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"Socialism" is not a dirty word in Chicago. They met with Jesse Jackson's group and with another organization. If there are many cities like Chicago, people are going to break out of their bondage. We had an all-black audience. A doctor is coming out, he was so impressed. There was respect, reverence, awe, a difference between their attitude and ours. Familiarity breeds contempt. They wanted to start a socialistic church; they asked me.

An offering was taken by sum.

Jim commented on the number of surgeries in the country which were unnecessary.

Jim asked how many are looking forward to living in the promised land. Only a scattered few say they aren't. One young person said she felt it was for the old and the very young; the young should stay here. Jim answered that if there was a need, we all must go. Another, a man, wanted to stand with father. Jim: He's right, but I don't want to see you starve. One elderly woman: "If push comes to shove, I'll go." Another woman wanted to stay to fight if Jim stays. Jim said this is his home, he was here before Ford. "I resent their making a mess of it. If they won't let ten people go, none of us will go. We'll stand together."

Jim closed the meeting early. He asked everybody to come to the altar.

When I approached, he beckoned me to step up. He said: "Your sister? You know what happened in Chicago? Is this erratic behavior of hers a pattern?" I told him something about Dorothy, and he gave me more details of what happened in Chicago. He said she had "done everything to make us think she was an enemy agent." If she had said she was my sister, she would have got in without difficulty. He said everybody liked her. She was well-informed but very naive. I told him I was sorry she had given the Temple trouble, but he did not seem distressed.

The service was over about 11.00.

I took my riders home. Contonia had only one child with her.

I got home at 11.45.

I made popcorn. I ate it and a piece of toast and jam, reading Edmund Wilson.

I went to bed at 2.00.

17 July - Th - I worked a couple of hours on the payment to the attorney on the Puerto Rican transit job, which has never been completed.

I tried to reconcile my bank balance. There is a \$5.00 error which works out to my favor, but I could not find it, though I used the office calculator.

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At noon I went to Dr. Schaupp's office and paid my bill so that I could get a receipt to send to the insurance office.

At home I exercised, washed my hair.

I ate dinner and washed dishes.

I washed clothes.

I packed tonight as much as I could for the Los Angeles trip, hoping to get ready earlier tomorrow than I usually do.

I went to bed about 2.00. I have had a pain in my neck this week and it was especially bad tonight. It was even painful lying on my side.

18 July - F - I slept about half an hour after the alarm rang this morning. My back still hurt me, but when I got up the pain had disappeared.

A message had come from Carol asking me to send documents on a WMATA case in which the Authority was being sued. I xeroxed the material and put it in the Gaithersburg pouch.

I tried again to reconcile my bank statement but still could not find my error.

I called Carol before lunch. She said the sun was out, though she was still not happy about the housing situation. She had found a house a few miles beyond Clarksburg, and she was thinking about buying it. Buying was no more expensive than renting. She might instead rent in Georgetown with a housemate. Both buying and renting are very expensive.

I finished the memo on the Puerto Rico attorney's billings after asking Carol about one detail.

I had intended to go to Cost Plus at noon and try to find a basket to replace the one in which I carry my thermos and lunch to work; it has worn out. But I learned that there was a special film to be shown on the employee's film series. I ate my lunch early and saw the film which was on "Holography." This concerned a system of taking three-dimensional photographs with a laser beam. It was too technical for me to understand much.

I worked again on my bank statement but still could not get it to come out right.

I decided to go to Cost Plus anyway. I walked over to California, bought some popcorn, and took the cable car. I got off at Kearney and took bus No. 15 to Fisherman's Wharf.

I looked around the whole store. They had many different kinds of