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case. I found one. I phoned the New York office and inquired about the two remaining which had been sent to New York by mistake. They could find no record of them.

I phoned Lorraine to tell her I may be chosen to go to Hawaii with the Temple. (Last night's message asked for names of those who could go.)

I ate lunch at my desk. Chuck Stiles gave me information on how much it costs him to rent a car for weekends. I may look into this if I can't find anyone to share my car.

I finished Wednesday's journal entry and did Thursday's.

I ran in the park on getting home.

I cleaned the apartment, which took me two hours. I decided to do this tonight as I wanted to take my laundry to the laundromat tomorrow.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes.

I intended to work on my journal two hours tonight, but I was too tired. I decided to go to bed early and get up at 7.00, then type two hours. I read in Wilson and went to bed at 12.00.

26 July - S - The alarm rang at 7.00, but I slept for an hour longer. Instead of typing in my journal, I decided to go to the Coop first and type later.

I ate some cataloupe and cold cereal. I prepared my laundry and loaded it in the car. I left for Corte Madera earlier than usual.

I put my soiled clothes in the Coop laundromat, then shopped for groceries. I didn't listen to the Temple broadcast.

The weather was very warm.

When I got back to the apartment, I unloaded groceries and laundry. I put away the food and folded the clothing and linens.

I prepared and ate a meal and washed dishes.

Handling the food and laundry had taken so much time that I wasn't able to do any work in my journal.

At 5.00 I lay down to sleep for an hour. Magnolia phoned that she and her sister, who was visiting, were away from home, would go directly to the service, but would like a ride home.

I pressed a few items for the apartment.

I left for service about 7.45, picked up Mary Lewis. Buses were unloading when we entered the Temple. I got a seat near the front

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but at the side.

There were the usual preliminary announcements, ride assignments, testimonials and congregational singing.

Karen Layton testified concerning Jim's healing of Jim McElvane's legs. He was doomed to be in a wheel-chair the rest of his life, but healthy bone tissue is growing again.

Jim on the podium told us that Turkey, the heartland of the anti-communist alliance, has been lost to the United States. Nuclear war is made certain.

Jim took the "only" offering rapidly. He moved the service along vigorously.

The choir sang and the band played.

Chairs had been removed from the platform for the presentation of a serious play which Jim had asked for. From my side seat I could not see part of the stage. The play showed the coming of Fascism to America. Blacks and liberals were behind barbed wires, and the Ku Klux Klan patrolled the concentration camp.

Jim spoke on the rise of the K.K.K. threat. We sang "Oh, Freedom," changing one line to read: "Before I'll be a slave, I'll take 2000 capitalists to their grave."

Jim took another offering, exhorting those who had money to give. No one with any minority blood will be safe from concentration camp. He told of how he raised one hundred dollars at 4.00 o'clock in the morning in Chicago. You must be willing to give your body as a living sacrifice.

During the healings Jim spoke to a woman's son who had passed over in 1972.

At the end of the service, Jim called the names of many visitors, saying they should join the church.

The congregation came to the altar.

Details on the Hawaiian trip were given. A plane will be chartered. The fare will be \$300 for seven days and seven nights.

I was among the first to go up to the altar. I went backstage to confirm that I wanted to go on the Hawaiian trip. My name is on the list, and I should have no trouble if I can raise the \$300.

It was 12.30. So many people asked me for rides that, with the guests I was taking home, I had to make two trips. I intended to take Valor downtown, then Mary, Contonia, Rosezeeta, and Rosezeeta's children, and come back for my guests, Kaye Gibbs, Beulah Pendleton, and two

children. When Magnolia and her sister found that they would have to wait, they decided to find another ride.

When I was backstage I was told Tim Stoen wanted to see me (I had turned over for him some information from Bechtel). I told my riders I would be delayed. I couldn't find Valor, was finally told she got another ride.

I was afraid Tim wanted to inquire about Dorothy's escapade in Chicago, but he merely wanted to call on me Tuesday evening.

I took my two groups of riders home. Beulah had with her her grandson, Dwayne Giles, and Lisa Gibson, daughter of Jane Gibson, the woman discussed in Wednesday's meeting. Beulah said Lisa had asked to come with her instead of with her mother.

My radiator started boiling on the way home. I got the car safely home but am considerably worried because this is the third time the radiator has leaked, and I doubt whether patching can be effective any longer. I'll have some additional expense to have the radiator repaired.

We reached home about 2.00.

We all had some watermelon, except Kaye, who is on a liquid reducing die.

I gave Beulah the bed; the rest of us slept on the floor. I laid down at 2.30.

27 July - Su - I got up at 9.00, bathed and dressed.

I prepared breakfast as the others dressed. We had the usual items for breakfast.

Lisa rinsed the dishes after I had washed them. She is a sweet and polite child.

We left for the Temple service, which was scheduled for 12.00, a little after 11.00.

I stopped at Taft's service station and had them fill the radiator.

The line at church was not very long, and we were able to get into service before 12.00.

We heard the tape of Jim's sermon given Friday in Los Angeles. He had echoed part of it taking the offering here. He talked of the difference between the "saving" of traditional churches and that which we offer. "If that Jesus can't save you from the hell you're in, how's he going to save you after you're dead?" He doesn't save you from the smog on the freeway. He's going to save you from hell