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Enclosed for the Bureau and San Francisco is one (1) newspaper article which appeared in the Buffalo, New York, "Courier Express," on 12/1/78, consisting of four (4) pages, written by DEBORAH WILLIAMS, Staff Reporter; and one (1) newspaper article which appeared in the "Buffalo Evening News," on 12/5/78, consisting of two (2) pages (u)

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JONESTOWN:

The Bodies Return But Questions Remain

By **DEBORAH WILLIAMS**

Courier-Express Staff Reporter

JONESTOWN — The name will forever be etched in Americans' minds as a place of horror and death.

The name evokes images of the middle America that spawned Jim Jones. He was born in 1931 in Lynn, Ind., a hamlet of 900 about 70 miles east of Indianapolis.

He received his bachelor of arts degree from Butler University and served as pastor of a Methodist church in Indianapolis. He soon decided "there was no love" in the Methodist Church and in 1956 opened the first Peoples Temple.

IT FLOURISHED as a model of integration and service to the community. There was a soup kitchen for the hungry, an employment desk for the jobless and a nursing home for the sick.

Jim and his wife, Marceline Baldwin, a nurse, had a son and adopted eight children of varying racial backgrounds. In 1961 he was appointed director of Indianapolis' Human Rights Commission.

In 1965 to escape from what he termed the racism of Indiana and fears of nuclear holocaust he and about 100 followers set up a bi-racial church in Redwood Valley in far northern California.

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Buffalo, N. Y.

12/1/78

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He was courted by politicians, local, statewide and national. When Walter Mondale campaigned for the vice presidency in 1976 Jones was invited aboard his plane. When Rosalyn Carter appeared he helped gather one of her largest campaign crowds.

IT WAS JONES' growing celebrity status that led to his ruin. The impending publication in New West magazine quoting 10 Temple defectors about beatings and misuse of funds under Jones led Jones to try to pressure the magazine through advertisers and politicians to stop the story's publication.

When he failed to squelch the story he left for his leased tract of 27,000 acres in Guyana. Followers were threatened with blackmail and violence if they did not follow — and about 900-odd people did just that.

The members had conquered 900 acres of the dense jungle and built a Christian socialist commune in the wilds of the interior of Guyana. They planted crops and built housing, a school and medical facilities.

BUT ABOUT A YEAR ago life at Jonestown, according to survivors, turned into a nightmare.

Meat disappeared from the menus which were reduced to mostly rice and gravy. The workday increased from eight hours to 11. At night Jonestown's residents were forced to endure endless re-education meetings and nightly harangues on the public address system.

Beatings were common and not even children were exempt. When they misbehaved they were tied up and left in the jungle at night, or dropped into the waters of a well to be pulled out only when they screamed for forgiveness.

JONES APPEARED to be deteriorating physically. He started to slur his words and rumors began to spread that he was on hard drugs or seriously ill.

The once-touted tropical commune had become a concentration camp when Rep. Leo Ryan of California sent Jones a telegram on Nov. 1 saying he was interested in visiting Jonestown. Ryan's interest was prompted by an old friend whose son, a Peoples Temple member, was found dead. And last spring the colony's financial secretary fled Guyana with tales of

HIS FLOCK GREW to several thousands. He staged fake healings. He forged loyalty by convincing many members that without him they would be killed or imprisoned by the Ku Klux Klan, the CIA or some other force of evil.

Jones demanded absolute obedience from his flock. Members of the church turned over property, bank accounts, social security checks. He called on his inner circle, dubbed the "Angels" for sex. He required every woman who was close to him to have sex with him regularly.

Parents were required to prove their love for their leader, called "Father," by signing away not only their possessions but their children.

HE HAD A KEEN sense of public relations and contributed money to local police forces and to newspapers in "defense of the free press."

He could deliver needed votes to politicians and they knew it. In 1975 he is credited with helping the recently slain liberal Democrat George Moscone to win a tough race for mayor of San Francisco. He was made chairman of

Jones' mass suicide drills.

Joined by reporters, photographers and several relatives of commune members, Ryan journeyed first to Georgetown, Guyana's capital and then to Jonestown. The first view of Jonestown was a pleasant one. Commune members sang and played instruments for the visitors.

THEN THE REPORTERS discovered the extreme overcrowding in the dormitories and questioned Jones. Ryan told Jones that some members wanted to leave. Jones went wild and began to rant about traitors. A Jones lieutenant put a six-inch knife to Ryan's throat.

The group then went to the air-

strip and ~~the~~ shooting started. When it was over Ryan was dead, as were three newsmen and a commune defector.

Back at the commune Jones grabbed a microphone. "The congressman is dead . . . and the journalists," he said. "The GDF (Guyanese Defense Forces) will be here in 45 minutes . . . We must die with dignity."

THE CAMP DOCTOR prepared a vat of strawberry soft drink, tranquilizers, painkillers and cyanide. Jones ordered the mothers of Jonestown to bring their children forward and the killing began.

When it was over more than 900 would be dead in a mass suicide-murder ritual which defies comprehension. Even the camp's mascot monkey was shot. Jones himself put a gun to his head and shot himself. About 80 commune members escaped into the jungle.

How could more than 900 people be so controlled that they would take fatal doses of poison?

ALTHOUGH HIS followers included middle class Americans the bulk of his followers came from the poor, blacks, ex-cons, those without roots and families.

Jones was a self-appointed messiah with a vision of a socialist paradise on earth. The writings of his fanatical cult members reveal that the ideology had changed from religious to Marxist.

The fierce loyalty and slave-like devotion of the followers smack of brainwashing.

DR. MARC GALANTER, an associate professor of psychiatry at Albert Einstein College of Medicine in New York and an authority on religious cults, pointed out that cult leaders awaken certain psychological needs in people which then become a focal point for people's behavior and beliefs.

He said that in Guyana "it's evident that many members of that cult were divorced from the normal values around them — divorced both physically, because of their isolation, and psycholog-

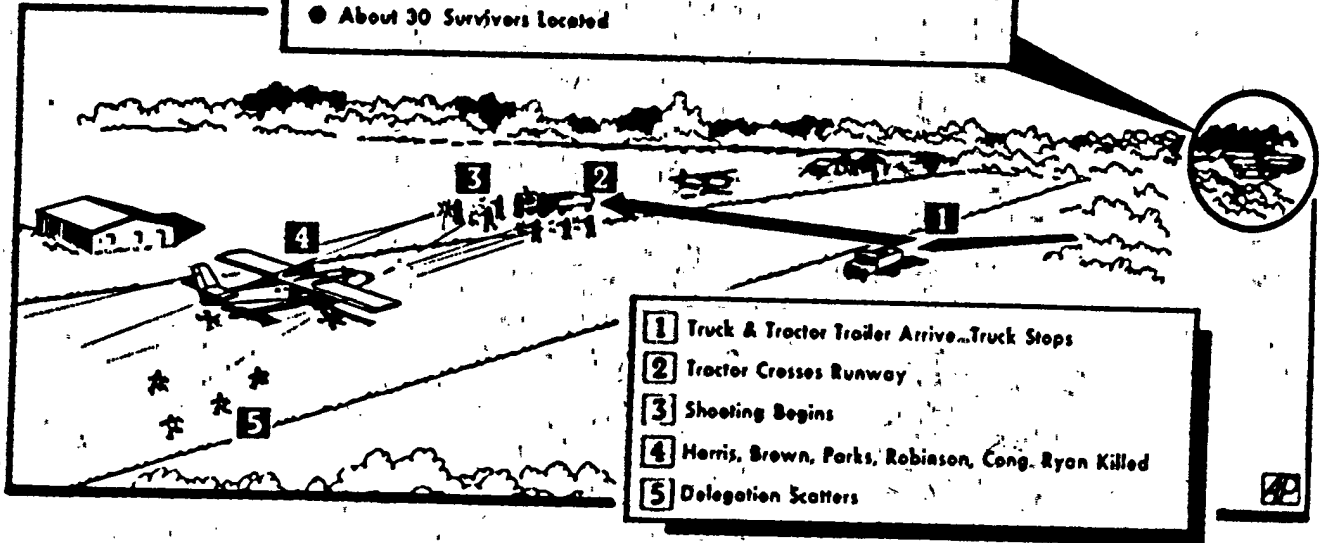
"Because of that, in a crisis situation they are much more vulnerable to group hysterical action," he said. "And once that begins to sweep through a group, behaviors that are entirely unpredictable and unexpected may arise. So it isn't terribly surprising that such a group fell upon a bizarre and tragic solution to an overwhelming disruption in their perspective on what the world around them was about."

DR. HARDAT SUKHDEO, deputy chairman of the psychiatry department at the New Jersey College of Medicine and a Guyanese citizen, said that one factor that may have made it more possible for a mass suicide to occur at the commune was that "many of the people were from a sub-culture of violence."

He said he believed that many people had been happy in the cult because, under the totalitarianism of Jones, their lives — perhaps for the first time — had a structure, however harsh it might have been.

Jonestown Commune...About 8 Miles From Airport

- U.S. & Guyanese Governments Say Hundreds Dead In Mass Suicide
- About 30 Survivors Located



Drawing of the ambush of Rep. Ryan and his party

Associated Press

at Port Kaituma, Guyana, airstrip

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Tragedy at Jonestown 3

Glowing Reports, Hints of Danger Precede First Look at Cult's Home

By CHARLES KRAUSE and LAURENCE STERN
Special to Buffalo Evening News

Our twin-engine Havilland, chartered from Guyana Airways, was airborne from Georgetown's Timehri Airport at 2:30 p.m. on Friday, November 17.

On the hour's flight to Port Kaituma, the airstrip near Jonestown, I sat next to Mark Lane, who has made a career out of challenging official theories about the assassinations of John Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr.

Mr. Lane told me he was not an "authority" on Jonestown but said he had visited the place a month before and had been extremely impressed. He called it a truly socialist community, interracial and genuinely religious in its own way: "A most incredible society, in the middle of the jungle."

AS WE prepared to land, he said, "I believe that 90 percent of the people there will fight to the death to remain. They know what they're doing is not the mainstream of American society and they feel that the (U.S.) government is coming after them again. Now, I'm not saying they're right, but that's how they feel."

Waiting for us at the side of the crude runway were several representatives of the commune, and the local constabulary, headed by Cpl. Umil Rudder, who had neither identification nor uniform. But his second-in-command had a gun, so there was no point in arguing very much when the Peoples Temple representatives told us that Rep. Ryan, Mr. Lane and several aides would proceed immediately to Jonestown while the rest of us would wait near the plane — under guard.

I was informed by my superior in Georgetown that Peoples Temple do not request parties present into the Peoples Temple." Cpl Rudder told us.

We had heard that Jim Jones and the Guyanese government worked hand-in-glove, that Jones could do pretty much what he wanted within Guyana and that Ptolemy Reid, the country's deputy prime minister, was a particularly close and influential friend of Jones.

WHETHER THE closeness was due to Jonestown's socialist principles or because Jones gave large sums of money and provided attractive young women to Guyanese government officials we couldn't know.

As we milled round, sweating in the heat of late afternoon, the guard with the gun told us that once or twice a month private planes would land at the airstrip and pick up badly injured Americans from Jonestown.

The guard told us that the townspeople and police were always told that the Americans had been injured while working with machetes or machinery, but the guard made it clear that he thought the "accidents" that seemed to occur so frequently were more than a little suspicious.

"When you go there, keep your eyes open," he said to me. "We really hate those people. Reverend Jones should have died a long time ago."

I kept the guard's words in the back of my mind. I was surprised at this antagonism by the Guyanese in Port Kaituma toward the Americans at Jonestown.

AT 6:10 p.m. the Jonestown

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dump truck arrived to fetch us from the airstrip. It was pitch black as we rounded the last curve and saw the commune, its electric lights blazing in the distance.

I kept thinking that it looked like a scene out of "Gone With the Wind," not because the buildings were the same but because, as we drew closer, old black women were baking bread in the bakery, people were washing clothes in the laundry, black and white children were chasing each other in the little park, and long lines of people, mostly black, were waiting for their suppers.

I began to walk, alone, up toward the main building at the center of Jonestown, thinking that, considering everything, this little place was rather pleasant. I could see how someone might want to live here.

AS I WAS walking, a man who looked about 26 or 27 introduced himself as Tim Carter and fell in alongside me. He asked my name, and when I told him, he smiled. "Mark Lane told us about you. He said the reporter from The Post

seemed sensitive and fair. It's good to have you here." As we reached the pavilion, I saw there was a big table in the center, large enough to seat 20 or more people.

Mr. Lane and Mr. Garry were seated across the table talking to a man in his 40s, who wore a red sports shirt and glasses and had jet black hair. He sat at the head of the table. Mr. Carter introduced me to him and he leaned across to shake my hand. He was Father Jim Jones.

Jones rambled as he talked. Theme after theme crept into the dialogue. His mood changed, depending on the subject. He had told us that he might have cancer, that he had lost 31 pounds in recent months, that his temperature had reached 103 degrees that day, and that "in many ways I feel like I'm dying. I've never felt like this before. Who the hell knows what stress can do to you."

I SAT beside him and watched him closely as he talked. I had been told that he used an eyebrow pencil to give an appearance of thickness to his sideburns. I was curious about that and, after looking at him for a while, decided that he did.

I had heard during my time with the relatives in Georgetown a great deal about sex between Jones and people in the temple. I had also heard that at various times Jones had ordered his followers not to have sex with each other, even husbands and wives.

After he admitted to us his affair with Grace Stoen and said that he had fathered John-John, I asked him if people in Jonestown were allowed to have normal sexual lives.

Supposedly, sex was another manipulative lever by which he could control totally the lives under his command — rewarding or punishing and, to a considerable degree, seeking his own gratification.

The testimony of former members of the colony after his death was that Jones used sex to dominate and blackmail members, having his secretary arrange his own sexual liaisons with men as well as women.

ON DEC. 12, 1973, Jones was arrested in a Hollywood theater for lewd conduct on the testimony of a Los Angeles undercover policeman to whom Jones had tried to make sexual advances. The charge was subsequently dismissed in a dispute over the legality of the arrest.

Jones was voluble on other subjects. It became clear, for example, that he viewed anyone who criticized or defected from the temple as part of a conspiracy, aimed at destroying him and his movement.

I was still trying to get an understanding of what this movement was about. Was it political or religious, Christian or Communist? He claimed it was all of these, which left me more confused.

STILL LATER after he had talked about his belief in the value of "living together; working together; sharing work, goods and services," I asked if it was correct to describe him as a socialist. That upset him. "Call me a socialist, I've been called worse," he said, and then launched into a long tirade.

"I do not believe in violence," he said in an agitated voice. "Violence corrupts. And then they say I want power. What kind of power do I have walking down the path talking to my little old seniors (elderly residents). I hate power. I hate money. The only thing I wish now is that I was never born. All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to 1,200 lives here."

After his denunciation of violence, power and money, the music show in the pavilion stopped. The lights were turned on, and Jones, obviously tired and ill, asked if our lodgings had been arranged. One of his aides assured him that the reporters and relatives in our party had arranged to spend the night at Port Kaituma, that there was a chance we wanted to go to in town.

WAS INFURIATED. No arrangements of any kind had been made. I told Jones that he had no obligation to put us up for the night, but it simply wasn't true that we had a place to sleep. Marceline, his wife, whispered to him within earshot of me that she could arrange to find another 10 to 15 beds without too much difficulty.

After a bumpy slow return trip to Port Kaituma, we were taken to the Weekend Discotheque, where the owner, a man named Mike, had been persuaded by someone in Jonestown to let us sleep on the floor that night. It was then 11:30 p.m. The discotheque was empty except for our party.