

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

though they don't know where it is. I want to be saved from those Los Angeles honky police. The only devil we believe in is hunger. You can't believe in anything those honky preachers tell you, they just want to get your money.

The tape also contained a question period conducted by Jim in Los Angeles. Someone asked how to cure oneself from claustrophobia. Jim said: just lock yourself in and think of all the people you're locked away from; Wallace, Los Angeles police. You must overcome your fears because the enemy can use them against you.

The second questioner wanted to know the latest news on Joanne Little, who is being tried for murdering a jail warden. Jim: No, she is not freed yet. But he said he had committed himself to insuring that she will not go to her death. He had already seen to it that blacks were put on the jury.

Jim took the only offering during which he spoke movingly on sacrifice.

Jim said the trial at Santa Rosa had ended with the conviction on seven counts of the white men who had stabbed our brother. Jim had had to use his power, as the establishment was not interested in punishing the guilty. He had to prevail in this case because if this type of racial hate continued to be manifested, our access to the city would be endangered. He read a newspaper item to prove how in other places in the nation without Father's influence the Ku Klux Klan is active. The item told of a K.K.K. meeting in Pennsylvania in which the Mormon Tabernacle Choir had sung.

Healings were performed.

The congregation went up to the altar. The meeting was dismissed early, about 3.30.

I bought some chicken for tonight. I ate my lunch in the car. Kaye got her belongings and took them to the bus. I put mine on bus No. 12.

The buses arrived in the Valley at 7.30; service started at 8.20.

There was congregational singing and many testimonials.

Jean Brown told how Jim got a guilty verdict out of the Sonoma County trial though everything was against us. Grace gave more details. Jim: Standing together is very important in such situations.

A tape of a former sermon was played on the methods of torture used by the CIA. Jim referred to himself as a "latent revolutionary," saying that he might explode at any time.

Jim's mother came in and was seated while the tape was being played.

Jim said that under Senate Bill No. 1, "I would get fifteen years, \$100,000 fine or death for that sermon." He reiterated many provisions

of the bill. All the Senate liberals are sponsoring this bill. Even Kennedy would be so afraid that he'll be more careful than Ford. There is no help from this system except its overthrow. I have only one way to remedy this. I have no time for anyone who messes around in little committees on social legislation. Stay in America if you want to fight the system, but don't expect to find any peace. When it comes down to protecting monopoly capitalism, all Republicans and Democrats are the same. I don't want peace in this system ruled by fascist pigs. All the right stands are being taken by the government of Guyana. There is going to be a hell of a revolution here. It may not win, because people don't care.

While he took the offering, Jim made an exhortation to resistance. He is tired of putting up with routine. Some of us are ready to revolt.

He revealed the truth of what went on with some in the promised land. Some didn't want to stay and work. "I must be God because no one else could make some selfish people get along."

Etta Thompson asked about the value of double agents. Jim said, Yes, I have some.

Jim sent some strong men, black and white, and one woman, Velma Darnes, on a mission concerning someone who was giving trouble.

Pauline Tropp asked a dumb ass question, as Jim called it.

Dorothy Buckley said she gets propositioned when she's pamphleting. She is offered \$10 or \$20. In view of what Jim said on presenting your body as a sacrifice, should she do it? Jim said, no, you're too young.

One woman wondered if she could make money by gambling. Jim: No, you can't do it without being illegal. It would take my energy.

A man inquired about the effectiveness of the Buddhists' burning their bodies. Jim: No, I have never believed in such actions.

Jim commented again on the United States' being kicked out of Turkey. It is just one more step. Socialism is winning everywhere.

Jim had been holding us waiting for the return of the delegation he had sent, but as the time approached midnight he decided to dismiss us.

He had a brief meditation period, during which he saved Georgia Lacy from a stroke. Then he divined a cycle of three people whose birthday was 27 February. The third person did not respond; but Jim knew there were three. He discerned that it was a child and finally pinpointed little Hugh Doswell, whom he said he had saved from having kidney disease at sixteen. He had the nurse put the child on a regimen.

The congregation was allowed to go at 12.00.

I drank Sanka I had brought and ate the chicken I had bought. The bus was even more crowded than usual on Sunday evening. We didn't leave until 1.00.

I slept, though not as soundly as usual. We got into San Francisco at 4.00. I took home Contonia and a carload of people to the Vernell Henderson apartments or near there. My radiator had begun to boil again, and I was worried about the distance I had to drive. I have to decide whether to get the car repaired or give it to the Temple or sell it.

I got home at 4.45.

28 July - M - I typed in my journal from 5.00 to 6.00.

Carol was back in the office. She told me she talked briefly to Mabs on the phone, hopes to see her when she returns to Gaithersburg. Carol is still having trouble with her finger, which does not look good at all.

She was not especially busy, gave me only two small memos. I spent most of the day on miscellaneous investigation of the files. Carol gave me copies of memos she had written on San Francisco jobs while in Gaithersburg to put in her chronological file.

I brought journal entries up to date, especially filling in some items on Sunday night's events.

I have telephone duty during the lunch hour this week. I went for a walk afterwards to get some air. The day was pleasant but turned cold by closing time.

Carol had to go to the doctor at 4.15. I left soon after. Nevertheless, I was late for my appointment at Dr. Fudgen's to have my teeth cleaned and examined. A new hygienist took care of me. Fudgen was ill, and I have to have another appointment so that he can look at the x-rays and examine my mouth further.

I had to wait an exceptionally long time for the bus on Divisadero, and the weather was now very cold. It was after 6.00 before I got home.

I did not exercise.

I prepared and ate dinner and washed dishes as quickly as possible so as to get at my journal.

I started work on my journal at 9.30, typed until a little past 11.30, as I had set a quota of four pages for myself.

I read Wilson for an hour. I was very sleepy.

I went to bed at 1.00.