHOW HER THIS LETTER  
OR THAT SHE INTREPET SOME THINGS SHE KNOW MY WAY OF WRITTHING AND WHAT I MEAN MORELESS VERY  
GOOD, SHE KNOWS WHAT I MEAN ALMOST RIGHT AWAY .OH PLEASE ASECEPT ME FATHER, I WANT TO GO AND  
HELP YOU, IN THAT MISSION, TOGETHER WITH MY BELOVED WIFE, AND GRANDCHILDREN, MY GLORIA.

PASTOR JIM JONES--I WANT TO SEE YOU, I AM LOST WITHOOUT YOU, IT IS A LONG TIME I HAVE NOT-  
SEEN YOU, I KNOW YOU WILL HEARD OR GIVE ME A HAND I KNOW YOU ARE SO KIND AND WHEN YOU  
USE TO TELL US (ME AND WIFE) BLESSED BLESSED) OH DEER ONES' --I ALLWAYS USE TO TELL MY  
WIFE YOU LIKE US, BELOVED FATHER SO KIND AND MERCYFULL- THAT YOU HAVE THE POWER IN YOUR  
HANDS TO DELIVER US FROM EVIL, AND THAT YOU HELP ME, WHEN I WAS AT THE POINT OF BEEN KILLED  
BY THE SAME PERSON, THAT COMIT THE CRIME THIS TIME-UNDER DOPE- IT WAS WHEN HE CAME THAT -  
NIGHT AT ABOUT 3 AM, TO AWAKE US ME AND MY GLORIA, OUT OF OUR SLEEP.-- AFTER WE HAVE PUT A-  
GOOD DAY WORK, ONLY YOU SAVE MY LIFE, AND I AM GRATIFULL TO YOU I SUMIT--IF YOU ASECEPT ME

OR MAKE THEY WAY FOR ME OR TELL THEM TO HELP ME -AND TO SEND ME TOO DOWN THERE WHERE YOU  
ARE AND WHERE GLORIA AND MY WIFE ARE.. I WILL DO ALL I CAN, TO BE GOOD, IN MY HEART I  
DON'T BELIVE NOT NOBODY WHO SPEAK WRONG ABOUT YOU, AND AT SAME TOKEN I DON'T BELIVE IN-  
ANY RELIBION, NOT ONE NOT IN PRAYER TO HOLY GHOSH BUT ASK, AND I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANY-  
MORE

I FEEL LIKE MY LIFE, I AM GETTING KIND OF TIRED I CAN'T BREAETH GOOD I DON'T KNOW,  
I AM ANSIOUS TO SEE YOU, AND BE WITH MY FATHER I MISS HIM TOO MUCH, AND I JUST DON'T  
BELIVE IN THE HONKIES IT MAKES ME TIRED AND VERY UPLEASANT TO SEE THIS PEOPLE SHOWING  
UP AMONG THE POOR, FATHER PLEAE SAVE ME FROM THIS PLACE TAKE ME OVERTHERE WHERE YOU ARE.

SO I CAN HELP AND ALSO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG. YOU SEE I WAS THINKING ALLWAY I WAS NOT  
ABLEVTO DO OR TO ACOMPLISH TO BE WITH YOU (LIKE GLORIA MY GDORIA) THAT SHE WAS AFRAID ALSO  
I AM AFRAID AND THINKING I WAS NOT (GOOD ENOUGH) TO BE WITH YOU OR TO FOLLOW BECAUSE  
YOU ARE SUCH A COMPASIONATE AND MERCYFULL PERSON, AND VERY POWERFULL IN YOUR MIGHTY HAND

SO PLEAHE - NOW THAT MY WIFE IS OVERTHERE AND I WAS NOT ABLE-TO GO AT THAT TIME, PLEASE  
OPEN THE DOORS FOR ME-THOSE THAT ARE CLOSED- SO I CAN BE ABLE TO PROSSED TO MAKE MY WAY  
SO ONE DAY WER VERY SOON I BE THERE AT YOUR PRESENCE, TOGETHER WITH MY WIFE, AND THAT  
WAY I KNOW I BE SAVED. THAT YOU WILL SEE ME TOO, AND AT ANY MOMENT IF BOMBODY GOING TO  
TRY ANYTHING BAD AT ME OR WIFE-OR ONE OF US YOU WILL PROTECT US, WITH YOUR MIGHTY POWER AND  
I AM SURE, YOU WILL DO THAT AND I WILL BE VERY HAPPY HAPPY, TO SERVE YOU AND BE WITH  
YOU, BUT CORRECT MY BAD HABITS OR ANY THING THAT I AM WRONG --YOU WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO TOOK  
AWAY THE HABIT OF SMOKING FROM ME AND SAVE MY LIFE MANY TIMES- I LOVE YOU AND I FEEL SAFE  
AROUND YOU AND ARE WILLING TO GIVE ALL-TO LIVE IN COMUN-PLEASE ADVISE THE RIGHT PEOPLE IN  
SAN FRANCISCO CHURCH, SO THEY ADMIT ME ONE OF THEM. PLEASE FATHER I ONLY WANT TO GO-

EE-3-1173

3  
THERE AT THAT LAND WHERE YOUR ARE, AND MY BELOVED ONE'S-- I KNOW YOU WON'T LET ME DOWN NOW YOU SEE MY MIND WAS, AND STILL IS VERY DISTURBED, - BUT DEEP VERY DEEP IN MY MIND I ONLY WANT TO BE WITH YOU MY SAIVIOR, SO PLEASE SEE WHAT I SAY HERE THIS TIME YES THIS TIME I AM READY TO BE WITH MY FATHER, I NEED HIM TO ALWAYS WITH HIS MIGHTY POWER DEFEND ME FROM EVIL-IT IS JUST TOO

MUCH EVIL ALLAROUND, AND THE OCULT FORCES ARE ALLAROUND ME, BUT FATHER IS LOOKING AND HE WILL DELIVER ME, AND MY BELOVED WIFE, HE WILL SAVE ME FROM ENVIES, AND ALL EVIL FORCES, OF THE DEVILS AND ALL THE WICHIST THOSE WHO DO SORCERSY, YOU SEE THE EVIL ONES' AND THE MAGICIANS HAVE

WORK ALL KIND OF BAD THINGS AND EVIL AGAINST US-ME AND WIFE- BUT THE ONLY ONE-AND GREAT MAGICIAN WHO WILL AND IS DEFENDING ME IS JIM JONES --AND AGAINST HIM THEY DON'T HAVE NO POWER, NOR EVEN THE BULLETS NOR ANY WEAPON WILL HURT HIM OR US--BEACAUSE HE IS TAKING CARE. -BE WITH ME FATHER- I BELIVED ONLY THE WAY HE TEACH TO BE THE BEST -TO MAKE THE KINGDOM OF GOD ON EARTH -FATHER

PLEASE DEFEND ME NOW. THAT I AM ALONG-SEE THAT I AM TAKING CARE. OFF..THAT NOT EVEN THE EVIL ONE'S IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT-CAN HARM ME, AND THAT THE SERPENT- OR POWERFULL ONE,CAN'T KILL ME.BECAUSE FATHER IS WITH ME,AND FATHER IS THE ONLY MAGICIANS THAT ALL WILL ASK ON HIM

(( AND GIVE REVER OR RESPECT HIM IN THE LIGHT OF THE MORNIG DAY OR THE DARK OF THE NIGHT))

OH POWERFULL FATHER MAGICIANS OF ALL THE MAGICIANS YOU THAT HAVE THE POWER TO MAKE ME FREE

DELIVER ME FROM THE CIRCUNSTANCES OF THE EVIL THAT I AM NOW-TAKE ME AWAY WITH YOU I LOVE YOU, IN THE NAME MOST HOLY-- AND WHEN YOU SAY SPIES SPIRITS SPIRITS AND WHEN YOU EXTEND YOUR HAND THERE IS DONE. \*\*\*NOW FATHER I SHALL TELL YOU WHAT IOR WHAT I REMEMBER NOW THAT I GOT OF MATERIALS TO TAKE TO GUYANA-- I GOT-FEW TOOLS HAMMERS PILIERS, Catters, PipetREDERS- A FAN. A DOLY, About 3 Plaster Of Paris HOLDS- OF TO MAKE FIGURINES-One A Clown About-2ft.Tall -It -weight- about 4Lbs. Other Book End Indian From Mexico- W.About-3lb. A Statue From Someplace A Figure FromS.America Found There BEUT.FULL -W.About - 5lb.Others Little Ones W.About- 4 Lb. Also I have An old Use Small Tax Recorder Of The Reel kind . This Small Tipewriter, Some Writti Paper 3 Big Cans Of Insect-Killer Spray- It Can cost About \$2.50 Ech Can.FULL .A BIG CANAVAS,One VERY LIGHT OTHER One Kind Of heavy.A Foot Locker Full Of-Clothes-Some Herbs BOOKS ABOUT 4.Or So Some Kichen Things Small Amount .Plenty Scissors, For Sewing Machiyes Or Cutting Materials-Some Sponges, Ropes, About 3 or 4 Books Of Sciense Some Spanish Language THAT SOMETIMES I READ. A Small Box Toilet Paper.,Some Sulcases, Abot 5 Or 6.Few Medecines, Few Used Sheets, And - Bed Spreads Or Quilts, A BIG TRUNK FULL OF CLOTHES USED ONES ONLY MOSTLY WORK PANTS LIKE KAKKISAN KAKKIS AND SAME KIND OF SHIRTS, Some underclothes,Some Hawy Socks, And pencils, Some Lockers One Small Shester Drower , Full Of Materials Clothes Shirts,And Pants For Hot Places Like Tropical I belive, And Electric Shavers-One New Some Old Ones-Rasor Blades Rasers,One Hair cutte NEW. AND I HAVE A DRUM- Of Heavy CARDBORD- Good To Go SUREAG, IT IS STRONG -I HAVE IT FULL OF SHOES,AND WORK,SHOES USE ONES --AND KAKKI PANTS AND WORK SHIRTS- wigts About -1.35 lb. I HAVE SOME HERBS BUT I GOING TROW AWAY GIVE AWAY-(THOSE FOR TEAS)I HAVE SOME WRINCHES, SOME SMALL & BIG. A FEW..OF THEM..ARMY BOOTS..USE ONES, . Few Dress Pants. And Shirts. Mine Other FOOT LOCKER A RADIO-SHORT WAVE\*\*--About 31lb/.Few 雜 BOOKES. OR THE 雜 DOLI IS A GOOD ONE IT CAN BE USED TO LOAD STAFF HERE OR IN CHURCH OR IN GUYANA.OR TO CARRY STAFF..Two Electric Cloaks-..I GUESS IF I MISS IS ONLY A SMALL FRACTION OF MORELESS MORE STAFF SMALL THINGS.Clippers, And Small - House hold Things Example-Clipings, Knife Sharpener, Glasses,Mirrors, Manifing Glasses Etc \*\* NOW-- I LIKE SOMEBODY- TO WRITE TO ME AND TELL ME,IF THE BIG BOX- WIEGHT ABOUT- 134 Lbs. COINTING COUNTANTING-- A SHESTER DROWER-SMALL ONE\*) IF THIS ONE THEY DON'T USE IN GUYANA OR THAT AERICULTURAL MISSION---???OR IF THEY DO-WE CAN USE IT-AND IF THEY SEND IT \*BY surface\* AND IF-THEY OR WE DON'T NEED THAT TAPERECORDER OVERTHERE??? AND HOW ABOUT THE PLASTER OF-PARIS MOLDS -THEY ARE PACKEGED IN A HEVRY CARDBOARD. AND IF IS TOO MANY SHOES, I CAN SHARE WIT SOME OTHER PERSON SOME OF THEM- THAT I DON'T USE I CAN GIVE IT AWAY TO WHO,NEED IT MOST SOME OF THEM.. AND INSECT SPRAY.. R THINGS THAT I HAVE ENOUGH.BUT--THE QUESTION IS IF I CAN-TAKE THEM OVER TO THE TEMPLE AREA,AND IF THEY WILL SEND THEM LATER BY SURFACE , AND OTHER THING IF I CAN'T TAKE OR SEND THEM OVERTHERE -IF THEY HELP ME PICK THEM UP AND TAKE THEM THERE.

EE-3-KRY

IF THEY CAN HOOK A TRAILER TO OUR MAVRICK CAR, AND COME PICK UP MY STAFF OR IF I/HA THEY  
BRING A PICKUP TRUCK, TO TAKE THEM, FOR ME I AM WILLING HELP TO LOAD THEM AND UNLOAD THEM

AND IF SOMEONE WRITE ME A LETTER AND TELL ME YOU NOT -TAKE THIS-EXAMPLE SHESTER DROWER TO  
GUYANA,SELL OR DISCARD IT,AND OR YES WE SEND IT BY SURFACE, PAKED IN A HEAVY CARD BOARD.

AND IF THEY DON'T NEED MOLDS OVERHERE, ?? AND HOW ABOUT TAPRERECORDER, OK..WELL

I HOPE I CAN MAKE IT TO GO OVERHERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE I JUST DON'T WANT TO STAY AROUND  
HERE TOO LONG, NOW I SHALL TELL YOU THAT MY MOTHER TOLD ME A REAL HISTORY PART THAT  
WHEN I WAS ONLY A BABY CROWILING ON THE FLOOR IN A RANCH HOUSE, SHE HEAR SOMETHING HITTING  
VERY HARD ON THE FLOOR, WHILE SHE LEFT ME ON THE FLOOR-AND SHE WAS IN THE KITCHEN IN OTHER  
SIDE AND SHE WENT TO LOOK-AND THERE WAS THE BIG CAT, BLACK CAT- SAVING ME FROM A KIND OF  
BIG RATTLE SNAKE, THAT WAS COMING TOWARD ME, BUT HE SHE CAT -SAVE MY LIFE- SO THE SNAKE -  
DIN'T GET TO BITE ME, SHE CALL MY FATHER QUICKLY TO COME IN HE WAS WORKING OUTSIDE, HE -  
CAME WITH A CANE FORK AND PICK UP THE SNAKE AWAY AND KILLIT..

SO I AM STILL LIVING-- I HOPE SOON I GET TO GO TO THAT BEUTIFULL LAND  
WITH MY FATHER THAT IS MY THOUGHT and Where my Beloved Wife Anf Girl  
Gloria Is..With all my Grandchildren

May The Power And Glory Be Forever Yours

MAKE ABLE FATHER OF SO THAT I CAN BE WHERE YOU ARE, IN THAT MISSION  
IN JONES TOWN WHERE IS NOT ANY DISCRIMINATION, AMONG THE PEOPLE  
BLACK AND WHITE.. AAND ALL LIKE BROTHER & SISTER

IN REMEMBERING YOU I LIKE TO SEND YOU EMBRASE  
YOU,, AND THE GLORY BE FOFVER YOURS

I THANK YOU FATHER FOR ALL THE GOODNESS AND ALL THE BLESSING  
I THANK I AM GRATEFULL TO YOU, AND I LIKE TO GO WORK THERE AND  
BE HAPPY FOFVER MORE, GET ME OUT OF THIS STRUGGLE FATHER  
I THANK YOU I THANK YOU FOREVER MORE..

YOURS SINCERELY--:.

PS.

Brother---

THAT SOON WE MAY HEAR FROM YOU AND-  
MY WIFE...

Gregorio Rodriguez

REMEMBER ME - IN THIS DAYS  
THAT THE DAYS OF HEAVY RAIN  
YOU KEEP ME DRY, AND YOU HAVE  
SAVE MY LIFE AND MY WORK..  
OH THANK THANK YOU FATHER.

PLEASE EXCUSE MY WRITTING I DON'T HAVE  
ANY EDUCATION PLEASE FATHER HAVE MERCY  
ON ME AND ATTEND TO MY PETITION...

EE-3-KKS



I love you so much  
You are so beautiful  
so lovely & so  
sacrificial - How  
horrible it is to be God's  
Wife & you do it  
magnificently.

I can not express  
how different I'd like  
things to be but if I did  
not keep things moving  
under tight control & know  
do there'd be no time to  
live just my days out only  
with you which I earnestly  
desire to do with all  
my being. (We both can feel  
satisfied that we are keeping  
alive the only light & the only  
hope for change as Rep. Major  
said last week. EE3-LL

20 —, 197 —, 1

Pastor Jones called my dad out  
and said ~~to~~ there is ~~was~~ someone in  
the building with a brown wallet  
with a rubber band around it and  
a blue comb. He mentioned emphysema  
and the fact that my dad smoked  
before coming to the Temple.  
My dad has <sup>had</sup> no breathing problem  
or smoking habit ~~any more~~ since that day.

One when

Pastor Jones was <sup>at the</sup> Agricultural  
Mission <sup>in South America</sup>, called ~~in~~ <sup>my name</sup>  
and message to me about  
a letter I had written that  
he hadn't seen, addressed to  
him. ~~I was~~ ~~so~~ ~~depressed~~  
I was very depressed at the time  
but <sup>was</sup> so shocked that <sup>he knew about the letter</sup> this happened  
that it knocked me out of my senses.  
sense back into me.

Gene Rodriguez Carter

EE-3-MM,

Peoples Temple  
I went to a Redwood Valley service of  
in 1972 from Santa Barbara (8 hour drive).

Just before pulling out of the lot  
after the service, Rev. ~~James~~ touched our  
car and asked us to wait 2 minutes.  
We left and on our way home  
we found ourselves going through  
~~an~~ what a very serious  
accident including 5 cars. Had  
we been there 12 minutes ~~before~~ earlier  
we would have ~~had~~ been ~~not~~  
killed.

Gloria Rodriguez Carter

~~Prophecy~~ Pastor Jones ~~said~~ called my mom  
out and ~~prophecy~~ <sup>predicted</sup> that she was  
going to have a fall down some  
cement steps and hit her skull  
causing her to be paralyzed. He also  
mentioned my ~~dad's~~ Dad being in  
danger and protecting him.

Not concrete enough - Can  
be found fault with

EE-3-MM2

Father,

You have healed me from a heart condition at a young age of 16.

My heart used to palpate very fast when

I was sleeping or just sitting down

and I would get pains in my chest.

I was going to visit <sup>Doctor</sup> about this but Pastor

Jim Jones sent me a cloth <sup>which I put on my heart</sup> and I have

never had any problems since.

I ~~was~~ lifting some heavy furniture

<sup>one</sup> and I felt my back strain. For the

next couple of days I would have had

<sup>pain</sup> such terrible <sup>EE-3-NN,</sup> that I felt I couldn't

even stand <sup>for some</sup> ~~later~~ sent me down

When it  
a cloth, which touched my back and  
the pain left immediately. Now my back  
is strong and I can lift things without  
pain.

Emily Leroy

EE-3-NN<sub>2</sub>

~~John~~  
First time I <sup>went</sup> ~~came~~ to <sup>Peoples Temple</sup> church  
I was up in the balcony, when  
<sup>Pastor Jones</sup> ~~father~~ sent one of <sup>the</sup> ~~his~~ nurses  
to <sup>give</sup> ~~send~~ me a personnel message,  
She <sup>told me</sup> ~~said~~, <sup>Pastor Jones</sup> ~~father~~ <sup>knows</sup> ~~knows~~ <sup>how</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>you</sup> ~~are~~  
<sup>Paul</sup> ~~sees~~ that I <sup>was</sup> ~~am~~ part of a gang  
and that I was supposed to  
have a gang fight tomorrow.  
She gave me a cloth, and said  
if I <sup>went</sup> ~~go~~ I'd be killed. ~~It was~~  
~~a miracle~~ <sup>in the church</sup> ~~the~~ because no one  
knew that I was in a gang  
and that we had planned a  
fight for tomorrow the next  
day.

Beverly Oliver

EE-3-00  
I

\*\*\*\*\*

In 1975 pastor Jim Jones <sup>called</sup> ~~call~~ me out  
and told me that I had a bad <sup>habit</sup> ~~habit~~ of  
teasing dogs, which ~~that~~ was very true. He  
gave me a cloth and told me I would need  
this for <sup>from</sup> protection of dogs. The next day  
when I was walking to work a big great dane  
dog jumped out of a stairway after me, then  
he ~~stop~~ <sup>stopped</sup>, looked at me and ran away. ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup>  
Pastor Jones told me, came true. I was very  
very thankful.

OVER

Bill Oliver

EE-3-PP,

In 1976 I Bill Oliver and some  
more people were playing downtown  
when we shouldn't have been, on the way  
home ~~we~~ we came up to a paper stand  
In this paper stand ~~was~~ there ~~was~~ was  
lots of money in it. When the bus came  
a couple of my friends snatched the money,  
and jumped on the bus. <sup>when we went to</sup> <sup>at PT</sup> <sup>the next</sup>  
day, Peter Jones called me out and told me  
everything we <sup>had done the day before</sup> did to the last detail. He told  
us that we <sup>were seen</sup> ~~had seen~~ by a detective, but  
he was ~~saying~~ saving us from going to jail.

Bill Oliver

(over)

EE-3-PP 2



Rheumatoid

I was told by a Dr. at Kaiser Hospital  
years ago I had Rheumatoid Arthritis and  
that nothing could be done for it - I had a  
lot of trouble <sup>pain</sup> with my hands and I lost the  
strength I had in my hands ~~and I also had~~  
~~pain in my hands.~~

Dr. 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 <sup>had to use</sup>  
on a walker barely able to walk, ~~and I~~  
~~up that~~ <sup>her</sup> hands were <sup>so</sup> swollen and  
disabled people could not use them.

After I came to the Temple I  
noticed all the pain & crippling disappeared from  
my hands, and the strength I had ~~once~~ lost  
returned.

Rita J. Trupper

EE-3-QQ

I had suffered on & off for years  
with Bladder and Kidney infections. I was  
taking medicine for a Kidney infection one  
time. <sup>Q. J. Jones</sup> called me <sup>out</sup> and <sup>which he was cured by</sup> told me about the infection and I have  
never had another problem with either  
Kidney or Bladder infection since then.  
This has <sup>been</sup> over six years ago.

Rita J. Tupper

EE-3-RR

This year I was having a problem with my back and had been suffering such pain it was hard to sit up or walk. X-rays were <sup>taken</sup> and the <sup>doctor</sup> said I had an unusual spot on one of my vertebrae.

Tests were scheduled to determine the problem. 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, and I was in a lot of pain at the time.

The <sup>next</sup> day when I went back to the <sup>doctor</sup> the <sup>Dr.</sup> he said the spot he had seen and was worried about on one of my vertebrae was now gone.

My back has not bothered me since then.

Rita J. Tupper

EE-3-55

A I met Jones Jones in November, 1921 at the Embassy  
Hotel where he was holding services every other week  
The second time I attended the service he came to me  
after services while I was waiting for my husband to come  
and said "How do you feel?" I told him that  
I had a condition in my throat which made it  
difficult for me to swallow liquids, but to mention  
solid food 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  
and went to Dr. [NAME] The throat specialist examined my throat and  
sent me to Dr. [NAME] 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 ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> fork like  
manubria in my throat and had caused them  
to swell and that was why it hurt for me to  
swallow any thing. He said, "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 services. I just told him  
what the specialist told me and pastor Jones just  
patted 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 has been more than 5 years ago.

NAME

I had Arthritis in my right hand so bad that  
my fingers would close up and when I awakened in the  
mornings I would have to use my left hand to  
straighten each finger out before I could use my hand.  
(over)

EE-3-111

3. Pastor Jones told every one with abilities to stand up and stretch their hands <sup>forward</sup> to him. I was among the many persons who stood and stretched forth their hands. The next morning I woke up and my fingers were straight as they had been and I did not feel any pain, it had not felt a pain and my fingers were <sup>all</sup> straight. That had been about 5 years ago.

3. Before I got <sup>acquainted</sup> with Pastor Jones, I spent 13 days in the hospital with kidney stones. My kidneys 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 and get out once Pastor Jones pictures on the area of my kidney and all symptoms and pain went away and I have not felt it since. <sup>and that's all</sup>

4. <sup>When we came back to Los Angeles from our work trip last January, I was in service and had the most <sup>thrilling</sup> service that I had ever felt. Pastor Jones was <sup>there</sup> ever present by the People's People Agricultural Mission at the time. <sup>Proph. Spencer conducted the service that night and a revelation was sent through him <sup>with</sup> Pastor Jones. He called out <sup>names</sup> and <sup>names</sup> while he was talking, all of the books that I had read and I had been named from <sup>him</sup>.</sup></sup>

should  
this  
be  
in

Rosa L. Keaton

EE-3-T-2

Declaration and Acknowledgment of Gifts

The undersigned, are husband and wife, and are referred to herein as donors. We first met Carolyn M. [redacted] of Ukiah California, hereinafter referred to as donee in June 1969.

From that time until the present we have periodically irrevocable Cash Gifts out of our Community property funds to Carolyn M. Layton. These Gifts were given out of love and affection for her and in the knowledge and belief that such Gifts would be used as she sees fit for humanitarian

purposes. No tax deductions were claimed by us of any of these Gifts, and no restrictions were put on the use of these Gifts by said donee.

Total Amount of these Gifts by us to said donee amounted to twelve thousand five hundred dollars (\$12,500.00). These Gifts were spread out so that during any year did the amount of such Gifts exceed \$1,000.00 to said donee from either one of us. We declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

James T. Pugh  
Eva H. Pugh

Witness: Carol A. Stahl EE-3-UU

## Declaration and Acknowledgment of Gifts

The undersigned, as husband and wife, and are referred to herein as donors. We first met Carolyn M. of Ukiah California, hereinafter referred to as donee in June 1969.

At that time until the present we have periodically made irrevocable Cash Gifts out of our Community property funds to Carolyn M. Layton. These Gifts were made out of love and affection for her and in the knowledge and belief that such Gifts would well be used as she sees fit for humanitarian

tax deductions were claimed by us of any of these and no restrictions were put on the use of these by said donee.

Total Amount of these Gifts by us to said donee exceeded twelve thousand five hundred dollars (\$12,500.00). These Gifts were spread out so that during any year did the Amount of such Gifts exceed \$3,000.00 to said donee from either one of us. We declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct.

James R. Pugh  
Eva H. Pugh

EE-3-VV

of Redwood Valley,  
was after referred to as  
donees, in Aug., 1967.

From that time until the present we  
have periodically made irrevocable  
cash gifts out of our community  
property funds to Jim Jones &  
Marceline Jones. These gifts  
were made out of love & affection  
for each of them and in the deep  
knowledge and belief that such  
gifts would and will be used as  
they see fit for humanitarian good.

No tax deductions were claimed  
by us of any of these gifts and no  
restrictions were put on the use  
of these funds by said donees.

The total amount of these gifts  
by us to said donees has exceeded  
Twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000.00).  
These gifts were spread out so that  
during no calendar year did the  
amount of such gifts exceed  
\$3,000.00 per donee from either  
one of us.

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

wife Loren S. Layton

Witness: Cecil A. Stahl

Hubert Lawrence Layton  
EE-3-WW



Two weeks later I was standing by the pole and started to swing on it. I was in 6th grade at the time. But I remembered what Jim said. Just at that moment a green mustang car came speeding around the corner almost hitting the sheet walk attendant. If I had swung out on that pole at that time I would have been killed or seriously injured by the car.

Cowl-kus

7-28-77

EE-3-XX

Jonestown, Port Kaituma }  
North West District, Guyana } SS

affidavit of:  
Danny K. Kutulas  
DANNY K. KUTULAS

I Danny K. Kutulas duly sworn declare:  
DANNY K. KUTULAS

That in the month of December of 1975,  
J. R. Purifoy his wife Betty Purifoy and son Jimmy  
Purifoy and his wife Gale Purifoy removed materials,  
tools and machinery from a Peoples Temple Church  
apartment building under repairs at that time at  
1345 Alverado Terrace, Los Angeles, California not  
belonging to them.

Jimmy and Gale Purifoy said to me the evening  
they were loading the truck, that they were going  
to do a job in Fresno, California for the Peoples Temple Church  
and that it would take about two or three days and will  
be back for Christmas dinner. We never saw them  
again.

The materials stolen belonged to Peoples Temple Church.

Subscribed to and sworn to before me,  
a notary Public of the Republic of Guyana  
or commissioner

July 29, 1977  
Witnessed by  
Edith Bogert  
Shirlee Ann Fields  
By Ruggier  
at Touchette  
Jane Owens

EE-3-YY

To: Jim Jones

Helen Swinney  
September 17, 1978

My opinion is that we should buy the property that has the warehouse on East Bank. We would have enough storage room for a few months supply of food, or whatever-in the long run it would pay for itself in more ways than one. If we buy it I would suggest that Eva & Jim Pugh be put there permanently, to oversee and be responsible for the place. I think there is enough room for a small garden to furnish the place with fresh vegetables. Jim loves to garden also he could keep up repairs on the place and keep the grounds looking nice...there may even be enough room for a few chickens or rabbits. Eva could organize and take care of the business end of it. I am also suggesting a black couple (that you trust being away from you) to help them, a couple who would be compatible with them...I am making this suggestion because of intergration only...because I believe Eva & Jim are plenty capable of managing that place alone. They could go into Jonestown every 6-9 months for a week or two, or a few days, depending on how long they think they could be away from the place.

As for the place we already have there should also be a responsible couple who cares for the Peoples property and is willing to be hated for organizing and seeing that rules are kept. right now I don't know any couple who could fill the bill. This place should be kept for business and P.R. purposes only...for entertaining guest who need to be impressed with Peoples Temple. The place on the river could catch all the people who are coming to Jonestown to live. They could be processed and leave by boat from there...they would not have a chance of getting around in Georgetown, causing trouble before they leave here.

The reason I am suggesting permanent overseers is that it seems that everybody's property is no-body's property! and it seems that very few people give a damn about the amount of money that has to be spent on keeping a place up. I came in a week or so after Marcy got here-they told me that this place was in such a mess when she came that she cried. The place was still a mess when I got here; all the electrical appliances were broken or thrown away. The new plugs I had put on them were torn up, both oven doors to the stove were broken, the kitchen was filthy, the yards all grown up in grass and weeds, the yards all cluttered up with old drums, trash, old mattresses, ~~it was~~ a delapidated dogs house. The place now is looking halfway decent. Terri, I think feels her responsibility and is trying very hard to keep things going...between the P.R. she has to do, and seeing that this place is kept half-way decent, keeps her busy...I feel sorry for her sometimes. There is such a turnover in personall *that it will never*

*be any better -*

*Helen Swinney*

EE-3-22,

1027 Geary Bl #21  
San Francisco, Ca. 94109  
July 30, 1977

Dear Father & Friend

- 1. You healed me of blindness.
- 2. You healed me of crippling Arthritis.
3. You have saved me from many heart attacks.
4. you saved me from a fatal heart attack.
5. You saved me from having a stroke that would have left me paralyzed for life.
- 6 you healed me of a blood disease.
- 7. you healed my leg, I couldn't walk with out pain.
8. you saved me from dying in my sleep.
9. you saved my youngest <sup>son</sup> from being killed.
10. you saved my youngest son from a long period in jail.
11. you saved my eldest son from being in prison longer.
12. you saved my daughter from cancer.
13. you saved my daughter from being killed by her companions.
14. you saved me from being killed in a car wreck.
- 15. you healed me of cancer 4 times that I know of.
16. you saved my niece Moneka from dying.
17. you healed my granddaughter so many times of being ill.
18. you saved my youngest son life when you got a revelation for him to join this cause.
19. you saved his wife also by revelation to join this cause.
20. you have saved me & my children from many things I know not of. Thank you again forever.

Mabel Lee Elizabeth Johnson.

EE-3-AAA

March 15th 1977

In 1972 on a Sunday morning some one call me and said, may I speak to Margaret Marshall and I said this to Margaret speaking, do you have a son name Willard Marshall and I said yes, and you call him Bucky and I said yes. he said my name is Jack Bearpaster Jones had a Revelation on your son, and he is in danger of bein killed, do you think you could bring him to see Jim Hodday at the School on Beary and I said wait a minute and I will see, so I went up stairs and ask my son if he would go to Church with me and he said yes by the time we got ready, some one came by and pick Bucky to take them some where and and he never did come back that day, Jack told me I could not come that day be sure to see Pastow Jones before Wednesday

EE-3-BBB,

if I didn't see him before that  
he would be killed, and sure  
enough on Fri Dec. 9th he was  
shot and killed, since I have known  
Jim Jones he has never told me  
nothing wrong, and I do believe he  
is a God sent man.

M. Marshall.

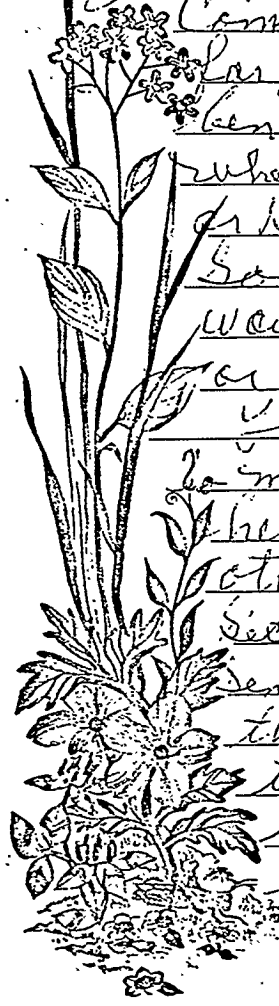
EE-3-BBB<sub>2</sub>

Bertha Powell

The Second day I went to Peoples Temple temple I  
 were so weak I could hardly walk  
 were so weak I couldnt hardly  
 bend over  
 or raise my arms up over  
 my head I would give out  
 I would fall down Pastor  
 Jim healed me from heart  
 ailment my Dr told me I  
 had a hole in my heart.  
 I was a child but there was  
 nt nothing my dad could do  
 About 1971 Pastor Jim healed  
 me of Cancer at the uterus  
 also of Cancer of the  
 Breast - he healed me of  
 Par a Stroke In the Right  
 Side of my face my tongue  
 were numb in my mouth  
 my lips and Cheeks were  
 numb my Eye sight were



awfully bad I Couldn't hardly See  
I Couldn't hear and Thank Pastor  
Jim for healing me of all these  
Complaints if it hadnt been  
for Pastor Jim I would have  
been dead or Crazy or some  
where In <sup>Communicated Home</sup> some with a streak  
or Blind Because by now  
some of these bad Complaints  
would have don't me dead  
or I would have been dead  
Thank Pastor Jim for the  
so many other miracles and  
blessings he has did for  
others my so call Brother were  
sick this year or last year I  
sent him one of your picture with  
the red shirt and black neck  
tie he said he used it and  
he felt much better sent  
him one of the Bless Pillow  
Thank you Pastor Jim  
again thanks





From Mabel Harris San Jose

553 Jackie Drive  
San Jose Ca 95111  
May 3, 1975

Dear Father (Papa)

I had such a feeling Wednesday  
nite to go to Los Angeles and didn't do  
it - damn me. I wound up yesterday  
May 2nd, in an Automobile Accident.  
First time in my life I'm driving  
at least 36 yrs. A young Man had  
a rental car, and I was traveling  
North on a main street. He came out  
of a side street that had a stop  
sign and plowed into me so hard if  
my sister and I hadn't been screaming  
your name Jim, we would be talking  
pretzels today. Thanks to you its not  
worse than it is.

Had I obeyed the voice within me  
I would have avoided that accident. ...  
Why are we so hard headed when you  
are spending so many tears in this cause?  
My dedication is not deep enough, I must  
pull myself up out of this leading of  
Chains that bind me and stretch a  
water flow for freedom.

(In the meantime one way would be  
to get some money out of this accident,  
I was told by the Ins. to stay in bed as  
my price rate is high (in the area I said  
that I'd need a collar included) Any  
suggestions from you or staff would be  
accepted with gratitude. Thank you,  
As always, Mabel Harris 578-4578 )  
EE-3-DDD

6-11-77  
X-rays  
relieved  
suffering

7-30-77

I was healed in 1973 of  
Arthritis in both Hands  
they were all swollen and  
crusket one finger was  
the size of two Jim Jones  
took both hands and placed  
them in his after examining  
each finger he had me  
to think of something I did  
when I was a child I told  
him I had played Drums  
he had the Drummer to bring  
over the Drum I put the sticks  
in my hand not able to hold  
them at first but I kept on  
until I was able to hold them  
better & better until I could  
get some Rythm Immediately  
the swelling began to go down  
I haven't had any trouble  
since of which I am very  
grateful  
Bertha Cook

EE-3-EE

7-29-77

Paster Jim Jones,  
he heal me of Glycoma of the Eyes  
it had 14 years it went back to the Eye  
Dr. Erke Examiner my Eyes again the  
Dr. said you dont have glycoma any  
more. that funny. Paster Jim heal  
me Cancer of the Bones - in lots  
Small ailment. he heal several friend  
of Blindness. lots People of Wheel Chair  
Lots People from Concers

many Ella Cook

EE-3-FFF

Dear Pastor Jones

Only a few lines to thank you  
for all your kindness to me. I just  
thank you for healing me of Cancer in my  
Chest & Back, and Blood Clots in both  
legs & in the head kept me from being  
to strokes & to heart attack also helped my  
husband and brought my son out of the hospital  
if you have done so much for me you also  
helped me when my son past away I just  
cant thank you enough for all your kindness  
to me you helped my grand son and daughter  
in law. thank you for Every thing

Blanchie Washington  
1485 Oak St (94117)

S. F.

EE-3-999

1-30-77

This is some of the Miracles that Jim Jones does for me and my Peoples.

First of all I want to say he healed my mind because I thought I didn't have anything to live for. I was so depressed and thought every one was against me and came into my life.

Then he healed me of a tumor on my brain which have killed me in 24 hours. The doctor said was my nerves. Then he healed me of Cancer of both breasts, Cancer of the stomach, kidney and bladder trouble, heart condition. he healed my blinded eyes which was a miracle in it self. and some that I can't remember. He also kept me from getting killed going home from service I would have been stabbed to death thinking I had money in my purse.

Then he kept me from getting killed by a train crossing. He healed my younger bro from being paralyzed down his right side when he was in the hospital. He saved my life riding on the bus coming from Redwood Valley to San Francisco one Friday nite coming to service and the rod under the bus broke half into and it could have broke and we all would of went into the ocean on the Golden Gate bridge. so many more I can't name.

Louise Leskie Lee Williams.  
EE-3-HHH

I was told by Dr. Raymond Colyear, M.D.  
Ophthalmology

Address 3627 California in 1970

I had Glaucoma, my eyes were  
running constantly of fluids. I was  
near blind. At the time Dr. Colyear  
were treating me with P.D.E. I started  
going to Peoples Temple in 1971  
Pastor Jim Jones hands started  
to bleed and as he walked through  
the aisles, telling people to get the blood  
and apply it to their different weak  
parts of their body. I put his blood  
in my eye pupils, from that day  
my vision became clear. I went  
back to Dr. Colyear for my usual  
check up. Dr. Colyear said he didn't  
know what happen, but the Glaucoma  
had been rested.

8/16/77

Estherillard

When I first came to Peoples Temple I had seen Jim raise people from the dead. This was very hard for me to believe and no one looked "really dead" to me. One time at Ben Franklin Auditorium a giant of a man supposedly died in the congregation. Well, being a pure skeptic about all this I decided to get a good look at this man. The man was carried up to the front of the church and the nurses were working over him, trying to revive him. Someone had called an ambulance. I posted myself right up along side all of this and I watched this man like a hawk. He definitely was not breathing. I watched him so close and I was only a foot from him. His eyes were rolled back in his head, his tongue was hanging out of his mouth and then to my amazement he even emptied his bladder and bowels. The secretions was running down the floor. There was no doubt that this man was deader than a door nail! I have seen hundreds of such sick people fall dead and be arisen by Pastor Jones. I no longer have any question about the matter.

One evening coming home from Lake County around Clear Lake I saw a snake injured in the road. It had been hit by a car. I thought that I needed to turn around and try to help it because this is something that Jim would do and want done. I couldn't pull over right there because cars were coming and there was no parking area by the snake to pull my car onto. I went on up the road a couple of miles and found a place where I could turn around. When I returned to the area where the snake was, I found a large parking area to put my car onto! I was astonished by this great miracle! I pulled my car to the side of the road and got a picture that I had of Jim and Marceline and went and put it on the injured snake which was badly injured and in great pain. I picked up the snake and put it to rest in the shade by the lake and as soon as I laid it there, its spirit left its body and it was peaceful. I thank Pastor Jones for this moment and for letting me go back to help the poor thing.

One night in Ukiah, I was working quite late with my project. Myself and another person were sitting on my bed sorting out some mail...my little dog was really mad at me because I wouldn't let her in. She barked and barked but I just ignored her. The door was locked because if it wasn't she could open it with her paw and come in anyway. But then right in front of our eyes the little dog materialized right in front of my eyes on the bed and was running all over the mail and scattered it to no end! I thank Pastor Jones for this great miracle.

One night Becky Flowers and I were driving from Santa Rosa to Ukiah late at night. When we came to the Cloverdale road, there was a little deer on the road. I told Becky that we had to go back and get the deer off the road because this is what Father would do. She agreed. We then turned around and went back and the little deer was gone fortunately. Then as we continued on our way, I saw four lights in front of me and thought that it was car behind another, when all of a sudden I realized it was a car with four headlights and it was about to hit us head on! Before I could think the car coming at us disappeared before our very eyes and I want to thank Jim Jones for all the wonderful love he showed in making this car disappear, and for sparing our lives!

EE-3-JJ

In 1975, I began to have trouble clearing my throat. I would get choked up & would have to gurgles 3 times a day. I had trouble swallowing.

I also felt pain in my chest when I had to clear my throat. I coughed continually so bad that I could not even stay in school. I always had a cold.

I could hardly breathe as it got worse. Sometimes I had to have bed rest. The doctor told me to take off my job I was feeling so bad.

At the end of service in Feb - about the 2d wk - (1977) I came up to the altar to place an offering. As I approached the altar, the minister looked at me, he said I was the 1st one that went around and gave my offering and I would be the first one to get healed.

He gave the nurse a red cloth to give to me. He said for me to wear it on my chest and sit to using. Although I could have been choked to death from this cancer, I would be healed.

Since I got the cloth, I have never had any pain in my chest or throat. I couldn't even sing soprano when I had this problem & now I can sing in high C; 2d Soprano and Alto.

Alma B. L. Goodson  
notes she saw M.D. he told she had an abscess.  
EE-3-KKK



7/31/77

0299

Laura Henderson  
571 Waller St.  
SF Ca. 94117  
552-0159

EE-3-LLL

7/31/77

During the fine and half years  
I have been a member of this  
Temple, The Peoples Temple Christian  
Church. I have seen a man  
that have been confounded to a  
wheelchair for a couple of years, had  
bullets in his spine and all again he was  
paralyzed, my daddy fell with a heart attack  
and died and he came back to life.  
my mom had heart attacks one after another  
and now she is able to have a normal  
heart beat. I myself had a heart attack and  
my heart would beat irregularly. my heart  
is okay now. Since 1962 I've had kidney  
problems very severe pain and several urinate  
that have been healed. I passed a growth  
in 1972. my mom passed a growth in 1973  
my husband passed a growth 1972 also my  
daddy in 1973 - all some many people that  
was blind I've seen seen a gain and was able  
to do delicate sewing again. We owe this all to  
Patron Jim Jones. Laurel Henderson

EE-3-MMM

Page 2. ~~NEVA~~  
Skid Row

~~FOUR~~  
~~five~~ worthies-- downed the armed man. As they careened around the corner toward the tracks and out of town - the gun gave with a loud blast-off and the town folk gathered from everywhere, especially from the garage on that corner, where the loafers habitually held forth, and gave with such learned matters as who was seen <sup>N</sup>sneaking out of town to meet whose husband.

The undertaker~~s~~ addressed me, saying; "are you having trouble <sup>MRS.</sup> ~~MIZ~~ Jones?" and I replied, "Never! Not a placid creature like myself! What trouble could I possibly have? In a quiet God-fearing town like this?"

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

said I, with <sup>gn</sup>feigned severity. *all go SOMETIME, you know,*

"Tis rodents <sup>four legged</sup> ~~legged~~ that I refer to, <sup>MRS.</sup> ~~MIZ~~ Jones. Seems they are numerous, lately, <sup>WHARE</sup> ~~warf~~ rats, they are, and bent upon the destruction of the pool room, I'm Told."

EE-3-NNN

don't you dad? I would say, " Yea, they ain't no place, no place that I wouldn't set my foot on, cause somebody told you that this was pretty country. This is just the way I would say it, I'd cross the line, they would ( ) you know and then the fight was on. I did this exactly the way he did. We was the two that would really take him on, I'm telling you they was tough. I don't recall that they ever left a scar on me, because I was always after them, I would court disaster. If they didn't come after me, I went in there after them. He would just ( ) he thought it was fun to fight and so did I. My mother was just horrified, you know. Oh she would say I would horrify her everytime that I would come back to my mother's house, right then I would hear the story of the time, that they just beat the thunder out of my sis and I, and I would start a hunting, no sooner than I would get my bundle off. When I got through with them, they didn't want to hunt my sis no more. I remember one time, on a big ole levy, I would throw them in the water. My stars just take em everytime they would come up, I would just shove them back down. I swam like a fish, you know, and everytime that they would come up I would just ram them right back down to where they would just strangle, they would lay just prostrate on the bank, not very far from the bank where I would get them you know, but I would just get em deep enough that it would run on down. THAT'S WHEN THEY HURT YOUR SISTER? Yes, when they hurt her. On the other hand she would often times collaborate with them to hurt me. Because she would just get bored and want to see how I was a going to come out of it. That's the way she would do it, not because she had anything against me, but she just wanted to see me fight you know. Well how are we. This has been a lot of talk for nothing, I guess.

EE-3-000

END OF TAP 4

SKID ROW

2

Do not underline "Cannon" and "licensor"; underline words only when they follow needs to look up, underline with two lines but do not often underline.

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

"Something smelly and far wide of the truth", thought I. Roses do not grow out of such unfavorable soil. I, <sup>UNPROFITABLE</sup> <sup>THOUGHT</sup> summing up for future reference. Said the leader of this <sup>UNSAVORY</sup> pack, saying, "It seems you are thinking we do not mean business. Or, maybe you do not care what happens to your husband's brother. . . or maybe you would chose what is commonly referred to as 'else'". After a long and reflective silence, I replied; "Else being the murder of young William Jones, I take it? Therefore, be it said, this money you want could be termed ransom. No? Yes? Still how do I know you have William Jones, captive? And if so why is your price not higher? And do I have any reason to believe this will not heppen every day? Maybe three times a day?" One of the hefties stepped forward to snarl in my face, "We are honorable men!" "Shucks", sniffed I, "you are not even men. You think like streetwalkers. I'm told they are women! I will talk to Jones. Bring him here!" There was heavy intake of breath and its slow explusion, like the slow drip of blood. Goose pimples rose somewhat as this thought crossed my mind, though I'm quite sure my exterior registered no sign of "quaking or faltering". The twirp in center of the back seat drew a gun. It looked like a cannon, I wondered if it was loaded with lead or dung. I <sup>OPENLY</sup> <sub>A</sub> jotted down the license number of their car. The remaining

EE-3-PPP

To Joyce Touchette

10/25/78

From: Kathy Jackson

Re: Work Evaluation of Thelanie Simon & Eileen Mc Murry

Melanie's work performance, in my opinion, is bad. For instance, in the last week she twice came back from lunch 1/2 hr. late saying she had to go to the bathroom. I don't know why the delay is necessary being that she gets 1 1/2 hrs. to feed her baby and eat lunch. Yesterday she went to feed the baby at 2:00 and was supposed to return at 3:00 but did not return until 3:45 saying she had to go home and change her clothes because she had gotten wet. She returns back late often. Also when she is here her work habits are poor. She talks a lot and will not participate in the dirty or heavy work such as washing cassava or potatoes, emptying tubs, scrubbing the floor, etc. Yet she likes to give orders to others and today tried to put the responsibility of time-keeping (when she is not here) to Elaine.

Eileen's work habits are much better, but she still does not help too much in heavy work and talks and plays too much. I have had complaints from the Seniors that their laughing and teasing annoys them. Eileen has defended Melanie when I have talked about her poor habits.

Also I don't think that Melanie spends the full hour feeding her baby. Today for instance I arrived home at 11:55 and Thelanie was in bed asleep. I wish that you could talk to them both & get the situation rectified. Thank you.

EEB-GPP

If they get incident plus - that  
means they miss next test -  
Now the problem if they miss  
next test - that means no  
extra treat - We make at least  
500 extra treats if this is the  
Case

John

if a praise knocks off warning - then  
they should not get candy for that  
same praise

EE-3-RRR

TAPE OF LYNETTA JONES ...with Tish Leroy  
Taped probably sometime in end of Nov or December, 1977.....

(As we were ending a conversation about the lands of Guyana and our own agricultural project -- I saw she was drifting back as she sometimes did, and so I flipped on the tape recorder at this spot in our conversation.

"It was South of Rio...they just simply lit out like they did going across the plains. They just lit out and went to Brazil (talking about the first settlers of Brazil that farmed the country). They lopped a piece of jungle and (took) what else was granted by that government at the time, which was rocky enough.. and they practically fed the nation of Brazil with their agricultural efforts. There was a period when they did. They never departed or went back to the states... they went there after the civil war... They wouldn't conform to any surrender. They just pulled out their families.

That just came out on the tip of my tongue, about that agricultural district there.. it's a city, Sao Paulo... in that neighborhood, and it is probably the most prosperous city in Rio itself. And, it ran a.. and all of a sudden their jungles go dry as a desert because they didn't put back in the soil as they took out. They thought you could do it year after year, but you cannot do that.

If we make that mistake, we'll end up on the rocks too. But I understand they are not: that they are studying the compost... and somebody's making the compost."

(Part of tape, briefly, is not distinguishable...then she picks up again--about Jimmy Jr. She realized she had not given me a story about him, and wanted to recall something for Jimmy... she loved all of the children very much and was concerned to try to get something down for them...and she used to say that: "for" them, realizing that one day they would look to her words.. however, she never quite got them all down.. but she always expressed her love for them all equally...)

"He (speaking of Jim Jones, her son --taking little Jimmy Junior, his adopted son, up to a resort area) took him up to Sugar Loaf...you heard of Sugar Loaf mountain? It's built like a loaf of bread.. had up there recreation for children... slides, and all that sort of thing. It's a hard cadaver in the first place, and you can imagine, up there on that slide how much higher it looks to a little wee one. Well, he's a hesitating on takin' off, because he's be takin' off right toward the big drop, you know... but no danger of reaching that far out.. he must have been 3½ or 4. (time lapse on tape) And from where he was perched it was looking more gruesome all the time and everything, and father.. like all other proud father's (Jim Jones, her son) was sayin', "go ahead kid. Everybody else is jumpin... Everybody else is sliding down; it's real fun. You're a big man now, son," he said (to Jimmy Jr.) He turned around (Jimmy did) and he said, "Dad.. I not a man... I a little boy."

(Did he finally go down?) Yah, he went...  
Of course he (Jim Sr.) could talk him out of his eye teeth... Big Jim would talk you out of your eye teeth, you know... He said that statement.. he brought it over (put it across) two or three times: he'd try (Big Jim would) to make the challenge, you know... but he (little Jim) wouldn't take the slide... then he would -- that time, he just turned around and said, "But Dad, I not a man... I a little boy."  
I said, "That ought to have taught you something."  
Look at it realistically: I'm not a man, I a little boy... *EE-3-SSS,*



(I'll bet Jimmy was a cute little kid)  
Yah, he was... I used to get so mad at him... he aggravated me worse'n any of em...(fondly) he's a dear... though he'd try something foxy just to get caught at it... (at this point she was chucking, in recollection.) nothingelse. He was just a chivester (?) ... God, you'll have some well peppered tapes if I keep on saying bad words. (--conversation between us talking about the cussing...)

(Talking about JJ's concern for little Jimmy in the rearing of him:)  
"...to see that he never got it inhis head that he was discriminated against, and in the doing of it I think he condoned perhaps more than he should have."

204 Then another cute little thing he did...(reference to Jimmy Jr.)  
One time I was a holdin' him and he run his hand over my arm and he said... and then he ran his hand over his... he said, "your hand is not like mine." He said it kind of sad... I said, "Well, the only difference I see is that yours is more beautiful... and nice and tall like that... mine are shapin up to a bunch of wrinkles, and thy're old..." and I went ahead to discourse upon the subject...

And he said, "Did I have a brown mommy?"

I said, "Yes, but you was fortunate among boys, you had a brown mommy, but a white mommy, also, later on, evidently who loved you somewhat better; because she's going to stick around for a while it seems to me like... and I don't know what the circumstances might have been with this other mommy, but anyway... it turned out to your advantage, I told him, ...so that was the subject matter we discussed about his race.

And then Marcy had a cute sog she sang about, his cradle song, (My Little Black Baby)... I'll be daggoned.. she made it up from scratch, I guess.. Brown Baby wasn't it.. (Black baby on the recording) ..well, that was after his cradle song, and he couldn't hardly have found any fault with his makeup or his coloring or anything of the kindwhen she sprang that one on him, because it was really beautiful.

I think the other boys figured thy was slighted for not being a brown baby... I know I've heard them semetimes remark to that effect... when they we smaller.

.....  
When I was a top authority in Indiana's womens prisons they always liked to get you involved... both sides we like that... try to get you involved in the race questions to see what kind of a livin goose they could make out of you, I guess, and I was much too danged smooth for them. There was some of them would start into a deep emotional spasmodical... all the trouble with this race problem.. this prisoner who would absolutely prejudiced against the black race... I threw up a hand and boy, I suppose I was the only one that ever did say anything ... (tape not clear) ...rest of them were kind of meally mouthed, you know, and I said, "shut your mouth God dammit! I roared.. prejudice is not peculiar to one race. You got as much damn prejudice as any of the rest of them. The white race has got it, you've got it... and you both better get rid of it!! Boy, that was all I heard about prejudice...

This has got nothin' to do with the book, but it's another thing that happened to.. I was steeped in adventure up to my neck all the time... in the state bad gala... they thought they was really tough. Till they had

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some run in's and experiences with me, and then that's the thing that sold them on Mabel, I didn't skeer for nothin'.

And they'd never seen anything that wasn't skeer of them... you know, and I'd play with them just like they was a bunch of kids, too. I got carried away and never did get my book written that I went there to write.

(an aside on the tape..Lyneta was watching Esther..."Now she's not saying a word..Esther was reading a typed page)

It was really adventurous...

Every cryin' thing they'd think of, I would think of one better. and mainly there was no stupid gal, even if they was prisoners.. they had to be sort of keen to stay out such as the time they did... but they was always returnin' till I went went there ...and that just about put the cadaver on that. Cause I'd fix them up with such a desire to want to set the world afire...that when they'd go out they wouldn't never want to break parole.. and there was a scandalous turnover before I went.. and for years it was just something they expected. But I didn't expect them to return.

The first thing... I didn't know from goofus about the prisons.. cept what I'd read... except I'd thought that wometime in an idle moment I'd go around and look into it.. and write sometime in the book, you know, so I came to the point of where I was ready to do that. But in order to do it, I wanted to be where I'd be in direct handling of prisoners. So that there wasn't no guards around the edges and all of that. You was there and your wits had to be what took care of your situation, you know.

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And so, I was a writin' away on something else -- I'd just sit down at the desk and these two gals seemed to be in a heated argument, you know, in the recreation room. I thought, Well, when you flatten each other, well I'll get up there and see why you did so... and it just kept a getting hotter and hotter, you know.. Every once 'n a while I'd say: you got some slight argument? you girls? Well, ask me and I'll tell you the straight of it. --kiddin' 'em -- all you got to do is ask me and I'll tell you who's right.

Well, I didn't anticipate they'd take me up on this, but they did. They come easin up, you know. They said, Mrs. Jones we want you to answer this for us 'cause we've argued for months about it. And I said, "Well, what's the questinn?"

They said: Is it more of a sin to kill your husband when he's a lookin at you? than it is to kill him when he's asleep? Well, I want you to know that for a minute --that was--normally, that if I'd give it two scoops of thought, that it would of thrown me for a loop. Finally I said: Well, he's no less dead for all of that, is he? either one of them? Well, that cooked their argument right there. I said, now the way I see it, he's no less dead for all of that: neither one of them is...

(How'd you happen to take the prison job?)

Well, I'd just resigned from a job I'd held for '17 years and I thought that 17 years was long enough to work at the same task. That was the corporation. I'd organized their unions when they said it couldn't be done, and hadn't been done for years, and they was about the only unorganized, private own corporation, I guess, family owned... and my mind just suddenly

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made up to organize that union. And boy, I mean I did it single handed.. (tape not clear --three points or something)...I did it single handed, practically. Of all the skeered people, they were skeered. Boy when they'd see me twist the tiger's tail, and everything, and when everytime when I showed there -- they'd stand for me like an iron wall... they had a great respect for me, you know, and even if the union spoke a little hostile to me, they'd get up and file out of a bargaining at contract time, which is the most important time there is. And when they got a mule in from Kentucky one time, he thought he was the top of the pile... he was with the International, you know, in the union, UAW-CIO. and he said: Jones, you're a damn little Hitler!

They proposed something and I said, I won't go for it. He said, you're only ONE. I said, "today, I'm forty. I still won't go for it and you can't make it through without me,"and I just grinned, you know. And he says, "why wouldn't you, you know... that's of course taboo, you know, to ever disagree, you know, in front of your corporate factor. I said because it's wrong, and you know it's wrong and I won't have it.

Well, they was going to strike, I guess, that was the issue itself: they was going to strike, but they wanted to strike only the foundry as they'd done for years, and let that one corporate body be one body with any corporate strain -- let it suffer and starve, while the others, you know, without unemployment benefits... and I said, if we strike one, we strike all. That was a blow to the corporation, you know that. They said: "this is ridiculous to have them all a starving. It ends the strike, quicker I said. You put somebody out there that knows how to get unemployment benefits... and I'm that somebody. They're not going to have to starve with me out on the street. And, as it stands now, they're all gonna pray they do, and I mean I'm gonna have unemployment benefits for all of em out there and they don't belong to the union or if they do... it's all the same difference to me.. and under the law I think it construes as being involved in labor disputes, and that's all the further you have to go. "Oh, it's ridiculous." he said...

And I come right back and said, Well, I'll never vote for it. And he said, Jones, he said, you're a dog damned little Hitler.... and when he said that the company sprung up, the company did, and mind, there was three plants represented there, you know. Many men on each plant bargaining crew. They raised up and filed out. Old Bill said, Where the hell do you think you're a goin? he said -- they was educated people, you know, and he was a hillbilly (chuckling)...

Let us know, he said (apparently referring to the spokesperson) Let us know when you get ready to speak respectfully to "our" Mrs. Jones... and we will return to the bargaining table.

They offered me every job they had in the area...from public relations to.. they was really briefing me with elections, you know... (they wanted you out of the union -- out of their hair..) They wanted me out of the union and furthermore they'd do anything -- any damned thing they could do for me.

(did you elect the prison position yourself, or did they offer it to you?)

Well, this had nothing to do with this outfit that I worked for for 17 years, it was -- the only connection that we had with that prison was that the outgoing custodial authority was -- had been a Congressman and then, being on the wrong side of the political fence to what I was... and Jim and her were acquainted. But I don't recall for the life of me whether it had any

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thing more to do with than just an introduction.. between us whether he did any more for her... not normally -- we did not; we stood on our own merits, both of us, and.. so I don't know but anyway that was a shock to the whole collection of society when I went in there to write.. but the gals in there didn't even keep me \_\_\_\_\_ and all this, and then boy...

Whenever I'd have me a tilt with 'em I'd just out-tough em.. you know, and they thought that was keen, the gals did; but the old woman that had been a piddlin' along with it for years, why, actin as officers you know, because I hollered and fired the officers, you know, they thought that was -- had to be done by routine, but it didn't. This whole outfit finally had -- on the outside of the city was CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION... And I said..told them to take it down. and I tell you, they'd burn down that thing on an average of once a month... and then they'd haul 'em in to me at all hours of the night; they'd come in just barrellled up and maddern a hornet.

I didn't say anything.. I just received them.. signed in, you know...

She said (referring to one of the prisoners brought in) "you'll find out what tough is...

I said, well, they'll issue a diploma when I get through educatin them and that.. but they generally get theirs with the hot places when I get through with them...and I just laughed in their face.. she was mean; she was mean as she could be.. but I said in the mean time, "go to sleep.. in the future we can solve this because it is now midnight and I wouldn't mind sleep -- how about you? Well, she'd like to too.. and ehtn no matter what they wanted -- shoot their mouth off -- about, well ~~ixxxx~~ I was always there with more, you know, and seemed like the answers just came out of the... in the palm of my hand... you know... as if they were written there..all the way.

(Did Jim come out to do a service as chaplain of the prison?)

Um hum.....

(Did he do that regularly or just one time --he came out?)

Well, he was goin to do it regular and I talked him out of it.. I said no, they will try to criticize you for what I do, and try to cross you up with what I do and aggravate the life out of both of us so what the hell.. we never did work together. we generally worked separately. Because I talked him out of it.. because I could tell as soon as I hit the deck, you know, that some of 'em would like to do us both in. One year's time I was at the head of it, you know. Of the custodial position ...and everything inside the fence, and

They had a head up thre at the correctional institution that thought she had it right onthe facts; that she was on an in moreso than I was with the politicians, and I hadn't bothered to be in with them and I never did. But I just stood my ground on every damned issue and I never did have any body in my corner particularly, but I'd go into the union rooms and the courts and anywhere else.. and without a lawyer or anything else... and I never lost anything out of it...

TAPE ENDS AROUND #480...the broadcast over which the tape was recorded continues on...was a KGO tape, I had been auditing a program for Sandy in SF...we were listening for newsblurbs about JJ or temple..

LINNITTA JONES Re: JJ

Side One  
Questions in CAPS  
Answers and comments small type

GIVE A LITTLE BIT ABOUT YOUR OWN BACK GROUND. That's what I would like to have written first. IN OTHER WORDS, IF WE BEGIN, JUST AT A GOOD STARTING POINT, WHAT BACKGROUND DID YOU COME FROM, WHERE, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR REAL FATHER? Have you got it on now? YES. My real father was, I think he died in the southern states when I was about 16 years old. WHEN YOU WERE ABOUT SIXTEEN HE DIED? Yes, I think this setting there, however, he wrote when they first came together. Wouldn't that be a good starting point? YOUR MOTHER AND FATHER, ALRIGHT, WHAT KIND OF A FAMILY TREE DID YOUR MOTHER COME FROM? WHAT KIND OF A BACK GROUND HER FAMILY? WERE THEY- A slave, I hear she was reared by a colored mammy, that's all. WERE HER PEOPLE PLANTATION OWNERS OR? Evidently they had been, but for some reason they saw fit to abandon the southern way of life from plantation, by this time- DID SHE HAVE MONEY AS A GIRL? I would suppose that she did. SHE APPARENTLY WAS FAIRLY WELL TO DO AS A CHILD. SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO WANT FOR THINGS IN HER GROWING UP YEARS? I don't know, but- I CAN'T HEAR YOU. I don't know, let's see, I don't know too much about that background part, the mother I understood was a hard worker, and the father was also able to get by, I don't DID YOUR MOTHER HAVE AN EDUCATION, DID SHE GO TO COLLEGE?

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No, I don't think she did in the era. In those days they didn't even think anything about going to college back in them days, in that particular part of the country. YEA, DID YOU HAVE BROTHERS AND SISTERS? I have two brothers that followed me that died in infancy and my sister than was- TWO BROTHERS AND SISTERS? I have two brothers that followed me that died in infancy and my sister than was- TWO BROTHERS AND ONE SISTER, ARE ANY OF THEM LIVING NOW? WHICH ONE? IS THAT ONE OF THE SISTERS? A sister, one of them died and that was one of the reasons I was, I guess separated from the family, because of the fact they thought that my mother was too- My foster father, you know after awhile, at that time, he thought it would be too great a burden on her, or that she was not able because her, she was married young. WELL WHEN DID SHE MEET YOUR FOSTER FATHER? YOU WERE 16 WHEN YOUR OWN FATHER PASSED? Yes, she met, AND IT WAS AFTER THAT WHEN SHE MET YOUR FOSTER FATHER? No, the foster father was in the beginning. HE WAS AT THE BEGINNING? Yes, and there- DID SHE DIVORCE YOUR FATHER? No, he reared my father, my foster father reared my father. He became so attached to me that he would not let me go out of his house when they built the house for the parents. He forgot that they was too young. He built the house because he didn't want to be pestered with a spoiled brat, as they say you know. He would just let go of me as he had burdens of his own, his ( ) was there and- WELL IT WAS YOUR FATHER'S FOSTER FATHER THAN- it was my fathers foster father and he became mine to. I was never afraid of him, I was born in his house and everytime that people would take me away from him,

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he finally agreed to let my mother have me, and I would yell and raise sand till- TILL YOU GOT BACK WITH HIM? I would sit on his porches in front, and he would say when he got tired of it, well bring my baby home. WHAT WAS HIS NAME? PARKER, WHAT WAS HIS FIRST NAME? LEWIS, LEWIS PARKER. WHAT DID HE DO? He was a mill owner. He owned mills all over southern Indiana. WHAT KIND OF MILLS DID HE OWN? Timber. TIMBER MILLS, AND HE WAS VERY WELL TO DO? DID HE LOSE HIS MONEY OR WHAT? Oh many years later when the great depression came- IN THE GREAT DEPRESSION? There are three depressions in the past that I am unable to describe ( ) and money ( ) and all this, he was great politically. He was practically in control of what happened in southern Indiana, he was able to vote, lots of votes, you know. People worked for him, he was very popular with the miners, but when it came to running for office he would have no part of it, because even back then, you couldn't be your own man and run for office. He was persuaded to run for governorships, and several times for lieutenant governor, and he constantly refused, but he would attempt to turn the vote to the person who could qualify first. ( ) to meet their needs, more or less ( ). Strange to say, he was industrious and yet he was always pretty common with- WHAT KINDS OF THINGS DID HE DO IN HIS MILLS THAT WOULD SHOW THAT HE WAS MORE CONCERNED WITH THE COMMON MAN? Well he would take a (phone rang) ANYWAY WHERE WERE WE? BACK WITH YOUR, OH YOU WERE TELLING ME THAT HE GAVE JOBS, HE GAVE JOBS TO ANYONE THAT CAME ALONG AND NEEDED A JOB WHETHER THEY WERE QUALIFIED OR NOT? Yes, he would train them or he would do whatever he had to do or nothing as the case may be, if they wouldn't work he would let them just do mediocre things

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or something like that, but he always saw that their families ate, you know, and it was not unusual for transients to come through- the timber country you know, the country he called the timber was ahh- that's why my father became devoted to the gentle country, and to the valley country. He would always buy acres, saws and hills so they could enjoy the wilderness. He worked for YOUR FATHER WORKED FOR YOUR FOSTER FATHER? Yes, WHAT DID YOUR FATHER DO? Worked in the timber, HE WAS A TIMBER SCOUT. He would go ahead of the workers and find the land and so on, and he trapped, and this is where we parted company early in my life. YOUR FATHER AND YOU? My father and me, because he trapped animals and I would follow the trap lines for miles and I had an uncanny way about it. I was almost like an indian back there, I could follow wherever anybody went even if there had only been one there. Well I could still-YOU COULD FIND IT? A half dozen, I could still follow them. FOLLOW THEM, HUH? Go to the river, I put ( ). Lots of times when they, you know, stepped in the mud puddles you might not refill the hole or their foets don't sink down, you know they wore boots, but anyway I would follow them and we went according to that ( ) WHAT DID YOU DO, SPRING HIS TRAPS? Yes, you see my foster father had really spoiled him, you know, and he raised and reared him and he was the only boy, you know. It was almost like that we was brothers and sister, and he, I think, always had a feeling toward me, because he didn't know ( ), but I was the greatest thing that ever hit the deck when I came along you know. He had always been spoiled. HE HAD BEEN THE SPOILED ONE AND NOW YOU WERE, HUH? Yes, and now I was, so he didn't get much attention, except that he was always given what he wanted and everything. Even an opportunity to grow

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forward into his gentle country and that sort of thing and work the way he like, and he would put up the money to do this whether he was going that direction of his operation or not. YEA, YOU MEAN YOUR FOSTER FATHER WOULD PUT UP THE MONEY FOR YOUR FATHER WHETHER YOUR FOSTER FATHER EXPECTED A RETURN OR NOT. Yes, he would at that, he had a big responsibility ( ) and even homesteaded. When they decided they wanted to homestead it, well he would build a cabin and all. YEA, WHEN DID YOUR DAD MEET YOUR MOTHER? At the headquarters of the place in southern Indiana, the mills-THROUGH ONE OF THE MILLS? Yes, WAS SHE WORKING THERE OR WHAT? No, no, Lord no, she wasn't working there. When a, this was not very clear, and that sort of thing, and a, he, well the family, he's a friend of the family. They exhausted their resources or something or the other, or on the way on this covered wagon and a, so he just befriended the family there. They would have died, I guess. HE TOOK CARE OF YOUR MOTHERS FAMILY UNTIL THEY DIED? Yes. NOW WAS THIS YOUR FOSTER FATHER THAT BEFRIENDED HER OR YOUR FATHER THAT BEFRIENDED HER? My father was young and she wasn't. Nothing had (

) other than my mother had reared him. He had whatever he wanted and all that. SO IT WAS YOUR FOSTER FATHER THAN THAT BEFRIENDED HER FAMILY. Yes, AND THAN YOUR FATHER JUST NATURALLY GOT TOGETHER WITH HER, IS THAT IT? Yes, that's the way I understood it. HOW OLD WERE THEY WHEN THEY GOT MARRIED? Well she was probably about 16 and he must have been about 18, they was very young. Well she was 16 when I was born. SHE WAS 16 WHEN YOU WERE BORN?

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Yes, she must have been 15 when they got married. The people did back then especially in the south they often married when they were 16, or 15, some of them as young as 14. I remember that cause at college at fifteen—THAN YOU GREW UP IN YOUR FOSTER FATHERS HOUSE? No, I was torn between two fathers, after, yes, I grew up there. HOW OLD WERE YOU WHEN YOU LEFT HIS HOUSE? Well I think I must have been about 12. I grew so fast you know, I must have been about 12 or 14. TWELVE OR FOURTEEN? Yes, because my grandmother, the mother of my father, now she had helped with the mill she kept those, of course she didn't do nothing much but she managed all the cooking arrangements. They lived and ate in the woods you know at that time. YES, DID YOU SPEND QUITE A BIT OF TIME IN THE WOODS? Yes, and there were men ( ) help themselves, but I was as pretty as the first dawn, and I was like a china doll you know. I was frail and pink and strong as a tiger too. They thought I should behave like a china doll, but I didn't and I was, God, ( ). The business of my being out investigating their animals and all this. YES. There was quick sand and all this. WHAT AREA OF THE COUNTRY WAS YOUR HOME, WHERE YOUR FOSTER FATHER WAS? He was just across the Wabash River in Indiana. INDIANA? About five miles into the interior of Indiana was where his mills were at that time. WHERE HIS MILLS WERE? This particular—WHAT CITY WAS THAT NEAR?@ FIVE MILES INTO THE INTERIOR OF INDIANA NEAR WHAT CITY? Near the city

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of Princeton, Indiana which was the county seat. Gibson County, I think  
Gibson County. AND YOU STAYED THERE UNTIL YOU WERE ABOUT WHAT AGE? Well,  
( ) and there I attended a school  
and finally he got teachers and those things in. That was before I was  
( ) as I was supposed to be. He had teachers always  
to ride the school bus and ( ). All of the grades was public  
there, and that's when I went through there, was Pinesville, both there  
and in high school, YEA, That's when I decided to cross the river. In high  
school. I needed ( ) my grandmother because I  
took a notion that you know there was fove or six times getting my feet  
( ) come into the big house when she became an invalid,  
keep her house, and I would carry books and all, experience of cooking and  
so forth. I decided to take care of her and she of course was most upset  
when I decided too, that I could not forgo an education that was you know sold  
on books. Our house was books, there was no wall, just all books. BOOKS  
EVERY PLACE HUH? Yes, and I don't loan anymore for money or, and she  
would preach you know, when I agreed so much, why she thought that  
( ) ( )  
( ) AND I  
would get under the dining room table wehre the cloth hung down, that was  
before she became an invalid or quite, and she was still ambulatory. She  
could oversee, you know, the work. WHAT DID YOU DO HID UNDER THE TABLE SO SHE  
COULDN'T SEE YOU READ? WELL THEN, THAT'S PROBABLY WHY YOU HAD TROUBLE WITH

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YOUR EYES BECAUSE THE LIGHT DOWN THERE PROBABLY WASN'T VERY GOOD. I can remember she put lightbulbs, there was always a lot of light. THAT'S AMAZING, WHAT COLLEGE DID YOU GO TOO? I went to the agriculture college. AGRICULTURE COLLEGE? Yes, I think we are talking too much about me and not enough--WELL WERE JUST STARTING JUST DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. WE WILL GET THERE, I don't want it to be about me, I KNOW, I RECOGNIZE THAT AND WANT IT TO BE EXERPS THAT WILL BE. Yes, I went to business college in the south, college in the south, and I should have gone on to Indiana I guess because I don't know, I got about everything I wanted to do with, but than this business of I had to run periodic visits, or periodic runs from the south to the north, because I would get lonesome to see my mother, and I was ( ).

YOU WERE CLOSE TO YOUR MOTHER AND YOUR FOSTER FATHER, BUT NOT YOUR FATHER? WELL WHERE WERE YOU IN THE SOUTH WHEN YOU SENT TO COLLEGE? WHAT CITY WAS THAT? That was in a county, I know the county, but I don't remember now the city it was close adjacent to, it was pretty much a wilderness though. A train ran through it, I hopped the train, I got good enough to hop the train to my mothers house and than I hopped the train to get back before they hardly knew I was gone. I didn't think they ever would catch up with me, you know after that. YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU HOPPED A TRAIN WITHOUT PAYING A FARE? LIKE A, YOU JUST RODE THE TRAIN? Yes, WHERE DID YOU RIDE? To the inside-INSIDE THE BAGGAGE CAR? No, my no, in the caboose. IN THE CABOOSE! HOW DID YOU START THAT, WAS IT VERY FAR? DID IT TAKE SEVERAL HOURS OR, 16 miles, and it was fun and they thought that it was fun to see me hitch on the train, they was all in on it. OH, THEY DIDN'T MIND, THEY KNEW YOU WERE

EE-3-1118

DOING IT? Oh no, they didn't mind. They thought that's a pretty good idea, and I was always doing something at college. I remember some kind of a ghost story, or something. HMMM. I played ghost, oh God, they was so straight-laced you know, about like the English, and I am telling you there wasn't in my hand and I went and, I don't know how many years old- YOU MEAN ON THE TRAIN? Well on the trains, and playing ghost in the dormitories, and doing everything I could think of normally, cause I was up all night usually, well you know, they always had the curfew where you had to go to bed and christ, I had a rough day. I was always doing things and studying. I would play ghost and they would think it was awful. WHAT KINDS OF THINGS DID YOU TAKE IN COLLEGE? WHAT DID YOU - Oh, God, I don't remember now, just everything that goes with ANYTHING THAT THEY HAD, HUH? Yes, I was always good in writing and that sort of thing, and mathematics I was good in all of it. I had no particular plan to do at this time, , just thought it was the done thing you know. I decided I wanted to go off into another direction I would just go to school in a different direction, that's all there was to that. DID YOU GO TO MORE THAN ONE COLLEGE? I was in Stutegard Arkansas. WHAT DID YOU STUDY THERE? Oh god, I don't remember what I studied there. DID YOU GET A DEGREE? Yes. I got one and, but then I went back to Evansville, Indiana to a business college but I don't remember-WAS ALL THIS BEFORE JIM CAME ALONG? RIGHT? ALL OF THESE COLLEGES, RIGHT, DID YOU EVER DO ANY SCHOOLING AFTER HE CAME ALONG? Well no I did not, because I wanted to rear him at this particular time because I thought it was bad for him; that it was wrong for me cause of the things I would have been doing. I would not have been available and that thing, so

EE-3-1119

when I was working and going I thought it would give me a better advantage going you know quite a ways. WHEN YOU WERE WORKING? WHAT KIND OF WORK WAS THAT? FACTORY? It was just work. You could make more at a factory in them day's, so I worked at a factory. WHEN DID YOU MEET JIM'S FATHER? I, this was after Jim's father, met Jim's father in southern Indiana. WERE YOU IN SCHOOL AT THE TIME? No, I had much work in a big firm in Evansville, Indiana, and my health was failing. I knew him before that though, because I knew him for quite a long time, he had done some construction work. He was in construction work, and they had been there building roads in that section, but I wasn't too much interested in him or him in me either, Of course, my contracts were in Evansville, Indiana where I was one year. I worked there. I started as a secretary and in one year I started as a top aide there to go with that. WHAT TYPE OF BUSINESS WAS IT? Gas and Electric. And then among the other things I walked so many blocks about 13, what have you, and winter weather came about during that year and I would take short cuts once in a while through a still very dangerous area that I would walk, It had some creeks, and streams, what have you, but it didn't flood me out any, I still walked across those areas and still about 13 blocks. THIRTEEN BLOCKS? Yes, it seemed closer to me. By this time my foster father was getting in years and I was sort of trembly all the time. Some of the doctors said I wasn't outdoors enough, I had an opportunity, in a way. I was in some kind of a lung condition they called it so I would not get married until I was cleared of this condition. WAS IT A TUBERCULOSIS TYPE OF THING OR WHAT? They did not know. We are talking too much about me. NO, I RECOGNIZE THAT LINNITTA,

EE-3-771, D

BUT THERE IS A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF BACKGROUND THAT HAS TO DO WITH THE KIND OF PERSON YOU ARE, WHICH HAS TO DO WITH THE KIND OF PERSON YOU BROUGHT UP, AS A SON YOU KNOW. HE HAS COMMENTED ON THIS HIMSELF THAT IF YOU HAD NOT BEEN A VERY STRONG PERSON, THAT HE WOULD NOT OF BEEN ABLE TO BE THE KIND OF PERSON HE IS. You know, I can't seem to fit this tape business in with this, I got a right you know, because, well just a right you know- well, Lord have mercy, this aggregates me, this taping. WELL IT ACTUALLY SAVES A LOT OF TIME, ULTIMATELY IT PUTS THINGS IN THAT YOU WOULDN'T GET OTHERWISE. YOU NEVER DID TELL ME THOUGH HOW YOU CAME TO MEET JIM'S FATHER. HOW DID YOU ACTUALLY MEET HIM? WHEN YOU WERE ILL, AND YOU CAME HOME? No, I had known him a long time before that. I had backed out on marrying him I think about eight times before that. YOU MEAN YOU HAD SAID YES AND THAN CHANGED YOUR MIND? I, yes,. WERE THERE OTHER YOUNG MEN THAT WERE INTERESTED IN YOU OR- Yes, YOU JUST CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT THE WHOLE THING? Well I changed, yes, that's why I changed my mind. I know all the people that <sup>1</sup> went with you know, because I just, I was romantic, just at a romantic age. NOTHING REALLY IN COMMON WITH THEM, HUH? I don't mean that they was not people( ) but they was just not going my way and they did seem to be a little younger than I was, not dry behind the ears yet. They was nearer my age you know, however, ( ) was his father( ) he was-16 YEARS OLDER? Yes, and that was- WHAT DID YOUR FOSTER FATHER THINK OF HIM? OF YOUR HUSBAND? DID HE LIKE HIM? Yes, he thought

EE-3-111,11

you know, he even told he was ( ) he thought that my, that he would provide for me and almost everything that we needed or that's what he wanted to believe believe because he was getting along in years. HOW OLD WERE, YOU WHEN YOUR FOSTER FATHER PASSED? About 27. YOU WERE BORN IN WHAT YEAR? ( ).

DID HE PASS BEFORE OR AFTER JIM CAME ALONG? Jim was a year old, I believe. JIM WAS A YEAR OLD WHEN HE PASSED, HE DID GET TO SEE JIM THEN. WAS THERE ANY PARTICULAR FINITY BETWEEN THEM, I MEAN, WAS HE ATTACHED TO JIM OR WAS JIM ATTACHED TO HIM IN ANY WAY? I was thinking that he was ( )but I was thinking that he would get a germ( ). YOU MEAN AFRAID JIM WOULD PICK UP A GERM? Yes,

I was ( ). GOING BACK TO THIS ILLNESS? WAS IT, NOW YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THE DREAM YOU HAD OR WHATEVER IT WAS AT THE TIME THAT YOU WERE IN THE CRISIS STAGE. WHERE WERE YOU PHYSICALLY AT THE TIME THAT YOU HAD THAT? WAS THAT AT YOUR FOSTER FATHERS HOUSE? Yes, it was. YOU WERE NOT MARRIED TO JIM'S FATHER AT THAT TIME? Not until about a year after that. It seems to me that my mothers death occurred when I was six, and than I had these shots because I thought I felt I was loaded with this jungle fever, and I had the feeling that it might be too late. WHEN YOU TOOK@ THE SHOTS? YOU MEAN YOU HAD THE FEELING THAT IT MIGHT BE TO LATE AND YOU WERE

EE-3-TT, 12



GOING TO PASS WITH IT ANYWAY. Yes, I felt that that was true, and I don't know where I got that idea from, but they said that I had been too fortunate and -AND WHAT? and so far I have never done, just grabbed real hard by the jungle diseases you know. I had been around them, I suppose most of my life was in danger for its self, and I had thought that malaria fever had lived forever in my body really because I knew something was wrong with me. . YOU MENTIONED WHEN YOU HAD THIS EXPERIENCE WHEN YOU HAD THIS CRISIS POINT WITH MALARIA-----

(END OF SIDE ONE)

EE-3-TTT<sub>13</sub>

## The Puppy who cried.

Jim is going out on the highways at all hours to save baby animals flung out on the roadside, often still tied in sacks, caused me great anxiety for his safety. He would go at most any hour of night or day, an any distance, riding his little tricycle or on foot, prowling in the side ditches. Once I had gone to pick him up and found him trying to push his toy tricycle through mud, water, briars and brambles with his sack of animals across the handle bars. I load all in my car and took them home.

Soon afterward the young doctor drove up in front of my house and unloaded Jim, his toy tricycle and the animals he'd salvaged <sup>from his car</sup>. Panicked I half-whispered "I can not take any more. O! I swear, I can not." I take it that I was hysterical or half-conscious to say that, but say it I did.

Little Jim snatched the puppy into his arms and promptly parked it in my arms. "Look for yourself," said he, scathingly "you have grieved him. He needs someone as very much and he heard you say you do not want him. This sent spears and daggers of remorse racing through me and bathed my eyes in silent tears. See, he is crying, now. He has little tears in his eyes. He feels so unwanted. Tell him you love him and will care for him always. Hold him close, now, and tell him he is your baby. Hurry!"

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

The sack holding the kittens had been opened by them to give them more air and they were walking <sup>EE-3-0001</sup> uncertainly about, being toddlers, still, with <sup>equally</sup> barely

open but not yet focused. I rushed to warm  
some milk <sup>for them</sup> with the puppy <sup>still</sup> in arms ~~still~~. Having told her  
she was loved and wanted and my very own <sup>fur keeper</sup>,  
I gave him a bowl of warm milk for himself and  
scratched my head wondering where the next bottle of milk  
was coming from, but come it did - when my brother-in-law  
who worked for <sup>the</sup> gas and electric company came by  
to inform my husband that there was a three  
dollar deposit at ~~the~~ that office, due not from a past  
transaction and he'd taken the liberty of bringing it to us.

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

Jim,

I feel just a bit silly  
writing you a letter when  
there is a great possibility  
that you will never see  
it but just in case you do  
this is to let you know  
that I am still here. I  
didn't want you to forget  
that I exist. It seems  
like a total impossibility to speak  
to you over the radio so I  
hope you hear of this letter.  
I miss you very much  
and I will continue working  
here as hard as possible  
so that sometime soon I'll be  
able to be there. In case you  
didn't know, I am answering  
all of your mail & I must  
admit that I haven't done  
the best job that I could  
do. Jess Brown is always  
been behind me & keep me

EE-31-VV-1

going which I will always  
deeply appreciate. She  
means a great deal to me.  
Working on the Outside has  
really meant me a lot. I'd  
like to thank you for that  
experience. It has been  
actually working with people  
& seeing <sup>how</sup> grumpy they are  
that has taught me so much.  
I think I could sit & listen to  
you for a lifetime talk about  
the evilness of capitalism but  
I would never have really  
known if I hadn't seen it for  
myself. I wish to thank you  
for that experience.

Like I mentioned before -  
I hope this gets to you because  
I don't want you to think  
that I'm not still around.  
I hope to be there someday soon.

Kathy Richards  
EE-3-VVV-2

To 11' rth,

Sometimes I feel really bad because I crave attention from males. My real dad never gave me any attention at all and I feel that somehow I still have that need. But by analyzing myself I see that I actually crave a sexual partner. I also still want something like a big brother but I feel all mixed up. I have trouble communicating with males. They basically talk to me - of course part of that could be my fault.

Aug. 3 will be a year since I left the states when I left my Mom was in a convalescent home under conservatorship of her oldest sister. I was unable to gain control of her or her affairs. Since I've been over here I have not written her at all. She's so hung up on me, it's pitiful. I feel really guilty because I felt I shouldn't write her because she would dwell on me and she would never get well but then again I felt I should write her because she might go into deep depression & get worse. It hurt because every time I went to see her she begged me to get her out & take her to dad. My aunt stopped me from getting her. Once since I've been here Dad told me not to worry about it but I constantly wonder whether she's gotten better or worse or is still alive.

In the states I was on the P.A. I worked on Video Tapes night & day (salary with P.A.) his over here & can't even get on the P.A. He Donny

said I could help out at night but if I do that I can't get the crews. Can my son be ask I for me & they wouldn't let me out of agriculture but I wouldn't mind being on a sort of half & half basis. I've been in debt since a year and a half people that have been here that long have at least had 1 job chance since then. It makes me frustrated when I can't get into P.A. & I see a lot of young able body people on night security, even ones that are fat & need to be in the fields to lose weight. I may be selfish to think this but a lot of times I feel like I get the short end of the stick. I seem to be prone to that.

I have problems with Steven & Keith Wade.

I would like to talk to you.

Thank You Mom

Thank Dad

signed,  
Harry Lytle

EE-3-www

To whom it may concern, I have been  
given my sight back by Pastor Jim Jones  
and have been saved from many car wrecks  
that would have taken my life  
Timothy Jones

EE-3-XXX

Dad I steal quarters  
from Mom & Lew  
I told Lew tonight  
he said ~~to~~ dont get  
up just pay me  
back but I send  
Ive been taken  
alot  
only your  
some  
need Jimmy  
song  
EE-3-XY



I was told that ever  
un anionted pitchure  
of you was to be

turned in: Thank You  
Jim (DAD)

Pb. Your old pabbport pitchure.  
And thank you for the house meeting  
when you told me to clas  
Thank you!

Stephanie L. Jones

EE-3-222

June 17, 1972

Dear

May I ask your help in gathering information for a book about psychic, or spiritual, healing? An important section of it will give the views and opinions of serious practising healers in England and the United States who enjoy good reputations for their healing work. Your name has been given me as one who fits these requirements, and so, I am writing to ask if you will fill in the following Questionnaire.

The aim of my book is to further a wider understanding and acceptance of this unorthodox method of healing while encouraging more people to try to develop the healing gift within themselves, to whatever degree they are able. I feel very strongly that with this aim accomplished, larger numbers of people suffering from "incurable" illnesses will be healed or helped than is now possible. I will be most grateful for your assistance.

If you wish to remain anonymous, you may use a "pen name" or just your initials. If you are willing to be included in a list at the end of the book giving the names and addresses of respected healers in England and the United States, kindly indicate by checking whichever applies:

I would be willing to have my name and address included in in such a list yes

I would not be willing \_\_\_\_\_

You may use my name, but not my address, using instead the address of the book's publisher \_\_\_\_\_

NAME Pastor James W. Jones

ADDRESS 7630 East Road  
41 Peoples Temple Christian Church  
Georgetown, Guyana  
South America

QUESTIONNAIRE

(Note: If you need more space than that provided, kindly use separate sheets of paper, numbering your answers with the same number as the question. You may omit any question you prefer not to answer.)

*My name is James W. Jones. I was born in Georgia, USA. I am a pastor.*

1. At what age and in what manner did you discover that you had the ability to heal? (Please describe the incident)  
*Very early in regard to animals. People in my place? faith reports that I brought healing powers to them as early as five years of age.*
2. Did you make an effort to become a better channel? If so, describe your method of developing your healing gift. Developing faith, sympathy & love for those who came to me for help unquestionably enhanced my healing powers.
3. What type (or types) of healing do you do? (Laying-on-of hands, prayer, magnetic, other).  
*The two underlined: concentration of Fellowship concern in direction of recipients of healing, prefer on the form of affirmations of them.*
4. Do you feel sensations of energy flowing through your body? Through your hands particularly? Any other sensations? Please describe.  
*Hands & Head*

(see next page)

EE-3-AAAA

5. What sensations do your patients describe, if any?  
*Usually warmth in the vicinity of the organ, joint*
6. In your opinion, what do you think causes the healing and how would you explain or describe the healing process?  
*Refinement in my own life that enables me to be sensitized electrically to the people's needs & identify through it.*
7. What is your own mental and/or spiritual attitude while healing?  
*Do you pray? Meditate? Invoke God? Visualize? Please give details.*  
*Affirm & visualize the desired, or changed structure that will bring good health.*
8. How do you feel about your healing gift?  
*I wish it did not depend on so much on people being receptive towards me.*  
*What and how often - I actually to be sure all those (ie the affected people) in a state of health.*
9. In your opinion, if a person is to be healed must he, or she have faith in God? In you? Be receptive? Be cooperative? Be expectant?  
*Be receptive, expectant & have faith in me as the Channel of God (Good) but not necessarily in that order.*
10. On your opinion, can people be healed who are atheists? Have no belief? Are skeptical of the healing treatment? Disbelieve in the probable effectiveness of the healing treatment?  
*Certainly these are all healed here, from healed them such as a Professor Ethel Koller of Newark City (Christianity).*
11. Please estimate, if possible, the percentage of your patients who are healed more or less permanently and completely.  
*All those who I have a pre-cognitive awareness of in their conditions.*
12. Please estimate, if possible, the percentage who feel improved.  
*I would say thousands upon thousands have been healed but I can not estimate in reference to how many have sought healing.*
13. Please estimate, if possible, the percentage who are not helped.  
*I can't honestly say that there is a great success where people believe in my work & faith.*
14. Do you have any theory or explanation why some are helped and others are not? Please give details.  
*Some people are just ideal individuals; their thinking is of God. Complete faith in my work, purpose & character.*
15. Please estimate, if possible, the percentage who are healed instantly or in one treatment session?  
*Bel that are healed by one or two treatments by God (Good).*
16. Please estimate, if possible, the percentage who come to you too late for the healing treatment to be effective? Do you sense immediately when a would-be patient cannot be healed? When their time has come to die?  
*Very few come too late (of any).*
17. Can you help someone who is dying die without pain?  
*Yes one has ever died in my presence. Check this with out with such people as T. L. Stone East District attorney of Nebraska County, Neb.*
18. Do you think your healing ability has been developed to the fullest?  
*Or do you find that it continues to develop naturally? With effort?*  
*Nothing ever at all. I will do it now - appeals of develop with out effort.*
19. Do you think that every human has the inborn psychic ability to heal and that it can be developed, at least to some degree?  
*Yes*

*W. J. Russell  
attends  
who have  
been healed  
(actual)  
feel he  
is a channel  
my  
(channel)  
Heavenly  
language  
of the  
Refinement  
of my  
being  
Christlike*

*E. S. F. A. A. P. D. ...*

36. Do you feel aided by a spirit entity or entities while healing and/or while making diagnosis? (Please describe in detail, if so).

*No*

37. Do you do absent healing?

*I have but thousands more in contact  
occure in public gatherings*

38. Do you feel as good results can be obtained with absent healing as with contact healing?

*It would be difficult to say for the  
saying is, undetermined, depending on the  
contact*

39. Have you ever been harassed, criticized or inconvenienced by the medical profession or law enforcement officials or others because of your healing activities?

*No (We encourage use of medical science  
to be as busy with same)*

40. Are you overworked? Able to treat all who seek for appointments? If not, how long must a would-be patient wait for an appointment?

*I make no appointments but I am overworked  
in conducting several public healing services each  
week (frequency four) which last about 4 or 5 hours long.*

Many thanks.

Please return to:

*Sally Hammond*  
(Mrs.) Sally Hammond  
496 Hudson Street  
New York, N.Y. 10014

*Please excuse  
the haste to post  
scribes - I'm so overwhelmed  
with all of our questions  
I just sleep more  
than 2 hrs a night  
of that that's all*

EE3-AAAA

RANDOLPH SOUTHERN



REBELS

Dear Jimmy,

I don't know if this letter will get to you personally, or not. I sure hope so, I was just sure that I didn't get to see you when you were here. I have thought about you so often, and wondered just what you were doing, and I would have been surprised and disappointed if it had been anything except, what you are doing.

because you have been in the Ministry since you were a little boy. I sure hated to see the people tear down that old garage to build Thornburgs Market.

We sure held a lot of church meetings in there. You used to preach and put your hands on our heads, and really pray for the devils. Get out of us, and those poor old cats of yours, must have gotten so water logged from being baptized. Do you remember? You always seemed like a brother to us, and your surname called Motu, Mon, We miss her

EE-3-BBBB,

so much, she has been gone almost nine years now.

You have a very pretty wife and handsome son, or children I should say.

My oldest which is the only boy I have is getting married Nov. 12. Louise be 20 in Dec. I have a daughter 17, one 12, and one 4. They sure keep me busy.

so many activities at school etc. my oldest daughter is in majorette, and she is in the Southern Sound, a singing group of 10, and she has been a cheer leader for 6 years.

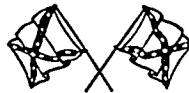
I am taking care of a little boy that has been blind since birth. He is 15 months old, his name is Jimmy Tander.

I would like to have gotten him to your meetings. But you can believe ~~too~~ <sup>with</sup> no anxiety for his healing, anyway.

His parents are so young, she is 18, and he is 21, and he was their first child. His Mother is a real believer. His father is not a believer yet. But I think he will be someday. I told Billie, the boy's Mother, that we would just have to pray for him.

EE-3-BBBB2

RANDOLPH SOUTHERN



REBELS

He said yes, and if Jimmy get his sight, then he would never doubt again. he has never seen a healing of any kind he says, and that would sure do it. he says he may be hindering Jimmy from seeing by not really believing for him, but like I told Billie, Roger believes more than he thinks he does, because when he talks to ~~me~~ me the other day, I told him that we would not give up on Jimmy or ever doubt, and he said at New I have not given up ~~and~~ on him, and when he talks to the lady, instead of saying listen to this or that, he always says, look at that or see how Jimmy - so he cant say he doubts God, and talk like that, he says Jimmy is such a joy and blessing to them. We went to Indianapolis yesterday ~~and~~ they had to take him to Riley Hospital again. they take movie of him every 4 to six months, they talk with the parents on his progress etc. Our car isnt very good. We have a 53 cadillac, so we used my sons car. Not my

EE-3-BBBB<sub>3</sub>

husband is night policeman here in Lynn,  
so he is sleeping now, he works from 9.00  
to 5.00. Richard works night too, so they are  
both sleeping. so is my little girl and  
Jimmy, so I thought this would be a  
nice quiet time to write to you, usually  
if I start writing to Barbara in Florida,  
that when Rita gets up, and bugs me. Well  
I guess I have ~~been~~ bothered you enough.  
if you get this that is, if you do, I sure  
hope you can find a minute to write to me

I am going to send you a picture of  
little Jimmy. If you ever get it back  
this way, I want to know it. We live  
ten hours from the railroad track in  
the old Frank Harvey place, on the corner,  
just about a block & south from where  
you used to live. Well bye for now,  
and God Bless you always.

He has his hair cut now.  
He looks like a little boy

Love  
Vera

EE-3-BBBB4



Dear Dad:

I will gradually copy for you all that I have in file... and will then continue working on her book... IN MY FILES IN SAN FRANCISCO, I HAVE HER ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS OF SOME OF THIS...WHICH SHE WAS CONCERNED TO PRESERVE. SHE HAD A "SENSE OF HISTORY" IN ALL THAT SHE DID or requested me to do for you...

Tish

(Those files should be taken out of my GREY file cabinet--the old one. Recommend they "drag" it to another location, call out a locksmith and have it opened, then after he leaves, move it back into the locked room where they are keeping the file cabinets. I think to let a locksmith SEE those files, they are inviting an invasion... it would not take a CIA agent to put 2 and 2 together seeing so many locked files, closed off to themselves in a locked room....

INCIDENTALLY... the fact that TOS has attacked Ken Norton, whom he did not know...makes me wonder a little. I think that if I were the CIA and wanted to avoid suspicion of my agent, I should publicly attack him to give him more credence in the eyes of my enemy... it is worth considering... I seem to recall there were times in the past when he did not love us so much; he is terribly mercenary and is most loving and careful of his own hide.... Also, he surely knows a lot about electrical, tapes and recording, etc.....enough to be concerned about at least..

Tish

.....Tish

EE-3-~~CCCC~~

FE-3-cccc

Luis Panto

137) Obstetric guidance  
183) Teacher

I have been thinking of you a great deal lately  
 and wondering how you are getting on. I hope  
 you are well and happy. I have been very busy  
 lately, but I will try to write to you more  
 often. I am sure you will understand. I love  
 you very much and I hope you will love me  
 just as much. I will be with you in every  
 way that I can. I am your devoted friend,  
 Luis Panto

with  
 work

Zinetta

copy for your  
files -

- Vick

EE-3-DDDD,

-1- (1 Copy)

When Pastor Jim was very young and wise beyond his years he developed a great reputation with his father who was a semi invalid: deeply enamoured of the local pool hall and the cabine thereof whom he regularly trounced in endless games of chance --

Working early and late against the fearsome odds of the Great Depression to support the family and to get on with Jim young Jim's college fund gave little attention to the heat being generated over the issue until --

One evening hurrying down an alley to the grocery, I collided with a neighbor in the half-dusk -- hanging over the back fence of the pool hall, peering into the dusk -- "my word!" I growled "what's up?" Receiving no reply I took my place beside him, hastily scrutinizing the area in the direction of his gaze... "Never have I seen the likes before or ever expect to see the likes again" said he, excitedly -- "Three weeks ago, it was, -- and little Jim sittin' cross legged -- in that very spot -- surrounded by rats big as cats -- where rats have never been before -- He reezed my arms in iron grip and rasped -- "listenin' they wuz -- to every word he said -- did ye ever SEE a barnint listen -- Mrs. Jones? Well -- it was a humment or so -- listenin' and little Jim was sayin' "Friends! The hour has struck -- you must chew the foundation from under that den of in -- in -- ee -- quit -- us."

mine informant sprang uncomfortably close to my ear and hissed -- "Oh you will not see them, Mrs. Jones, -- only the big holes and the mounds of sawdust beneath -- and the timbers set under the rapping corners -- and, perhaps, you have heard how ol' Harbor was bitten to the bone, a week ago, when he struck at a rat, cut the floor giving way under Big Jim Jones' chair and 'tis a wonder his back was not broken... and the urine" -- "He what?" I whispered, "surely he didn't --

(over)

EE-3-DDDD-2

"No! No!", shrieked my informant 'twas only the way  
of rats trompin' vitals -- and Baddy had roat his  
soul never had a nose for smellin' -- Remember?  
he was stopped down twice by a couple of strangers  
who found rat pellets in the ham sandwich he  
sold 'em -- Ah! yes! It's the nature of -- livin' things  
to eat -- eat an excrete -- as they shoulda knowed. <sup>but</sup>  
it all started when little Jim -- set right there -- a  
sayin' to them rodents -- "Friends, the hour has struck --"  
There was a stirring of many bodies -- a mere whisper  
in the tall grass and a rasping of many teeth on wood --  
a spooky sort of symphony -- well suited to the night.  
my informant stiffened and resumed his earlier  
stance, gazing fixedly at the pool hole.

Little fingers -- snuggled into mine. Lady Bug (his little dog)  
reared her soft white body between us. Little Jim  
said: I have a feeling God is very fond of insects  
like this. No! It is not a feeling really, but a KNOWING, said  
he, pensively -- "Yes! a KNOWING that has been going on --  
a long -- long time -- when worlds were different -- than  
this one -- and we were not much different than No W."

When Pastor Jim was very young and wise beyond his years he developed a great reputation with his father who was a semi invalid, deeply enamored of the local pool hall and the habits thereof whom he regularly trounced in endless games of chance.

I, working early and late against the fearsome odds of the Great Depression to support the family and to get on with Jim young Jim's college funds gave little attention to the heat being generated over the issue until -

One evening hurrying down an alley to the grocery, I collided with a neighbor in the half dusk - hanging over the back fence of the pool hall, peering - into the dusk - "my word!" I groaned "what's up?" "Receiving no reply I took my place beside him, hastily scrutinizing the area in the direction of his gaze... "Never have I seen the likes before or ever expect to see the likes again" said he, excitedly - "Three weeks ago, it was, and little Jim sittin' cross legged - in that very spot - surrounded by rats big as cats - where water had never been before - He seized my arm in iron grip and rasped - "listenin' they wuz - to every word he said - bid ye ever SEE a barnint listen - Mrs. Jones? Well - it was a hummer or no - listenin' and little Jim was sayin' "Friends! The hour has struck - you must chew the foundation from under that den of in - in - ee - quit us."

mine informant sprang uncomfortably close to my ear and hissed - "Oh you will not see them, Mrs. Jones, - only the big holes and the mounds of sawdust beneath - and the timbers set under the sagging corners - and, perhaps, you have heard how ol' Jarboe was bitten to the bone, a week ago, when he struck a rat, and the floor givin' way under Big Jim Jones' chair and 'tis a wonder his back was not broken... and the urine" - "He? what?" I whispered, "secretly he didn't -"

(over)

"No! No!", shrieked my informant 'twas only the way  
of rats trompin' vitals -- and Baldy had lost his  
soul never had a nose for smellin' -- Remember?  
he was slapped down twice by a couple of strangers  
who found rat pellets in his ham sandwich he  
sold 'em -- Ah! yes! It's the nature of -- livin' things  
to eat -- eat an excrete -- as they should know --  
it all started when Little Jim -- set right there -- a  
sagin' to them rodents -- "Friends! the hour has struck --"  
There was a stirring of many bodies -- a mere whisper  
in the tall grass and a rasping of many teeth on wood --  
a spooky sort of symphony -- well suited to this night.  
my informant stiffened and resumed his earlier  
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Little fingers snuggled into mine. Lady Bug (his little dog)  
reared her soft white body between us. Little Jim  
said: I have a feeling God is very fond of nights  
like this. No! It is not a feeling, really, but a KNOWING, said,  
he, pensively -- "Yes! a KNOWING that has been going on --  
a long -- long time -- when worlds were different than  
this one -- and we were not much different than No W."

EE-3-DDDD5

\* He said to thank Mom for getting the utilities out of his name so promptly and to write him if he could help any of you in any way. Much love from all

Tell Mom Ines that Jack Beam wrote a nice letter saying that he understood the reasoning why notice had to be given. He said he will send his copy of the contract to her. They have had much sickness. Joyce nearly died from an ~~emergency~~ allergy to a bee sting and then a close follow-up of an emergency appendectomy. Don't speak these things generally because they don't <sup>(auto)</sup> want anyone other than you there to know their business. Elly has asthma too and Joyce has had an eye to go crossed but corrective glasses seem to be working. He was cheerful. By the way he said that there was a power mower in the garage that should go to us. I let him know that it could come in handy at the Nursing Home. Love you both.

EEJ-EEEE!

10/10/50  
10/10/50  
10/10/50



Please give to Grandma Jones  
For grandpa Jones  
Lew

LEW-

JONES



*[Faint, mostly illegible handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. Some words like 'Grandma' and 'Grandpa' are faintly visible.]*

EE-3-EEEE<sub>2</sub>\*

## The Old House

There was an abandoned house on the lot where the starving chickens had been penned. It set close to the sidewalk on the long walk. The outbuilding where the chickens had roosted was not visible from the walk or from the inside of the old house because of the ~~intermingling~~ tall weeds and undergrowth that covered the lot.

The timber of the old house was not showing a lot of warp and twist or other sign of disrepair, except the bare boards bore no indication that paint had ever been applied on either interior or exterior. The roof had not leaked at the rate one would expect of such a neglected place, and no part of the floor was broken or gone.

There was an atmosphere of mystery about the place and a sort of mute appeal that was not easy to shake off. Villagers reported from time to time that the old house was haunted. Young Jim avoided it for the most part except when young Jim led the foray. It must be admitted that he feared neither gods or devils, or the quick or the dead. <sup>on the other hand</sup> I had many fears, all of them ~~was~~ confined to anxiety about young Jim's safety and the safety of the animals of our family <sup>and in the town</sup> which ~~like children~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~and~~ dependent upon <sup>young Jim and I</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>for</sup> guidance and assistance when in trouble just like children.

EE-3-FFFF,

deepest root in my mind was the suspicion  
 that transients might be using the old houses for a  
 way station. They <sup>were</sup> ~~were~~ immersed in the depths of depression.  
 Also <sup>the</sup> ~~and~~ the railroad tracks were close by, and switching  
 was underway both day and night. My imaginings  
 grew like the green bay tree, whispering: "you know how  
 'tis with the lad; wherever riddle or mystery is there he  
 will be also," or "Beware!" Among those knights of the  
 road could be blood-letters, child molesters, kidnapers,  
 all driven insane by the crucial economic stress of  
 these times. Inspired by these whisperings, I could  
 always fling my exhausted flesh into pressing ~~on~~ my  
 investigation of any place or thing that might pose a  
 threat to me and mine or any other person or <sup>another or anything</sup> thing.

I'd creep through the thicket <sup>often to</sup> and check the old  
 empty house from stem to stern, for signs of occupancy  
 and finding none -- I would sit on my bottom, lean  
 against the wall -- and envision all the folk who  
 may have lived there, wondering if old houses miss  
 all the folk ~~as~~ it has sheltered, and all those  
 familiar voices that have drifted into the limbo of  
 its past.

I was equally intrigued by old privies set in  
 in the middle of pastures or hidden in dark ravines  
 where houses had once stood.

The most fascinating of these, <sup>old friend</sup> I had encountered on a trip from Indiana to Penfro Valley in Kentucky some years <sup>ago</sup> later, Penfro was the birthplace of the old barn dances, folk music and homespun turnouts - like ol' Hee Hee now, <sup>showing</sup> on I.V. I yelled at my lady friend who was my relief driver, <sup>on that trip</sup> to halt the car and I lit out across that pasture with my camera hammering me in the back every leap I took. Cows along the way surveyed me questioningly and returned to their grazing.

a beautiful rose bush laden with crimson bloom leaned against the old structure, with its feelers rocking in the <sup>soft</sup> breeze as it reached for the roof. A cluster of roses was draped over the sagging door which stood open just enough to admit a person and to afford a good look at the Sears & Roebuck Catalogue, neatly placed beside the hole in the seat platform. The seat and the floor was immaculately clean and a spang in the center of the floor a fat rattler was coiled. Dressed in his new skin, <sup>the snake</sup> <sup>so much as</sup> bright it did not even shake its tail at me nor did it stir when I clicked the camera. That picture was a masterpiece. I cherished it for years. # as I <sup>reluctantly</sup> turned to retruce my steps back to the car another rattler hurried toward me on the path. It surged aside to avoid my feet and disappeared through the sagging door of the old pen. I rejoined my friend in the car. After a few miles of silence she said: "All these years

I have known you and I'll never really know you, I reckon. So, what's with the old privacy? Something exciting like never happens to other people, I suppose?

"Maybe so, maybe no," I mumbled ~~and~~ and let the matter rest there.

In return to the empty house along the long walk, from time to time a very old lady and a very young boy had appeared there. Young Jim had called on her and offered to get her groceries etc. He had said she had acted very stand offish as she did to me when I followed up his offer with another of my own. Neighbors said the <sup>and the woman</sup> boy always arrived at night and departed the same way. None knew of what means they had come or gone since no strangers had visited them or been seen around the place. <sup>in due course</sup> In due course the neighbors also reported that the boy and the woman had been seen there some weeks before Jim had found the starving chickens but she had gone, they said in the same mysterious fashion as she had come. She never came again after that incidence and the speech I had prepared for her about such conduct with chickens was, therefore, never delivered.

It was little consolation to me that young Jim's father was always in town where Jim could easily find him, <sup>in town</sup> ~~in town~~ <sup>Big Jim</sup> ~~he~~ was usually at the pool room. Trouncing his associates in games of chance, <sup>and strangely</sup>



or poison you." Once as I came down the alley from  
the grocery at dusk I heard the poolroom proprietor  
speaking to his ~~customers~~ clientele. It was summer  
and the ~~door~~ back door of the old landmark was  
wide open to admit the ~~the~~ westerly winds which blew  
intermittently affording small respite to the sweltering  
townfolk. Said the proprietor: "Boys if these  
damned rats don't clear out ~~then~~ ~~we~~ not a splinter  
will be standing <sup>come ~~the~~ winter</sup> to mark the spot where this pool hall  
stood, ~~come fall~~ <sup>11th of November</sup> I heard a musical tee-hee coming from  
a sagging fence corner behind the old edifice -- ~~and~~  
squinting against the rapidly falling dusk -- I crept  
closer and there sat young Jim -- half naked -- except for  
his shorts -- sitting atop a corner fence post -- which was  
wearing ~~about~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~minor~~ <sup>up</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>from</sup> creaking under his weight.  
~~sagged~~ ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~, and  
chanting in a language foreign to me -- but  
judging from the animated tossing of the grasses in  
the lot below I realized that the small ~~worker~~  
below had not missed a syllable of his farqued  
edged up a little closer peeping in the shadow of a  
big tree -- trying to figure out how that fence post  
maintained ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> a 45° angle, doing a wide smooth  
circle as if moved by ~~some~~ <sup>by</sup> some invisible  
mechanical device -- whilst topped by the small naked  
nymph -- jiggling about and making joyful noises and  
yet, rode the damn post as if it were a horse -- exactly --

EE-3-FFFF4

<sup>Cropt up to</sup>

(often ~~spite~~ <sup>spite</sup> on young Jim when he was unaware  
 just to admire the bronze of his sturdy body and in a  
 little while lots of a sweet courting down, making paths  
 pale paths through the dust he had gathered in his  
 wanderings. And as slowly having finished his immediate  
 involvement with his penitance, he spoke without  
 turning his head in my direction: "You needn't be a  
 Cat-fist, Mom. I always know who is around."

Blissing widely, I scuntered <sup>or</sup> down the alley toward  
 home and the preparation of the evening meal. The air  
 was hot my now. The soft breeze came more regularly.  
 I was tempted to dilly dally <sup>in</sup> and hope that young Jim would  
 come along with me and relate the incident to his dog. He  
 didn't. A stockman was driving a couple of head of cattle  
 toward me there in the narrow alley. "Watch out for  
 that bull, Mrs. Jones," he squalled. "He's a mean one."  
 "That's why," said I grumpily. "What's mean?," said he,  
 suspiciously. "I mean, you should never have owned  
 an animal of any kind, ~~Frank~~ <sup>Glenn</sup>. If he's mean, it's because  
 you never <sup>could see</sup> any good in him. All you could see  
 was money, ~~Frank~~ <sup>Glenn</sup>." I grained as I rubbed noses  
 with the bull and scratched his ears, encrusted with  
 the blood from <sup>many</sup> fly bites. "Buy some spray for these  
 cows. And spray em, Do you hear me? And to H - L  
 with the cost of it, you can afford it." I snuffed angrily.

EE-3-FFFF7



"Of course I hear ye. I aint deaf -- whatever else -- you think I am. I'll spray 'em in the morning."

"Spray 'em tonight," I snapped. "They will be at 'em again at daybreak unless ye do and I just hope I NEVER live to get as mad as I'm going to be -- if that spray is not on these cows by daybreak."

"How can you see fly bites when it's almost dark," he growled.

"With these fingers I feel 'em, now," I roared "and I can feel abuse of animals even if I was ten years dead. You know that! And don't you tell yourself these cows are not fly bitten! Doncha done? Hear me?" said I.

"Of course I hear you, I've got no more ear trouble since you forced me to see a specialist. Cost me \$100, ten-damn thief, he was for God's sake. I'll spray 'em tonight." He moaned.

"You cows -- ~~films~~ -- Remember your cows. Not your ears." I grinned, and <sup>started to</sup> continued on my way.

He took off his battered hat, <sup>scratched</sup> ~~scratched~~ his head vigorously and remarked: "You get me no rattled, Mr. Jones, I awww I dont know if I'm plowing or dicking -- You are always after me about -- the way I do my besties -- I dont know why I like you, I dont know why anybody likes you -- be damn if I do. And I sure dont know why me and all the rest does what you tell <sup>us to do</sup> every time!"

EE-3-FFFF 8

"Wahl, Elmo," I drawled in my most elongated  
southern accent. "twixt me and thee 'trint 'cause  
they like me - 'tis 'cause what I feel 'em is solid -  
sound sense and having done what I say <sup>to do</sup> They  
feel so much better inside - more like they've  
befriended themselves ye' know. And by the way,  
rub some salve on those bites before ye spray 'em.  
Do it just before daylight in the morning. Heav? "said  
"Course I hear? like I told you before. Okay I'll do it."  
snapped he

"The cows - Ewew? not your ears - mind you, how."  
I chanted briskly and hurried past him, mindful, once  
more, of the many tasks awaiting me at home. Young Jim  
skipped past me in a spite in the night. I was often  
caught up, rather sadly too, in the thought that he was not  
of this world and that wither world held mystery  
for him. Where learned phunsh was expounded upon  
profundity his wisdom was so unusual, so apart  
from the reasoning of this world. At those times I would  
swear within myself to live forever to safeguard him  
from all harshness and harm at the hands of the  
unlearned.

10/78  
San Fran  
USA

Dear Rita

I'm sitting here at work, 1/2 hour to go on a Friday with nothing to do - one of those long boring days in this greay office. It has been grey and cold outside for 2 days now, the temperature staying at 58 day and night. Those of us who came on this visit from home are always bundled up in sweaters now, with memories of the beautiful walk from cottage 46 to the shower...all warm and golden outside. I remember walking down that stretch one twilight and Jewel Wilson was sitting on the porch of the senior apartments looking out over that broad field between the radio and the cottages, the sun was going down, and she said it was the most beautiful view...so true.

Watched an interesting little segment on the news last night about a doctor who developed a diet which involves eating only foods with nonadditives, no chemicals attached, and which has been proven to remarkably improve hyperactive children - taking away all symptoms of hyperactivity. One parent had a child with severe behavior problems and vision restriction to almost blindness, and she put her son on the diet; in weeks his behavior was calm and normal and his vision was almost 100% normal! she tested the diet by putting her son back on regular additive food like soda drinks and cookies and synthetic mixes for 3 days - his vision plummeted back to almost zero and his behavior became rocky again. Of course the medical profession will not endorse the diet - but there are several groups across the country that are using it. I'm sending away for info on it. I would guess that our group over there has a similar type diet - natural foods, unprocessed, no sodapops, etc. and that is part of the reason that peoples' health blooms over there. I do know that when I came back here, for at least 2 weeks, my system felt like it was clean and I hated to put any of the food here in it. I had the same experience when we went over 4 years ago. I am trying to avoid sugars and starches because I did lose some pounds when I was there. Paula said the first day she was back she gained 5 pounds - and we think a lot of that was due to water retention. People here are bloated way out of proportion.

Tell Dorothy Brady for me that Mabel the cat is doing fine - I'll write her soon - Mabel was very well taken care of by Sandy while I was gone, and now Mabel looks forward to Sandy's visits. She gained a little weight

By for now  
Jane  
Crym

EE-3-9999

Dad:

I strongly feel that the community needs at least one and probably two evenings off a week. Where they could go to the library, to a movie, spend time with their children, do "personal" things from laundry to socializing. I have picked up the feeling from several people I have talked to. There is a law of diminishing returns with these classes, and we are definitely seeing that happen ---

By the way I have some ideas and plans for making the community education program more enjoyable, varied, and effective. I will be submitting them soon. It will take us beyond just "news" and Russian to some more theoretical and applied study and discussion of Marxism, the dialectic, and how we all can relate to it.

I suggest we let the community have tonight off.

EE-3-HHHH

SELF ANALYSIS Jean Lucas

1-HOSTILITY - THE DEEPEST.

2-COMMITMENT - SUPER-EXCELLENT PLUS.

3-ELITEISM - COMSEE-COMPAR.  
(So So)

4-INTELLECTISM - AVERAGE.

5-REACTION-TO AUTHORITY - NOT TOO GOOD.

6-HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT DAD?  
<sup>Recent conversion, but wife do. HAVE OWN MIND, <sup>So</sup> HONOR.</sup>  
THAT HE IS THE HIGHEST PERSONIFIED  
WITHOUT-EQUAL THE FAIREST ADMINISTRATOR  
OF RIGHTEOUS-JUSTICE and TRUTH on earth.

7-HOW DO YOU SEE YOURSELF? I feel that  
I have paid the price, <sup>mentally, morally,</sup>  
<sup>socially, financially</sup> and otherwise.

8-SEXUAL-GAMES - IS BORN, THEN SEX  
(WITH SEALS THAT LOVE IN ECSTASY.

9-HOW DO YOU FEEL, REACT TO DREAM OF DEATH?  
<sup>my new version, has given me courage that</sup>  
I never thought I could perceive, but now I  
would die a <sup>for what, a</sup> ~~extraordinary~~ death  
<sup>be it what ever degree, friendship etc</sup>

10-YOUR INNER FEELINGS MUSIC-WORD  
I am not happy unless I follow my own <sup>freedom</sup>  
volition. I don't every one free to <sup>my own</sup> thoughts  
whatever - what ever one does it makes him happy  
as long as it does not hurt anyone else, not my business.  
<sup>Yes I am a Beloved anarchist??</sup>

11-HOW DO YOU SEE OTHERS?  
Realizing that there are no 2 people exactly  
alike, I look for whatever each has to  
offer and I learn as I go thru life  
I do like people. EEF-III  
Jean Lucas "

Dear Dad, Jim!

what I have been trying to tell you for almost 12 mo. since I have been here, I thought that I had not try to compose it lightly, as coming down the road with the truth is the only way with you. First of all, Dad, I Love you Lucas, have not told you one lie and I ask you to put me to the test by giving me truth serum. And if I have told you one lie I will take my own life. I never will tell you a lie, I will lie for the Cause, but I have had no reason to lie, about what? I think that I must tell you just some of the points of this affair and you will know why I have been made to feel this way.

I was very happy in S.P. with my dogs, my work my old friends, and the Temple, and my music. Naturally I leave that I expect to be happier and FREE. but something happened, and now I am the unhappiest & saddest person in this City here. and I have been from the beginning because of what Estelle did to me. She was the one who processed me to come here. Leona Polli, processed Margaret James, and did a beautiful job. all of Margaret's things came intact, and she has said many times how nice and fair Leona did not have to be this way. and because it was done this way, it has scared my mind, and traumatized me and ruined my life. I can not live with what has happened to me, I can not take it, the more I think of it and there has not been an hour that I do not think of this as it has become a part of my, that lives with me.

Dad here is point one. Estelle had seen that I had lots of valuables (everything) she saw where she could get into this by getting me away. I know these tactics as I have worked on the streets for over thirty years, but I could not believe that anyone from the Temple would con and rip me off. I had

EE-3-UN 1

signed over my home and I was ~~not~~ getting ready myself. as long as others had time I know that I could have. I know that it is customary in some cases to even send people on from the service "meetings" but this was not for me because they got together and told me Dad, that you said for me to come on right away, that they had written me up to mother, and that mother had radioed you, and that you said that you knew that I would not leave my dogs and to bring 2 dogs on the plane with me, and that you would send the other 3 dogs on shortly after I get here. well that had been over two years

and I have not received my dogs, and I wonder about the <sup>EQUALITY</sup> equality. This is why I went on with the "going back" because I could see that the dog situation would be a burden here. Mother said that she did not recall anything like they told me, so I realized then what really had happened. Dad there is much more, please forgive me for writing this much. I really did not mean to, but praise your Holy name that you made it possible for me to get word to you when all I have left is a mustard seed, but you always come through.

Dad I want to leave for S.F. as soon as you can let me. ~~if you would~~ Dad I do not want to hurt you or go on the floor anymore. I thank you any way you arrange for me. I'm concerned about my age and all many things. I will take all tests I may be having out the <sup>main</sup> things. Sign all papers. Counsel. L.J.L. Thank you Dad. Jim.

This is Monday! (V that you made made a)  
next Rule

Dear Dad! Jim /  
my full intention is to go back to S.F. I think it  
was about a month ago you said to the Councilors  
to get with the ones who wanted to go back and get their  
problems, but they did not follow thru, and I have been  
waiting and waiting and waiting, and about last Thursday  
or somewhere around there, I got a strong instinctive  
urge to get ready, pack, and so I did. I'm all packed,  
I gave my tools last week to James Edwards, and  
he will check them out to who ever wants to use them and  
they check them back <sup>for the collection</sup> etc. I have taken care of many things,  
all things as I do not want but one change, so I  
have no luggage, but one small hand bag, I have the  
feeling that my state of mind pulls on you, and you do  
not need that at this time. I did all of this because  
of this urge that I got. James Edwards can tell you that  
I took the tools to him last week, he does not know  
any more than that, this was before we knew that Leona  
was coming, but when she arrived and said she was  
going back, it came to my mind to write you to allow  
me to go back with her.

Dad, nothing else is going to help me but a trip, and  
when I came here prepared to go back on a trip,  
it shifted into a going back thing, all of this has been  
a misdirected mess, and I would like to bury the  
whole thing and start all over again, so I am asking  
you to ease my mind, heart and soul and what  
ever arrangement can be made, let me know  
soon. Dad I wish everyone did not have to know  
about this again, I have been with this cause for  
over 5 years, and was never on the floor, and never  
took anyone to the floor, and the image that I  
EE-3-KKKK,



got since I'm here is the sad one as I do not like  
to go on the floor, and most of all I do not want this  
to hurt you. Its true that I have had negative thoughts  
lately, thinking that I am neglected because of my  
age, weakness, etc. but you said wart and that  
is what I did, and too I will never know why  
I have to wart till the battle is on, when I could  
have been there and back, because I asked when  
I first came here, over there when they say wart that  
means justice delayed, is justice denied. but I have not  
yet seen you do any wrong, the only thing about it  
is I never seem to make contact to get out of the  
unjust mess that I seem to have inherited.  
while I'm on this subject. Dad: I have never told  
you one lie, and I will request truth serum  
sign any papers, do whatever you say, because  
I am in a state of suspended animation and  
this image that is here is not me it is the same  
as I told you in my other letters but I do not know  
if you got or get my letters or not. Thank you for this  
way now. I wish I could tell you how Jonestown  
and about how I am rejoiced about the conspiracy  
I wish I could thank you enough for your great  
love for all of us that is why I came into the  
Temple, because of your love. Dad I have  
my plans all worked out. If I may, I would like  
to send patty a box of jewelry etc a month to  
sell in the shop. I have about a thousand \$ worth  
of stuff to give before I go. Jewelry, tape, & Jean  
may I hear? Thank you Dad! Lucas  
CC-3-KRKR 2

2-11-73 To Dad From Penny: It is my opinion that Bea Crsot has her own severe case of emotional instability to cope with. At times she goes clear off, which is the case today. She gets uptight, hostile, walks around like shes in her own world, is short to people upon speaking--and acts like she is on some special mission. I am concerned about the way she acts at times and feel that she could push Tom over the edge or into something emotinnally--for she sometimes seems to get a kick out of aggitating him and watching him. She gets this super spy thing going and she also says she is with him implying because you told her to be with him. Now I think that Tom is capable of killing-- and I know that I wrote it up to you that I was afraid he would try to kill you with a bow and arrow--but she told me that you told her that he might try to kill you like this. The thing that bothers me about the whole thing is, who else will she tell this to? And, what if someone makes a public statement like this? It would be very hot to handle, I think. The reason that I am writing this today, is because she was upset ~~YASKK~~ last night because Tom was in the book depository during the meeting--she went to him ~~KKK~~ she said and asked him when he was going to join US in the servace. And then today she is so out of it emotionally--she goes into K this trip as if she is in her own world kind of thing which is hard to explain. But it is very emotional, she wanted me to keep track of when he came to the meeting. I have ~~KK~~ tried to encourage her to look for the good in him--to sort of balance the negativity--it seems to me that we should be doing this with each other to bring out the good--but still watch for the other too--but after the public confrontation of Tom, she was still out to get him. She said that she wasn't finished with him. I had recommended that she let you handle it and to be kind to him--to follow your lead sort of thing. I don't trust Tom worth shit myself--but I don't think that aggitating him and openly spying on him, etc. is the thing to do. He is no ones dummy. She has asked me to help her watch him and on several occassions and

EE-3-LLLL1

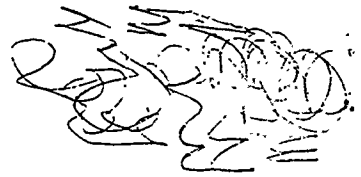
in general but I have tried to do this in a low key manner. She gets really excited when she has a case building on him. And I'm not saying she doesn't have a good case and isn't right--but she really gets excited about it and laughs and really gets a big kick out of the whole thing...and then at times her emotions will switch and she will get moody and make some comment about how she cares about him. I really think that she hates his guts. ~~XXXX~~ I base this on the degrading way that she made fun of his penis and of how he operates sexually. I guess the thing that saves the day is the oral ~~X~~ sex situation. I felt embarrassed for Tom over the whole thing. (I did write this up.) I don't get along with Tom at times, but I don't think that I'm trying to do him, ~~sort of~~ sort of thing. I do think he's dangerous--but I don't think that he should be aggitated. Bea makes it very plain that she is on a mission for you with him. That she was assigned to ~~XXXX~~ this along time ago (evidently since she's been here) The problem is that when she feels like it she runs around and I alerts w security and I'm afraid that somehow this is going to back fire--Now if someone publically says, ~~XXXXXX~~ "Bea says that ~~XXX~~ Dad told her....." it ~~XX~~ could really be a hot subject--and open a can of worms in a lot of directions.

Also, I don't think that she sees her own instability. Though maybe she does..however, I have never noticed her touch upon it. She acts out her moods very intensely and they are very real to her but she doesn't seem to be aware of the change in herself and she is preoccupied with whatever is going on in her head. I think that her own acting out with jibing remarks make her situation with Tom a dangerous one. If she aggitates him into losing reality and she becomes his mother or the woman that he hates--and I'm sure that he does hate her now--and he pents his madness on her, it will be because she didn't control him, which she isn't trying to do. She should want to help control him, for himself and for the welfare of this cause. I have explained to her how to do this--and he did get better when she did it. She needs to first control her own emotional fluxuations. Its hard to be around an emotionally ill person too much unless you understand what is going on--you can lose track of the sickness.

EE-3-4442

TO MOTHER

8/160



There are two areas I wish to discuss concerning the kitchen. The first concerns the night workers. Most of us would prefer sandwiches for our night meal, but we are most often given the leftovers from the supper meal. A lot of the time it's cold, we have rice and gravy a lot. Anyway the prospect of eating the same meal we finished a few hours before is just not so heartening. If we ask for sandwiches, it seems that some people can get them and some can't. For instance on Thursday night & Friday morning, the students who work with the sandwich makers get sandwiches and they get off at about 12:30<sup>am</sup>. I don't want to begrudge a child their dues for working but the rest of us had to eat rice, milk and sugar. In my case I can't eat sugar, but when I explained this to Ollie & Willy I was told I had to eat plain rice & milk and I have to work from 1800 until 06:30. Poncho Johnson also picked up sandwiches. I feel that what is fair for one is fair for everyone.

The second area is sugar free & salt free diets. I have been on salt free and I don't feel there is enough attention given to the preparation of their foods. Their gravies are often watery with no seasoning or just small amounts you can't tell there has been less meat in their soups & gravies. Once we had rice with meat & what appeared to be onions. The salt free had nothing but the meat, no onions and was tasteless.

1  
E-3-MMM

the regular kitchen fixes crew-tons for the moon  
day soup. unless salt free has recently started they  
dont do this. I dont feel this is a completely selfish  
complaint because I am now on regular salt diet.  
I just feel something should be done. I am still  
on a sugar free diet. I am not diabetic. I just  
cant handle sugar. we see the entire family get  
treats, pies, cake + cookies for deserts. and there is  
no compensation for us. we use to get fruits +  
Bananas but not anymore. I occasionally do  
eat sugar but its not because I envy those  
who can. its because I need the energy. I've  
been kind of weak lately.

Dad loves us all  
Oded Rhodes

Ollie not doing. Pets leaving for day?  
Are you boiling the tea? Or just soaking in hot water?

Ollie  
Mama  
Daddy  
Rhodes

EE-3-MMMMz



O! How was regarded the loss the heavy chains of  
my enslavement, or rather a figment of it.  
The <sup>fact</sup> ~~deed~~ was always promptly paid and the incident  
as ~~quaintly~~ <sup>promptly</sup> forgotten and repeated again & again.  
The ~~deputy~~ <sup>secret</sup> agent entertained his friends with  
the narratives of these forays to the oil-sunshine hole  
and the feasting <sup>how the feasting of which also</sup> that included the village dogs and  
habitually attended friends and the <sup>ceremonies of</sup> guests, his friends, as well.  
And <sup>and</sup> quoting all agents, I would look down upon  
this spread and <sup>salute</sup> salute <sup>at the sight of</sup> ~~at the sight of~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>be</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>difficult</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~preserve~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~invitation~~ <sup>except</sup>  
that it would have revealed my invasion of their  
privacy and deprived me of enlightenment I never  
<sup>could</sup> ~~closed~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~enjoy~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>aspire</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~opportunity~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~relive~~  
my own boyhood and experience the lifting of the  
intervening years for a space of time. "It would  
right <sup>at</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>remembrance</sup> of these days and costumes:  
"When the feast was over someone always remarked  
the difficulty of carrying dirty dishes on the backs and the  
more it was discussed the more difficult it seemed <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>become</sup>.  
Without entering the debate at any point young Jim smashed  
the China-peace pipe by piece agent a huge rock  
in all probably planted there during the great ice melt  
of thousands of years ago and who knows but what it might  
have been arranged for their specific purpose. Anyway  
Mrs. Jones China became more unmatched as the years  
advanced and the spoon handles took on strange patterns.  
It is said that second hand store merchants ~~have~~ have

EE-3-20002

But just in the midst of famine.

2

and he was known by her first name for quite a while now. While  
for some years had not had the appearance of the second-hand  
store-type. He said the addition grew until it has  
become her only pastime apart from writing. Of course,  
it can not be denied that value exists, mostly, in  
the eyes of the beholder. A <sup>stack</sup> (medicines) things cast on a  
pile of discards has no value until someone bothers  
to salvage it and endow it with advantages. Indeed  
some Mrs Jones has become quite intrigued by the mislaid  
handles of pewter spoons.

A ~~person~~ listener spoke up: "Why are all the  
plates, utensils and stuff to serve the feast always taken  
from Mrs J's household, I'd like to know, since the initials  
Cook is borne by her?"

The narrator thought this over for a space and  
then replied: "She is always away at work and I think  
has not yet managed to devise a cure for this practice on  
the part of the kids."

The town leader spoke up: "She did yesterday... and  
it was a billion dollars, she haunted her own house and  
little George Judge said if anybody <sup>in the</sup> thinks THAT was  
Mrs Jones chasing him, that person is nuts for cause, for  
whenever she chasing him was bleeding all over and  
had teeth a half a foot long." This rocked the <sup>building</sup> ~~building~~  
with laughter for a spell and I snuck out of the phone  
booth -- moving like 40 yrs older than I was. It is not easy to make  
E E - 3 - 111111



like bleeding all over without considerable  
advance preparation, and considerable mess attached.

I do assure ~~you~~ you.

EE-3-NNNNX

Book (1st Copy)

with box  
thin paper

... in the morning came rushing into the  
house with all the wilds of a dog at heels, I was washing  
a goodly supply of dishes which had accumulated in the sink.  
There was a look of excitement in the eyes of every dog, but first  
was releasing an "anticipatory" as was his name or pleasure when  
he said: "I wish you had washed me, even tho' I have  
told you many times, this would have come to an  
end in my life as the bible says - YOU FIRST HAD COME  
with me and see for yourself." It be enough.

I finished the dishes too heavy with grease  
to <sup>take up my position</sup> <sup>of and</sup> <sup>rest at his heels</sup>  
down the sink and having washed the dishes  
I washed it out with a <sup>clean</sup> dry cloth before setting it on  
the front porch. I was then I changed a course. The  
sky and <sup>momentarily</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>stratled out of several years growth,</sup>  
"as the old Southern saying goes."

So there was three boys looking exactly like  
a huge southern ward bottle <sup>with the old times</sup>  
habitually bailed their skins (about & yellow cases) <sup>in about the water</sup> pouring  
them <sup>down</sup> <sup>at intervals</sup> with an old <sup>used</sup>  
wrapping paper, by way of testing <sup>for</sup> the degree of  
whiteness <sup>and</sup> the proper components of the  
concoction they had mixed for the "blin" of their whiteness.

During <sup>the</sup> <sup>process</sup> I could not have believed except there  
was <sup>some</sup> <sup>part</sup> of my flesh, <sup>acting</sup> <sup>over</sup> <sup>about</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>disorderly</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>and</sup>  
... best (muddled), a milk and <sup>crank</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>head</sup> <sup>to</sup>  
! Got <sup>any</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>he</sup> <sup>should</sup> <sup>work</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>course</sup>  
EE-3 WWS



World pg #2 Book  
on fire.

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

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

Jimba and the dog made 3 or 4 loops around the Kennedy holdings and he concluded she hadnt been "caught up, yet" he finally settled down with Bobby, the rooster killed and they drifted into dreamland. The dog and I settled down on the front porch to watch the sky until dawn.

over

EE-3-200007

I did a lot of ~~arguing~~ <sup>one elsewhere</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~day~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~job,~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
~~several~~ ~~days~~ ~~thereafter~~ ~~but~~ ~~found~~ ~~no~~ ~~one~~ ~~who~~ ~~had~~ ~~seen~~  
~~the~~ ~~startling~~ ~~development~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~heavens~~ <sup>but in one had</sup> ~~without~~ ~~result~~  
~~but~~ ~~a~~ ~~small~~ ~~news~~ ~~item~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~paper~~ ~~I~~ ~~picked~~ ~~up~~  
<sup>some days later</sup> ~~reported~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~Northern~~ ~~and~~ ~~Southern~~ ~~Borelows~~ ~~had~~  
~~displayed~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~time~~ ~~which~~ ~~happened~~ ~~at~~ ~~long~~ ~~intervals~~ ~~of~~ ~~out~~ ~~stair~~ ~~was~~ ~~said~~

My assumption ~~that~~ <sup>phenomena</sup> ~~of~~ ~~a~~ ~~'cold~~ ~~look~~ ~~'~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~flames~~  
~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~correct~~. The ~~aura~~ ~~reflecting~~ ~~off~~ ~~the~~ ~~Northern~~ ~~&~~ ~~Southern~~  
~~icecaps~~ ~~showed~~ ~~quite~~ ~~well~~ ~~a~~ ~~'cold~~ ~~look~~ ~~'~~ ~~surely~~. I ~~was~~ ~~certainly~~  
~~'shaken~~ ~~by~~ ~~this~~ ~~phenomenon~~ ~~until~~ ~~this~~ ~~I~~ ~~became~~ ~~aware~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
~~'cold~~ ~~look~~ ~~'~~ ~~which~~ ~~was~~ ~~seen~~ ~~after~~ ~~I~~ ~~saw~~ ~~it~~ ~~first~~. Also ~~the~~ ~~failure~~  
~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~dogs~~ ~~to~~ ~~display~~ ~~anxiety~~ ~~was~~ ~~reassuring~~. As ~~for~~ ~~James~~ ~~Le~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~  
~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~least~~ ~~'shaken~~ ~~'~~ ~~though~~ ~~very~~ ~~young~~ ~~and~~ <sup>intimidated</sup> ~~unfamiliar~~ ~~with~~ ~~such~~  
~~stunts~~ ~~right~~ ~~off~~

EE-3-UNNNNA

Book  
- Animals - (Pets)

1 of 2074

I think the true picture of Jones's growing up can not  
be properly portrayed without describing the characters and  
cunning antics of the animal folk who shared his home, his bed, and  
his environment.

<sup>Jones and I</sup>  
We have never been able to regard animals as lower  
forms of life (as being) but rather as equals in the all of our virtues and  
of few of our vices and much more which nature gave them in an attempt to  
equalize their lot since they could hardly make out in the present  
evolution of things, depletion of their natural habitats <sup>independent of the</sup> ~~etc.~~ <sup>without depend</sup>  
love and deep and tender care of human kind.

<sup>However</sup> My husband, Jones's father, and his family did not have these  
tender sentiments of ours and litter else that had to do with <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ except in  
their narrow  
sphere of trouble and adversity - they did not when they were quick to  
see my end, and were not helped though I had little in common with  
them or they with me. Some of them harbored a <sup>poorly</sup> ~~poorly~~  
concealed notion that being as fat and able as I was in the  
skilled of occasional animal fighting a female of my size and clothes  
and somehow selected from the thing called respectability.

And so it was concluded by the house of Jones that pigeons  
were messy things, <sup>some of which was good</sup> and it was scarcely decent of me to have a good  
course of pigeon-widge beside my back door. - I see how but things  
had to be cleaned frequently but I had a string a bushel from basket  
up on nails by the wire hand held close <sup>under</sup> to the top of the back porch -  
kitchen & bedroom were within sound of her voice as she cooed  
her lullaby to sleep while gentle winds in summer rocked their cradle -  
I liked to go to sleep to the sound of her cooing <sup>door</sup> <sup>Jones</sup> <sup>litter</sup> <sup>Jones</sup>  
and <sup>(over)</sup> EE-3-NRNV-9



Book  
A word on Fire - 2nd copy

And little Jimmie came bounding into the house with all the vilipendous of hell. It was between 12:30 and 1:00 A.M., I was putting the finishing touch on a goodly lot of dishes that had accumulated in the sink while I was at my job. I'd washed two goblets that day.

The clock hands had passed the "witching hour" of midnight; the village was wrapped in sleep. There was excitement in the eyes of every dog. Jimmie was behaving as positively as was his usual stances just before <sup>some sort of</sup> disaster broke out on our lives, and chaos was not a stranger. It shopped up and tumbled down sometimes and abated <sup>temporarily</sup> like an explosion, but NEVER quite like it happened in other households. It was always earth shaking, never fragmented or straggling at "slow" pace. Jimmie was not one to be taken by halves. Neither was I. Jimmie said, <sup>seriously</sup> "since you did not believe me, when I told you the earth would be destroyed by fire, in your lifetime, I think you had BEST COME WITH ME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF."

I snatched up the dishes <sup>you</sup> too thick with residue to empty down the sink. I dashed into the garden and emptied it there, cleaned the pen well and dried it out. Then set it on the front porch. 'Twas then I chanced to look at the sky. If there should have been a moon, it would have paled into obscurity confronted by such startling phenomena.

The sky looked like a huge <sup>Wash</sup> <sup>deluge</sup> <sup>deluge</sup> kettle and as I'd often seen in the yards of Southern families <sup>and</sup> used to soil their business outdoors. Their sheets, pillow cases, towels etc. which they <sup>always</sup> referred to as "bilin" this "bilin" in strong eye water. EE-3-NNNN.11



Having seen it, it could not have been believed except  
there sat Jimba like the Buddha <sup>sitting</sup> on that diskpan which was  
not more than <sup>one</sup> a middle sized <sup>one</sup> piece of paper a limbo - wearing a colorful headband  
and a square of cloth to match knotted round his middle. The  
midriff was red and yellow. I leaned against a tree. The dogs formed  
a ring around us, quick and intent, they were as they waited the  
actions.

Great licking flames mounted from earth into the heavens.  
And up at the apex on over the pot which was the earth. A remarkable  
display it was indeed - less frightening to watch because it seemed  
not to advance as in the way of conflag (fire) - now did the flames  
give off the appearance of heat. <sup>having</sup> being in face a "cold look, instead." This  
was not, however, immediately apparent and since so it lacked  
"definite conviction"

NOTE: The southern wash pot was indeed having stove  
taken close at hand, well used and clean as "so repeated things tend  
to make things use in that description of the pot. The whites were lifted  
at intervals with their to inspect the degree of "whiteness" and check check  
the strength of the <sup>Caracation</sup> compound }

NOTE: There was always a wee glower peeping out  
of Jimba's strange costume. At the midriff or overhanging  
the headband - behind an ear or both. Remark that in  
Transcription. He was so handsome as to make one weep  
esp. when taken into ~~see page~~ his confidence about his  
having to come <sup>to come</sup>  
coming to earth to do what others could not or would not  
do. It made me feel he was "only loaned to me for a brief  
time -- which could be only a brief time --" and <sup>not</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~with~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>head</sup> ~~head~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>hand</sup> ~~hand~~

EE-3 JAN 12

White, highly confidential  
Charged and ~~was off~~ my judicial duty ~~because~~ <sup>the nation</sup>  
was at War, then and I worked in a defence plant. I worked away from  
our quiet town.

Two weeks later, there ~~was~~ <sup>Colts</sup> having reported their  
opposition against Judge and his family. ~~took off~~ <sup>took off</sup> ~~was~~ fishing trip -  
forgetfully of leaving Lady Bug <sup>too</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~car~~ <sup>apart</sup> along they returned without  
her. It took me all night to locate the river and recover Lady Bug,  
who was helpless <sup>and</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>river</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>several</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup>.

Now would I hear ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~emotional~~ <sup>emotional</sup> ~~plea~~ <sup>plea</sup> that this had been an  
accident. Replied: That's what I'm gonna tell ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~about~~  
what happens to you too - if the likes of THIS ever happens  
again. It didn't happen again, but young William <sup>the Pro. in - law</sup> ~~up~~ ~~and~~ ~~stole~~  
my car and headed for the ~~capital~~ <sup>capital</sup> ~~jurisdiction~~ <sup>jurisdiction</sup> ~~of~~ ~~an~~ ~~adjacent~~  
town. ~~where~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~long~~ ~~standing~~ ~~reputation~~ ~~of~~ ~~disappearing~~  
and being ~~suspect~~ <sup>suspect</sup> ~~off~~ - if he happened to have been working or recently  
had ~~used~~ <sup>used</sup> ~~a~~ ~~new~~ ~~check~~. He was later ~~murdered~~ <sup>murdered</sup> ~~there~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~a~~  
~~survival~~ ~~thing~~ ~~on~~ ~~the~~ ~~hills~~ ~~of~~ ~~what~~ ~~I~~ ~~indeed~~ ~~the~~ ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~life~~.

~~was~~ ~~the~~ ~~murder~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~ ~~was~~ ~~15~~ ~~worth~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Police~~  
Dept. and they said: "You can't go there" 'is ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~much~~ ~~as~~ ~~your~~ ~~life~~ ~~is~~  
worth ~~cash~~ ~~for~~ ~~your~~ ~~life~~." Replied I: That car is my livelihood -- so  
what? said I: I came to suggest you have a look if I do not return  
with ~~the~~ ~~handling~~ ~~an~~ ~~evidence~~ ~~along~~, if I ain't too much trouble."

I snuffed and departed as they yelled in unison "You can't." So I sought  
the hell-weather of this flock both male and female and in  
the more dangerous and most likely ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~ways~~ <sup>ways</sup>. Really whenever I  
potted cars that appeared slated for ~~chopping~~ <sup>chopping</sup> ~~down~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~  
just for which there was a living ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~it~~ ~~at~~ ~~that~~ ~~point~~ ~~in~~ ~~time~~.

I didn't get abusive or speak with less than ~~final~~ <sup>final</sup> ~~convictions~~ <sup>convictions</sup>  
either. EE-3-NNN, 15

Book  
Animal pens

I did not appear greatly upset but merely said  
in all the "right (or wrong) places" I shall expect my car  
to be parked with all parts intact out on the main  
Nguy - before 8 AM tomorrow where I shall stop & pick it up.  
"Yes" they <sup>ALL</sup> contented. "They had no knowledge of anything  
having to do with my car." "I'm giving you a specimen" but got it done  
like I have said," said I, as if I was tougher than all skid here  
tougher put together but I was a very good and convincing witness.  
"I had no soul in these parts innocent of this," said I calmly.  
"but I have <sup>sub</sup> contrived to do <sup>another</sup> a review for the Federals  
and do it I will even if I have to rip up these parts brick by  
brick first." The car was at the designated place at 8:00 AM  
and no part missing - I insisted the police start it though  
for I had no intent to be taken in by "a baby trap" and leave Jimba  
at the mercy of a cruel world. Jimba and all of the others  
we had befriended as our <sup>own</sup> darling dependents animals. There  
was Madame for D'porium and her <sup>young</sup> south children who rode  
her back when we went for walks in the <sup>evening</sup> <sup>home</sup> <sup>time</sup>. There  
was Miss Skunk who threatened me every time I fed her by quivering  
off and sighing over her shoulder, but <sup>restrained</sup> herself from  
to realize that I could not afford to take weeks off the job  
in effort to rid myself of such a beast as she was fully  
capable of "delivering" in her teeth the <sup>width</sup> of an eye.  
She was beautiful thing with her white stripe <sup>and</sup> <sup>quiver</sup>  
the sable blackness of her head and that <sup>sun</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>her</sup> <sup>eyes</sup>  
twinkle in her eyes. There was Bobby, the rickshaw

EE-3-WAIN 14

Book 1st copy

And Missy Moore, who when she saw me putting  
a colorful border around my kitchen wall said I had  
painted "green," for one few have cleverly designed houses  
from bits of cotton.

That week night no sleep was had. Missy's house  
had a handle hand hold for carrying her whenever I went -- to  
make up to her for my long absences. which must have been  
very lonely for her. I saw her to take her message. For  
some time, but when I finally did -- I was too excited to  
continue, ~~was~~ <sup>it</sup> and for her sake "discontinued" it  
until later. She discontinued only when I did. Then, we got  
serious about the message she was attempting to convey.

"Missy," said I "if you don't forgive my weariness and  
fatigue, and give me your message -- again, I think I can  
read you, now."

Missy said it so plain that only a fool could have  
overlooked, therein. She dove into her snow white cotton tea  
and came up leaving a puffed hairless object but little  
larger than a healthy grub. ~~was~~ <sup>and</sup> when the light  
of comprehension dawned on ~~my~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~face~~ <sup>she</sup> was placing  
the 4th object for my inspection. "Missy," ~~said~~ <sup>breathed</sup> I, always  
more than a new life ~~enclosed~~ <sup>at the</sup> ~~moment~~ <sup>of birth</sup> "there are  
without doubt, the most beautiful babies on the face of this  
earth -- but how? O yes! Now see, it's clear; from the day I took  
you and Horatio down by the creek -- for a dip and an  
afternoon of freedom. There was soft words, the ~~price~~ <sup>price</sup> of many flowers  
over."

EE-3 - NKWA 15

and the sound of clear running water <sup>and but none - and spring & gentle heavy breeze</sup> should have known, Haratio never does anything by halves, "weather do you, my darling" I opened the door of her house and cradled her as usual, but respect to me was as great that I KNEW this was NOT the usual, I reached up the hair and objects and briskly subtled them right there in the palm of my hand while I crossed and awayed them, gently, as the cradle rock - Murray dozed. The babies unapologetically accept. Her activity was suspended while nature had her way with them.

#

And Bobby, the rascal, had been run over in the <sup>street</sup> highway in front of the house. When neighbor, Mr. K, who together with his wonderful wife Myrtle were the kind of neighbors every female breadwinner should have to keep their moral up, reported this to me, my grief knew no bounds. Mr. K had asked if I could come and pick Bobby up of the street before he was "struck again" since he seemed to be dead or unconscious. Said he did do it except he figured Bobby would bite him if he was it dead etc. I finally asked <sup>work</sup> to put on his winter coat & heavy gloves to do it which he did even though I was sobbing and crying; "it is no use, he will not be alive" I love him so very much I think I can't live without him; Mr. K came in with the little unconscious form in arms and I thought I heard a soft growling such as Bobby always gave when he wanted me to spill down the covers of my bed and lay down his head on me

EE 3 1/2

Bobby.

follow. This I did and he pulled my face down to his and  
kissed me, salt tears and all. I put old clothes on his head  
and massaged his body gently, and my household medicine  
of the Benedicins was so in excellent spirits because no  
blessing had come to Bobby, the success. That was the beautiful  
part of the Benedicins. They rejoiced with me in times of joy and cheer  
with me when sorrows came. They gave the salt of the earth. Mrs K is  
still living in Lynn (and my son assisted her with his 13 church-  
houses and numerous members of his congregation. The reunion  
was a great joy to all. A very religious person, Mrs K had always  
hoped my only son would be a minister, and her work at that  
time was tremendous and very wide spread. Up down the co-  
west coast of Calif with missions in the Southern Hemisphere and  
in the Islands of the South Pacific. Mrs K's only child had been a  
daughter. A very able and industrious girl with no men for the ministry,  
I think, that in after years <sup>now</sup> several church members, which gave her  
mother much happiness in the later yrs. following the death of a Mr. H. her  
husband; her father.

EE-3-NMMA 17

sheriff ok.

9

"Come have mercy on God," leaned against <sup>tree</sup> an adjacent and  
 allow his asthma attack to have full sway with him while the  
 gangster-loafers beat out the flames with coats, shirts anything  
 handy. But to my knowledge air very productive  
 Strawberry patch never 'bore' fruit again or even "flowered".  
 It had produced a quality outcome for him in its best day -  
 with service larger than a man's thumb. It must be said of  
 Big Jim that he had a "Green Thumb". The culprits managed  
 to assemble <sup>about</sup> around <sup>at</sup> and head <sup>of</sup> quest. Ten min. later I had  
 a <sup>phone</sup> call from <sup>the</sup> owner of the local lumber yard - "Eight big plug-  
 ughs down here and another car with five or six men  
 it just joined them. They claim they are working for you  
 and worth about \$100 worth of lumber charged to you." said  
 he. "Tell 'em I'm a poor rich merchant & I'll call the sheriff  
 and send him down to your place as if he just happened in  
 to pass the time of day etc." The man replied: "They appear mighty  
 nervous. Don't let the sheriff make it before they leave."  
 I said "meanwhile watch it. These birds are <sup>let-convicts</sup> ~~let-convicts~~ for the  
 most part. We think the charges were "murder". I think they are  
 unarm'd. now I shall give the sheriff the more count on them  
 and the license no. on the towing car. The eight are in a truck  
 you say? He replied that ~~and~~ and I said I'd tell the sheriff to  
 bring help along.

End of "Skid Row."

... took some doing to release young Bill from his bindings. His wrists were tightly bound. His ankles, also, and all so cleverly attacked that to struggle in one direction would have shut off his breathing. He could not have stood if his life had depended upon it. This was the work of hate mongers aided by malicious aforethought. It was even more evil than I had thought. I urged the Joneses to press charges before they killed Bill Jones or me or both or maybe someone to punish me by making off with my child. I was about to make off to strange place with my child. Bill talked me out of it by saying, "He's a few here, <sup>and his wife</sup> those people are scared to death of you, really. They credit you with supernatural powers." He Jones Brothers wanted no part of robbing Skid Row's boat. Bill went to Skid Row. In a matter of hours he was dead. I've always thought that he knew this would happen and thought in this way he could save me from harm or little Jim or both of us. <sup>on all that</sup> I screamed for the Jones brothers and sisters to demand investigation. They wanted no part of it for fear it would cast a suspicion upon their family name & investigated. When I got close on the embattle ones up and decamped the country in the dark hours of night, to hide all their possessions with them. When the 8th family decamped I figured that was all.

But to return to getting Bill out of his tussling up, peeling potatoes for a log rolling would have been easier. They must have tied him with ship's hancer. We both <sup>with H + S</sup> worked with sharp long knives, but it was the doing of Mrs. J. that triggered my laughter to this good day. I couldn't decipher her hi-jinks but she'd gathered every splinter of the broken cleaning tools and patterned them like <sup>to</sup> being <sup>to</sup> like she had bordered the strawberry patch with cross bones, hair & feathers. It was obvious this old fearing woman was engaged in black magic - as she muttered at intervals <sup>in a voice</sup> <sup>an</sup> EE-3-NAN 19



very unlike her own: "Belshazzar! If God aint done  
it - maybe you had better try it."

It was obvious that she was laying some sort  
of curse on the Wild Road down in Skid Row, and highly  
unlikely that even the innocent could escape it.

There was a tremendous barking and yelling  
in the distance and young Jim was borne around  
the <sup>street</sup> corner on the crest of a wave of dogs. In fact every  
dog in town. The maccorm bitten rode on his head wailing  
breathless "whees" as the gallop quickened. Mrs. Best and  
her young twins brought up the rear. Beholding this out of  
the corner of his eye, Bill, who had recently been operated  
for appendicitis screamed "my God! Do something, Skinner!"  
Panicked I flung my body across his soft middle and  
was the foot mark (3 sets) fully 3 months, thereafter.

EE-3-NNNN 20

opps  
Affair  
Apparel  
Skinnings  
predecessor  
Collar

The Title, this is  
Continuation of "Red Row"  
a typed 1/2 page.

"Securin a lot for students to undertake",  
said I "let alone to accomplish, but by the Board of  
the Prophets it had its origin in a strange manner  
- then in <sup>circumstances that</sup> borders on the miraculous"

"Ha!" exclaimed he "it's going to be the death of  
Big Jim, you mean he did not feel for his back is  
skinned from tail bone to collar bone with red streaks  
running across it, could be blood poison - could be  
anything, I reckon. You mean he didn't tell you?",  
persisted the village undertaker

"That's what I mean," I guessed. "Establishing a precedent  
that would outlive us both." "We never discuss his  
tail bone as it - in our mind. Face it, we do not sleep  
together, either." He blushed to the third button of  
his shirt which was open at the throat. In Indiana, the  
summers were hot and humid (a definite discouragement  
ment to such apparel as high <sup>collar</sup> and stiff shirt fronts)

I knew he was <sup>nineteen</sup> 16 years older than yourself, but  
I was not aware of his impotency," said he, nervously. My own  
nervousness matched his at this point for I knew Big Jim would  
be thoroughly plucked if the townsfolk got a notion he had given that,  
also, to World War I, ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> he had, long since, conceded that  
the physical toll had been almost too much to bear.

Seems like the rodent

EE-3-2000022



... the children, especially the young lady, joined and let out "wings"  
... my hyperactive to ~~some~~ <sup>my</sup> way & in way for mother and puppy

babies who may have been tightly held in infancy and  
to stave and thrust to death. It was a very hard task  
for the 4 of you old to cycle these imperfections down now  
to help of the "ever-present" help of the higher powers  
where small voices are often thrown and by the  
desire "recognition" of those who "wished speed" more  
greater speed and more greater speed,  
and more speed" but always there was that ever  
↑  
wonderful higher power working after the young joined  
nurturing him to maturity in order that he might meet  
the need of those thousands of "troubled others" for  
whom there would be no other way to peace and  
well-being in that turbulence of these ~~quintessence~~  
times.

EE-3-NANAN24

For Best Bible Memories



nobody has lived through the likes of it before -  
By now he was pounding at the front door  
and I had dashed into an adjacent bedroom and  
crawled under the bed. This lady had looked so  
correctly English throughout that I hadn't the courage  
to confront her ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>her</sup> ~~present~~ <sup>present</sup> state  
of physical ~~fatigue~~ <sup>and discomfort</sup>. Certainly I had never  
come up with such ~~simple~~ <sup>simple</sup> solutions hitherto.

So we escorted the lady into the house and  
seated her <sup>with a full glass of water at her side</sup> comfortably, then raising the stairs door  
open to yell into the void "Come out from  
under that bed, now! That's no way for a grown  
up lady to act." I know you are under there!"

EE-3-NKPN #6

of Kansas etc. I do not recall any outstanding job ops for  
immigration needs of households - either East or West.  
This need or <sup>Case</sup> demand - to apply and monitor such peasant employ -  
and the extremes <sup>of</sup> depression making price of food & aspect prohibitive  
Mink got <sup>more</sup> trapped - and bent upon seeking alternatives to  
the ~~work conditions~~.

But bankers had looked ahead at potential <sup>my</sup> interests  
best upon borrowing. Like many small towns they wished to  
clear the old ways etc. <sup>and</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>outstanding</sup> <sup>occupations</sup>  
with "narrow" <sup>that</sup> <sup>persisted</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>making</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>four</sup>  
poor and <sup>growing</sup> <sup>new</sup> <sup>generations</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>them</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
past I brought together these bankers and "a so-called"  
"dead" heat "from just across the line in Ohio who  
KNEW tomatoes and the processing of same from "a" to  
"z" <sup>and</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>"depression"</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>just</sup> <sup>"broken"</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>bankruptcy</sup>.

I stepped and <sup>abstracted</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>stood</sup> <sup>into</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
100 ft. until, <sup>as</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>another</sup> <sup>city</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>done</sup> <sup>as</sup>  
Committee of me. By this time I was certain I had  
assured the processor of "tomatoes" that would <sup>lead</sup> <sup>into</sup>  
him like a rooster on a log pile at the job that crossed,  
his <sup>mind</sup> <sup>about</sup> <sup>"helping</sup> <sup>open</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>these</sup> <sup>people</sup>  
who had <sup>trusted</sup> <sup>him</sup> <sup>only</sup> <sup>because</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>had</sup> <sup>"sworn"</sup> <sup>that</sup>  
"risk that he <sup>to</sup> <sup>take</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>taken</sup> <sup>over</sup> <sup>by</sup> <sup>me</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>that</sup>  
he would <sup>defend</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>business</sup> <sup>"tomatoes"</sup> <sup>said</sup> <sup>I</sup>  
when we reached <sup>the</sup> <sup>agreement</sup> <sup>just</sup> <sup>remembered</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>event</sup>  
"temptation" <sup>at</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>bring</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>old</sup> <sup>ideas</sup> <sup>before</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>careless</sup>  
mind's eye - that nowhere on the face of this earth lives  
a <sup>human</sup> <sup>being</sup> <sup>who</sup> <sup>can</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>"expertly"</sup> <sup>reduce</sup> <sup>risk</sup> <sup>"to</sup> <sup>zero"</sup> -  
I <sup>reviewed</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>man</sup> <sup>again</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>kept</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>finger</sup> <sup>on</sup>  
the "pulse" of his "impulse" <sup>as</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>did</sup> <sup>swear</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>do</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>power</sup>  
"right" <sup>and</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>only</sup> <sup>keeping</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>times</sup>

EE-3-D-11-27







"Why," thundered I, with more feeling than I'd in a long  
 possible to register esp. over nothing  
 "Father!" said he with studied patience "I'm a  
 a man well - dressed <sup>clean as a pin</sup> - and spoke remarkably well  
 and <sup>who</sup> was concerned only with you, and you, <sup>deliberately</sup> did not  
 restrain like the groundhog, and he was taken to the  
 zone and one of his crimson spears went in half so  
 he had to stick both paws in his pocket <sup>and let</sup> as his eyes  
 let black cotton etc. but I remember by that it <sup>was</sup> funny <sup>and</sup> look  
 much happier when he left our house. You know I've  
 wondered for years about what that remarkable egg WAS that  
 he offered you.

"O' that," uttered I, quietly "I shall reveal it the very  
 moment your father sets off for the good hole this evening  
 his other eye in high demand and I accompanied the  
 place, expediently and at once.  
 I clutched the bronze phallos in a <sup>with</sup> hard grip.  
 He released it then rose to full height out of his pen suit and  
 blew a warning blast in my face.

Always playing with fingers and eyes in a <sup>usual</sup> <sup>calm</sup> <sup>way</sup>  
 I <sup>horrified</sup> <sup>dropped</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>once</sup>. I was a <sup>correspondence</sup> <sup>course</sup> he offered and  
 with almost no instalment terms - tho' I'd not have bought it if the  
 they had even "a sack of evidence" money was that <sup>right then</sup> <sup>more</sup> <sup>exhaustant</sup>.  
 Perhaps you should reveal that to Mr. Father not later than tomorrow  
 since I was <sup>circumvented</sup>.  
 "Now," said he, "I can unravel over our hen house  
 since I was <sup>circumvented</sup>.  
 "Now," <sup>exclaimed</sup> I, "I must say that is <sup>real</sup> <sup>free</sup> <sup>wheeling</sup>  
 compared to the <sup>next</sup> one we had before."

2511111111 - 3 - 13



The timber business, 7 sawmills all over Southern  
Indianai. When the timber was clear he went into  
the business of buying and selling grapes. This was highly  
speculative and a person with his degree of heart ~~and~~  
had little chance against the sharks who profited by  
not caring about the ~~state~~ underlogs of the land, though  
he was a man of extraordinary intelligence, and Tom's mind  
was made up a long while in advance that my child should  
be exactly like ~~Tom~~ <sup>Fewell Parker</sup> even to his brown eyes. My wife  
reminded me that "it was scientifically said to be  
impossible, that two blue-eyed people should produce  
a brown-eyed child. Impudently I replied to this: "I  
specialize in the ~~scientific~~ impossible, be it scientifically  
or otherwise proclaimed." I would lose my temper  
completely when anyone dared voice a negation, though  
usually I was very much in control of myself and  
whatever situation confronted me at that time.

Then came the fateful day when I was ~~about~~  
destined to come down with typhoid fever. ~~At~~  
Before full break of day I was packing out for a swamp  
morning enough to travel through and where blackberries  
hung unbelievably large and tasty to edify those who  
dared enter the snake infested swamp. I ~~was~~ <sup>had been</sup> rather  
fond of snakes since early childhood, and they of me, and  
did not grudge the snakes the showing of the betwee which

EE-3-NANU 32

Book  
2      Siphoid

They relished at usual rate, especially before sunrise when the dew clung like the water of the lakes - and this was a very dry place ~~at least~~ in those seasons when the rivers were not pulsing with overflow and the sun was hot despite the shade of ground cover and <sup>the trees</sup> tangled second growth of timber.

As I took a long drinking water from my gurg before leaving my parked car I was again aware of feeling more <sup>tip</sup> tip physically than I <sup>could</sup> ~~could~~ feel, even remembers feeling now could I remember water and tasting so satisfying. I came to the berry patch, paused to admire the beauty of the incursive clusters - almost decided it was a sin to pick such beauty even <sup>though</sup> I never failed to leave a great strip up high for the birds and a strip near the ground for the ground creatures - it still seemed a sin, but not for long. ~~Hours~~

Half an hour later consciousness returned and found me tightly lashed beneath the ground cover consisting of strong heavy vines among other things. When I was there I had no idea I was up all to eyeballs with numbers of all sizes with some eggs just hatching. I got these in my grasp to afford greater comfort ~~to~~ the young and found the most active snake of all in a new hatch. So I tried to remove them the eggs out again and nest meanwhile, but somewhere along unconsciousness overtook me again, and so it was for hours just

EE-3-NNNN 33

in and out of "Reality" and really enjoying  
the nerve. Quite as much, if not more than the head.  
At last I woke up within sight of my car, crawled to it  
and started for home but struck a sinkhole that was over  
a wheel to the curb and beyond. I spotted a length of  
down timber that normally would have required two  
strong men to lift. After a time I walked over, picked it up  
and jacked it in the sinkhole ahead of the wheels and  
pulled the car out with the greatest of ease. It was <sup>not</sup> a  
light car. It was a ~~Studebaker~~ <sup>best</sup> Special Six. ~~Probably the last~~  
<sup>(the form)</sup> they ever manufactured in this day.

But one more memory, it was a "itching" time when  
nothing could be explained by natural law. Why I was <sup>I</sup> still  
imprisoned under the ground cover, <sup>could</sup> a faint appearing  
person may lift a leg with the mind, perhaps, etc. more  
logical still. Miracles were being wrought even then.

At last between long sleeps I made it home. I bathed,  
combed and polished up and hired the neighbors across  
the street to fix me & children. Having eaten the major  
portion I hungered from the bowl for them out.  
Medical service was almost impossible to get. The Doctor  
that had brought me into the world came Mr. Parker, my  
father's father was ill throughout my illness but would not  
take his bed he was so troubled about my condition  
knowing my mother had not survived the disease  
the year before.

The climax or crisis of my disease came - about  
4 weeks following its beginning at 3:30 AM, it was thought

ET-3-NUM 34

by these in attendance. I had remained at home because of my anxiety about Lewis' condition, my little dog, Lantop, being so troubled about it all and the fact that there was no hospital nearer than 10 miles away.

During the crisis I decided to go back to the Egyptian River of Death and in a careful manner, there was an Egyptian burial box which could be used as a boat - I brought a plank that could be used as a paddle. The river was narrow and one sensed great depth because of the blackness of the water.

My mother washed out on the other shore. She was dressed in skins, a primitive woman. Her hair was matted. This was great contrast to her way of life. She had been very stylish and always well groomed. What would she be doing in Tades? So the legends were false and I said so while <sup>bravely</sup> preparing to cross that river. "Legends are always false", one said "it is the way of mankind to seek to evade the truth of things, but you are not permitted to cross that River, yet there are two very important things you must do, before you <sup>come here</sup> do that would, is as full of sorrow and sadness, and Lewis needs you now that he is old. More than ever before. He has no one else. Remember?"

I thought it over in the wink of an eye and readily turned to witness my steps. I crossed the bed where the sick woman was and found I was the sick woman. EE-3 - NNNN 35

I walked to the door of Lewis' room. I walked to his bed



and offered water and good clothes for his needs  
I flung up his pillow and said: "I will not leave you, now.  
Do not worry, just get well, Lew. There will be other miners,  
other hardships, but I hope to be with you always." Now  
Then one year later I married the man I was  
engaged to, and took Lew home with me, but he grieved  
for his own home & felt, three years after that my son  
was born with brown eyes, to, though both my  
husband and myself had blue eyes.

EE-3-UNNN 36

to anonymous info

9  
The Finest Disciple  
~~to be used~~

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

Those who were not fighting sleep such as the drivers were napping heavily in route. Johnny Stoen being the exception was next to fighting sleep or encouragement. <sup>He had been under reflection for quite some time.</sup> John-John is a law unto himself, capable of defying nature's laws with excellent success (about sleep) much to the displeasure of his mother who is apt to be chastised severely if she <sup>does</sup> "watches out" how and when she <sup>intervenes</sup> ~~(interferes)~~.

Johnny is stocky, bronzed and full of energy with black eyes, black hair and that air of independence that I had only seen <sup>once</sup> before -- in my long life -- and, which, is worn like a crown and quite unapologetically before God and everybody. ~~John has no distinctive features but~~ <sup>charm with</sup> ~~to the~~

Having reflected, young John, walked up <sup>to the</sup> front of the bus picked up the intercom and said: "all peoples Temple, Buses, report please". Startled, his driver did not remonstrate when the Bus drivers reported quick and sharp like rifle fire, they had had trouble on the roads before and were quick to come to each others aid.

"Wake your people and tell them our Father loves them. <sup>to</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>them</sup> ~~let~~ them sleep again. Tell them not to worry. Father is with, always and will not let anything happen to any one of them at all. Over and out." ~~He~~

He thanked the driver for the use of the intercom, fell into a seat and was asleep almost immediately.

~~John is the name of the driver's son.~~ John is well loved by all especially the Father and by Grace and Jim Stoen, his parents who are very able young people

EE3-NWNN 37

who have secured the membership

Bedtime

I was finishing his story. He was sprawled on my lap and I was too exhausted to breathe. So I had failed to reconstruct the story and get rid of the sad ending as I was always required to do. So the old hunting dog was killed by the cougar, who'd set out to track and take it over my face as I realized this. He, Jimba, had leaped off my lap and was yelling to high heaven while tears rained down his face. "Read him out of it, now!" "Read him out of it!" You know better than to let them end like THAT and break both of our hearts that way. "But the writer claims that..." "I hope it ended, son," said I defensively KNOWING there was no defense for such stupidity as I had just displayed. "What does the writer know about it?" I asked Jimba. "He wrote what he wanted to believe, never in this world would you have written it like that, now would you?" "Contrite, I confessed; "Oh! No!" (He would have returned at daybreak with never a mark to <sup>show</sup> his lovely coat, and he'd quit would have been as jaunty as in the richness of his puppyhood. "Go on!" "Go on!" I gasped <sup>in</sup> <sup>my</sup> <sup>throat</sup> with a firm grip on my quivering vein... now I can see him alive and well, bounding over the top of that hill back of <sup>his</sup> <sup>house</sup>... His voice faded out on little gasps of expectation while I mentally cursed every writer who had ever written a story that ended wrong, and kept <sup>the dog</sup> <sup>there</sup> running in the dawn light <sup>with</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>fresh</sup> <sup>letter</sup> nose as they sipped the nectar out of the buttercups. That was a long time ago although it seems <sup>as</sup> <sup>new</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>but</sup> yesterday.

Patty Jimba

There was the usual <sup>walking</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>marking</sup> of teeth. Somehow that was always the most difficult abdication of the day for him.

EE-3-NWNN 38

over to Dept. Dg.

Cont Patty. June.

"I am so embarrassed that that <sup>bug</sup> ~~piece~~ <sup>bug</sup> that lives under our rug must be subjected to this approval every evening, could be the last babies, too and this would be bad for them," said, I rolling my eyes heavenward and ~~gesticulating wildly.~~

Control yourself, <sup>you know</sup> "I have never really believed there is a bug or a bug babies under this rug."

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

"No Bug," said he setting his lips firmly. <sup>And looking</sup>

"Mrs. Bug," said I, in sneering tones <sup>since I was forming</sup> "do you mind coming forth. We seem to have a new believer in this household."

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

~~It~~ There could be no doubt that ~~that~~ he was thoroughly surprised. Let for me I could have been poked over with a feather.

He found his voice to say: "That is a bug."

I found my voice to reply, nonchalantly: "It is not a made believe walking -- of that I assure you, son."

The paper ritual was performed on the patty. I do not recall there ever being other <sup>papers</sup> ~~papers~~ put over it, thereafter I took <sup>it that</sup> this was in deference to Mrs Bug and her new hatch.

and then we began receiving complaints from all around the neighborhood because Mrs. Kratz's twins insisted upon drumming up the roofs of the abandoned car in the lot at the garage. This sounded like Indian War drums so I resisted interfering with their fun, even if it did start at dawn and last fully two hours. I figured nobody needed sleep more than I, who worked just about  
(over)

