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a house about six miles from her office, a three-bedroom house with trees in the yard.

I brought my journal up to date, working on the weekend entries and those for last Thursday and Friday which had not been done.

I exercised in my apartment tonight.

I had fruit and juices for my dinner. I washed dishes.

I had a good deal of soapy water, so I washed the inside of the three windows in the apartment, as they were filthy.

I was ready to work on my journal by 8.30. I typed until 11.30 and did almost six pages.

On "In Conversation" Nat Hentoff interviewed a man whose name I did not get clearly who had been an assistant of Robert Kennedy and apparently is defending both John and Robert Kennedy against charges of having been involved in alleged assassination plots of the CIA. He and Hentoff had a lively debate on whether Robert had violated individual civil rights. The conviction of James Hoffa was used as an example. The discussion revealed the difference in attitude between those who feel that such violations are sometimes justifiable for good ends and those who condemn them in any circumstances.

I had some bread and peanut butter and some dates. I read in Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

13 August - W - I didn't have much to do for John.

Using the calculator, I completed the list of my expenditures for April and July.

I mailed to Dorothy the telephone bill for the long distance call from Chicago put through by Liz with regard to her, suggesting she ought to pay it.

In the late afternoon I called Mabs. She gave me news of Miranda, who is going to take a course having to do with organic gardening, of Matthew, who has sold a short story and is becoming very advanced in his piano studies. She said she was going to Montreal on the 22nd; she had to see her grandson once a year. She said the weather was hot and humid and the air pollution was bad. She was very depressed about the state of the world, saying everything was "going to hell in a hand-basket." She sang the praises of Edna who had visited her. Speaking of Hal, we got on the subject of suicide.

I then brought up the subject of Dorothy's escapade in Chicago. I wanted to find out why she thought Dorothy had acted the way she did. Instantly she started to give me a terrible tongue-lashing for intimating that I had been afraid Dorothy might use violence. She went

on to other unloving deeds I had done with relation to Dorothy as far back as the time of Paul's birth and finally hung up on me.

When I got home I took a nap.

I gave Magnolia a ride to the service. We arrived before the service began.

Security had received erroneous reports concerning Danny Kutulas after he left the Temple. Ted Holliday and others were up for sloppy methods and dress. Jim insisted that they spruce up, give an appearance of dignity.

Danny Kutulas came back. He had been through a rigorous session with Council. He spoke to the congregation, saying it was hell outside.

Bob Houston was called up. He had moved back to the commune but was uncooperative. He wouldn't take directions from the women, wasn't helpful with the children. He had admitted a white man to the commune so that he could call a taxi, claimed he did it out of kindness, but the person may have been an agent, as the commune is concerned with a court case now, a settlement involving Vern Gosney's wife. Bob had also been lazy about housework. It was decided somebody should box him. Walter Jones fought him with gloves. Bob was continually warned to lose his intellectualism. He didn't fight well but remained on his feet.

Hugh Doswell was on the floor for saying that if he had five dollars, he would leave. He seems to have been disgruntled about Temple decisions concerning where his family should live; they have a reputation for bad housekeeping. Jim pointed out to him that the Temple supported his family when they first came. Hugh had to box with Ed Crenshaw; I happened to be sitting beside Ed's mother.

Jimbo Jones, Agnes's boy, was up for calling names and tormenting younger children. He had to fight Patty Houston. She whipped him.

Vivian Gainous was brought on the floor by her commune (the Shaw-Houston commune) over financial matters. They had received little money from her. She claimed that in transferring from one government job to another, she had been off the payroll for a time, but this, with other of her economic arrangements, seemed to be a devious way of holding out money from the Temple, which is meanwhile paying her debts. She is renting a Cadillac and buying gas for it and spending money at the concession stands. She borrowed for gas and snacks, she said.

All those brought up had to raise money pamphleting and change their behavior.

Security reports concerning Danny Kutulas when he was out of the Temple were a subject of concern. A garbled report had been turned in. Jim held Ted Holliday responsible and insisted he make the

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organization shape up, give accurate written reports, and improve ~~their~~ <sup>secretary's</sup> appearance. He wants them in uniform at all times; they have not been wearing uniforms on Wednesday.

The meeting was out at midnight.

I read Wilson and ate a snack.

I went to bed at 2.00.

14 August - Th - I had only one memo to do for John.

I spent a good part of the day drafting a letter to Mabs.

This afternoon, before leaving work, I started on Carol's time card, having received information for it from her secretary in Gaithersburg.

I left at 4.00 for an appointment with Dr. Fudgen who wanted to see me after the hygienist had cleaned my teeth. He checked me for oral cancer, took my blood pressure. He was pleased that it had gone down to 135/80. He found some plaque and said I wasn't cleaning my teeth properly. I have to have another appointment with the dental technician for more instruction.

At home I exercised.

I washed my hair.

Had my juice and buttermilk.

Washed clothes.

I read Wilson.

I went to bed at 1.30.

15 August - F - I got the time cards in for Carol and myself.

I typed a memo on the Martin Marietta Aerospace agreement for John.

After I had my juice and fruit for lunch outside on the PG&E steps I felt sick as I had yesterday after lunch. I lay down in the sun until I felt better. Then I went to the post-office and bought stamps. I needed an air mail stamp for the letter to Mabs.

I retyped the letter. I tried to indicate to Mabs that, though I may have been unjust to Dorothy, she (Mabs) had been unkind to me, citing her attitude, as I perceived it, about my affiliation with the Temple. I stressed that true love was doing something about the condition of minorities and other disadvantaged people.

At home I packed for the weekend.