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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

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baskets. I couldn't find exactly the type I wanted, but I bought one, which is really too wide. It cost \$1.99. I also bought some cufflinks to wear with a particular blouse I have.

I had a free cup of coffee at the Cost Plus coffee store. I had some trouble finding the place to take the return bus.

I got back to the office about 4.00 o'clock, having been gone two hours.

I went through my calculations in my bank book again and still did not find where I had gone wrong.

At home I ate, washed dishes, finished packing, dressed.

Mary had phoned she couldn't come to the Temple, as her asthma was troubling her. I picked up Magnolia, who had baked goods to take to the Temple for sale at a concession stand. She complained as usual because we arrived at service late. I was in my seat about 9.00, and though most of the Valley people had arrived, I got a good seat.

Jim was on the podium at 11.00. He said the people coming from Chicago were holding service in Los Angeles tonight. They had crossed the desert in 120° heat and were running out of water, but a cloud followed them all the way. He said he had been on the telephone constantly since 5.00 o'clock saving lives. Jim said we were a nation now. He needs people to help on the podium while he administers.

Jim took a second offering. He spoke bitterly of those who held back and those who caused trouble. Only two sold leaflets; retribution will come.

Pictures of the starving Ethiopian child on its mother's dried-up breast were shown.

A film strip of South American Indian life was shown. They were living free until the missionary came, taught religion. Then the traders came and a government which enslaved the people. "The white man is the disease." The exploitation of Central American people was shown -- life in the slums.

Jim said: Be ready to move, if not to the promised land, to a central place. There are some very threatening events. He is tempted to get out of the Valley. There we are surrounded by dangerous counties. The Temple is looking into the possibility of getting a large apartment house. The atmosphere of rural life is getting worse. We have mutual defense arrangement with the two M's (he had given some hints of what groups he meant by this appellation).

Jim led a discussion period. The first question was: What reason do these counties have for driving out blacks? Jim: No reason. It is irrational. A poll shows ninety percent of the people are racial bigots. They are willing to throw blacks into concentration camps.

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A question was asked concerning what happened in Taft where blacks were driven out. Jim said, some of these things have to happen so that people will learn. I've tried to unify people till I was blue in the face. I've got temporary unity at the top. Yet there are folk sitting here thinking it won't happen to them. It only takes one time for white folk to bother you. I can't help you unless you let me.

The present "strike first" policy will make nuclear war inevitable. We can go back to the caves. We better be out of here.

Jim performed healings.

Jim asked all to come to the altar. I was one of the first in line. I went to the bathroom. I left the building at 1.30. I went out and moved my car into the lot. I took my belongings to the bus, which was already well loaded. I had difficulty getting a seat. I found one beside Lucy Crenshaw.

Lucy came from Indianapolis after one of the Temple trips East. She had never seen Jim nor attended one of his services but had read about him in the newspapers, particularly as head of the Commission on Civil Rights. Her daughter went to school with Jack Beam's son. When the Temple on its summer tour returned to Indianapolis, she was working for a black newspaper and our advance workers came to place an ad for the Temple meeting. The mother of Denise Buckmeister gave her incorrect information about the Temple, such as that we all had to share clothes, but she came anyway, with her son Ed, then sixteen. She has a daughter and grandchildren who remained in the East. She is now working as a typist for the State in the Medi-cal office in the Ferry Building.

I ate a sandwich I had brought. We didn't leave San Francisco until after 3.00. I went to sleep before we left.

I woke from a sound sleep at 6.00 when we arrived at the rest stop. I got off the bus to go to the bathroom and jogged. I went back to sleep when the buses started.

19 July - S - I woke at 10.00 when we arrived in Button Willow. We were told we should be back on the buses in ten minutes; it was actually half an hour before the buses were loaded.

I had gone to the bathroom, washed, jogged and took my vitamins.

I ate my food on the bus. I read some newspapers I had brought with me.

Carolyn Looman started to take the offering.

About 11.00 o'clock a tire blew out. There was no panic as the bus made a tremendous lurch, went to one side of the road and then to the other, then stopped at the side of the road. Changing the tire took