

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The service was out about 12.00.

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

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

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

We had a rest stop at 3.30.

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

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

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

The buses left at 9.30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He performed healings.

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

The meeting was dismissed at 6.30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Testimonials were being given.

The congregation and choir sang fast numbers which raised spirits.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He took the offering by sum.

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

The service was dismissed at 5.00.

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

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

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

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

I talked for a few minutes with Gene Chaikin.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

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

I went to bed at 1.30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

I exercised.

I prepared dinner, ate and washed dishes.

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

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

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

I read newspapers and a little from Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

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

I filled in journal entries on last weekend.

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

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

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

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

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

I dressed for tonight's service.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I got home at 1.35.

I pressed clothes for a few days.

I read Wilson for about an hour.

I went to bed at 3.15.

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

I listed expenditures for July.

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

After work I ran for fifteen minutes in the park.

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I washed my hair after doing personal chores.

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

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

I read Wilson for an hour.

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

I spent considerable time on personal items.

I ate my lunch outside.

I ran in the park after work.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I washed several outer garments.

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

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

9 August - S - I got up at 9.00.

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

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

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

I unloaded groceries and put them away.

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

I cleaned the apartment.

I took an hour's nap.

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

I arrived about 8.15. The service was just beginning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I went to bed at 5.00.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The meeting was over about 4.15.

I drove home. I prepared a meal and ate.

I pressed clothes.

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

service at 7.00.

Two groups of children sang during the testimonial period.

Rides were arranged.

Announcements were made by Ron Talley.

The offering was taken.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The meeting was over about 12.30.

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

I took home Valor and Contonia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I read Wilson for an hour.

I went to bed shortly after 1.00.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I exercised in my apartment tonight.

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

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

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

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

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

I went to bed at 1.30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

When I got home I took a nap.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The meeting was out at midnight.

I read Wilson and ate a snack.

I went to bed at 2.00.

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

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

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

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

At home I exercised.

I washed my hair.

Had my juice and buttermilk.

Washed clothes.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

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

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

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

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

At home I packed for the weekend.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The service was over at 12.00.

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

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

We had the first rest stop at 7.30.

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

I read Wilson, then slept again.

We arrived in Los Angeles at 2.00.

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

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

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

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

Jim performed healings.

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

The meeting was out about 7.00.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jim performed healings.

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

I ate the communal dinner.

The buses left at 7.00.

I read Wilson, then slept.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.30.

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

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

I completed the weekend's journal entries.

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

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

HH-2-52

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

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

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

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

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

When I got home I exercised.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

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

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

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

I read Wilson for an hour.

I went to bed a little after 1.00.

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

I typed up my list of expenditures for July.

44-2-52

I ate lunch outside.

Carol invited me for lunch tomorrow.

I took an hour's nap after work.

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

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

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

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

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

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

HH-2-54

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I went to bed at 3.00.

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

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

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

I worked on Carol's last chronological file.

111-7-55

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

I washed my hair.

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

I prepared and ate a meal and washed dishes.

I read Wilson.

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

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

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

Several of us walked back. The day was beautiful.

I received a substitute check.

I finished packing Carol's materials.

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

At home I washed clothes.

I worked on my journal.

23 August - S - I got up at 8.30.

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

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

I unloaded groceries and put them away.

clh - 256

Journal - II, 134

I prepared a meal, ate and washed dishes.

I cleaned the apartment.

I slept from 4.00 to 5.00.

I had a little more food.

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

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

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

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

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

The service was over at about 12.30.

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

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

I read Wilson and ate some snacks.

I went to bed at 3.00.

24 August - Su - I got up at 9.00.

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

111-7-57

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I prepared food, ate, and washed dishes.

I worked on journal entries.

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

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

HH-2-58

I stopped her talking of suicide.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I was home at 1.00.

I read the newspaper.

I went to bed at 2.00.

25 August - M - I got up at 8.00.

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

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

LH-2-59

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

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

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

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

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

My hair came out very curly.

I got home about 4.00.

I exercised.

I prepared dinner and ate and washed dishes.

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

I read newspapers.

I went to bed about 2.00.

HH-2-60

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26 August - T - I got up at 8.00.

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

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

I came out of the exhibit about 12.00.

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

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

I had an evening meal.

I read the newspapers.

27 August - W - I got up at 8.00.

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

The day was cloudy and rain was predicted.

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

1611 2-5-6

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

I got home about 5.00.

I finished corrections of my journal.

I ate a little.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HH-2-62

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

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

Jim appealed for a special offering. Some gave property.

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

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

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

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

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

I ate some watermelon and popcorn and read Wilson.

I went to bed at 5.00.

28 August - Th - I got up at 9.00.

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

HH-2-63

Journal - II, 141

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

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

I washed underwear and several outer garments.

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

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

29 August - F - I got up at 8.00.

I made journal entries and listed expenditures.

I pressed clothes.

I ate a little.

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

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

I prepared a meal, ate and washed dishes.

I packed for the Los Angeles trip.

I lay down for half an hour.

I drove to the Temple at 8.00.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jim performed healings.

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

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

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

The buses left at 3.00.

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

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

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

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

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

HH-2.68

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HH-2-68

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

Jim performed some healings.

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

The meeting was dismissed at 8.00.

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

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

I read Wilson for a few minutes.

I went to bed about 1.00.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HH-2-67

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

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

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

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

Jim held a healing session.

All came by the altar.

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

The meeting was out at 5.00.

I ate downstairs.

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

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Journal - II, 146

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

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

Beulah's husband took us home.

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

I was in bed by 12.00.