

This is a short explanation of what happened to me after I found out that my daughter Debbie Blakey had left us (for good I suppose). And the circumstances under which she left, - When Jim first told me, I was shocked and could hardly believe that this was really true. For the longest time I rationalized, trying to understand her behaviour, but as time went on and statements were published about us in the States, which she had made, I slowly realized that she was committing an evil act against us.

It was a terrible realization and as much as I tried not to let it get me down, and as loving and understanding Jim Jones was, trying to comfort me, it had its bad effects.

My health, which was good after a serious cancer operation in the States last Sept. started to go down. I lost weight, started to feel weak and developed several physical complaints that I hadn't had up to that point. I worried constantly, and Debbie's leaving us became an obsession. - I have heard about people

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dying^{of grief}, or a brokenheart and I suppose that this was what was happening to me to a lesser degree in the sense that I was not dying. -

Tim requested that Dr. Schacht give me a complete physical, and I had x-rays and just about every test imaginable. All of them were negative. Anyway, I was put in our hospital for complete rest, special foods and vitamins, and I am recovering. -

Debbi is the youngest of 4 children, when she was 7 years old her oldest brother left for college, followed by her sister and another brother, all within 3 years. They all left for U.C. at Davis. During the same time I decided to take a job, and my mother in law came to take care of Debbi. It was during this period Debbi became a problem. First her grades became poor. As she got older she began to associate with the delinquent element

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in her classes. We moved her from Garfield Jr. High to "Bentley's" (a private school) and back to public school, all in Berkeley. Then we enrolled her in El Cerrito High and next at the High school in Davis, Ca., where she stayed with friends of ours. As a last resort we sent her to a Quaker boarding school in , England (Ackworth).

Even there she continued to be a problem. She did meet a fine young man in her school, whom she later married and who is a member of our group here now and has been for many years. - The reason I am giving her background is to explain her personality. - She underwent a complete change when she became a member of Peoples Temple some 10 years ago after her older brother (who is also with us) introduced her to the group. She became dependable, and very capable and efficient. Besides working for the church she completed training as an operating room

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technician.

After my right lung was removed at Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, Ca. she and another young friend cared for me at the Temple. It was during this period that I became very attached to her.

The care I received was beautiful - but that is beside the point, even though it may explain in part why I became so attached to Bebbi.

I have heard of people having split personalities, but never knowingly have had an experience with such a person. I am wondering at this point if this is Bebbi's problem.

Lisa J. Layton

July 2nd, 1978

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Dear Debbi - I have been in extensive care for
now. I got sick after I heard that you left
how you left. It was a terrible shock to me and
somehow I have not been able to get over it. I am
receiving the best of medical care. Even though,
I cannot get rid of the feeling of a great loss.
It is with me at all times. Actually what you
have done is worrying me into the grave.
This is pretty strong language but it is
true. - I had the worst guilt feeling, thinking
back to the time when you were ^{little} and how I
failed you ^{boy} by keeping ~~keeping~~ ^{keeping} those things confiden-
tial that you trustingly told me and I discussed
these matters with your Dad. Also how I did not
support you strongly enough when Wanda Gorman
became hysterical because you told one of her
children that ^{babies} were not born thru the naval.
However all that is just history now.
you know that we are socialists and ma-

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a beginning in a new land, you also know that what we have done with our agriculture is spectacular, and could not have happened without cooperation. It looks to me that you really did not understand socialism in its beginning stages. You gave up $\frac{3}{4}$ up the hill - and that is a shame -

Right now we are planning to build 100 more houses. Phil keeps at picking up lumber for us. Larry ^{is} working $\frac{1}{2}$ time with x-rays and the rest of his time with the Alaskan sawmill.

Also we are getting another saw mill to speed up production. There are constant changes and improvements -

The best thing that could happen to me personally, is your return. Others have left in the past and came back. You

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know how forgiving Jim is. - What I cannot understand is that after leaving as you turned around and told lies and twisted stories. I read copies of the papers that were sent to us by either you or Stoen. Why did you participate in their evil efforts? Were you afraid that some ^{thing} might happen to you if you had asked Stoen not to bother you? ~~bother you~~ I wish you would stop harming us. And I wish you would come back. People have left before and returned and were lovingly received by Jim and all the rest of us. I surely hope you won't go back to your old pattern, because you won't make it this time.

I love you -

Mom

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DAVID S. SAXON
PRESIDENT
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

May 25, 1978

Dear Ms. Layton:

I am embarrassed to write you so long after
your formal retirement date, but I want you to know
that I am both impressed with your long service and
very pleased that you found the University worthy
of your commitment for so many years.

I am grateful for your help.

Sincerely,

David S. Saxon

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Apr 27, 78

Debs - all is fine with Lenora and me. We moved from
Tr. 5 to the one Clara and Kay are in because
we need our former one for guests. We surely are
having our share of guests as you know. The
Trullo we are in now stays cooler during the day
than our former one. Everyone is congenial. In
a way I feel more comfortable now that there are
a several of us instead just Lenora and me, because
people always asked about just 2 of us being in the
old Trullo and I felt somehow uncomfortable about that.
The walking is good for me. There are some of the
new things we will be doing. Don Fitch is going to look into
building a shit-horse structure on wheels. That way we can
roll it off and burn what's in the pit and then roll it
back instead of building a new toilet. Also we have
started to grow wing beans which are as high in protein as
soybeans. They grow here and some of the humid climates
elsewhere and are little known. I read in a research
paper and scientific reports from U.S. Universities on the subject.
It would mean a meat substitute and a great boost to feeding
hungry people in the underdeveloped countries. The wing bean
is a legume and puts nitrogen back into the soil - therefore
acts as a fertilizer at the same time.
Paula is also in our cottage but she is hardly ever there.
When we had the journalist visiting us I did some
translating for his wife who spoke no English and
just a little high-scholl German. I went along in
the ton of the premises to the piggery and tried to
translate to her what I said to ^{her husband} ~~her~~ He spoke
English and understood it well. Our socialist
clones are getting really good Harriet and Vernetta
are my Teachers. Harriet is excellent. I gives
us the news now every day and we will have

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