



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

**RYMUR**

**(JONESTOWN)**

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**NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS**

**VOLUME 2**

RYAN  
SHOOTING

II

RYAN SHOOTING

RYAN, SHOOTING

1. REPORTERS-CHARLES KRAUSE
2. RON JAVERS
3. TIM REITERMAN
4. SLAIN NEWSMEN

REPORTERS

CHARLES KRAUSE

- Assoc. Dir. \_\_\_\_\_
- Dep. AD Adm. \_\_\_\_\_
- Dep. AD Inv. \_\_\_\_\_
- Asst. Dir.:
- Adm. Servs. \_\_\_\_\_
- Crim. Inv. \_\_\_\_\_
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- Director's Sec'y \_\_\_\_\_

**F**ROM THE AIR, Jonestown looked as if someone had scattered colored paper around the central pavilion — as if there had been a celebration, a party, that the Rev. Jim Jones had uncharacteristically allowed his followers to enjoy — without forcing them to clean up.

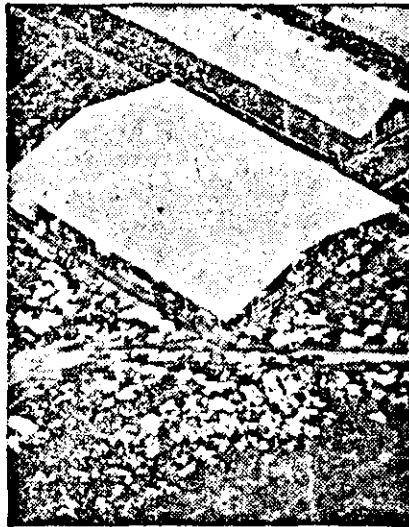
Those were my first thoughts as I returned to Jonestown on Monday, Nov. 20, just 48 hours after I had left for what I thought then would surely be the last time.

Now, I was on my way back, by helicopter, to view a sight that would transfix a world inured to war and violence and death. The absolute horror of what lay below, the madness and desperation of the man who or-

dered it all and the most banal way he caused them to die — a potion of grape drink, cyanide and tranquilizers — was almost beyond comprehension.

There on the ground, as we hovered overhead, were the grisly remains of Jones' last great act of madness. There on the ground were the men, women and children, white and black, well educated and untutored, who had believed blindly in the man they called "Father."

There on the ground were the bodies, already beginning to decompose in the tropical heat, of those who had followed Jones to the wilderness. The bodies of those who had, many of them voluntarily, carried out Jones' last twisted vision, the victims of what Father called "revolutionary suicide"



and had code-named "White Night." As the first reporter allowed into Jonestown to view the carnage, my job demanded that I bring back a detailed account of what had happened and try to find words to describe the horror that I saw.

Because I was a survivor of the Port Kaituma massacre, there were personal reasons for going back as well. I was hoping not to find the bodies of some of the people I had grown fond of during my short stay at Jonestown, people like Sarah and Richard Tropp, whose unselfish and rational reasons for wanting to create a better world in the rain forests of Guyana had touched me.

And, quite truthfully, I was also going back to see for myself that Jim Jones and the henchmen he had sent to kill me and the others

- The Washington Post   cl
- Washington Star-News \_\_\_\_\_
- Daily News (New York) \_\_\_\_\_
- The New York Times \_\_\_\_\_
- The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_
- The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_
- The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

Date   12/5/78  

Photos by Frank Johnston — The Washington Post

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J. Ryan's party were among the dead. I particularly wanted to find the body of Tom Kice Sr., the tall, gray haired man with a crew cut, whose mean, demented expression I will never forget as he crossed the airstrip to kill us, and the body of Stanley Gieg, the young, blond-haired fellow who was driving the tractor when the shooting began.

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**A**S I APPROACHED the radio shack near the pavilion, I saw the bodies close up for the first time. There must have been 40 or 50 of them there on the neat lawn in front of the communications center that had been Jonestown's link to Georgetown, San Francisco and the outside world.

I only recognized one of the bodies, that of a jovial, heavysset white woman who had served me coffee and cheese sandwiches two days before. She had introduced me to her daughter, a pretty girl with long brown hair, and we had laughed together about something I can no longer remember.

Now I saw the mother's body near the radio shack. She was still wearing the gaily flowered long dress she had worn the last time I saw her alive. She was, like most of the others, lying on her stomach, a clot of dried blood stuck in her right nostril. My God, I thought. Why?

I stared at the clumps of bodies in front of the communications center. I couldn't bring myself to leave them. I noticed that many of them had died with their arms around each other, men and women, white and black, young and old. Little babies were lying on the ground, too. Near their mothers and fathers. Dead.

Finally, I turned back toward the main pavilion and noticed the dogs that lay dead on the sidewalk. The dogs, I thought. What had they done?

Then I realized that Jones had meant to leave nothing, not even the animals, to bear witness to the final horror. There were to be no survivors. Even the dogs and Mr. Muggs, Jonestown's pet chimpanzee, had their place in the long white night into which the Peoples Temple had been ordered by the mad Mr. Jones.



## JONESTOWN, From Page 2

**T**HE HEAT and the stench were overpowering. There was nothing to drink because Jones had ordered the community water supply contaminated with poison. The Guyanese soldiers who guarded Jonestown said that a cache of soft drinks had been found. But they decided, even though the bottles hadn't been opened, that it would be risky to drink them.

C.A. (Skip) Roberts, the assistant police commissioner from Georgetown who was in charge of the Guyanese forces at Jonestown, came along just as I was about to inspect the main pavilion. I had met him the day before when I was taken to the police station immediately after I arrived at Temehri airport. He had insisted that I give him a statement about the Port Kaituma massacre before I returned to my hotel.

I asked Roberts if Jones and his wife, Marceline, were among the dead. Yes, he told me. Marcie was over there by the pavilion. And Jones was lying, shot to death, on the podium that he had used as his altar. Only three of those found so far had died of gunshot wounds, Roberts said. Jones, his mistress Maria Katsaris, whose brother Anthony had come along with Ryan to try to persuade his sister to leave, and one other, so far unidentified, Temple member.

Roberts said, with both authority and what seemed at the time precision, that there were 383 bodies scattered around the altar, in the immediate vicinity of the pavilion. Another 21 or 22 bodies had been found elsewhere, Roberts said.

In all, 404 or 405 bodies had been found, Roberts said. It appeared that hundreds of persons known to be living at Jonestown at the time of the suicide-murder rite had either

escaped or been found outside the settlement itself, he said. There was no question of the number of bodies lying around us, he said.

Roberts told me that his men had found more than 800 U.S. passports, indicating that there had been at least that many people living at Jonestown the week before. He said his men had also found an arsenal of weapons, including 40 to 50 automatic rifles, revolvers and other guns, 20 or more bows and arrows "and hundreds of thousands of rounds of ammunition."

We walked over to a table where this arsenal was on display and I couldn't help thinking of Jones' anger when Don Harris had asked him the previous Saturday about the one gun we had learned about. "A boldfaced lie," Jones had thundered. "We are defeated by lies."

The irony of those words rushed into my mind. The lies Jones had been defeated by were obviously his own. Not those of the concerned relatives, the press and the others who had tried to expose the deteriorating situation at Jonestown. It had been, I now understood only too well, the tropical concentration camp its critics said it was — led by a man increasingly consumed by his own dark visions. Tim Stoen had described Jones as "a classic paranoid schizophrenic." At the time, I had thought Stoen was the madman. Now, standing in the midst of the guns and the bodies and the family-sized containers of cyanide that had been found, I knew the truth. If only it had been exposed before all of this, I thought.

**I**N THE CLASSROOM tent where Roberts was collecting the weapons that were still being found, the ammunition, the bows and arrows, the revolvers and the poisonous drugs, a rather handsome black man, dressed in a tank top T-shirt with a string of beads around his neck, approached.

Roberts suggested I might want to ask him some questions. He had, Roberts said, witnessed much of the denouement of Jonestown before managing to escape with his life. The man's name was Odell Rhodes, 36, who described himself as a former drug addict from Detroit who had joined the Peoples Temple to kick his habit and had stayed on . . . until almost the very end.

Rhodes described for me what had happened the previous Saturday about 5:30 p.m. when the Jonestown gunmen returned from Port Kaituma to report on their deadly mission. They told Jones that Rep. Ryan had been killed along with most of the newsmen but that some had survived.

Jones, Rhodes said, immediately called his followers, using the loudspeaker system strung up throughout the commune, to a meeting at the pavilion. "Alert, alert, alert," Jones had screamed, ordering everyone to the meeting that was to be their last.

"He told us that we've shot the senator," Rhodes recalled. "You know there's going to be trouble, he said." The time had come to commit the mass, revolutionary suicide his faithful had practiced several times before.

I walked from the schoolroom tent where I had talked with Roberts and Rhodes toward the pavilion. I wanted to see Marceline and Jim. She was lying on her back, less than five feet from the vat of poison. He was lying, his fat stomach protruding upward, his shirt pulled halfway off his chest, on the altar. Blood covered his face. Good, I thought. He is, in fact, dead.



Letters to Jones and a bag of drugs.

I walked to the other side of the altar, not far from where Rep. Ryan had first alerted me to the oddity of all of the older people standing and living to the soul music that had been played in this very place the Friday night before. I wanted to see Stanley Gieg's body, just to make sure. His face was already grayish-blue but there was no doubt in my mind that what I saw was his corpse.

I walked back to look at the altar again. It was littered with bodies, most of them probably temple leaders, who had had the honor of dying next to Father. On the steps leading to the altar was a young black boy, who had died genuflecting before the demented man these people thought of as their god.

**I HAD HAD ENOUGH.** There were only two things more I wanted to do. I wanted to see the body of Sarah Tropp, whom I had kissed as I left Jonestown the last time and for whom I felt an unexplained fondness, and the body of Maria Katsaris, whose brother had cried as he left her to her fate.

Sarah lay all alone, apart from the others, not far from the pavilion. She was on her stomach, her short hair, now filthy and overrun with bugs, clinging to her head. I was truly sorry. I never found her brother, Richard.

I then walked down to Jones' house, where I had never been before. It had not been part of the tour. Frank Johnston, the Post photographer, came with me but decided, when he saw the place, that he had enough pictures. I couldn't blame him. We had seen enough bodies and had captured, both in our minds and in his case on film, the horror of the final desperate hour at Jonestown.

But I had an old compulsion to see Maria Katsaris' body, not because I had felt in any way close to her, but because I thought I should see it so that I could tell Anthony and his

father, Stanley, that there was no doubt that she had died. With more than 400 Jonestown residents unaccounted for, I knew they would still be hoping that somehow she had escaped. I didn't want to be the bearer of bad news but I thought it would be better to be able to tell them that I had seen her body than to leave them wondering for days or weeks . . . or possibly forever.

Maria's body lay on a bed in Jim Jones' house. There was no question that it was she. Roberts told me she had been shot rather than poisoned but I couldn't see where the bullet had entered her body. But there was no question that Maria Katsaris had died along with her lover, the Rev. Jim Jones.

We had been at Jonestown for almost an hour and a half when the helicopter finally returned to take us back to the Port Kaituma airstrip. Our crippled Twin-Otter aircraft was exactly where it had been when the attack on Congressman Ryan and the rest of us began.

**F**OR MYSELF, I'll carry around for a long time — maybe forever — the memory of the terror we all felt when the Jonestown gunmen fired at us that muggy day at the airstrip. And I'll carry around a scar from a small wound in my hip.

More important, I'll always wonder why I was spared when so many around me at Port Kaituma were shot to death at point-blank range — Leo Ryan, Don Harris, Bob Brown, Greg Robinson, Mrs. Parks. At Jonestown, it was pretty obvious that I was sympathetic to the social experiment going on there and the thought has crossed my mind that maybe Sarah or Richard Tropp asked that I not be killed. Or maybe the gunmen simply overlooked me. I'm certain I'll never know.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# At First, Everything Seemed So Alive

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struck by the neat wooden structures so far from civilization, and by the mix of blacks and whites, young and old—seemingly normal people who, we were told, had willingly chosen to live so far from home.

Marceline Jones, the Rev. Jim Jones' wife, met us as we left the Jonestown dump truck that had brought us from the Port Kaituma airstrip, where our plane had landed several hours before and where Ryan would be killed along with four others the next afternoon.

Marcie, as everyone called her, invited us to the pavilion where Jones awaited us and where he would lead his followers in a mass suicide less than 24 hours later. Everything was so alive and so peaceful that Friday night, at least on the surface, that it was impossible to know that this carefully cultivated little world would soon be destroyed by a man gone mad.

Marcie told us that supper—hot pork sandwiches and greens, fruit tarts and coffee—was ready. We were told proudly by our hosts that everything we ate had been raised in Jonestown, this quasireligious, socialist agricultural commune carved out of Guyana's remote rain forest.

As we walked to the pavilion, residents of the commune greeted us individually and accompanied us. They engaged us in conversation, asking about our trip, telling us how glad they were we would have a chance to see that Jonestown was not the concentration camp its detractors had made it out to be.

Most of the commune residents.

*Be careful of source  
Not from post*

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-1 LOS ANGELES TIMES  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/22/78  
Edition: Wednesday Final

Title: EVERYTHING ALIVE

Character:  
or RYMUR  
Classification:  
Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

those who were not part of the welcoming party, were eating dinner in a nearby dining area, washing clothes in the open-air communal laundry or baking bread.

Children gathered around swings and benches near the pavilion and Jonestown appeared to be just what its brochures said it was: a peaceful place where people of all races and ages could live without the violence and hate they had known in the ghetto and without the materialistic anxieties of their native United States.

For the young blacks among the more than 800 residents, Jonestown offered an escape from the drugs and crime in which, we were told, many of them had been involved before coming to Guyana. And for the middle class, college-educated whites—who seemed to hold the top leadership positions—Jonestown seemed to be a logical extension of the civil rights and antiwar battles they had fought over the past decade. It was the socialist society that they wanted for their native country, but that they realized was impossible at least for now.

Although we had been told that once we got to Jonestown, we would be free to wander and talk to anyone we wished, we began to feel that we were being guided.

First to the pavilion, then to sit down with one of our new "friends," then to meet the leader himself, who sat at the head of our table complaining about a 103-degree fever he said he had that day. We then went to eat dinner and to watch an elaborate and highly professional two hours of entertainment provided by the Jonestown band and various amateur singers in the commune.

Ryan sat to the side of the pavilion interviewing persons he had requested to see. "Concerned relatives" who came with us on the plane were meeting with their sisters, sons, nieces or parents. Some of the conversations were strained. Others animated. Nobody yet had told anyone that he or she wanted to leave Jonestown.

After dinner and during the show, I walked over to Ryan to ask him if he had learned anything. He said no, not very much yet, but pointed to a tall, middle-aged white man with a crew cut, who, along with all of the more than 700 Jonestown residents in the pavilion that night, moved to the soul music played so loudly that it was difficult to hear, to talk, to ask questions—or to have them answered.

Ryan said there was something very unnatural about the middle-aged and older people, black and white, standing, clapping and jiving to music that may have appealed to the young, but not to the old.

It was an observation I would not forget. It was the first real sign that maybe these people had been either programmed or somehow forced to act in a way that conformed to an image Jones wanted to project.

I also wouldn't forget the man whom the congressman pointed out. His name, I later learned, was Tom Kice, Sr., and he would be shooting at me and the others at the airstrip the next afternoon.

As I walked around the pavilion, I noticed that most people scattered as soon as I came near. I also noted that someone would always come along and be friendly. "Hi, how are you doing? Don't you want to listen to the music?"

"Sure," I said, "but I can hear it from here. I'm curious to see your facilities."

The usual response was that there would be a tour the next day, that people probably were asleep in the cabins. Or some other reason was given why I really shouldn't wander around on my own.

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Lane and Charles Garry, Jonestown's two lawyers, were there, as were several young people who I would later learn were Jones' principal lieutenants.

"People here are happy for the first time in their lives," Jones was saying. "When can this dialogue (between Jonestown and its detractors) stop so we can all live in peace? I don't want to tear these people up."

"We can do a good job for Guyana and for the United States if they would just leave us alone," he said.

I was sitting right next to Jones and I remembered something Grace Stoen, a former Peoples Temple member by whom Jones claimed to have fathered a son, had told me. She told me Jones, for all his insistence that he was a caring, unselfish man, was in fact incredibly vain and power-hungry.

"Just look at his sideburns," she said. "He fills them with eye liner." I was curious.

It was true.

Suddenly, as I was staring at Jones' sideburns, his demeanor changed. I didn't hear the question he had just been asked, but the answer, I thought, was revealing: "Threat, threat, threat of extinction," he raged. "I wish I wasn't born, at times. I understand hate, love and hate. They are very close."

"They can have me," he said. "In many ways I feel like I'm dying. I've never felt this way before."

Someone asked Jones about the beatings that reportedly took place at Jonestown, about the black box that residents were said to be placed in for days at a time when they did something Jones didn't like, about the endless sermons he preached that kept his people, even the aged, up until 2 or 3 in the morning even though they had to rise again at 6 a.m. to begin work.

This prompted another rage and I almost felt sorry for the man. He was obviously sick and some of what he said seemed incoherent at times.

"I do not believe in violence," he said. "Violence corrupts. And then they say I want power. What kind of power do I have walking down the path talking to little old seniors?"

"I hate power," he continued, his rage growing. "I hate money. The only thing I wish now that I was never born. All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it, stop this fighting. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to 1,200 lives here."

The music had ended. The interview had ended. Except for Ryan, Ryan's aides, Lane, Garry and a representative of the Guyanese government, the rest of us were soon on our way back to Port Kaituma, where Jones had arranged for us to sleep on the floor of a discotheque.

That night, a local policeman came to the discotheque. He told us he knew for sure that there was at least one gun in Jonestown, an automatic rifle, that had been registered with the Guyanese government.

Harris asked Jones about the gun in an interview that he taped when we returned to Jonestown the next morning.

"A bold-faced lie!" Jones thundered. "It seems like we are defeated by lies."

Suddenly, the word came that several families had decided to leave with Ryan. People were gathering. Tension for the first time, was so apparent that it could be felt.

Circumstances were pressing in. Facts were beginning to overcome Jones' denials as fast as he could make them. Harris was throwing questions at Jones, hard questions that events were making ever harder to answer.

"The more that leave, the less responsibility we have," Jones was saying after denying that anyone wanted to leave the idyllic life Jonestown offered. "Who in the hell wants people?"

"The only thing I feel is that every time they go, they lie. What I thought was keeping them here was the fear of the ghetto, alienation, the fear of industrialized society.

"I want to hug them before they leave," he said as events were quickly moving beyond his control. More people wanted to go. "I will let them. But they will try to destroy us. They'll try. They always lie when they leave."

People were crying. Families were divided with some members wanting to go but others not, fearing they couldn't.

Al Simon packed up his three kids and wanted to leave. As we were walking back to the dump truck for the final trip to the Port Kaituma airstrip, Simon's wife began screaming.

"No, no, no," she screamed. Someone whispered to her, "Don't worry, we're going to take care of everything."

Ryan returned to the pavilion to see about the custody problem. We went to the truck. A few minutes later, as we waited, we heard a commotion. The newsmen ran to the pavilion, but were stopped by security men.

Harris was allowed in as our representative. He came back to say that someone had tried to kill Ryan.

Suddenly, the congressman emerged and walked toward the truck. His clothes were covered with blood. The other man had been cut by his own knife as Lane and others wrestled with him to save Ryan.

Ryan was OK. But the violence had started. It was about 3 p.m. Saturday. Within 3½ hours, three gunmen would attack us as we tried to board chartered aircraft and then, in a final act of desperation, Jones would order the mass suicide his people had rehearsed so many times before.

# Before the Horror

By Charles A. Krause  
The Washington Post Foreign Service

GEORGETOWN, Guyana—When Rep. Leo J. Ryan's party first reached Jonestown, we were all struck by the neat wooden structures so far from civilization and by the mix of blacks and whites, young and old—seemingly normal people who, we were told, had willingly chosen to live so far from home.

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Most of the commune residents, those who were not part of the welcoming party, were eating dinner in a nearby dining area, washing clothes in the open-air communal laundry or baking bread.

See JONESTOWN, A17, Col. 1

## JONESTOWN, Form A

Children gathered around swings and benches near the pavilion and Jonestown appeared to be just what its brochures said it was: a peaceful place where people of all races and ages could live in peace without the violence and hate they had known in the ghetto and without the materialistic anxieties of their native United States.

Jonestown was an experiment in socialism, we were told, where money, power and elitism had been eliminated. The hundreds of seniors, as the aged were called, got the best medical attention and their lives had new meaning.

For the young blacks among the more than 800 residents, Jonestown offered an escape from the drugs and crime in which we were told many of them had been involved before coming to Guyana. And for the middle class, college-educated whites—who seemed to hold the top leadership positions—Jonestown seemed to be a logical extension of the civil rights and antiwar battles they had fought over the past decade. It was the socialist society that they wanted for their native country, but that they realized was impossible, at least for now.

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Date NOV 22 1978

Even so, there was something very unnatural about the middle-aged and older people, black and white, standing, clapping and living to music that may have appealed to the young, but not to the old.

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"People here are happy for the first time in their lives," Jones was saying. "When can this dialogue [between Jonestown and its detractors] stop so we can all live in peace? I don't want to tear these people up."

"We can do a good job for Guyana and for the United States if they would just leave us alone," he said.

He was asked if his Peoples Temple was a religious movement and he looked to Lane and Garry for a moment before answering.

"Yes, very much," he said. But then he said he was a Marxist, too, "in the sense that I believe in living together, sharing work, goods and services."

I was sitting right next to Jones and I remembered something Grace Stoen, a former Peoples Temple member by whom Jones claimed to have fathered a son, had told me. She told me Jones, for all his insistence that he was a caring, unselfish man, was in fact incredibly vain and power hungry.

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"I hate power," he continued, his rage growing.

"I hate money. The only thing I wish now that I was never born. All I want is peace. I'm not worried about my image. If we could just stop it, stop this fighting. But if we don't, I don't know what's going to happen to 2,000 lives here."

The music had ended. The interview had ended. Except for Ryan, Ryan's aides, Lane, Garry and a representative of the Guyanese government, the rest of us were soon on our way back to Port Kaituma, where Jones had arranged for us to sleep on the floor of a discotheque.

It was the last place Don Harris and Bob Brown of NBC and Greg Robinson, a photographer for the San Francisco Examiner, would sleep; they would die the next afternoon.

That night, we were sitting around having a drink when a local policeman came to the discotheque. He sought us out and told us some things, one of which was particularly interesting. He said he knew for sure that there was at least one gun in Jonestown, an automatic rifle, that had been registered with the Guyanese government.

Don Harris asked Jones about the gun in an interview that he taped when we returned to Jonestown the next morning.

"A bold-faced lie!" Jones thundered. "It seems like we are defeated by lies."

Jones said he believed there was a conspiracy against him and against the Peoples Temple, a conspiracy that he blamed for a number of law suits that he said prevented him from returning to the United States.

"I wish somebody had shot me dead," he said again. "Now, we're substituting a media smear for assassinations."

Suddenly, the word came at several families had decided to leave Jonestown. People were gathering. Tension, for the first time, was so apparent that it could be felt.

Circumstances were pressing in. Facts were beginning to overcome Jones' denials as fast as he could make them. Don Harris was throwing questions at Jones, hard questions that events were making even harder to answer.

"The more that leave, the less responsibility we have," Jones was saying after denying that anyone wanted to leave the idyllic life Jonestown offered. "Who in the hell wants people?"

Harris returned to the question of guns at Jonestown. "This is rubbish. I'm defeated," Jones said, clearly near the breaking point. "I might as well die. The guns have never been used to intimidate people. Anyone is free to come and go."

"The only thing I feel is that every time they go, they lie. What I thought was keeping them here was the fear

of the ghetto, alienation, the rest of industrialized society.

must have failed somehow.

I . . . to hug them before they leave. He said as events were quickly moving beyond his control. More people wanted to go. "I will let them. But they will try to destroy us. They'll try. They always lie when they leave."

People were crying. Families were divided, with some members wanting to go but others not—or fearing they couldn't.

Al Simon packed up his three kids and wanted to leave. As we were walking back to the dump truck for the final trip to Port Kaituma airstrip, Simon's wife began screaming, "No, no, no!" Someone whispered to her: "Don't worry, we're going to take care of everything."

Ryan returned to the pavilion. We went to the truck. A few minutes later, as we waited, we heard a commotion. The newsman ran to the pavilion, but were stopped by mean-looking security men.

Harris was allowed in as our representative. He came back to say that someone had tried to kill Ryan.

Suddenly, the congressman emerged and walked towards the truck. His clothes were covered with blood. The other man had been cut by his own knife as Lane and others wrestled with him to save Ryan's life.

Ryan was OK. But the violence had started. It was about 3 p.m. Saturday. Within 3½ hours, three gunmen would attack us as we tried to board chartered aircraft and then, in a final act of desperation, Jones would order the mass suicide his people had rehearsed so many times before.

Steven Jones, 19, who was in Georgetown when the suicides took place, said yesterday that his father had gone crazy and that Jonestown had reflected his paranoia. But Jones said his father's dream of a socialist unity was still valid, that it had proved that socialism could work.

Asked if Jonestown had not been an experiment in fascism — with its armed guard and other means of preventing people from leaving — rather than an experiment in socialism, Jones replied: "My father was the fascist. Jonestown was and still could be beautiful."



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Ryan Sensed Cultists Would Attack

GEORGETOWN, Guyana—When the dump truck and tractor from Jonestown suddenly appeared on the side of the small landing strip in Port Kaituma Saturday about 4:15 p.m., the 16 disaffected members of the Peoples Temple who had decided to leave with Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) said there was going to be trouble.

We had arrived at the airstrip only a few minutes before and were in the process of deciding who was going to go on the two planes that were there and who would stay behind because of a lack of space.

I remember several newsmen, including myself, saying that the Jonestown people in our group were crazy, just like the ones we had left behind. Nothing was going to happen. The dump truck and tractor were at the other end of the runway, too far to cause any problems.

Yet, there was a certain urgency as Jackie Speier, the congressman's assistant, and the congressman himself became more anxious to get everyone who was going to go boarded. They clearly sensed, as I did not, that the situation had become explosive.

Suddenly, three of the men from the Jonestown tractor started across the runway toward those who were attempting to board the two airplanes. The men did not appear to be armed, and I remember thinking that maybe they would try to stop some people from leaving. Maybe there would be a fistfight, but that would have little to do with me. I knew they had no desire to keep any newsmen at Jonestown.

But then the tractor started across the runway toward us. I remember seeing the three men pushing a group of Guyanese people who had gathered away from the aircraft. Then the shooting suddenly began.

It was coming from the side of the aircraft where I was standing. I didn't bother to look. I ran from the door of the plane around to the other side. I dove behind the plane's wheel, on top of someone who was already there, thinking that the wheel might protect me from the shots being fired on the other side of the plane.

Bodies kept rolling over me as the

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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Date: 11/20/78  
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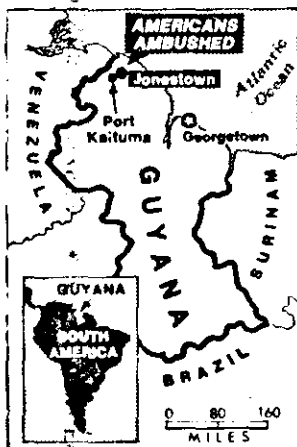
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shooting intensified. The shots were louder now. And closer. I could feel dirt spraying over me, but I didn't hear anyone screaming or moaning. Just the pop, pop, pop of the bullets.

I lay there, still, hoping they would think I was dead. I sensed that the shots were being fired from the side and then behind where I was lying. I knew then I was in the wrong place, because they had come around to my side of the plane. Suddenly, my left hip burned, I felt a part of my tooth chip and I knew I had been hit.

I remember thinking, This is crazy. It couldn't be. I was going to die in the middle of the jungle of Guyana, so far away from my family and my friends. I also remember thinking that they were so close now it was just a matter of time before the big bullet would finally come smashing into me.

I was helpless. I thought that I wanted to be home, that I wanted to see my family and friends again at Thanksgiving. I was waiting to die, and as the seconds went by, I became resigned. OK, I was ready. Let's just have it.



She said she was badly hurt and she asked if her boss, Rep. Ryan, was OK. I said I didn't know.

The plane was disabled. The tire opposite the one I hid behind had been punctured by a bullet. One engine, too, had been damaged.

After a few seconds it became apparent that the plane could not take off. Someone ordered us out.

Most of those aboard were people who had defected from Jonestown that day. About six of them ran for the jungle.

I saw Richard Dwyer, the deputy chief of mission at the U.S. Embassy, Bob Flick, an NBC field producer, and Neville Annibourne, the Guyanese information officer who was serving as the government liaison, standing near the plane and decided to join them.

Then I looked back at the plane. Bodies were scattered under and around it. Less than two feet from where I had lain was Ryan's body. Two feet on the other side of the wheel was the body of Don Harris, an NBC correspondent.

Under the plane was the body of Greg Robins, a San Francisco Examiner photographer. A woman, who I was later to learn was Patricia Parks, a temple member, was lying dead near the plane door.

At the back of the plane was the body of Bob Brown, an NBC cameraman. Near him was Steve Sung, another NBC



**WOUNDED**—Charles Krause reports attack.

AP Wirephoto

technician, very badly wounded. Nearby was Tony Katsaris, whose sister, Maria, was one of those in the hierarchy at Jonestown. He, too, was badly wounded. Dwyer, who was shot in the thigh, took charge. He was tireless, firm and brave. Without him, we would still be in Port Kaituma.

We moved the badly wounded into the brush at the side of the runway. There were rumors, told to us by townspeople, that the Jonestown gunmen were coming back to finish us off. Whenever we heard a motor on the road at the far

end of the runway, the Guyanese would all run away. We would run into the brush.

One nightmare was over, but another had begun. The Guyanese were not sure who was responsible for the massacre. We were under suspicion. Dwyer got the local police to set up a roadblock and to radio for help. But we were never sure that the roadblock was permanent, nor were we absolutely sure that word had been relayed to Georgetown.

We were repeatedly told that the Guyanese army was coming soon to evacuate us. We waited for a plane to land. We waited for help—all the while fearing another attack from Jonestown.

We moved the wounded to a small army tent at the end of the runway, manned by four armed soldiers who had done nothing to stop the massacre nor the Jonestown people from getting away. But there was nowhere else, as the evening turned into a moonless night, to put the four people who couldn't walk.

Dwyer and Flick stayed with the wounded throughout the night. I was more or less in charge of the others, who spent the night in the Rum House, a small bar not far from the airstrip.

It was guarded by a man with a gun and another with a knife. In fact, we were quite helpless. Had the Jonestown people returned with their automatic weapons, we would have had no chance.

The disaffected members of the Peoples Temple who were in the Rum House told us their stories of horror about the "concentration camp" they had lived in. They also told us they had no doubt the gunmen would return.

Every time we heard a truck or a strange noise, we hid as best as we could.

Every now and then, someone would come to tell us the army was on its way. Finally, about 6 a.m. Sunday, 13 hours after the massacre, the first army units arrived.

The terror was almost over. I went with Dwyer, who had come to see if we were all right, to the tent where the wounded had spent the night. It was a sad, awful sight. Bugs were running over the bodies of the three men and one woman who had spent the night on the earthen floor of the army tent. But at least no one had died.

I kept thinking that if the bullet that had grazed my hip had been an inch or two to the right, I would be in the tent with the badly wounded. Or I would be dead.

What had started out as a zany story about a congressman wanting to investigate a freaky religious commune in Guyana was no longer zany.

Someone would say that Leo Ryan was right. He knew something was terribly wrong at Jonestown. He sensed—even if he might be ridiculed for making the trip—that we should come and try to unmask the horror.

We were along for the ride.

When I flew out of Port Kaituma Sunday afternoon, I took one last look as the rescue plane headed down the runway for takeoff to Georgetown. Ryan's body was right where it was when he died. So were the bodies of the four others, exactly where they had been after the gunmen opened fire.

RON JAVERS

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He Deprived Followers to Keep Them Dependent

# Jones Gathered Chrome Buckets Full of Money

By Marshall Kilduff and Ron Javers

© 1978 San Francisco Chronicle

For an Indiana pastor who once peddled monkeys door to door in a slum, the riches that poured in during Jim Jones' stay in California were staggering. It became a problem merely to dispose of the wealth.

Mike Touchette, one of the money managers during the early 1970s, described how weekend bus trips from

### Fourth of a Series

Redwood Valley sometimes netted \$25,000 at a branch temple in Los Angeles and up to \$12,000 in San Francisco.

"Within an hour and a half, we'd get a few thousand dollars," she related. "We'd be counting as fast as we could. Jones would demand a total before we finished, so (a high-ranking member) would write the total as of that moment, maybe \$1,200. Jones would then say we'd only collected \$400 to \$500 from that group and that was not enough. They passed the bucket two or three times."

TOUCHETTE AND another ex-member, Jackie Swinney, recalled taking the chrome buckets of change and bills into a sorting room guarded by Jones' bodyguards during services. In the pails would be rings and jewelry, too.

From \$10 million to \$15 million may have poured into church coffers by mid-1977, according to attorney Tim Stoen, the former top temple adviser who left the group in 1977. About \$5 million was deposited in banks in Panama, Stoen said. "There was \$1 million of that I had in my name at one time in an account of the Bank of Nova Scotia in San Francisco."

The pattern through all the church's financial dealings with its members became clear. Jones deprived members of money and personal possessions that might tempt weak believers to leave.

Members who lived in church communes cashed their pay checks, turned the money over to the church and received a \$2 weekly allowance. Neva Sly, a church member for nine years, said she gave the church her

- The Washington Post \_\_\_\_\_
- Washington Star-News A-10
- Daily News (New York) \_\_\_\_\_
- The New York Times \_\_\_\_\_
- The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_
- The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_
- The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

Date DEC 6 1978

\$1,200-a-month salary from a local radio station and, in exchange, received an allowance, meals, a room and a discount bus ticket.

"If I had to take someone to lunch, I would have to requisition it a week before. If I needed clothing, I had to provide an itemized statement of exactly what I needed and how much it cost."

**EVEN THE VERY** poor were told to give contributions. A 52-year-old woman on welfare, Laura Cornelious, gave her \$200 family watch and some clothing and made quilts and bedspreads that the church sold.

Sandy Rozynko, 18, described another way that Jones swelled the church's coffers. "They'd take a busload of kids every weekend into San Francisco and leave them on various street corners with donation cans. I made at least \$32 in four hours."

"The temple ended up with everything I had," said Jeannie Mills, a member along with her husband and family from 1970 to 1975.

"That's what made it so hard for us to leave. We had nowhere to go and nothing to fall back on," she said.

"It (the money) became almost a joke with Jim," Grace Stoen said. In addition to her duties as head counselor, she was one of the church's notaries and witnessed scores of legal documents.

"We used to wonder what to do with it all. But we never spent it on much," she said.

The money piled up through a bewildering series of methods. A member — usually a lower-income black — would be approached within a month of joining and asked to contribute a quarter of his income. This slice was raised to a third and then up to 40 percent for some, former members said.

**AN INVITED GUEST** or a prospective member would never see a donation bucket or return-addressed contribution envelope. Such an approach came later when the member's trust in Jones was strong enough to make money only a minor matter.

"When we first joined it was all so wonderful," said ex-member Jackie Swinney. "There was nothing but kind words, lots of attention and Jim the humanitarian," she said.

"Then it went from 5 to 10 to 25 percent of my husband's salary," she said.

Swinney herself was promoted within the church to the job of handling finances for the church's "communes," a word Jones favored to disguise the fact that the facilities were really rooming houses for members.

The communes in the Redwood Valley and San Francisco areas brought the church a lot of money. By asking a member to buddy up with a half-dozen others and then charging rent for this arrangement, "we were clearing \$8,000 to \$10,000 per month when we were just in Redwood Valley," Swinney said.

By the mid-'70s, the church had at least 12 communes, many "th up ward of a dozen people e. . . scattered through the Fillmore district in San Francisco.

**TIM STOEN** remembered coaching Jones on farming out his wealth. "I told him to move the money around. It was stacking up and was going to cause big trouble," he said.

The worry over government inquiry into his tax affairs became a central problem for Jones, members said. This was not so much because of a possible loss of the tax exemption that Jones' church enjoyed, but because of the threat that such an investigation could lead to a wider search.

Another pot of gold for the church was its private printing press, an enterprise in which Jones took particular pride and interest. Jones ordered Jeannie and Al Mills, the couple responsible for temple publications, to study the mailings of other hard-sell preachers in the country.

The couple composed new layouts

and color combinations almost every month as Jones stole ideas from one rival preacher or another.

Jones had Mills follow him everywhere, photographing him from every angle until the most flattering poses were found. The result of all this media-conscious homework was the satisfaction of being the best-looking miracle worker on paper — to Jones' mind. But for the Mills, the results showed in other ways.

**"AS A RESULT** of these mailings we averaged about \$800 per day (in the early 1970s), and that is a very conservative figure," she said.

The publications effort spilled into another church sideline. Photographs of Jones, encased in plastic envelopes, were peddled to members who believed the image of Father was a talisman to ward off burglars, illness and traffic accidents.

Birdie Marable sold nine different kinds of Jones pictures from a tray she carried like a nightclub cigarette girl during weekend services. "I made \$80 to \$100 a meeting" she said.

Then there were the property transfers.

Between 1967 and 1977, the church or its officials were involved in 32 recorded real estate transactions. Ten of these were gifts of property to the church by temple members. In San Francisco last year the church sold two pieces of property: a three-unit apartment for \$127,000 on June 21 and a pair of flats for \$42,500 on May 12.

In addition there were sales in which temple officials used the power of attorney signed over by other members. For example, a rest home owned by James and Irene Edwards was sold July 1, 1977, for \$90,000. The Edwards had left San Francisco in early 1977 for Guyana.

**BUT THE AVERAGE** temple member was never in a position to offer the church wealth. The vast majority were people like Jesse Boyd, a black elderly widow who lived alone in a one-room studio apartment run by the San Francisco Housing Authority in the Tenderloin ghetto.

She paid a quarter of her monthly income of \$403 in rent and, until she left in February of this year, another quarter to the church.

In her six and a half years as a Temple member, she signed over to the church checks totaling more than \$3,900.

With all these revelations, with all the witnesses testifying to fraud, indignity and punishment, the world outside the temple rarely noticed and certainly never cried out.

Occasionally, in California newspapers, a disaffected temple member would speak out about the abuses being perpetrated by Jones, but few in the media ever saw any pattern or reason to force a public inquiry.

It wasn't until July 1977 — after Jones had abandoned San Francisco to his temple subordinates to lead his cult at its jungle outpost in Jonestown — that District Attorney Joseph Freitas of San Francisco opened an official investigation.

But Freitas did not announce that inquiry, nor did he disclose its negative results until after the Jonestown massacre. Only then did he feel impelled to release the report — in order to counter political charges that he had never probed the temple.

**IN FACT,** Freitas had assigned five investigators from his special prosecutions team to examine all the charges then current against Jones and the temple leadership.

The confidential report noted that charges had been raised of homicide, child abduction, extortion, arson, battery, illegal drug use, diversion of welfare funds and kidnapping.

But the investigators insisted, after taking testimony from 70 witnesses, that they could not confirm a single charge nor develop enough evidence to sustain a single prosecution.

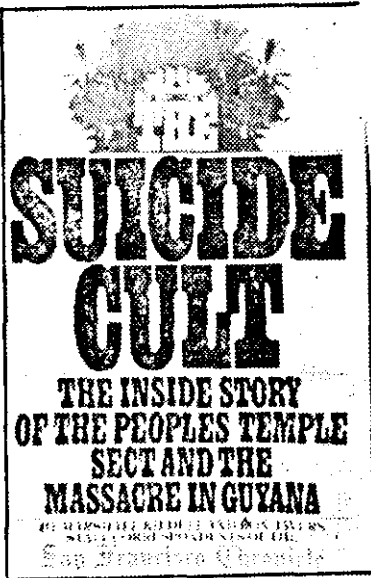
(Tomorrow: temple's fateful exodus to Guyana.)

# Jim Jones' Obsessions Grew - - Sex, Health, Drugs, Guns

By Marshall Kilduff and Ron Javers  
© 1978 San Francisco Chronicle

In September 1972, Jim Jones bought an auditorium in San Francisco for \$122,500. Jones' future continued to expand and with it the size and wealth of his congregation. He opened another church in Los Angeles, buying an old synagogue.

Jones began publishing a six-to eight-page newspaper called the Peoples Forum,



claiming a circulation in excess of 300,000. Actually, production was closer to 60,000 papers.

The temple bought broadcast time from 11 to 11:30 a.m. every Saturday on KFAZ, a religious radio station. Topics that Jones discussed with his aides included South Africa, the arms race and the causes of crime.

About this time Jones had his first involvement with Guyana. Operation Bread Basket was designed to help clothe and feed the poor in the former British colony in South America. Jones embarked on a quick tour of the jungle and came back with stories of starving children and homeless families.

"For \$2,000," he said, "you can buy a home for 13 people. For \$200 you can buy an acre of jungle land. And for \$20 you can buy five rakes."

JONES BEGAN sending his followers in large groups to political gatherings. More and more state leaders began arriving at the temple's Sunday service. Gov. Jerry Brown spoke to several thousand, and a half dozen lesser state officials made a point of asking for a chance to speak at the temple if their campaigns needed a lift.

On Sept. 25, 1976, Jones found time to throw a testimonial party for himself, a glittering affair at the San Francisco temple. The guests included Lt. Gov. Mervyn Dymally, Congressmen John and Phil Burton, Assemblyman Willie Brown and Mayor George Moscone — liberal Democrats all.

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- Washington Star-News A-7
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- The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_
- The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_
- The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

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When it came time for President Carter's inauguration, Jones sent seven busloads of members to Washington while he and his aides flew ahead for the special rally. Jones had been invited by a grateful Rosalynn Carter, whose staff remembered the happy, photogenic crowd Jones provided several months earlier.

The first signs of serious problems for Peoples Temple in its San Francisco stronghold began to appear in early 1977.

Reporters were beginning to press for interviews with Jones, asking for more details about the man behind the dark glasses who never took a step without his entourage and bodyguards. There was talk that the church had amassed a fortune by squeezing its followers into turning over huge sums of money.

Then the first group of former members stepped timidly forward.

JONES, THE GOOD and kindly humanitarian who had won over these former members at the start, was a complete fraud, a charming manipulator, a cynical politician and a false puritan whose public piety and private life were worlds apart, they asserted.

It all sounded so crazy that few reporters could absorb all the details, and it took weeks for most of these first listeners to sort out their impressions:

Jones was obsessively vain. His aides dyed his hair. One of his bodyguards carried a suitcase containing a hair dryer and a make-up kit.

When the Father, as Jones came to be called, traveled with his congregation, he rode with his immediate staff in a special bus. Its air conditioner was kept in good repair, while those on the rest of the fleet — in which other temple members rode — were left out of order to save money.

Jones had a rear compartment custom-built for himself, complete with bathroom, bed, clothes closet, refrigerator and vault for carrying church donations. His bus quarters also were made bullet-proof.

Then there was the toilet paper and shampoo crisis when the temple ran short.

"JONES GOT ON the microphone in his room which was connected to speakers throughout the temple and told people, 'I don't have any toilet paper or shampoo. I make do. So can you.' But in his room, he had a whole array of shampoo and it was the very best, most expensive kinds, and he had rolls and rolls of toilet paper," former member Mike Cartmell said.

Another former member, Deborah Blakey, said

Jones came up and asked me to go. "People were assigned to go out and steal toilet paper from gas stations," she said.

Family ties within the church were always kept under Jones' direct control. He ordered marriages ended and arranged new ones. Many of his marathon six-hour sermons dwelled on sex, and he even directed members to discontinue sexual relations. Frequently Jones proclaimed himself the only person permitted to have sex. He often complained he was exhausted from proving his prowess among the church women he claimed would not leave him alone.

Jones did not stop with temple women. One male ex-member recalled how, at 17, he began a relationship with Jones that carried on sporadically from 1968 to 1973.

Gerald Parks, Jeannie Mills, Mike Cartmell and Deborah Layton Blakey — four former temple members — said Jones would rave for hours about his sexual adventures. Men and women would be forced to strip off their clothes at the public meetings.

"EVERYONE HAD TO say they were a homosexual or a lesbian," Cartmell said. "Jones realized the power of sex in destroying stable family relationships. In some cults you have communal living. In Peoples Temple, Jones, like Father Divine, made himself the only legitimate object of sexual desire."

Jones also was obsessed with his health — or lack of it.

Inside the small black briefcase that a bodyguard carried were a collection of "vitamin pills." Ex-members said Jones constantly popped pills for every reason — to wake up, to stay alert, to go to sleep, to lighten a mood, to ease a headache.

"Jim was always complaining about his health and how many illnesses he had," one ex-member said.

Jones was totally obsessed with diet, Jeannie Mills recalls. "We'd squeeze into the room and couldn't even go to the bathroom while Jones sat in an overstuffed chair eating fruits and bits of steak because he said he had low blood sugar and had to have proteins to keep his strength.

"Jim used to say, 'How can you complain about something when I'm in such pain. Look what Father is doing for you.'"

The church had its own staff of nurses and a doctor. It was an easy matter for Jones to acquire nearly any drug he wanted.



**THE DARK GLASSES** he always wore covered up his eyes, which showed the effect of his drug dependence. His moods would shift abruptly from warm embraces to fist-shaking rages, which aides also attributed to his constant use of pills and stimulants.

It was in Redwood Valley that Jones turned to displays of weapons. His aides swaggered around the church parking lot in uniforms and talked of death threats and bombs discovered beneath the wheels of Jones' private bus.

The guns were always described — to members and outsiders alike — as a precaution reluctantly agreed to by Jones. But Jones had taken the extra step of ordering his bodyguards and inner circle to obtain concealed weapons permits.

Wayne Pietila, an ex-member, said Jones had even ordered that a supply be hidden away in caves near the Redwood Valley temple. He kept a .38-caliber handgun within reach on the podium.

Pietila had a stocky body and bore a facial resemblance to Jones. On a 1974 summertime swing through Texas, Jones ordered Pietila made up in minister's robes and dark glasses and his hair dyed black — in effect a counterfeit Jones.

The idea was for Pietila to enter a church, surrounded by Jones' familiar entourage. That way, Jones said, the assassins who were waiting would

fire first at Pietila. The temple guards could then spot the gunmen and capture them.

"What if I'm shot?" the worried Pietila wanted to know. "Don't worry, I appreciate your dedication," Jones replied.

**AT THE TOP OF** the church empire was, of course, Jones, whose rule was unquestioned.

Surrounding him were perhaps a dozen to 20 inner-circle advisers, a majority of them white women. Beneath this second level was a third, the Planning Commission, composed of some 100 church principals. Within this last group was an elite circle of about a dozen "secretaries" and "counselors." Though the church was 70 to 80 percent black, probably two-thirds of the upper-echelon leaders were white.

"P.C." meetings were the heart of temple business and strategy sessions. By the early 1970s, these sessions lengthened into all-night marathons.

The subject of such meetings could be almost anything. Typical topics were: how to handle a troublesome press reporter; what to do about supplies for the Guyana mission; or how many people can go on next weekend's trip to Los Angeles.

It was in San Francisco that Jones let his Planning Commission members take part in one of his dares. He gave each of the members a glass of wine and told them to drink it all down, even though liquor was forbidden.

After they had complied, Jones told them it was poison and they would all be dead in 45 minutes. But after the time ran out, Jones told them not to worry, that he was only testing their faith. "I hate that I had to do it," he told his relieved followers.

**BEATINGS WERE** A popular form of punishment. When a member was called up for physical discipline, Jones always presided over the sessions, though he rarely participated in the beating.

Children were paddled with a flat board called the "board of education." Former member Mike Cartmell said one youngster screamed until he dropped unconscious. A young girl, Linda Mertle, 16, was lashed "until her butt looked like hamburger," her father, Al Mills, said. He and his wife Jeannie changed their names two years ago from Elmer and Deanna Mertle to cut any legal connection with their past lives in the temple.

Jones would stand to the side of the beatings conducted on stage, sometimes calling out the strokes of the paddle. At the end of the beating the victim would hobble over to Jones and mumble, "Thank you, Father" into a microphone that Jones held out.

There also was talk of the "blue-eyed demon," a device that no one was allowed to see. It was used mainly on younger children who had misbehaved.

Jones would stop Planning Commission meetings to call out the names of children scheduled for punishment and lead them off stage at the San Francisco temple while everyone at the full meeting waited.

**JONES TOOK THE** kids to the church infirmary where he ordered temple nurses to use either an electric cattle prod or heart defibrillator to send an electric shock through a child's body.

When the sobbing, sniffing youngsters returned they were usually repeating over and over, "Thank you, Father, thank you, Father," a woman member recalled.

Adults faced other tests. Sheets of paper stating that the undersigned Peoples Temple member had conspired against the U.S. government, taken part in a railroad yard bombing or molested their children were circulated. Members were asked to sign these farfetched statements about themselves. It was a test of their love.

Assoc. Dir. \_\_\_\_\_  
 AD Adm. \_\_\_\_\_  
 AD Inv. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dir. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Servs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Inv. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Laboratory \_\_\_\_\_  
 Legal Coun. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Plan. & Insp. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sec. Mgnt. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Tech. Servs. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Training \_\_\_\_\_  
 Public Affs. Off. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Telephone Rm. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Director's Sec'y \_\_\_\_\_

## The Beginning of Horror Story in Guyana

# A Look Inside the Peoples Temple

By Marshall Kilduff  
 and Ron Javers  
 © 1978 San Francisco Chronicle

Peoples Temple, San Francisco, January 1977 — Up a flight of steps is a black iron grille gate. A young male guard stands inside the gate before a second door, made of wood and fitted with a lock, peephole and burglar alarm wires.

Once inside, the visitor receives a courteous welcome from Temple members.

We're glad you let us arrange this visit for you, they say.

The locks, the gates, the guards are all sort of an annoyance, the staff members add. You see, Jim gets these threats, you should see the letters we get from Nazis, and we've had arson fires. The stuff we do, Jim's kind of stands on issues, bring out the dangerous people, they say.

The front hall is fitted with imitation leopard-skin sofas, smoked mirrors, potted palms and spotless white plaster walls. Glass cases hold a jumble of political trophies — from the San Francisco County Board of Supervisors, the state legislature, the NAACP.

A QUICK TOUR sets off, and the Temple seems a bustling showplace of self-help and charity. A laundry and child-care area are down one hall. Off the auditorium stage is an audio-visual room where the Temple radio show is taped each week. There is a medical treatment room, a ham radio station used to reach the South American mission in a village called Jonestown, an accounting office, print shop, carpentry area, law offices and several wings in the upper

floors for counseling and temporary living quarters.

Jones, his wife Marceline and their children — seven adopted, one natural — stay somewhere in the top floors of the Temple, but aides, again citing threats and arson attacks, skirt the area on the tour.

The tour leaders show off various beneficiaries of the Temple's good deeds: a teen-ager sleeping off a heroin overdose, an elderly woman whose illness has been cured, a man with a bad knee getting special therapy.

THE TOUR ENDS in time for a visitor to attend Sunday service. The

San Francisco Chronicle reporter Marshall Kilduff was one of the first reporters to sound the alarm that all was not as it seemed with the Peoples Temple and with its leader, the Rev. Jim Jones. That was two and a half years ago. When the Peoples Temple story began to heat up again this year, Ron Javers, one of Kilduff's colleagues at the Chronicle, was assigned to accompany Rep. Leo J. Ryan on his ill-fated investigative mission to the Temple's outpost in Guyana. As it turned out, Javers became not only a witness to but a victim of the attack that killed Ryan and four others. In their book, "The Suicide Cult," the two newspapermen have combined to give a uniquely informed account of the Peoples Temple and Jim Jones. The book will be excerpted in daily installments in The Washington Star.

main hall and balcony are jammed with 1,500 to 2,000 people for the occasion. Three-quarters of the people are elderly blacks, but the balcony is full of kids. The visitor is given a seat in front with Jones aides sitting on either side and behind.

The show snaps open with the Soulsteppers, a half-dozen teen-age dancers. "Two of them used to be in a gang in Los Angeles before they came to the Temple," one Jones follower says.

Next, a singing group. Their lyrics: "People get ready / The buses are coming / Don't need no tickets / You can thank Jim Jones."

The lead singer used to be a drug addict, another Temple member whispers.

Then Jones takes over. He is middle-aged, of average height, with a spare-tire belly but a handsome, square-jawed face. He is wearing tinted glasses and his glossy black hair is perfectly combed.

Jones begins his sermon, a loose format of questions and answers. Aides run up and down the aisles bringing a microphone to those waiting to speak.

A MAN ASKS: "What kind of a man was Jesus?"

"He threw the money-changers out of the Temple."

"What does God mean to you?"

"Concern for everyone."

Then the final question. An elderly white man asks about "the selectivity of the healing process."

"What is your particular problem, sir?" Jones inquires. A bad back, been bothering him for years, the man says.

Jones begins to talk about psychosomatic illness, the need to believe, and then points to a woman in the front row.

"Every gland in her body was filled with cancer. The doctors gave her no hope. But look at her now." The woman, a sixtyish Caucasian, stands up, lifts her arms out and dances a short hopping jig in circles.

Several more older people raise their hand when Jones points to them. He describes their ailments and how each recovered miraculously. Cancer, arthritis, crippling injuries from automobile accidents had all vanished, Jones says.

The Washington Post \_\_\_\_\_  
 Washington Star-News A-1  
 Daily News (New York) \_\_\_\_\_  
 The New York Times \_\_\_\_\_  
 The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_  
 The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_  
 The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

Date DEC 3 1978

47

FINALLY, with the audience bobbing their heads, shifting in the chairs, Jones dispatches the first woman to the back of the room where the man with the back problem stands.

"Give him a hug, show him that divine love," Jone shouts.

She dashes up the aisle and wraps her arms around the stranger. The two dance for a moment while 1,500 people watch and murmur. The old man suddenly throws up his arms. "It's gone! The pain is gone! Thank you, Jim! I'm all well!"

— Marshall Kilduff

There was no way of telling what was going on at Jonestown. Long before we arrived, we had heard stories of planned mass suicides if Jones ever came up against a problem he couldn't handle.

The stories no longer seemed so unreal.

— Ron Javers

Tomorrow: Jim Jones' early years, education and ministry.

PORT KAITUMA, Guyana — It happened so fast.

We were standing at the edge of the grass-covered runway of the jungle airport at Port Kaituma, waiting to board our little plane. I saw the guns. There was a shot and a bullet seared into my left shoulder. I fell.

Three men advanced on us.

I could see that Don Harris of NBC was hit. Bob Brown, the NBC cameraman, stayed on his feet and kept filming even as the gunmen advanced. Calmly, dispassionately, brutally, they blew the heads off their targets. Don Harris was killed. Bob Brown's brain was splattered all over his blue NBC minicam. I didn't see what happened to Congressman Leo Ryan.

I jumped up and ran as fast as I've ever run in my life across the airstrip and into the jungle. I remember thinking to zigzag so I wouldn't be an easy target in the short grass. But I also remember thinking, no, it will slow you down. Run straight. I dived into the jungle, tearing scratches into my hands and arms, knocking my glasses off my face and my camera from my neck. I was sure the men would follow me.

I MADE MY WAY 50 yards into the undergrowth. Then I stopped. I was in swamp up to my waist. It's time to take inventory, I told myself.

Very purposefully, I took my handkerchief out of my pocket and wadded it against my upper left shoulder where I'd been hit. My khaki-colored shirt was already drenched in blood.

I tied my shoes, which had come loose in the thick mud.

Somehow I collected my wits. Night would fall in an hour, and I would never get out if I went deeper into the swamp. I decide to travel parallel to the airport runway so that I would have some notion of where I was. I moved through the swamp until I was about 300 yards from where we were attacked.

I worked my way into the tall grass at the edge of the runway and peered through the grass at the plane.

Congressman Ryan was lying in the mud in front of the right wheel of the aircraft. His face had been shot off.

DON HARRIS lay alongside the middle of the plane.

Bob Brown's body was at the tail.

Patricia Parks, the daughter of a woman who had defied Jones and insisted on leaving, was lying at the foot of the plane's stairs.

Greg Robinson, the young San Francisco Examiner photographer in our party, was at the left wheel, his body crumpled almost in half.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Reporter's Exclusive Story

# I Was in the Airport Ambush

## How Rep. Ryan, 4 Others Died

Chronicle reporter Ron Javers was a survivor of the Jonestown attack that killed Congressman Leo J. Ryan and four others. He gave this account from Puerto Rico during a refueling of the U.S. military hospital plane carrying Javers and other wounded to Andrews Air Force Base outside Washington.

*By Ron Javers*  
Chronicle Correspondent  
Copyright 1978, Chronicle Publishing Co.

Jonestown is every evil thing that everybody thought — and worse.

We knew that before the shooting started.

All of us who had gone into the People's Temple colony in Jonestown on Friday with Congressman Leo J. Ryan felt lucky to be out of there alive.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

1 S.F. Chronicle  
San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78  
Edition: Home

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

Ryan seemed especially lucky. He had been attacked just before we left the jungle settlement, and his shirt was stained by his attacker's blood.

Now, at 4:20 p.m. Saturday we could see two airplanes waiting for us on the nearby airstrip, and the ordeal seemed nearly over.

One plane was the twin-engine craft that had brought us to Port Kaituma, seven miles outside Jonestown, on Friday, and was ready to take us back. A small, single-engine plane was for refugees from the colony.

I was standing between Bob Brown and Don Harris, the two NBC men who were to be killed moments later by gunmen charging out of a nearby tractor-and-trailer parked on the edge of the airstrip.

The NBC crew and I became close friends in the course of our stay.

The firing erupted from guns close by. I was hit first. I was knocked to the ground by a slug in the left shoulder, apparently from a .38-caliber weapon.

I crawled behind the right wheel of the plane.

Bob Brown stayed on his feet and kept filming what was happening even as the attackers advanced on him with their guns.

He was incredibly tenacious.

While I was trying to decide whether to stay where I was or risk the 100-yard dash across the close-cropped grass field to the jungle, I saw Brown go down.

Then I saw one of the attackers stick a shotgun right into Brown's face — inches away, if that.

Bob's brain was blown out of his head. It spattered the blue NBC minicam.

I'll never forget that sight as long as I live.

I ran, and then I dived head-first into the brush.

I got up and scrambled as far into the swamp as I could. I was about 150 yards from the airstrip and up to my waist in water.

I pushed through the rain forest, walking parallel to the runway, trying to figure out what had happened.

I couldn't see much. I had lost both pairs of glasses had with me.

But there was silence. Apparently the party of attackers, which must have included four, five or six men with guns, had fled.

I was far down the field by the time I returned to the airstrip.

And then, like the other survivors, I returned to the crippled plane.

Leo Ryan was on his back in a blue cord suit, lying in the mud in front of the right wheel of the aircraft.

His face had been shot off.

Don Harris lay alongside the middle of the plane.

Brown was at the tail of the 18-passenger Otter.

Patricia Parks, one of the people who had asked us to help her escape from Jonestown, was lying at the foot of the plane's stairs.

Greg Robinson, the San Francisco Examiner photographer at the scene, was at the left wheel, his body crumpled almost in half.

There were four Guyanese soldiers at the far end of the field.

They told us they hadn't been able to shoot at the attackers during the assault because they were afraid they would kill still more people.

The only policeman at the field, carrying a single-shell shotgun, had been disarmed the moment the men from the People's Temple began firing from their truck and trailer while we were getting ready to board the two planes — our own craft and the smaller one that was set to carry away the fugitives from Jonestown.

As nearly as we could tell, about half the attackers were white and half were black.

Those of us who had survived were still terrified.

We took our most seriously wounded to the soldiers' tent, and then we retired into Port Kaituma, the settlement next to the airstrip, and went into a small cafe called a rum house.

The local Guyanese knew they were risking their own safety by letting us stay.

But they were extremely kind to us.

We stood watches during the stormy night — taking turns standing guard in pairs outside the police hut where our wounded were lying.

The heavy tropical storm made movement difficult — not only for us but for those who had chosen us as their quarry.

The rain may have saved our lives.

Every time we heard a noise, especially whenever we heard a truck along the Port Kaituma road, we thought we would be attacked again.

Of course none of us had any weapons.

And time moved slowly.

When we first reached Jonestown on Friday night, the atmosphere was lively and cordial. We found ourselves getting a real Cook's tour from the People's Temple inhabitants, with everything arranged for us. There was great rock music from the Jonestown band and entertainment during dinner.

And while we tried, vainly at first, to get away from the organized fun, we were told how happy everyone was.

But before we left for an evening drive through foot-deep mud to Port Kaituma, a young man slipped Don Harris of NBC a message written on a child's slate saying, "Please help me get out of Jonestown."

It had four signatures.

Back in Port Kaituma, where the entire group of us spent Friday night in a tin-roofed disco — a small beer parlor with a phonograph and a few records — local Guyanese began telling us horror stories.

They told us about one man who had escaped from the colony last summer, only to be captured by guards from Jonestown and then beaten.

When we returned the following morning to Jonestown, we were not surprised to see Jim Jones' carefully stage-managed production start to crack.

Edith Parker, one of the 1100 in Jonestown, approached Congressman Ryan and said she wanted to leave with him.

The list grew.

About an hour before it was time for us to leave Jonestown, nine people said they wanted to go.

Then 12.

Finally about 20 got up their courage to defy Jones.

There were too many of us for one truckload. The reporters and cameramen were told we would go out in the first batch, but Congressman Ryan would wait to leave in the second.

We were relieved to be going.

Jones had struck us as a madman. We watched him as he kept taking pills until he seemed dazed by them.

He listed a whole catalogue of diseases he said were afflicting him, starting with cancer.

But he did agree that the 20 people who wanted to go could leave with us. He even said he thought they might be "better off" somewhere else if they no longer wanted to stay in Jonestown.

Suddenly there was a commotion in the central building that serves as the colony's meeting place — a large structure with tin roof and packed dirt floor.

A cheer rang through the crowd.

Then a young white man made a direct lunge at Ryan with a knife.

The blade was at Ryan's throat when Mark Lane and Charles Garry, Jones' lawyers and longtime supporters, grabbed the weapon.

The attacker was cut before he could be disarmed, and Ryan's shirt was drenched with the attacker's blood.

Ryan ran to the truck at that point, and we lumbered off through the mud to the airstrip.

Shaken by his narrow escape, Ryan told us as we reached the air strip, "I wouldn't be alive if it was not for Mark Lane."

Ryan lived only a few minutes longer.

★ ★ ★

After the attack at the airstrip, there was no chance for a rescue plane until morning.

We spent the night listening to the stories the 12 former residents of Jonestown had to tell.

They corroborated every evil story about the place that we had heard.

They told us how Jim Jones had led the entire colony into making a maniacal suicide pact with him.

They talked about stores of weapons in the so-called peaceful jungle mission.

And whenever there was a crisis, they recalled, Jones had assembled the whole colony into a huge, circular assembly and mesmerized them into agreement.

We understood then why there had been an ominous cheer from the People's Temple residents back at Jonestown before the young knife-wielder charged at Ryan.

Daybreak (which we never expected to see) finally came.

At 8:30 a.m. the first batch of Guyanese troops arrived at Port Kaituma.

They had flown to a landing field at Mathews ridge, about 30 miles away, and were transported by truck about halfway from the ridge to where we were waiting.

Then, to insure themselves against being ambushed in exposed vehicles, they completed their march on foot.

Still more troops arrived.

There were enough at last to secure the perimeter of the Port Kaituma airstrip. It was still fairly early in the morning.

While 80 soldiers marched to Jonestown to make sure no more marauders could sweep out from the deadly settlement, rescue flights arrived to take out the survivors.

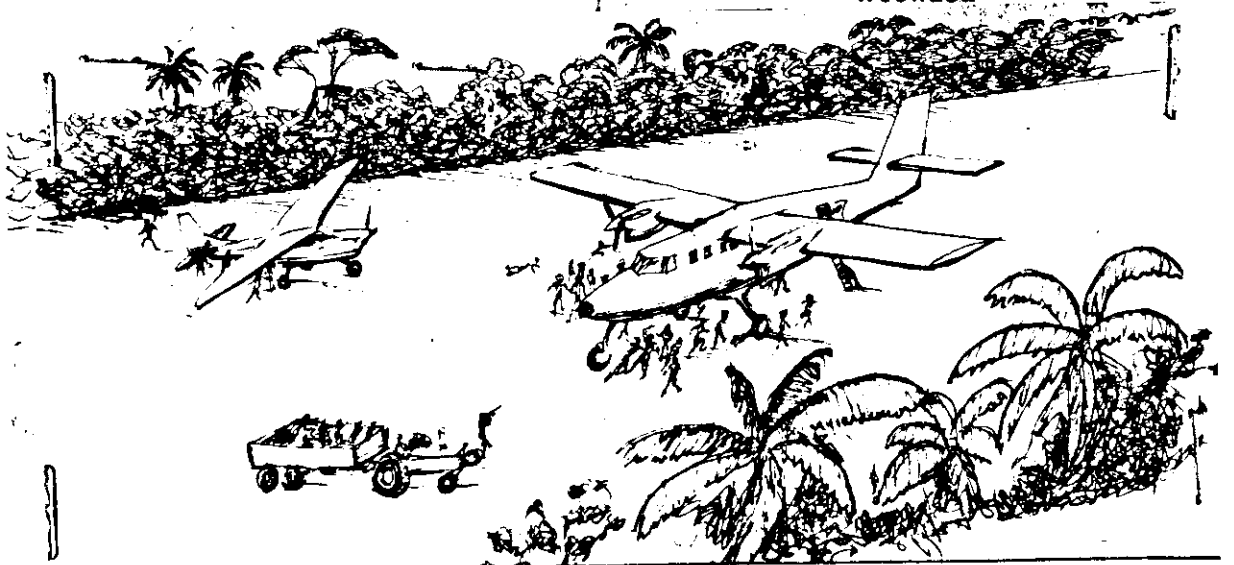
Soon we were in Georgetown and aboard an American C-141 Hercules hospital plane on our way home.

Five in our group were critically or severely wounded.

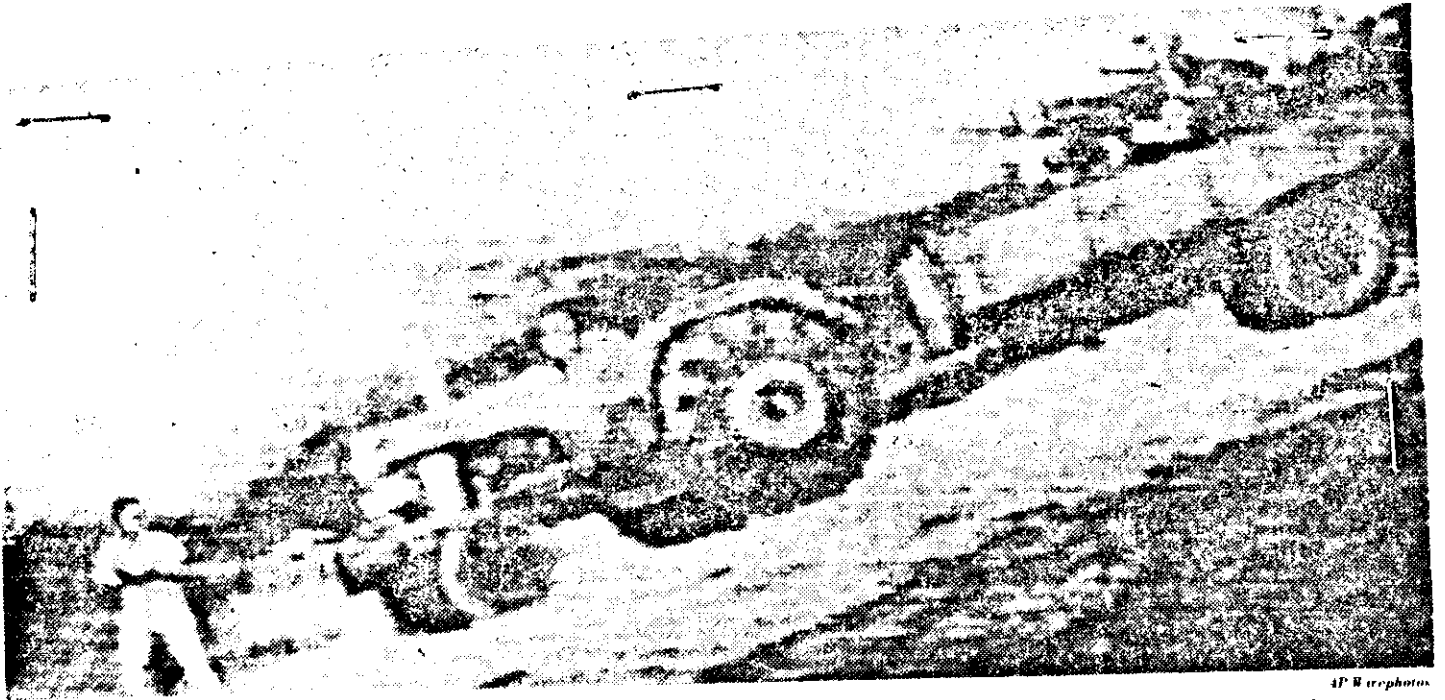
Tim Reiterman, reporter from the Examiner — with two bullet wounds in his left arm — and I with my shoulder wound were among the lucky ones.



Chronicle reporter Ron Javers (foreground) and Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman were wounded

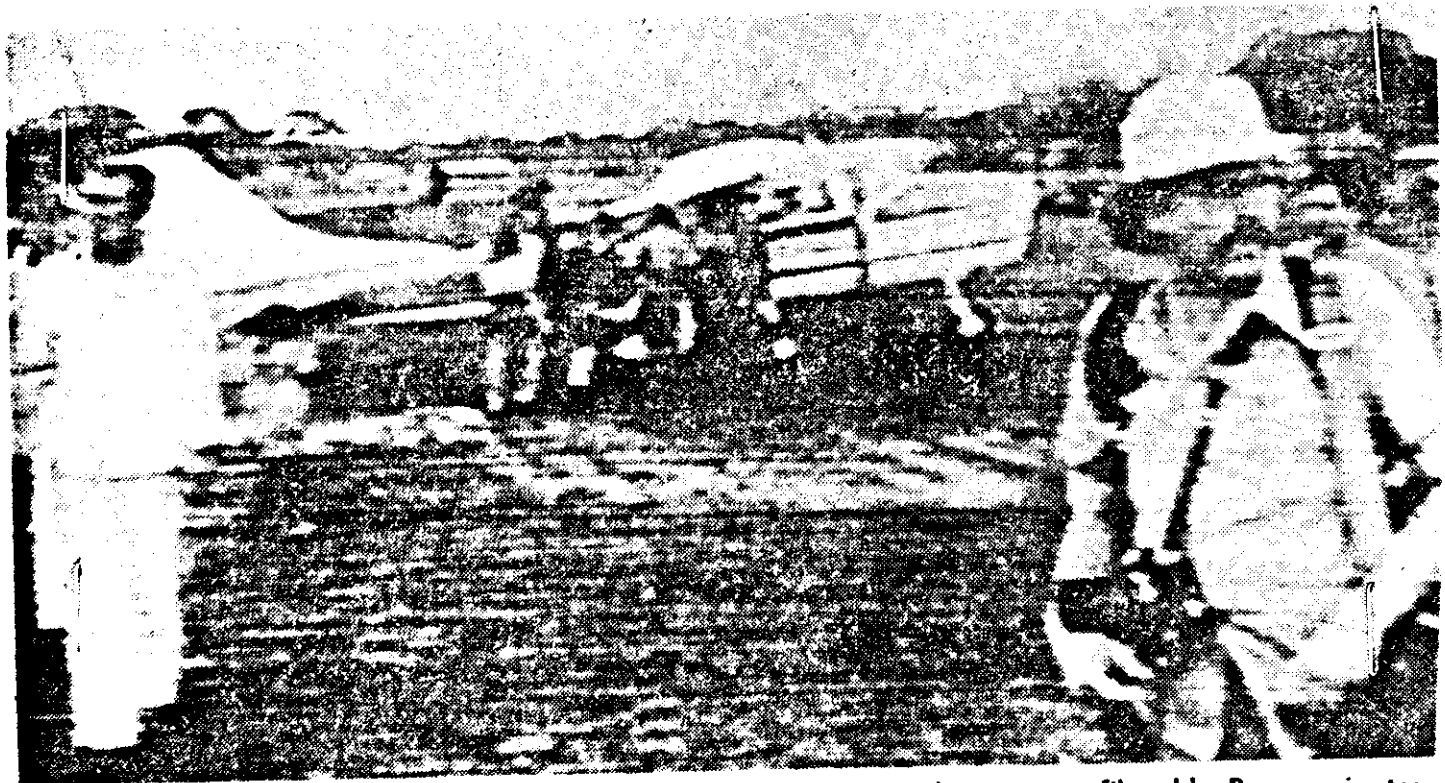


Drawing shows the attack at the airfield at Port Kaituma



AP Wirephotos

NBC cameraman Robert Brown got this picture of a man jumping off a trailer and beginning to shoot



NBC newsman Don Harris and S.F. Examiner photographer Greg Robinson were filmed by Brown minutes before all three died



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# 'Slaughter began ... I was hit first'

**Editor's note:** The author of this dispatch, San Francisco Chronicle reporter Ron Javers, was wounded Saturday in the gunfire that killed Rep. Leo J. Ryan and four others on a remote airstrip in Guyana.

by **Ron Javers**  
Copyright San Francisco Chronicle

**San Juan, Puerto Rico—** Jonestown is every evil thing that everybody thought — and worse.

We knew that before the shooting started.

The slaughter began at 4:20 p.m. Saturday (Guyana time) while we were standing beside the twin-engine airplane that had brought us to Port Kaituma, seven miles outside Jonestown, on Friday and that had returned to pick us up.

I was waiting between Bob Brown and Don Harris, the two NBC men who were killed. We had become close friends during the course of our ordeal.

The firing erupted from guns close by. I was hit first. I was knocked to the ground by a slug in the left shoulder, apparently from a .38-caliber weapon.

I crawled behind the right wheel of the plane.

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He was incredibly tenacious.

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(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

1 The Tribune

Oakland, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78  
Edition: Handicaps

People's Temple-  
Title: Rev. Jim Jones,  
1859 Geary Blvd.,  
San Francisco

Character: CAS-Conspir-  
or acy; Possible AF  
Classification: 89 SF 89-250  
Submitting Office: SF

close-cropped grass field to the jungle, I saw Brown go down.

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I'll never forget that sight as long as I live.

I ran, and then I dived head-first into the brush.

I got up and scrambled as far into the swamp as I could. I was about 150 yards from the airstrip and up to my waist in water.

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But there was silence. Apparently the party of attackers, which must have included four, five or six men with guns, had fled.

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There were four Guyanese soldiers at the far end of the field.

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The only policeman at the field, carrying a single-shell shotgun, had been disarmed the moment the men from the People's Temple began firing from their truck and trailer while we were getting ready to board the two planes: our own craft and the smaller one that was set to carry away the fugitives from Jonestown.

As nearly as we could tell, about half the attackers were white and half were black. Those of us who had survived were still terrified.

We took our most seriously wounded to the soldiers' tent and then we retired into Port Kaituma, the settlement next to the airstrip, and went into a small cafe called a Rum House.

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And Ryan's shirt was drenched with the attacker's blood.

Ryan ran to the truck at that point and we lumbered off through the mud to the airstrip.

Shaken by what he thought was his successful narrow escape, Ryan told us as we reached the airstrip, "I wouldn't be alive if it was not for Mark Lane."

Ryan lived only a few minutes longer.

After the violence of the attack at the airstrip, we still had to wait for rescue.

It was getting dark, and there was no chance for a rescue plane until morning.

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Associated Press

Rep. Ryan's children, Christopher and Erin, consoled each other at Andrews AFB

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# SURVIVOR DESCRIBES AMBUSH

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The heavy tropical storm made movement difficult and uncomfortable — not only for us but those who had chosen us as their quarry.

The rain may have saved our lives.

Every time we heard a noise, especially whenever we heard a truck along the Port Kaituma road, we thought we would be attacked again.

Of course, none of us had any weapons.

And time moved slowly, infinitely slowly.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

A-1 HERALD EXAMINER  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/20/78  
Edition: Monday Final

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

When we first reached Jonestown, on Friday night, the atmosphere was lively and cordial. We found ourselves getting a real Cook's Tour, with everything arranged for us. There was great rock music from the Jonestown band and entertainment during dinner.

And while we tried, mainly at first, to get away from the organized fun, we were told how happy everyone was.

But before we left for an evening's drive through foot-deep mud to Port Kaituma, a young man slipped Don Harris of NBC a message written on a child's slate, saying, 'Please help me get out of Jonestown.'

It had four signatures.

Back in Port Kaituma, where the entire group of us spent Friday night in a tin-roofed disco — a small beer parlor with a phonograph and a few records — local Guyanese began telling us horror stories.

They told us about one man who had escaped from the colony last summer, only to be captured by guards from Jonestown and then beaten.

When we returned the following morning to Jonestown, we were not surprised to see Jim Jones' carefully stage-managed production start to crack.

Edith Parker, one of the 1,200 followers trapped in Jonestown, approached Congressman Ryan and said she wanted to leave with him.

The list grew.

About an hour before it was time for us to leave Jonestown, nine people said they wanted to go.

Then 12.

Finally, about 20 got up their courage to defy Jones.

There were too many of us for one truckload. The reporters and cameramen were told we would go out in the first batch, but Congressman Ryan would wait to leave in the second.

We were relieved to be going.

Jones had struck us as a madman. We watched him as he kept taking pills until he seemed dazed by them.

He listed a whole catalog of diseases he said were afflicting him, starting with cancer.

But he did agree that the 20 people who wanted to could leave with us. He even said he thought they might be 'better off' somewhere else if they no longer wanted to stay in Jonestown.



Copyright photo by San Francisco Examiner via AP

**REP. LEO J. RYAN**

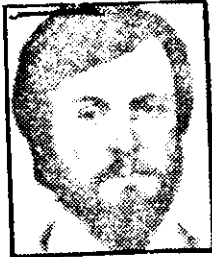
**—A final portrait.**

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Eyewitness Reports

## The Guyana

### Massacre



By **RON JAVERS**

Copyright 1978,  
San Francisco Chronicle

Distributed by UPI

**SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico** —  
Jonestown is every evil thing that  
everybody thought — and worse.

We knew that before the shoot-

ing started.

The slaughter began at 4:20 p.m.  
Saturday while we were standing  
beside the twin-engine airplane that  
had brought us to Port Kaituma,  
seven miles outside Jonestown, on  
Friday and had returned to pick us  
up.

I was waiting between Bob  
Brown and Don Harris, the two  
NBC men who were killed. We had  
become close friends during the  
course of our ordeal.

The firing erupted from guns



**REP. LEO RYAN**  
Murder Victim.



**GREG ROBINSON**  
Slain Photographer.



**DON HARRIS**  
NBC Newsmen.

(Indicate page, name of  
newspaper, city and state.)

PAGE 1

**SAN ANTONIO LIGHT**  
**SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS**

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: FINAL

Author:

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification: 89-

Submitting Office: SAN ANTONIO

Being Investigated



close by.

I was hit first. I was knocked to the ground by a slug in the left shoulder, apparently from a .38-caliber weapon.

I crawled behind the right wheel of the plane.

Bob Brown stayed on his feet and kept filming what was happening even as the attackers advanced on him with their guns.

He was incredibly tenacious.

While I was trying to decide whether to stay where I was or risk

the 100-yard dash across the close-cropped grass field to the jungle, I saw Brown go down.

Then I saw one of the attackers stick a shotgun right into Brown's face — inches away, if that.

Bob's brain was blown out of his head. It spattered the blue NBC minicam.

I'll never forget that sight as long as I live.

I ran, and then I dived head first

(Continued, Page 10, Col. 1.)

# Survivor Recounts Massacre

(Continued from Page 1.)

into the brush.

I got up and scrambled as far into the swamp as I could. I was about 150 yards from the airstrip and up to my waist in water.

I pushed through the rain forest, walking parallel to the runway, trying to figure out what had happened.

I couldn't see much. I had lost both pairs of glasses I had with me.

But there was silence. Apparently the party of attackers, which must have included four, five or six men with guns, had fled.

I was far down the field by the time I returned to the airstrip.

And then, like the other survivors, I returned to the crippled plane.

Leo Ryan was on his back in a blue cord suit lying in the mud in front of the right wheel of the aircraft.

His face had been shot off.

Don Harris lay alongside the middle of the plane.

Brown was at the tail of the 18-passenger Otter.

Pattie Parker, one of the people who had asked us to help her escape from Jonestown, was lying at the foot of the plane's stairs.

Greg Robinson, the San Francisco Examiner photographer at the scene, was at the left wheel, his body crumpled almost in half.

There were four Guyanese soldiers at the far end of the field.

They told us they hadn't been able to shoot at the attackers during the assault because they were afraid they would kill still more people.

The only policeman at the field, carrying a single-shell shotgun, had been disarmed the moment the men from the People's Temple began firing from their truck and trailer while we were getting ready to board the two planes — our own craft and the smaller one that was sent to carry away the fugitives from Jonestown.

As nearly as we could tell, about half the attackers were white, and half were black.

Those of us who had survived were still terrified.

We took our most seriously wounded to the soldiers' tent, and then we retired into Port Kaituma, the settlement next to the airstrip, and went into a small cafe called a rum house.

The local Guyanese knew they were risking their own safety by letting us stay.

But they were extremely kind to us.

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The heavy tropical storm made movement difficult and uncomfortable — not only for us but those who had chosen us as their quarry.

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And while we tried, vainly at first, to get away from the organized fun, we were told how happy everyone was.

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Suddenly there was a commotion in the central building that serves as the colony's meeting place—a large structure with tin roof and packed dirt floor.

A cheer rang through the crowd.

Then a young white man made a direct lunge at Ryan with a knife.

The blade was at Ryan's throat when Mark Lane and Charles Garry, Jones' lawyers and longtime supporters, grabbed the weapon.

The attacker was cut before he could be disarmed.

And Ryan's shirt was drenched with the attacker's blood.

Ryan ran to the truck at that point, and we lumbered off through the mud to the airstrip.

Shaken by what he thought was his successful narrow escape, Ryan told us as we reached the air strip, "I wouldn't be alive if it was not for Mark Lane."

Ryan lived only a few minutes longer.

After the violence of the attack at the airstrip, we still had to wait for rescue.

It was getting dark, and there was no chance for a rescue plane until morning.

We spent the night listening to the stories the 12 former residents of Jonestown had to tell.

They corroborated every evil story about the place that we had heard.

They told us how Jim Jones had led the entire colony into making a maniacal suicide pact with him.

They talked about stores of

weapons in the so-called peaceful jungle mission.

And whenever there was a crisis, they recalled, Jones had assembled the whole colony into a huge, circular assembly and mesmerized them into agreement.

We understood then why there had been an ominous cheer from the Peoples Temple residence back at Jonestown before the young knife-wielder charged at Ryan.

Daybreak — which we never expected to see — finally came.

At 8:30 a.m. the first batch of Guyanese troops arrived at Port Kaituma.

They had flown to a landing field at Mathews Ridge, about 30 miles away, and transported by truck about halfway from the ridge to where we were waiting.

Then, to insure themselves against being ambushed in exposed vehicles, they completed their march on foot.

Still more troops arrived.

There were enough at last to secure the perimeter of the Port Kaituma air strip. It was still fairly early in the morning.

While 80 soldiers marched to Jonestown to make sure no more marauders could sweep out from the deadly settlement, rescue flights arrived to take out the survivors.

Soon we were in Georgetown and aboard an American C-141 Hercules hospital plane on our way home to safety.

Five in our group were critically or severely wounded.

Tim Reiterman, reporter from the Examiner — with two bullet

wounds in the left arm — and I with my shoulder wound were among the lucky ones.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# A wounded journalist describes the slaughter at Jonestown

By **RON JAVERS**

Copyright San Francisco Chronicle  
Distributed by UPI

SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico (UPI) — Jonestown is every evil thing that everybody thought — and worse.

We knew that before the shooting started.

The slaughter began at 4:20 p.m. Saturday while we were standing beside the twin-engine airplane that had brought us to Port Kaituma, seven miles outside Jonestown, on Friday and had returned to pick us up.

I was waiting between Bob Brown and Don Harris, the two NBC men who were killed. We had become close friends during the course of our ordeal.

The firing erupted from guns close by.

I was hit first. I was knocked to the ground by a slug in the left shoulder, apparently from a .38-caliber weapon.

I crawled behind the right wheel of the plane.

Bob Brown stayed on his feet and kept filming what was happening even as the attackers advanced on him with their guns.

He was incredibly tenacious.

While I was trying to decide whether to stay where I was or risk the 100-yard dash across the close-cropped grass field to the jungle, I saw Brown go down.

Then I saw one of the attackers stick a shotgun right into Brown's face — inches away, if that.

Bob's brain was blown out of his head. It splattered the blue NBC minicam.

I'll never forget that sight as long as I live.

I ran, and then I dived head first into the brush.

I got up and scrambled as far into the swamp as I could. I was about 150 yards from the airstrip and up to my waist in water.

I pushed through the rain forest, walking parallel to the runway, trying to figure out what had happened.

I couldn't see much. I had lost both pairs of glasses I had with me.

But there was silence. Apparently the party of attackers, which must have included four, five or six men with guns, had fled.

I was far down the field by the time I returned to the airstrip.

And then, like the other survivors, I returned to the crippled plane.

Leo Ryan was on his back in a blue cord suit lying in the mud in front of the right wheel of the aircraft.

His face had been shot off.

Don Harris lay alongside the middle of the plane.

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Pattie Parker, one of the people who had asked us to help her escape from Jonestown, was lying at the foot of the plane's stairs.

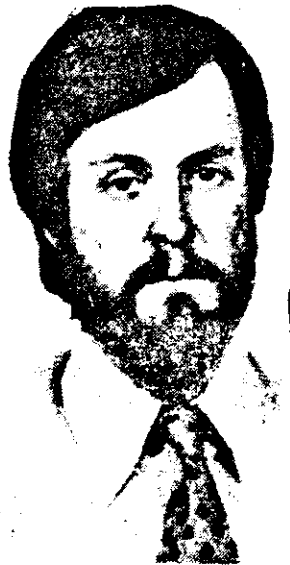
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The local Guyanese knew they were risking their own safety by letting us stay.

But they were extremely kind to us.

And time moved slowly, infinitely slowly.



RON JAVERS

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 14

San Juan Star

San Juan,

Puerto Rico

Date: 11/20/78  
Edition: AM

Title: A Wounded  
Journalist Describes  
the Slaughter at  
Character: Jonestown

or  
Classification: 89-123  
Submitting Office:  
San Juan

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Survivor describes attack

*'Jonestown is every evil thing that everybody thought — and worse.'*

This is the first-person account of San Francisco Chronicle reporter Ron Javers, wounded Saturday in the gunfire that killed Rep. Leo J. Ryan and four others on a remote airstrip in Guyana. Javers, en route to Washington for medical attention, dictated the story to his city desk for Monday editions.

By RON JAVERS

Copyright San Francisco Chronicle

SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico (AP) — Jonestown is every evil thing that everybody thought — and worse.

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## Firing

The firing erupted from guns close by. I was hit first. I was knocked to the ground by a slug in the left shoulder, apparently from a .38-caliber weapon.

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## Silence

But there was silence. Apparently the party of attackers which must have included four, five or six men with guns, had fled.

I was far down the field by the time I returned to the airstrip.

And then, like the other survivors, I returned to the crippled plane.

Leo Ryan was on his

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

PAGE 6A

SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: SPORTS FINAL

Author:

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification: 89-

Submitting Office: SAN ANTONIO

Being Investigated

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As nearly as we could tell, about half the attackers were white and half were black. Those of us who had survived were still terrified.

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## Crack

When we returned the following morning to Jonestown, we were not surprised to see Jim Jones' carefully stage-managed production start to crack.

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## Cheer

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Then, a young white man made a direct lunge at Ryan with a knife.

The blade was at Ryan's throat when Mark Lane and Charles Garry,

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Daybreak — which we never expected to see, finally came.

At 8:30 a.m., the first batch of Guyanese troops arrived at Port Kaituma.

They had flown to a landing field at Mathews Ridge about 30 miles away, and were transported by truck about half-way from the ridge to where were waiting.

### Afoot

Then, to ensure themselves against being ambushed in exposed vehicles, they completed their march on foot.

Still more troops arrived.

There were enough at last to secure the perimeter of the Port Kaituma airstrip. It was still fairly early in the morning.

While 80 soldiers marched to Jonestown to make sure no more marauders could sweep out from the deadly settlement, rescue flights arrived to take out the survivors.

Soon, we were in Georgetown and aboard an American C141 Hercules hospital plane on our way home to safety.

Five in our group were critically or severely wounded.

Tim Reiterman, reporter from the Examiner, with two bullet wounds in his left arm, and I with my shoulder wound, were among the lucky ones.



**AN UNIDENTIFIED member of the San Francisco People's Temple waves to newsmen Sunday as he enters temple building through guarded iron gate. Newsmen were not allowed inside, but a spokesman read a statement denouncing the killings in Guyana.**

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Temple history is one of controversy

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) — The murders of Congressman Leo Ryan of California and four others in Guyana was the latest and most gruesome incident in a 20-year saga of intrigue and controversy surrounding the People's Temple and its founder, the Rev. Jim Jones.

Conceived in Indianapolis, Ind., in the 1950s with the avowed purpose of breaking down class distinctions, the Temple moved to Redwood Valley, Calif., in the late 1960s and then here in 1971.

A sophisticated political manipulator, Jones became a potent force in San Francisco almost overnight, organizing some 5,000 Temple members who worshipped in his church each Sunday into a task force of workers for a host of liberal political campaigns.

Jones, 46, is married and has seven children. He was born in Indiana, the son of a poor, interracial couple. He was married at 18 and formed his

first church the same year, but later moved it here because he found Indiana's social climate racist.

At one time, Jones listed among his friends Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr., Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and San Francisco Mayor George Moscone.

Moscone appointed Jones chairman of the city Housing Authority after the People's Temple helped him win the mayoral election in 1975.

But his star began to fade after a series of allegations by disgruntled former members who complained that Jones ruled his following with an iron hand.

They said his methods of control included fake healings, physical beatings, and exhausting work schedules, and accused him of extorting huge sums of money and issuing death threats to anyone who strayed from the church or did anything to discredit it.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

PAGE 6A

SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: SPORTS FINAL

Author:

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification: 89-

Submitting Office: SAN ANTONIO

 Being Investigated

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Reporter's Account of Guyana Detention

By Ron Javers  
Chronicle Correspondent

Georgetown,  
Guyana

It took 12 hours of detention before I could make the 30-mile trip through the tall bamboo forest that separate Georgetown from its airport, but there were times when the wait seemed endless.

There was no way of knowing what the authorities planned to do with me after a delegation of 20 Californians on a fact-finding trip to the People's Temple jungle settlement of Jonestown disembarked from a Pan-Am jet at 12:05 a.m. yesterday.

Everyone in the group except me was quickly cleared by immigration authorities and given permission to leave Timehri International Airport for the trip to town.

But my passport was taken from me without explanation, and so was the money I had purchased from Deak and Co. in San Francisco — 330 in Guyana dollars, or about \$75 in U.S. currency.

Khaki-clad uniformed guards took me into a 15-by-15 foot room and told me to wait.

Airline officials attempted to help. Pan-Am offered to take responsibility for my custody overnight — first at a hotel in Georgetown and then, after officials rejected that proposal, in a courtesy

room. The line maintains at the airport.

By then, everyone else in the party had left for Georgetown except Bob Flick, a National Broadcasting Co. producer also covering the delegation. Flick said he intended to stay at my side as long as necessary.

Among those going into Georgetown were Tim Reiterman

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

5 S.F.Chronicle  
San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-16-78  
Edition: Home

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF



and Greg Robinson of the San Francisco Examiner, who were cleared at first and were notified later that Guyana authorities wanted them to leave the country immediately. Like mine, their expulsion order was later reversed.

Flick and I sat on a tattered green, plastic sofa and talked.

One of the guards assigned to watch over me soon fell asleep. I envied him, but there was no sleep for me. The adrenalin was flowing, and I never felt less sleepy in my life.

At 3:20 a.m. the immigration corporal in charge of keeping me in custody asked Flick if the producer would — "as a special favor to the immigration authorities" — drive one of the officers to Georgetown in his rental car.

Flick tossed the corporal the keys to the car and said he was staying.

At 3:30 a.m. a lone woman began sweeping up the day's litter in the airy, single-story wooden terminal building. Numerous photographs of Forbes Burnham, prime minister of Guyana, smiled benignly on the scene.

At 4:30 a.m. the corporal, ready to go home himself, had changed out of his uniform and donned an aloha shirt, a pair of slacks and a baseball cap.

By now the second guard in charge of my custody was asleep, but there seemed to be no point in trying to escape.

There was no place to go.

At 5:30 a.m. a workman arrived to run up the green-and-yellow flag of the Republic of Guyana.

At 6:20 a.m. we were getting some daylight. We could see the Pan-Am 707 that I had left, and the only other plane on the field, an old, propeller-driven Cubana air liner. Guyana, a Socialist country, has close ties with Cuba.

At 8:20 a.m. my old guards left, and a new force led by a uniformed

man with epaulets on his shoulders took over.

It took until 10:55 a.m. before one of the guards on the day shift fell asleep.

By then, I had been given permission to go to the airport coffee shop. I was looking forward to eating a good breakfast, but the coffee shop turned out to be precisely what the name indicates — it sold coffee and nothing else.

At 11:20 a.m. I was summoned to the Pan-Am desk at the airport to take a call from Congressman Leo J. Ryan (Dem-San Mateo), leader of the delegation I was assigned by The Chronicle to cover.

Ryan, who had slept at the residence of U.S. Ambassador John R. Burke, told me, "I've done everything I can, and I'm going to keep pushing."

He said he was meeting with high Guyanese officials and would ask them to intervene personally to

secure my release. (I didn't know it then, but I learned later that Democratic Congressman Phillip Burton of San Francisco had been alerted by The Chronicle and was also working through the State Department in Washington to get me out of the airport.)

At noon I was summoned into the immigration director's office. The director was smiling. He said he was sorry about any difficulties I had encountered. But now, he added, he had received instructions to let me stay in the country for five days.

He stamped my passport and returned it to me.

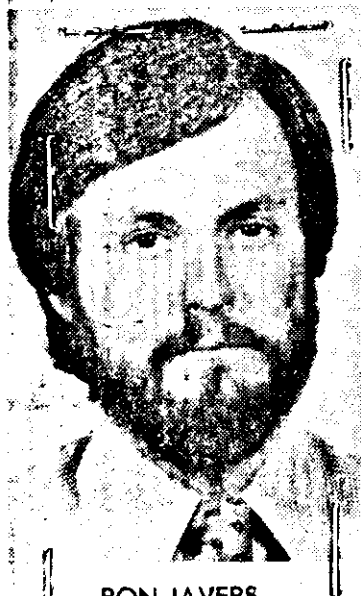
Flick and I took a taxi along the two-lane curving highway that parallels the Demerara river.

I realized finally that it takes only a few hours of captivity and worry to relish the pleasures of freedom.

I found myself delighted by the sights — the rural houses on stilts, the lithe, machete-wielding farm workers and finally the tropical capital of Georgetown with its brightly painted wooden houses and its wooden, Victorian-style government buildings.

I checked into my hotel, the most modern structure I have seen in the capital.

And looked forward to the chance to freshen up, once the water in the bathroom taps was turned on later in the day. It was



RON JAVERS  
Guards fell asleep.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# People's Temple Shuts Door on U.S. Visitors

By Ron Javers  
Chronicle Correspondent

Georgetown,  
Guyana

A Bay Area delegation of concerned relatives seeking reunions with 20 family members now living in Jonestown, the jungle outpost maintained by the People's Temple, were told yesterday: "None of you are welcome. Go see the American ambassador."

While they were being turned away at the gate of the People's Temple center in the city, Congressman Leo J. Ryan received a tentative — and very limited — invitation to visit the 2700-acre communal project founded last year 100 miles from Georgetown by the Rev. Jim Jones.

The San Mateo Democrat, who flew to Guyana in an effort to study conditions at Jonestown and to help arrange family meetings, received word from People's Temple that he could take a flight to Jonestown tomorrow — but only if he went there alone.

Both relatives and the press would be excluded, Ryan was told.

The conditions imposed on Ryan, representing the House Committee on International Relations, produced despair among the 13 relatives who had made the long trip from San Francisco.

"If Jonestown is so free," asked James Cobb of San Francisco, who is seeking a meeting with his mother, two sisters and a brother, "why won't he (Jones) let us and the press talk to these people?"

Ryan said he would continue to seek a larger visit by pressing U.S. Ambassador John Burke and officials at the People's Temple.

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"They seek to delay us and try to wait us out," said Ryan, who is scheduled to leave for the United States Sunday.

But the Congressman told reporters at an evening press conference that he and his aides may extend the trip if the extra time is needed to accomplish its objectives.

"I think the Guyanese government is making a reasonably good effort to help our visit here," Ryan added.

Earlier in the day Ryan had met with Foreign Minister Ranleigh Jackson.

He discovered in that visit that the Guyanese tend to think of the Jonestown matter as a dispute between two groups of United States citizens. Ryan found Jackson seemed more interested in discussing sugar quotas and fishing limits than in the living conditions of the 1200 Americans now living at Jones' jungle settlement.

Ryan's meetings during the day with Ambassador Burke did not seem to offer the Congressman much encouragement.

Ryan, who is staying at the embassy as Burke's house guest, began the day with a briefing on Jonestown, complete with color slides taken of the structure there.

What he saw, Ryan acknowledged, was impressive.

But again, he heard the message that what went on out at the colony near the Venezuelan border in the northwest corner of Guyana, was regarded as a private affair between two groups of American citizens.

"I came to investigate the conditions of Americans who, I have been told, are working from dawn to nightfall, with terrible

mental and physical punishments if they don't work hard enough," Ryan said.

"There are charges that these people have been deprived of passports and money, that they can't lead a normal sex or family life. I want to talk with them and see for myself if there is any basis for these charges," he added.

While Ryan was working his way through government channels, some of the relatives went on their own to the local People's Temple in one of Georgetown's most affluent neighborhoods.

It was there that they were rebuffed at the gate by Mary Cassanova, one of three former Bay Area women who refused to admit the group to the large yellow frame house used by the temple as its local base.

"We are desperate now," said Steve Katsaris, a Ukiah teacher here with his teenage son, Anthony, to talk to his 24-year-old daughter, Maria, a Jonestown resident.

People's Temple officials, both in Guyana and in San Francisco,

denied all charges of misconduct or compulsion at the Guyana settlement. They said people at Jonestown are free to come and go as they want.

And a public statement issued by the local Georgetown People's Temple yesterday denounced Ryan's visit as "a contrived media event."

The press has been issued permits to remain in the country for only five days, and even those were issued only after Ryan and Representative Burton intervened with the State Department to urge Guyana to change its plans for an immediate expulsion of reporters.

The Guyanese honored the request, but the ambassador told Ryan's aides that he used up some "points" with local officials in asking them to relax their earlier order.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Reporter's Account**Guyana Adventure***By Ron Javers  
Chronicle Correspondent***Georgetown, Guyana**

I hired a car and driver yesterday and made the 20-minute trip from the center of this South American capital city to the local headquarters of the People's Temple.

It is in the Lamaha Gardens section of Georgetown, past dirt roads where men and women herded fat cows along the center of the streets while orderly rows of dark-skinned school children walked home in their neat maroon-and-gold uniforms.

Approaching the large yellow house that is Georgetown headquarters for the temple, I called out "Hello."

Several small dogs played in the sparse grass before the building's low, open gate.

The Temple members here — Americans, and most of them from California — appear frightened and uncertain in the face of Congressman Leo J. Ryan's whirlwind visit accompanied by a gaggle of reporters and television technicians.

Two teenagers greeted me at the door. They did not introduce themselves.

They took me inside through a clean, orderly bedroom, where several other youths, Americans like my guides, sat chatting on bunk beds. •

On a side porch, I was introduced to Sharon Amos, one of the temple's leaders in Georgetown.

Amos is a small, pleasant woman of about 40.

At first she didn't want to talk. After all, I had come to her house uninvited, and I was one of the first reporters ever to visit the Temple's headquarters.

I apologized for the intrusion.

"How can we print your side of the People's Temple story if we cannot see you and talk?" I asked.

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appeared completely relaxed and at ease — despite the unannounced visit.

John Cobb and three other teenage youths were dressed in shorts and athletic shirts. They said they were on their way to practice basketball. The People's Temple is scheduled to play a team representing Guyana shortly, they told me.

Steve Jones was dressed in camouflage jungle fatigues rolled up to the knees.

While Sharon Amos and I talked, Steve Jones worked out with a set of bar bells.

Amos is a nervous woman, perhaps understandably so, as she copes with the glare of publicity now focused on People's Temple and its unusual way of life in this socialist republic of 800,000 people on the northeast coast of South America.

She told me she thought the press was biased against Jones, a man she said had done only good works all his life.

"It's not just these relatives," she said, referring to the group that has arrived in Georgetown from the States, "but it's a conspiracy to destroy the People's Temple."

She mentioned the CIA as one of the possible conspirators.

As we talked, her nine-year-old son, Martin, played at my feet, listening to his mother's words and wondering.

After about 45 minutes, I said goodby to Sharon Amos and added that I hoped I could visit Jonestown and see conditions in that distant jungle settlement for myself.

I waved goodby to several people now at the side windows of the house, got in my car and drove off.

When I arrived back at the Pegasus Hotel after the 20-minute return trip, Jim Schollaret, a Congressional international relations committee staffer traveling with Ryan, told me he had just received a call from the American embassy.

They had a report, they said, from the Guyana foreign minister that I had jumped over a fence at the People's Temple headquarters and forced my way in.

Of course that was not true, but given the atmosphere of tension, distrust and mutual animosity that has pervaded our visit here — it wasn't surprising either.

Things brightened a bit then, and I met Debbie Touchette and Steve Jones, the Rev. Jim Jones' teenage son.

I also talked with John Cobb, 18.

Debbie and John had relatives with the group in Georgetown, who were negotiating for the right to meet with them and talk.

Both Debbie, a smiling young black woman, and Steve, tall and dark like his preacher father,

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# People's Temple Mission

## Angry Meeting in Guyana

By Ron Javers  
*Chronicle Correspondent*

Georgetown,  
Guyana

Thirteen troubled relatives held a shouting, angry and tearful meeting yesterday with the U.S. ambassador to Guyana, seeking his help in their quest for a meeting with their own family members who are living in a remote communal settlement in the country's interior.

Ambassador John Burke, a 53-year-old career diplomat, agreed to the closed-door meeting at the embassy only after strong pressure by the relatives, who said they intended to stay in Guyana until their goal was attained, and by Congressman Leo J. Ryan.

Ryan, a San Mateo Democrat, is here on an official visit as a member of the House International Relations Committee seeking to check conditions at Jonestown, the People's Temple settlement where 200 Americans are living.

At the afternoon session in the modest white stucco embassy, tucked next to a row of gutted and decaying storefronts on Georgetown's Main street, Burke stuck to his insistence that Jonestown is a thriving community over which he has no authority.

But both Ryan, his aides and embassy sources said after the meeting that a visit by the congressman and at least some of the relatives was a closer possibility —

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coming perhaps as early as today or tomorrow.

The problems of getting to Jonestown, the 2700-acre settlement founded in a move from San Francisco by the Rev. Jim Jones, who heads the People's Temple, are not all political.

The trip entails a one-hour flight from Georgetown to an airport separated from the colony by several miles of dense back country, passable only by four-wheel drive vehicles.

Complicating matters is a shortage of available aircraft within Guyana capable of carrying Ryan, the relatives and the press — a group numbering 20 people.

After the embassy meeting, Howard Oliver, a watchmaker from San Francisco's Western Addition, echoed the bitterness of many of the relatives on the trip.

Oliver has two sons, Bruce, 18, and Billy, 19, who have been in Jonestown for more than a year.

Oliver described the session as "more of the same old embassy runaround."

His wife, Beverly, 47, was even more blunt: "Bulls—"

Before the meeting with Burke, which Ryan attended as an observer, the congressman stepped up his rhetoric against the temple.

He said it was possibly a "prison" and hinted at possible violations of United States tax and Social Security laws. Some temple members living there receive government checks of one kind or another, Ryan said.

He said he had heard charges that members of the temple may have been forced by Jones to turn over their government checks to the colony.

Temple spokesmen insist, however, that any money-pooling is totally voluntary, since the agricultural mission is a communal effort.

The temple maintains that Americans living here have a right to privacy as citizens — and that their privacy is being invaded by a congressman whose politics strongly clash with their own socialist views and who has not been invited.

Some 600 of the Jonestown colony's residents, in fact, have signed a petition urging Ryan and the rest of the group to stay away.

Ryan said he made the trip because relatives in the Bay Area, including Associated Press photographer Sam Houston, of San Francisco, a longtime friend, had appealed to him to investigate the conditions.

Houston's wife, Adine, and her daughter, Carol, are part of the concerned relatives group here. They want to visit the Houston grandchildren, Patricia, 15, and Judy, 14, now in Jonestown.

Burke appears clearly troubled by all the furor that Ryan's high-profile visit is causing.

In classic, diplomatic language the ambassador described the talks yesterday as "useful" and left Ryan, reporters and the relatives in the driveway pondering their next move.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# People's Temple Mission Gets Through

By Ron Javers  
Chronicle Correspondent

Jonestown,  
Guyana

A small group of visitors led by Congressman Leo J. Ryan finally made it to Jonestown aboard a chartered plane yesterday afternoon.

The San Mateo Democrat, who said he wanted to see whether the 2700-acre People's Temple commune in the Guyana jungle was a "jail" for 1200 Americans — as some disaffected Temple members have charged — promptly began a series of meetings with individual settlers and the Rev. Jim Jones, the former San Francisco minister and head of the religious colony.

Ryan hopes to have a clear answer to his question by the time the twin-engine Otter from Guyana Airways returns to the settlement today to pick up Ryan and a party of government officials, lawyers, reporters and relatives and return them to the capitol city of Georgetown 150 miles south of here.

The little plane left Timehri International Airport, outside the capital, at 2 p.m. yesterday for the hour-long flight over dense, almost uninhabited rain forest.

There was space aboard the craft for only four of the 14 relatives who had flown to Guyana from the United States in the hope that they could see sons, daughters and other family members who had left California to live at Jonestown.

And even then, one of the four was bumped. Carol Boyd was instructed to leave the plane, and she stood in disappointment on the tarmac as the craft taxied away toward the runway.

Then to Boyd's great delight, the plane halted and she was motioned aboard.

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After the craft flew over Spring Garden, a tiny community at the mouth of the Essequibo river, there wasn't a hint of a road or trail for another 100 miles of tall trees — greenhearts, hubballis and other growth.

The plane could not land at Jonestown itself. Instead, the craft landed several miles away at Port Kaituma, a manganese mining center 50 miles from the Atlantic coast.

The remaining several miles were covered over rough, unpaved road in heavy-duty vehicles.

There were 20 persons in all in the group, including two of America's most colorful lawyers — Charles Garry of San Francisco and Mark Lane of Kennedy assassination theory fame — who had flown to Guyana to help protect the interests of Jones and his followers.

Government officials from both the United States and Guyana were there, and so were newspaper reporters from both coasts.

The ten relatives who stayed behind in Georgetown had come to the reluctant conclusion earlier that it was more important for the press to send out first-hand reports from Jonestown than it was for them to have their long-delayed reunions with family members they hadn't seen for a year or more.

James Katsaris, a Ukiah teacher who came to visit a missing daughter in the Temple settlement, stood by while his son, Anthony, made the trip to Jonestown itself.

The other relatives making the flight were two San Franciscans, James Cobb Jr. and Beverly Oliver.

As they completed their journey, they were startled to find themselves greeted at the settlement by a concert of the Jonestown band. That night, they were informed, they would have a chance to see a preview of the big December show now in rehearsal as part of Jonestown's holiday celebration.

Jones and his followers were clearly trying their best to impress their visitors.

After spending the night at Jonestown, the visitors will continue their investigations today.

Ryan sent out word he was in no hurry to leave.

# How Jones Talked Before Tragedy

Chronicle reporter Ron Javers interviewed Jim Jones, founder of the People's Temple, at the temple's jungle settlement of Jonestown Friday, before the terrible shootings at the airstrip where Javers was one of those wounded. He dictated this story last night from his hospital bed at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland after his evacuation from Guyana.

By Ron Javers

The day before gunmen from Jonestown killed Congressman Leo J. Ryan and four others attempting to leave for freedom, Jim Jones tried to convince us that life in his jungle settlement was blissful, productive and, above all, peaceful.

At first, during an hour-long interview in the colony he had founded in a sparsely settled corner of Guyana, he tried to convince us there wasn't a weapon in the place.

"There are no guns at all, to my knowledge," Jones began.

John Brown, who described himself as one of Jones' seven adopted children, said the men in the colony go hunting sometimes—but only, he insisted, with bow and arrow.

We found, as we were to discover repeatedly, that if one answer didn't seem to convince his hearers, Jones was ready to offer another.

After insisting there were no guns Jones acknowledged that settlers did in fact have some weapons—"but only rifles and hunting guns."

And finally, as this strangely disjointed interview drew to a close, Jones said, "Guns, yes. But how many, I don't know."

He talked about his Jonestown settlement of Americans, most from California.

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"People's Temple is a sharing community," Jones said. "It's sort of like living in a big family."

We had seen some of the so-called "family"—60 or so elderly women living on double- and triple-tiered bunks in a barracks with the cheerful name, Jane Piman Gardens.

"Of course you never find total happiness anywhere," Jones went on, "but most of our people are very happy."

The words were cheerful, but Jones clearly was not.

He was depressed. The words came slowly. And soon the optimism gave way to self-pity and talk of suicide. He was clearly aware that letting Ryan and reporters into his settlement meant the community was doomed.

It seemed obvious to all of us that Jonestown could survive only in isolation.

"I gave all I had to this program," Jones said. "But obviously there is a conspiracy against me."

As evidence, he announced indignantly: "Somebody has shot at

me!"

Jones was asked who the conspirators might be.

"Who conspired to kill Martin Luther King, John F. Kennedy and Malcolm X?" he responded. "Every agency in the United States government has tried to give me a hard time.

"And they were doing that while I was taking addicts and pushers off the streets and giving them a (new) life here."

The colony's early days were hard, Jones said. Beatings were necessary then, he said, in order to maintain discipline in a settlement with a lot of street people and gang people.

He acknowledged one report, for example, that Linda Mertle, one of Jones' followers, had been given 75 blows on the buttocks with a wooden paddle. But that, Jones said, was done only at her mother's insistence.

"We haven't had beatings for many months—more than a year," Jones said. "Not even spankings. Now we withdraw privileges. We try for positive enforcement of good behavior.

"I have been beaten, too," he added.

But Jones' beatings, it appeared were psychological. He was asking us to understand how much he suffered when somebody else was enduring physical pain.

"I live for the people I'm trying to save," Jones said, "But people play games and tell lies.

Jones was asked about something more current—a pit in the jungle where those who violated Jones' rules were said to be kept as punishment.

Lies, Jones said, nothing but lies.

Two private Guyana citizens told me they knew where the hole was. They said they had seen it themselves, a quarter of a mile behind the kitchen building.

But there was no way I could get to the area to see for myself. We were escorted wherever we went in the settlement.

Jones said some people in the colony wanted to leave with us, and said he hoped the parting would be happy.

"I want to hug them before they leave," Jones said. "Every time people chose to leave in the past, they chose to lie. People lied to me when they said they didn't want to leave—and then they left."

"Let's hope it doesn't happen again."

He urged reporters to tell their readers that in addition to those who wanted to return to the United States there were many others happy in his colony—free, he said, from the racism they had known earlier in their lives.

But did his strong hand—the leadership Jones said was forced upon him—mean that sometimes he controlled his flock through fear?

"Why should they be afraid of me?" Jones demanded. "People are killing me with that kind of rubbish."

TIM REITERMAN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Flight to Jonestown: relatives' futile ordeal

Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman accompanied a group of relatives concerned about their families at the Peoples Temple agricultural mission in Guyana on their ill-fated trip to that South American nation a week ago. The trip ended in tragedy when five persons were slain in an ambush and more than 900 temple members died in subsequent suicide-murder ritual. This story recounts the fears and hopes of the relatives before disaster struck.

By Tim Reiterman  
© 1978 San Francisco Examiner

Grace Stoen and Carol Houston Boyd were sitting together on the plane, their eyes watering and their emotions running a little ahead of reality.

With other "concerned relatives," they were heading for the Peoples Temple mission in Guyana, with hopes of at least seeing loved ones and possibly — if the miraculous happened — bringing them back.

Along with her estranged husband, Tim, Grace yearned to see her son, John, a dark-haired 6-year-old whom the Rev. Jim Jones claimed as his own.

Carol, daughter of Associated Press photographer Sammy Houston, was anxious to see her late brother's children, Patricia, 15, and Judy, 14.

The girls had been at the jungle settlement more than a year without their mother.

"I want to give them back part of their childhood," Carol confided with determination. "I'll give them a home."

And Carol's mother, Nadyne, a matronly blonde, added, "Let them have dates and parties and normal schooling."

Grace, a fine-featured, 27-year-old brunette, shared their hopes. "I haven't been able to hug my son in over two years," she said. "I want to take him home. I rented a place specifically with two bedrooms.

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"I want to read to him, to buy him clothes, to get him a ball and do all the things we couldn't do when we were in the temple." congressional delegation at the Port Kaituma airstrip.

Carol and Grace each brought small gifts for the children. Among other things, the Houstons brought tape recordings of Carol's children singing "Happy Birthday" to their cousins and a taped greeting to the girls from their grandfather, who was kept off the flight by health problems.

"If I can talk to Tom by myself, I'm sure he'd tell me if that were true," declared Pietila. "If he wanted out, I'd try to get him out."

Also at the mission were Pietila's

Such an emotionally torturous trip was nothing new to Beverly and Howard Oliver. They traveled to Guyana a year ago in hopes of seeing their sons, Bruce, 20, and William, 19. They said they had given Jones permission to take their sons on a cross-country trip, but suddenly the boys wound up in South America amid frightening allegations about temple activities.

Oliver, a watchman who drags one leg due to a stroke, spent more than \$11,000 — much of it borrowed from family — to retrieve the boys, but he met resistance from the temple, its attorneys and the Guyanese government.

"They were good boys, and they came from a close home," Oliver said quietly. "We have to see them."

Steve Katsaris, a mustachioed psychologist and head of a private school in Ukiah, was along with his look-alike son, Anthony, 23. They were hoping to see Steve's daughter, Maria, 22, a high-ranking temple member believed to be Jones' mistress.

"I've made two trips on my own," Katsaris said. "One time the temple kept me from seeing her and accused me of being a sex deviate. On the second, she was brain-washed against me."

Yet he was hopeful again — because last year he had been alone knocking on doors in Guyana, and now he was traveling with a congressional delegation being covered by NBC and other representatives of the news media.

"The best I can hope is that she'll come home," he said. "But I don't believe that once people in cults are programmed they can be zapped out of it and just walk away."

Wayne Pietila, a 25-year-old former Jones bodyguard, had heard that his stepfather, Tom Kice, had been tortured in a sweat box for planning an escape into Venezuela. (Later, defectors identified Kice as one of the gunmen firing on the

mother-in-law, sister-in-law, father-in-law and a cousin.

Jim Cobb, 27, a black, bearded University of California dental student who joined the church as a child in Indianapolis, hadn't seen his mother since early this year and hadn't seen his three sisters and two brothers in the four years since he quit the temple.

"First, I want to see whether they're still alive," he said.

Clare Bouquet, a Burlingame school teacher with freckles and twinkling eyes, hadn't seen her son, Brian, 25, since January, when he showed up at her home with his new bride, Claudia.

"On one of the phone patches, I asked when he was coming back, and he said, 'I'll never leave this beautiful place,'" she said. "Basically, I want to see if he's okay and see if the charges I read about the Temple were true."

★ ★ ★

In Georgetown, the relatives made a few informal attempts to contact family members while U.S. Rep. Leo Ryan worked official channels. They left messages at the temple's yellow stucco house in Georgetown, but they found themselves caught up in a cruel circle. The U.S. Embassy told them to talk to temple officials about their hopes to visit Jonestown, and temple members tossed them back to the embassy.

As the week wore on, without solid arrangements for either airplanes or a visit, the relatives grew desperate. They talked about chartering their own planes to the agricultural project, about trying to storm through the gates, about giving their lives to reach their loved ones.

As far as the relatives were concerned, the embassy was no help. During a 1½-hour meeting, officials said the temple mission was untouchable and that the State Department could do nothing to open its gates.

"We told the ambassador we would go alone without his help," an angry Steve Katsaris said.

On Thursday night, at a banquet Ryan hosted for the relatives and newsmen, Clare Bouquet and others excitedly told of an encounter with some temple members on the seawall near the Pegasus Hotel. Some members and former members had embraced, and hopes for cooperation were rekindled.

On Friday, the relatives were forced to select four representatives to accompany Ryan and the media on a crowded plane to the mission.

"We established a list on the basis of those least threatening to Jim Jones," according to Tim Stoen, an arch enemy of his former pastor.

Selected were Jim Cobb, Beverly Oliver, Carol Houston Boyd and Anthony Katsaris.

★ ★ ★

In the last minutes before takeoff, Carol was bumped from the flight for lack of space. Then, as the

twin engines revved up, an extra seat somehow was found; the door opened, and a crewman waved her on.

With tears flying off her cheeks, she ran aboard, and we were off, banking over the muddy Demetara River and deep green jungle. "There's no way to walk through that," commented Jim Cobb. He was hopeful but realistic. "My younger brother and sister have been there since they were 7, and I'm pretty sure they've been pretty well talked to by now," he said.

Anthony Katsaris, a school teacher, had last seen his sister, Maria, a year ago and didn't really know what to expect. "This whole thing is so strange I don't know what's real," he said.

By Saturday afternoon, all had had an opportunity to meet with relatives at the mission and to see their living quarters and communal facilities on the 27,000-acre project.

As 16 temple members lined up to leave the settlement, it became apparent that none had relatives among those who had accompanied Ryan to Jonestown.





Grace Stoen was looking for her son.

Since the previous night, when Jim Cobb leaned against a fence in the darkness venting his emotions, it had been clear that his relatives were staying.

Carol Houston Boyd never got an opportunity to see her nieces alone. Their mother, Phyllis, who had just arrived, independently of the Ryan group, at the mission, was always present.

The nieces — Patricia, a sunburn masking her freckles, and Judy, a pretty blonde teen-ager — talked about their routine of school and sports.

"I want to be a vet," Judy said. "I'll learn stuff about veterinary medicine here, electronics, working with wood, whatever I want.

"Nothing is wrong with the States. I just prefer it here."

Beverly Oliver, a strong-willed former member, wouldn't comment when asked whether she was

satisfied that her sons were happy. Her sons, tall and handsome young black men, openly proclaimed their love for their mother, but spoke of communications problems. "We could only go by what we heard, and she could only go by what she heard," Bruce said.

Just before they parted company, Beverly said, "I want my boys home, but they're adults and can do what they want."

Sitting with her brother, Maria Katsaris said she had no intention of seeing her father until he dropped a suit alleging that the temple falsely accused him of molesting her.

"I'm glad to see my brother, but if my father hurts Peoples Temple he hurts me," the slender and icy young woman said of her father, Steve, a deeply religious man.

Several minutes later, she was standing in the rain alongside the dump truck filled with Rep. Ryan's party and the new defectors. "Here," she called, throwing a silver cross and chain to me. "Tell Steve I don't believe in God."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# The long night of fear at Guyana airstrip

*Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman, injured in the ambush that killed five, filed this report from Andrews Air Force Base Hospital in Maryland.*

By **Tim Reiterman**  
Examiner Staff Writer  
1978 San Francisco Examiner

ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, Md. — That terrible series of gunshots in Port Kaituma, Guyana, signaled only the beginning of an interminable night.

When the murderers drove away from the airport, some survivors cautiously climbed out of the disabled Guyana Airways twin-prop plane and others inched out of the dense jungle growth lining the strip.

The first task was counting the dead and moving the injured into the tall grass, away from the plane, in case the Peoples Temple assassination squad returned to complete the job.

Anthony Katsaris, brother of temple leader Maria Katsaris, was carried just off the gravel runway, blood streaming from his nose. He had a wound in his chest.

Jackie Speier, legal aide to Rep. Leo Ryan, was flat on her back, an eight-inch slab of her right thigh blown away, one arm shattered and a bullet in her pelvis.

A few feet away, NBC technician Steve Sung was crying out in pain, with the muscles of his right arm shot away in two places by a high-powered rifle.

Some of the uninjured were bent over the severely hurt, trying to stem the bleeding, while the less severely wounded bound their injuries with shirts and belts, their eyes wide in shock and amazement.

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After a while, Sung was delirious with rum and pain, calling to his wife and daughter and to Speier.

"You're beautiful and brave, Jackie," he cried. "We're going to make it."

"Hang on, Steve," she called back. "We may even laugh about this some day."

Almost two dozen townspeople milled around the five bodies near the plane. Some shook their heads in disbelief, then drifted over to the Americans. "Why?" implored a little man with great white teeth and a wide-brimmed straw hat. "Why did they do this to you?"

"We don't know," I said at the time.

While some Guyanese brought us river water and rum, others looked at our injuries with pity and whispered among themselves about Peoples Temple and the Rev. Jim Jones.

"What happened?" they were asking.

When the entire sequence of increasingly tense and violent events was recounted — the congressional fact-finding mission of Rep. Ryan, the fine food and entertainment at the Temple's agricultural project, the subsequent defection of 16 temple members, the attempt to slit Ryan's throat, and finally, the massacre — these people of Port Kaituma reacted with fear and horror.

After all, their wives and children lived in modest houses around the airstrip, well within bullet range. It consoled them little to hear that the temple death squad had waved aside the Guyanese and did not attempt to kill the Guyanese in the party.

"We are with you," the outspoken little man said. "We will protect you. My God ... how can they do this? We are all human beings."

And these were wonderful human beings, these compassionate

men with shoeless children.

"Anything we can do, anything, will be done," declared the spokesman, jabbing with his index finger.

Cigarettes and lights were passed around, and a bearded man named Patrick McDonald Duke said, "Please give me your address. We will correspond."

When the offer of help was made, it felt as though we had just signed an important treaty. We still were wounded and terrified in the middle of the South American jungle, but we had allies.

As night fell over the airfield, our only flashlight was pulled from a pack. Dick Dwyer, of the U.S. embassy, went over the passenger list on his clipboard, marking the five dead, five seriously injured, five less seriously injured, six missing and nine uninjured.

Dwyer, a tall, husky, middle-aged man in khaki, assumed the leadership early. His first announcement was that the pilot of the bullet-disabled airplane had radioed the airport tower in Georgetown and that help supposedly was on the way.

Georgetown was an hour's

flight away. However, Dwyer was a realist who knew something about government in general and this poor country in particular.

"You all should know there is a strong possibility we will be spending the night here," he said.

That conjured up the nightmare of Peoples Temple farm vehicles bristling with weapons, of commando attacks from the curtain of jungle surrounding the airport.

Shortly after dark, our Guyanese friends appeared with three bedsprings and mattresses to use as litters.

Dwyer had negotiated with four Guyanese soldiers guarding a grounded military plane near the end of the runway so we were able to bring the severely wounded to

their tent, where they would have armed protection.

The soldiers, Dwyer said, were not willing to stand between the rest of us and any attackers.

Some thought was given to simply camping in the tall grass, but it was felt that that would afford little protection from a night-time raid.

The villagers at first encouraged us each to hide with a different family, but under these conditions a house-to-house search by the temple would increase the possibility of encountering a resident sympathetic to the temple.

The Guyanese said the brutal shootings of unarmed people rinsed away virtually all their good relations with the temple.

It finally was decided that the ambulatory would walk to a nearby rum shop and disco. Toting our bags up the muddy main road, we straggled into Sam's Disco — the airport area counterpart of Mike's Disco, where the temple had arranged our lodging the previous night.

The dance floor was quite similar — with black walls, black lights and fluorescent hand-painted slogans and graffiti.

A bench ran along one wall to a bar with shelves of local rum and whiskey. Our hosts sat around rum and beer bottles as Dwyer explained that the able-bodied would work in shifts tending the sick at the tent.

The others would stay at the disco rum shop.

Our protectors arrived from their nearby homes with an assort-

ment of weapons — a single shotgun, a machete and a long-bladed knife. We added a hunting knife — a Scout survival knife that Sung had bought for the trip.

These weren't exactly the Green Berets, but they were trustworthy and eager to help.

"I was in the army until two years ago," said one young man.

"When the army gets here, I may have to put on my old uniform again," joked another, a former colonel.

★ ★ ★

During the second tent shift, NBC field producer Bob Flick and I tended to the patients, borrowing a flashlight from the M16-armed soldiers.

Most of the time we sat on the damp ground, a little skeptical about whether the Guyanese troops would arrive before daybreak.

Periodically, a couple of times in response to moaning, we went into the tent. But all that could be done was to make our patients more comfortable with aspirin, rum and water or a re-arranging of bedclothes. We had no antibiotics, little sterile dressing and virtually no medical skills.

"Do you have anything for pain?" Jackie Speier said.

"There is one pill wrapped in a paper by your head."

"I'd better save it," she said. "I'll take rum instead."

Those in the tent should have been in a dry, well-staffed hospital hours ago, rather than alternately sweating and shivering in damp clothes on a non-sterile canvas floor.

★ ★ ★

Back at the disco, the owner's wife, Elaine, directed us to a back room. The rest of the group either were sleeping on floors and beds in

two small rooms or sitting around a kitchen table drinking strong coffee Guyana style, with a healthy dose of cream and sugar. There were former temple members, relatives of temple members and reporters.

The day's tragedies raised several questions: Would the airport assassins come back to town? What was happening at the temple mission? And did Jones order the attack?

No one knew how safe we were, yet the consensus among former members was that Jones had indeed ordered, or at least approved, a massacre with such far-reaching consequences.

As for Jonestown, Harold Cordell, who joined Jones in Indianapolis 25 years ago, said: "You're going to see the worst carnage of your life. It's called revolutionary suicide."

Explained Dale Parks, who had made his break from the temple hours earlier: "The theory is that you can go down in history saying you chose your way to go. It is your commitment to die rather than accept capitalism."

The next step?

"Jim Jones said if mass suicide happened, he and his trusted aides would get back to the United States and kill everyone who ever left the church."

Sleeping was too risky for most of us. Every approaching truck was potentially from the temple. But the lady of the house, Elaine, could give us the owner's name by listening to the engine and transmission sounds.

How many trucks could there be in a town of several hundred persons?

Because time drags, Parks, who once worked at the University of California Medical Center, changed our bandages and used gin to disinfect the wounds. Elaine tore down some of her curtains to make bandages.

Jerry Parks, a balding yet trim man in a tank top, spoke of the death of his wife, Patricia, that afternoon in the ambush. "Her brain was all over me," he said. "A high-powered rifle caught her. She was down to 111 pounds. When she came over here, she was 137. She wasn't getting enough to eat."

Suddenly everyone was startled by a loud boom that sounded like a gunshot. People squatted on the floor, simply froze, or tried to peek out the windows. Someone cursed our lack of arms.

After the guards assured us that the sound was only a lipab falling on a roof, we went back to waiting. A short time later, Dwyer reported, "We're trying to get a U.S. med-evac plane into Mathews Ridge or Georgetown."

The report raised our hopes just like all the others, but not much. Everyone had learned to protect himself with pessimism. Finally, some temple refugees said they heard the whistle on the train from Mathews Ridge, an hour and a half away.

Dawn approached and passed.

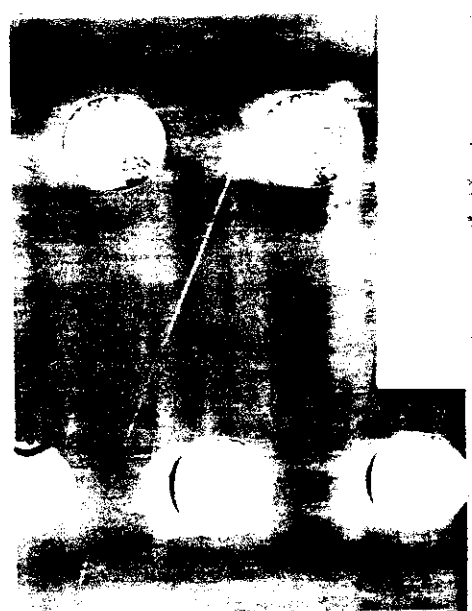
Then, at about 8:30 a.m., Guyanese soldiers arrived to protect us and to take us to arriving airplanes.

We and some Guyanese celebrated with a traditional local breakfast drink — condensed milk laced with rum.



Relief came at dawn when Guyanese soldiers arrived at Port Kaituma to help move wounded survivors from tent to evacuation plane: Pain was eased

Examined



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Ryan, at People's Temple, learns Jones is 'very ill'

By **Tim Reiterman**  
**Examiner Staff**

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — Rep. Leo Ryan plans to fly to the People's Temple jungle mission tomorrow amid reports that the Rev. Jim Jones is "very ill."

Ryan's tentative plans to fly to the 27,000-acre agricultural project today were apparently scotched when he learned that Mark Lane, temple lawyer and conspiracy theorist in the Kennedy assassination, is flying here from Washington, D.C.

Meanwhile, efforts of a group of "concerned relatives" and news people to gain access to temple members here continued to fail.

Ryan, D-San Mateo, who is leading a House International Relations Committee delegation inquiry into conditions at the mission. He said he received an invitation to visit the jungle outpost through diplomatic channels.

His invitation was then confirmed in a spur-of-the-moment visit last night to the temple base here. There Ryan held a "not-unfriendly" meeting with about a dozen temple members.

Ryan said he felt that his efforts to reach the temple mission would be more successful if he could talk with Jones, the former San Francisco Housing Authority member and leader of the church.

Efforts to reach Jones by radio were unsuccessful, Ryan said, so last night "I took the car on a hunch and went to (the temple base here)."

Once inside, he reported, "I said, 'Hi, I'm Leo Ryan. I'm the bad guy. Does anyone want to talk?'"

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

26 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

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Edition: Final

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RYMURS

Character:  
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About a dozen men and women, led by temple members Tim McElvane and Sharon Amos, agreed to talk to him.

When Ryan asked whether he could contact Jones by radio, Amos said no.

"Why not?" the congressman asked.

"He's very ill," Amos told him.

When Ryan inquired about the nature of Jones' illness, Amos refused to respond.

Former temple members in San Francisco who have monitored communications between Jones and the temple headquarters in The City say there have been indications that Jones is ill.

Ryan said he also suggested to Amos and the others that he fly to the mission today "to see if we can't

establish an agenda for a scheduled meeting (with temple members) on Friday."

It was then that he was told of Lane's imminent arrival. Temple officials earlier had insisted that Ryan couldn't visit the mission until Lane was present, and the lawyer had said he would be unavailable until the end of the month.

Ryan wants to speak with mission residents without any restrictions and also to remain at the project through Saturday.

Summing up his two days in the South American country, Ryan told reporters, "We already found out a good deal about physical conditions (at the mission) but we haven't found out a thing about mental conditions."

Referring to the frustrated relatives group accompanying the delegation, he said, "In a free society, you can't deny access to relatives either here or in the U.S."

Yesterday, the relatives group was turned away from the temple base. And the U.S. Embassy was presented with a petition signed by about 600 of the 1,100 mission inhabitants. The heading on the four large pages of signatures said:

"Resolution of the committee: Many of us, the undersigned residents of Jonestown Guyana, have been visited here by friends and relatives. However, we have not invited and do not care to see Congressman Ryan, media representatives, members of the group of so-called concerned relatives, or any other person who may be traveling with or associated with any of those persons."

The petition was dated Nov. 9. The invitation to Ryan came yesterday.

The temple also released a statement dated Nov. 13, the day the relatives started their long journey here in hopes of hearing first hand from loved ones about

mission conditions. The statement labeled the effort an escalation of the group's "malicious campaign of lies and harassment," and it branded Ryan's visit "a contrived media event."

It warned that if either Ryan or the group tried to enter the mission without permission the temple would request police protection.

While most of the news people were trying to avoid expulsion from the country yesterday, U.S. Embassy officials briefed Ryan about the 27,000-acre temple agricultural project.

In meetings with U. S. Ambassador John R. Burke, consular aide Douglas E. Ellice Jr. and other officials, Ryan said, he was reminded that "Mr. Jones is a private individual running a private operation in a foreign country."

Ryan said: "I am giving Mr. Jones every possible opportunity while we are here to address any and all of us."

Ryan viewed photo slides of the mission taken during routine consular visits to the mission. He said Jones, who has been reported unwell, looked fairly healthy.

"I didn't see many people in these slides but was impressed by the nature of the construction," Ryan said.

He said he came away from the briefing with the impression that embassy officials thought the project was benign.

Some former members have said the mission inhabitants aren't free to leave and are physically abused and forced to work long hours. The temple and a number of visitors have described the mission as a humane social experiment without urban ills or racism.

Meanwhile, Guyanese immigration officials permitted reporters, including The Examiner's, to remain beyond their one-day visas to cover the Ryan visit.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# A visa 'error' and People's Temple is more remote than ever

By Tim Reiterman  
Examiner News Staff

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — As the jet banked toward the airport at midnight Tuesday, Georgetown stood out as a strand of lights between the moonlit Atlantic and the black jungle interior.

On the ground, Guyana's heavy air rushed into the plane, hot, wet, sticky air that clung to passengers filing into the airport terminal.

U.S. Embassy officials in powder blue shirt-jackets — businessmen's attire here — made beelines for Rep. Leo Ryan, leader of a small congressional delegation's inquiry into the activities of an urban faith healer who once rubbed shoulders with politicians.

The first indication of the People's Temple's presence was the whispering among the concerned relatives group following Ryan's delegation. To one side of the terminal, several temple members were silently observing.

★ ★ ★

In the modest, low-slung terminal reporters sweated their way through immigration and customs, some uncertain that their last-minute planning for entry permits through the Guyanese Embassy in Washington had any effect in the country itself. The inspectors seemed to have known beforehand that the entourage was related to the People's Temple mission here.

After a while, most reporters were quietly celebrating their smooth trip through the lines. Then a San Francisco Chronicle reporter appeared outside a nearby window, guarded by a policeman.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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~~News~~men had agreed beforehand to support one another. NBC which had the strongest credentials, volunteered to stay to help while those reporters on shakier ground went on to Georgetown itself, 26 miles away.

Feeling free and extremely fortunate, one group selected a cabbie from several East Indians and blacks soliciting customers at the curb. After the cabbie was asked to keep his vehicle under 80 miles an hour, he roared off, running the first two stop signs.

A good two-lane pavement carried the group through flatlands, past silvery waterways, bungalows on stilts and some small industry.

At the outskirts of Georgetown the cab cut through the sweet smell of rum from a nearby distillery. At

that late hour, the town's few stoplights were working and there were knots of young men conversing on street corners, and some young women and bicyclists traveling the roadsides.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we have no reservations for you," said the desk clerk at the Pegasus Hotel, a cylindrical structure that is Georgetown's finest and a frequent stopover for airline employees. "We are booked up."

Soon there were others — all from the concerned relatives group

— whose confirmed reservations somehow had vanished. The lobby became a little encampment for a dozen Americans whose immediate needs were cold beer and beds after two days of travel. Some opted for another hotel but most stayed in the lobby in tired protest.

"People's Temple," mused a portly Guyanese at the hotel. "Of course I've heard of them. The Reverend Jones. They have a radio show and they tell you how wonderful People's Temple is. They also have a band. They used to play here at the hotel but haven't for a while."

"Do I ever visit their mission? No, it is in a very remote area."

The Examiner's reporter and photographer were able to get a room shortly before 4 a.m. yesterday. Before anyone could use it the front desk phone rang.

"Sir," the clerk said, "that was immigration. They say there is some problem with your passports. They will be here within the hour."

Three hours later up strode a black man in an orange motorcycle helmet, blue T-shirt and jeans. He was barely recognizable as our uniformed immigration inspector of the night before. He demanded the passports, then altered them with his pen. Suddenly an authorized stay of five days was reduced to 24 hours.

"I was tired last night," the officer explained. "I made a slight

mistake. You must go to the Home Ministry. It opens at 8 o'clock."

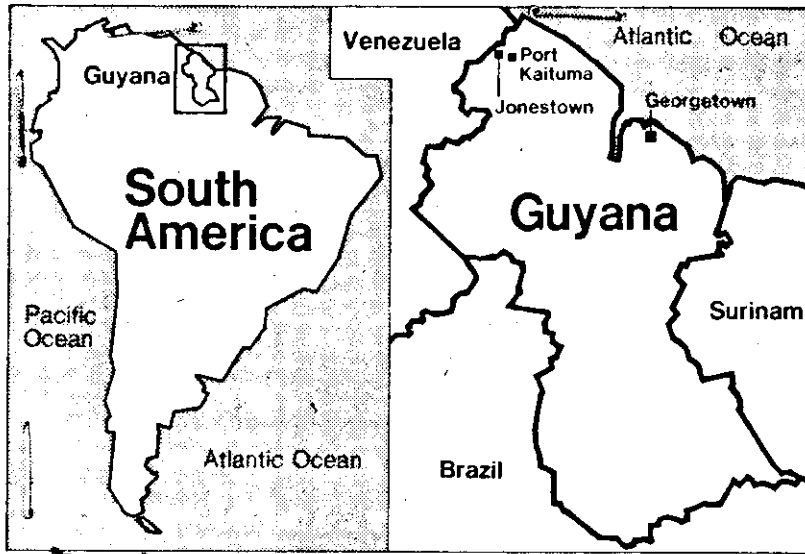
At the Home Ministry, an assistant secretary invited us into his office, inspected the passports and inquired about our business as though he hadn't heard of the congressional delegation's visit and knew little of People's Temple.

After some phone calls, the secretary apologized politely for the delay, but said the decision-making officials would be unavailable for several hours. "Call me at 1 p.m.," he said.

After U.S. officials were informed of the passport difficulties shared by most of the press here, it seemed as though Ryan were about to lose most of his press entourage. The 24-hour stamps were about to expire.

At 4 p.m. yesterday in another Guyanese government building, with well-worn wooden stairs and ceiling fans, chief information officer Victor Forsythe explained that some communication delay resulted in the passport problems. He asked several reporters how long they wished to stay. Each said five days. He handed each a press packet on the country and introduced an aide who would assist them.

Finally, he called the Ministry of Home Affairs official and said, "I have spoken with the visiting press and as far as I'm concerned, they can stay five days."



### Closeup on Guyana

- **Size:** 83,000 sq. miles.
- **Location:** North coast of South America.
- **Population:** 780,000.
- **Languages:** English (official), Hindi, Portuguese, Chinese, Negro patois.
- **Religions:** Christian, Hindu and Moslem
- **Government:** **Head of state:** President Arthur Chung; **Head of government:** Prime Minister Linden Forbes Sampson Burnham of the People's National Congress.
- **Economy:** Industries: Cigarettes, rum, clothing, furniture, drugs. Chief crops: Sugar, rice, coconuts, coffee, cocoa, citrus and other fruits. Minerals: Bauxite (5th largest producer), gold, diamonds.
- **Health:** Life expectancy at birth (1959-61): 59.03 male; 63.01 female. Infant mortality: 42.3 per 1,000 in 1971.
- **Literacy** (1973): 83 percent.

Delegation arrived at Georgetown, an hour's plane ride from jungle mission at Jonestown

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Mothers weep in Georgetown for their sons

By Tim Reiterman  
Examiner Staff Writer

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — "Pass. Pass. Go ahead," called two schoolgirls in lilting British accents.

The car then bounced over a residential street near Greater Georgetown — neat white wood-frame bungalows on one side, tin shanties with clotheslines and dirt yards on the other, ditches and canals everywhere.

Alongside one such waterway, part of the sewer system, boys cast nets and fiddled with fishing poles.

Every inch of earth, it seemed, was covered with water, sultry green trees, tough swamp grass or earth worn smooth by foot traffic. Cattle pulled at clumps of roadside greenery and dogs strayed across the road.

• On the left, between a large canal and a rutted road, stood a tin shack. "The government made them tear down all the rest on this strip," the driver said.

• On the right, behind a row of more modest houses, was a large two-story stucco house — 41 Lamaha Drive. It's the People's Temple base in this capital city, thousands of miles away from church headquarters in San Francisco.

A sturdy radio antenna stretched far above the roof, an antenna to relay radio signals between Georgetown and the Rev. Jim Jones' agricultural project in the interior to the north.

★ ★ ★

Clare Bouquet, a Burlingame schoolteacher, was sitting in the lobby of the nearby Pegasus Hotel, thinking about 41 Lamaha Drive and wondering whether her son Brian was there or not. Her eyes were red as she related:

"I went out there in a cab. I was excited. The gate was open. There were three women in the yard. They gently closed the gate, and I put my hand on it.

"I'm Brian's mother,' I said. 'I'd like to see him.'"

"He's not here,' one of them replied."

"But someone just saw him here,' I said."

"That was Jerry, who was on the basketball team. Brian is at Jonestown,' one of the women said."

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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Rev. Jim Jones, 1859  
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or cy: Possible  
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"'Could I please talk to Brian on the radio?' I asked, and they said no and that I'd have to go through the embassy."

"I told them, 'I'm a mother and I just want to see my son.'"

"One of them said, 'I'm a mother, too,' and she started to cry."

★ ★ ★

When a meeting of the "concerned relatives" from the United States at the U.S. Embassy was over, a gold-colored Ford LTD with flags mounted on the front bumper was wheeled to the front door. Ambassador John Burke jumped in and was driven away, leaving behind only two curt answers to reporters' questions.

Waiting for the relatives group to emerge, reporters asked for something cold to drink at the embassy. Paper cups of water were offered.

"It's untreated," a woman employee noted. "It'll only give you a little diarrhea," added a smooth-faced Marine guard in civilian clothes."

The concerned relatives — 14 persons with family members in the temple mission — filed out with grim expressions and brimming eyes.

"It got emotional," said Jim Cobb, a powerfully built black man who is a senior dental student in San Francisco. "Some people cried."

Tim Stoen, a former assistant district attorney in San Francisco and Mendocino counties, said, "I'm more optimistic. It's slowly improving."

★ ★ ★

"A study in contrasts," someone observed. Next to the freshly painted and sturdy embassy sagged a paint-spare building with broken window louvers. As an NBC cameraman rolled film, several bare-legged boys swarmed around him. When he gave them each a peek through the lens they giggled.

TV in Guyana? "Years ago, the Dutch Phillips company applied for a license but the government wanted to run it," remarked a U.S. international communications agency official taking in the scene. "Now it would be too expensive. You can pick up stations in Surinam, Venezuela and Trinidad, but Guyana has no station of its own. About 25 to 30 people can afford television sets."

★ ★ ★

The sign outside said, "Government Store," yet it resembled a condensed Woolworth, with counters and cash registers, cosmetics and stationery, underwear and shirts, and a busy lunch counter.

The prices weren't quite bargain-basement level, considering that per capita annual income was \$582 in 1975 and the exchange rate now is 2.35 Guyanese dollars per one U.S. dollar.

Cheap American safety razors went for \$7.85 Guyanese, while belts sold for up to \$29.95, many of cowhide from cattle raised in the interior plains.

Men's shorts in pastel colors were priced at \$5.95, Guyanese, while T-shirts emblazoned with "Super Electrician" or "Beethoven" cost \$22.95 and national flags went for \$45.50. Clothing fabric cost \$16.95 to \$28.95 a yard.

Down the street, behind locked doors and well-tended glass display cases, there were thin gold bracelets costing up to \$2,500 Guyanese. How much is gold? "A thousand dollars an ounce — American," said a saleswoman.

★ ★ ★

By 7:45 a.m. the tropical sun is high enough that some women are strolling with umbrellas. The streets are filled with right-hand drive cars, mostly of unfamiliar European makes, plus a smattering of bicycles, horse-drawn carts and pedestrians.

"That's the prime minister's house," the driver said, pointing to a guarded palatial home.

There is some stucco construction, but wood is the rule, even in the most important government buildings. Many are roofed with metal, and between the structures tropical trees and other plants do their best to reclaim Georgetown as jungle.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Ryan's group en route to temple base

By Tim Reiterman  
Examiner News Staff

GEORGETOWN, Guyana — Rep. Leo Ryan and his congressional delegation, accompanied by officials from the U.S. Embassy and the Guyanese government, flew to the People's Temple jungle mission at Jonestown today.

Also on the 18-seat chartered aircraft were temple attorneys Charles Garry and Mark Lane, one temple member who lives in Georgetown, four relatives of temple members, and the press corps.

The flight, which followed several days of delay and uncertainty, was okayed after Garry and Lane spent about two hours talking with the Rev. Jim Jones, head of the controversial church, by radio.

Those on board were welcomed as visitors to Jonestown, but in a statement released on Jones' behalf here today, he accused former temple members of enlisting the support of Ryan and the media "to give their malicious campaign of slander and gross misportrayal an air of legitimacy."

"We feel that Mr. Ryan will easily see through the lies and false charges against Jonestown."

Jones had earlier resisted attempts of Ryan and his delegation to visit the church's 27,000-acre agricultural project. Following a meeting today between Ryan and temple attorneys, Jones relented.

The group is expected to stay overnight at the mission and was to return to Georgetown tomorrow morning.

Ryan is leading a House International Relations Committee delegation investigating People's Temple and its operations in this South American country. He is accompanied by a small press corps and a group of "concerned relatives" of temple members.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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Rev. Jim Jones, 1825  
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Former members have charged that Jones uses physical abuse and financial pressure to keep church members in tow. They say the 1,200 residents of the mission aren't free to leave.

After his meeting with Ryan today, Garry said Ryan "keeps changing his position. What he really wants to do is to go there and have you guys (the press) write it up with him banging on the door. He said a couple of days ago that he would be willing to go alone."

Lane said Jim Schollert, a consultant to the congressional committee, reported a few days ago that Ryan and Rep. Ed Derwinski, R-Ill., would go to the mission with one aide each.

Both lawyers said they're happy to have the press visit the mission because it's such an impressive project. At first it was thought the plane couldn't land at the small airstrip at Port Kaituma. The alternatives would have been a flight to Matthews Ridge, then a 35-mile drive over bumpy and sometimes impassable roads to Port Kaituma, or a 1½-hour train ride.

There are also river launches that could travel to the mission on the Kaituma River, but that trip takes a day and a half each way.

Meanwhile, about 14 relatives of temple members met yesterday for more than an hour with U. S. Ambassador John Burke. Some emerged from the meeting in tears, holding a statement that read in part:

"The embassy does not have any legal right to demand access to any private citizen in Guyana. In light of this, the embassy has no authority to require contact between members of People's Temple and persons whom they do not wish to receive."

Relatives had repeatedly asked that the press observe the session with Burke, but he insisted that it

be a private meeting. When it was over, the ambassador got into a car and was quickly driven away.

"It was a useful meeting," he said. When asked whether the concerned relatives will get to see their loved ones at the mission, Burke replied, "It's too soon to say."

Steve Katsaris, Ukiah private school administrator, is in Guyana for the third time to see his daughter Maria. He summed up the meeting: "The ambassador was polite and told us there was no way he legally could do anything. We told him we would go on our own without his help."

Beverly Oliver, who has two sons at the mission, said, "The ambassador told us that the Guyanese government were the only people who could act without the temple's permission, because it is private property."

The South American country's position on the controversy isn't entirely clear, though the Jonestown jungle settlement is generally regarded as a significant attempt to turn part of Guyana's dense interior into productive land.

One government official expressed great curiosity about allegations published in the American press, particularly those of former members who contend that the mission's 1,200 inhabitants aren't free to come and go.

He also wondered aloud why a congressional delegation and so many relatives would travel thousands of miles to check on the welfare of loved ones if there were no truth whatsoever to the allegations.

After difficulties earlier this week with press corps passports, the Guyanese Information Ministry yesterday extended courtesies to newsmen here. Those included arranging a news conference with Minister of Education Vincent Teekah.

The welfare and education of children at the mission is one facet of Ryan's inquiry, and Teekah was able to offer his observations from a two-hour visit to the mission school earlier this year.

He said the school is being operated as a private school, so he informed the Rev. Jim Jones, the temple leader, that private schools are against Guyanese law.

"They tried to impress me by what they were doing," Teekah said. "They seemed to be doing a fine job in preparing the children."

"I wasn't there the whole day to see if they flogged them or if children were being beaten. I mention that because you find sometimes in our schools a teacher using the cane directly..."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

## What Jones said to Reiterman

# 'I curse the day I was born

Lying in a hospital bed with one arm immobilized and the other carrying an intravenous tube, reporter Tim Reiterman early today dictated this story to *The Examiner*.

By Tim Reiterman  
Examiner Staff Writer  
1978, San Francisco Examiner

ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, Md. — Rep. Leo Ryan took the podium at the Peoples Temple Agricultural Mission, the target of his congressional fact-finding inquiry, and said: "From what I've seen, there are a lot of people here who think this is the best thing that ever happened in their whole life."

Thunderous applause, led by the Rev. Jim Jones, followed, and was sustained for a minute or so. Ryan then said with a smile, "I'm sorry you can't vote in San Mateo County." Jones shouted back: "We can vote by proxy." And the controversial faith-healer whispered: "You have my vote."

Those were preliminary courtesies during Ryan's first night at the 27,000-acre agricultural project in Jonestown, Guyana, which temple supporters have called paradise and former members have called a concentration camp.

Within 24 hours, Ryan would be the target of an assassination attempt on the mission grounds, and a successful ambush that killed him and four others on a nearby airfield.

During those 24 hours Ryan and news people interviewed dozens of the mission's residents, hoping to determine whether there was truth to allegations that the inhabitants are essentially captives who are fed inadequately, beaten, psychologically abused and forced to work.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

18 S.F. Examiner

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The mission in its most basic sense was a direct reflection of a dying man."

Jones. He is a man who built a large grass-roots congregation and political following through his own powerful presence, organizational abilities and political maneuvering. Jones said he is looking for peace. He didn't find it in Indianapolis, where he started his church; Ukiah, where it grew in size, or in San Francisco where it grew in political stature.

Jones talked to us at his table in the temple's open-air pavilion, he sounded uncertain. He seemed disdainful of himself and spoke with a feeling that someday he would be martyred like Martin Luther King or Malcolm X.

"I curse the day I was born," Jones said Friday.

"I don't know why people hate me so," he went on. "They can have me but they should leave these people peace."

One change was his health. His condition was readily apparent even to a visitor. His skin appeared pallid and drawn against the red shirt he wears with khaki pants.

"In some ways I feel like a

Is Peoples Temple a religious movement?

"Yes," Jones said. "I'm not going to say what system will work for the world, but it works for us."

In what sense is Jones a Marxist?

"In the sense of sharing work and distributing goods and services."

When asked why he, of all religious and political leaders, is being persecuted, he said. "Socialism is unpopular."

Jones said he's loyal to the United States. He said the only reason he couldn't return is that a California judge has ordered him to surrender John Victor Stoen, 6, to Timothy and Grace Stoen, who have been awarded legal custody.

Jones has said he sired the boy at the request of Tim Stoen. He said the boy had threatened to commit suicide if he was returned to his mother. Then he called the boy to his side. He's a handsome, olive-skinned, black-haired child who was fascinated with the TV camera.



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# The cruel collapse of Jim Jones and his dream

Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman was at the Port Kaituma airstrip in Guyana where five persons were murdered Saturday while trying to leave the mission established by the Rev. Jim Jones. Reiterman, who suffered gunshot wounds, filed this story from the Andrews Air Force Base hospital near Washington, D.C., where he is being treated.

"We are not violent. We don't do violence to anybody."

"I have never advocated mass suicide. I only said that it's better that we commit suicide than kill."

By **Tim Reiterman**  
Examiner Staff Writer  
© 1978, San Francisco Examiner

**A**NDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, Md. — With deep sincerity in his voice, the Rev. Jim Jones made those statements in Guyana the day before his followers massacred a contingent of unarmed Americans and then wiped out Jonestown — the Peoples Temple agricultural project — with a mass suicide by more than 400 persons.

But those two tragic and incomprehensible slaughters are just the final outward manifestations of the internal collapse of a once influential man and a powerful organization.

Yet, that's an outside definition of "collapse." Jones wrote many of his own rules, his pragmatism stretching the temple's loose ties to Christianity and socialism and eventually causing his dream project to collapse into what can only be described as well-camouflaged fascism.

This last week the outside world took its most discerning and damning look at the temple's agricultural mission, carved out of spectacular dense jungle in South America, and there — as in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Redwood Valley and Indianapolis — appearances did not always mirror reality.

From a plane flying over Jonestown, the project appears to be laid out like a large farm, with community buildings in the center and dozens of smaller, tin-roofed living areas clustered between fields and orchards.

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On the ground, a tour for reporters covering the congressional delegation's visit to the mission started with a dinner of pork Sloppy Joe sandwiches, greens and potatoes — all grown on the 200-plus acres under cultivation.

Even more impressive was the vaudevillian dinnertime program, with singers of all ages and styles, including rock, jazz and disco, sometimes accompanied by dancers. With blacks and whites standing side by side, clapping and smiling, the Jonestown people appeared to be having the time of their lives, while Jones looked on proudly.

Then Rep. Leo Ryan, head of a congressional fact-finding visit, took the stage and said, "From what I've seen, there are a lot of people here who think this thing that has happened is the best thing that has happened in their whole lives."

For a full minute applause thundered through the pavilion. Even Jones rose to his feet in approval.

A day later Jerry Parks, a defector who survived the Port Kaituma airport massacre, would say: "The big cheer was staged, and people were stationed around to make sure that everyone did cheer. He (Jones) had people watching people watching people."

During the meal, temple members took pains to explain that meat is a regular diet item and that the temple's hog population was rising steadily. Yet, reporters looked around and saw that no one was eating except those at the main tables.

"We had nothing but rice and gravy for the three previous days," said Edith Parks, a defector in her 60s. "It was the first meat I can remember."

Her son, Jerry, added: "They took most of the meat out of the mission and down river to sell it."

★ ★ ★

Saturday, while children watched videotapes of "Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory" in the pavilion, tour guides led reporters on a cursory inspection of the facility.

Along the way, they explained that the long-awaited sawmill had been completed two weeks earlier, that the library had 10,000 volumes, that the hospital had delivered 33 babies without a death, that the temple basketball team was the best in the Caribbean, that the temple made its own peanut butter from its own peanut plants, that the temple

had a shop for making furniture, that the nearby river was full of fresh fish and that there was an abundance of oranges and bananas.

In actuality, the orange trees were immature, and the soil was so acidic that ashes from cut-and-burn jungle clearing had to be mixed with it.

"I've been a nurse for 30 years and evaluated nursing homes for the state of California," Jones' wife, Marceline, told reporters. "This is a nursery for babies to 18 months. We have one nurse per two or three babies."

The nursery, a metal-roofed, wooden building with mosquito netting covering sleeping pallets on the floor, was called Cuffy Memorial Hospital after a Guyanese national hero.

Reporters then asked to view the inside of the Jane Pittman Gardens, a bare wooden dormitory with locked-down shutters despite the hot sun. In reply, Johnny Jones, the temple leader's son, and an elderly black woman said the women were not dressed and could not receive visitors.

The building's closed appearance prompted reporters to press for entry, which they finally were granted by temple attorneys Charles Garry and Mark Lane.

"You know the problem?" Lane said. "It's crowded. That's to be expected; we went from 80 to 1,200 persons in a year."

Inside, a handful of old women filtered through dormitory doors. The structure was jammed with bunkbeds. Baggage and personal effects were stored in lockers and on planks spanning the rafters.

A Los Angeles woman in her late 60s or early 70s said she had been living in the dormitory for two years and had no plans to move. "I'm happy as can be," she said.

★ ★ ★

"People come in here every day; it's the easiest place in the world to get out of," Jones said.

This jungle outpost is about three muddy miles from Port Kaituma, which is 150 miles by air from Georgetown, the Guyanese capital, and thousands of miles from the United States homes of temple members.

Jerry Parks said, "Jim Jones said the Guyanese government gave him authority to shoot anybody who tried

to leave. When he found people who tried to escape, he put them in the extended care unit, where they were drugged. There were people drugged when you (reporters) were here."

★ ★ ★

"We don't have any underground enclosures," Jones said.

Yet local police officials recall one temple member who escaped from the mission and told authorities that a subterranean box was used for solitary confinement and sensory deprivation to punish the lazy and others.

When police located the tiger-cage-like box, they were told it was used for bean storage.

Those who escaped last week say the box wasn't the sole form of punishment; there also were shackles, spankings and beatings, as well as the rule: If you don't work, you don't eat.

"The past few years, Jones went into rages, once over a little boy killing a bug," said Juanita Bogue, a recent temple defector. "He threatened him with 'public service.'"

"My boy Tom, 17, was the first on public service," her father, Jim Bogue, said. "They put shackles on him and made him cut three-foot-thick logs with an ax."

"People would get in trouble for picking oranges," recalled Juanita Bogue. "People would go crazy and start hitting each other."

★ ★ ★

"I'm not worried about my image. If the press smear doesn't stop, I don't know what will happen," Jones said.

A former member said there was no guesswork involved in the mass suicide. Each member knew beforehand that he would be expected to die for the cause because of Jones' brand of socialism.

Jim Bogue said his 19-year-old daughter, Marilee, refused to leave the mission with her family. "She knew what was going to happen," he said. "She'd take the poison without a gun at her head. She was one of those who believed Jim Jones would be there in the next world to take them to a higher plane."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

## Jones 'agent' denies spying in Bay Area

By Tim Reiterman  
1978, S.F. Examiner

Tim Carter, the Peoples Temple member now in custody of Guyanese police, was told about Rep. Leo Ryan's planned visit to Guyana on Nov. 10 while in Berkeley.

Carter was at the time suspected of being on a spying mission for the Rev. Jim Jones. But he denied that charge in a Jonestown conversation with his reporter last Friday night.

No charges have been filed against Carter in Guyana. Some believe him to be a temple gunman.

According to Al Mills, who helps run the Human Freedom Center in Berkeley, a haven for cult defectors, Carter came to the center about two weeks ago with a story that he had been allowed to leave the temple's Guyana agricultural settlement so he could get dental treatment in the United States.

He said that before arriving at the center he had undergone three root canal operations for abscessed teeth in his home town of Denver, Mills related.

After visiting the center and learning about the Ryan trip, Carter vanished from the Berkeley scene, Mills recalled, leaving behind in his Berkeley quarters only half a bottle of wine and half a loaf of bread.

At that time Mills expressed concern that Carter had been kidnapped by temple members.

But he also wondered if Carter might not have been sent to the center to gather information.

Carter, according to his story, was supposed to have seen a Bay Area dentist Nov. 11, Mills said, but he showed no symptoms of dental distress and seemed unaware of the

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fact that the kind of surgery ne  
described requires close follow-up  
supervision.

"Tim Carter said he got out  
with his passport," Mills said. "He  
said they forgot to collect it. The  
story sounded ~~phony~~."

Mills also quoted Carter as  
saying that ~~since~~ defector Debbie  
Blakey left the temple mission  
several months ago, the temple had  
erected 100 more huts.

But when I went to the mission,  
there didn't appear to be even 100  
huts all told.

Carter was one of the first  
temple members that I encoun-  
tered upon arrival at the settle-  
ment, near Port Kaituma, last  
Friday evening.

Carter, a clean-cut former Ma-  
rine, said that Mills and other  
members of the Berkeley center  
and concerned relatives were  
putting out misinformation and  
propaganda about the temple  
project.

When asked whether it was  
true that he had been at the  
Berkeley center, gathering infor-  
mation under the pretext of being a  
defector, he confirmed that he had  
been at the center but did not  
admit to spying.

He made these statements af-  
ter the temple had hosted a ban-  
quet and floor show for the visitors  
on Friday night. He was also  
present when the visitors were  
taken on a tour of mission facilities  
the following day.

After Carter had left the  
Berkeley center, people there ex-  
pressed the hope that he would  
return to substantiate or corrobor-  
ate what Blakey said were misera-  
ble conditions at the temple mis-  
sion.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Exclusive: eyewitness account of massacre

Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman was at the Port Kaituma jungle airstrip in Guyana where five persons were murdered Saturday while trying to depart the agriculture mission established by the Rev. Jim Jones. Reiterman, who suffered gunshot wounds, filed this eyewitness account from Andrews Air Force Base, where he was flown for treatment.

By **Tim Reiterman**  
Examiner Staff Writer  
1978, San Francisco Examiner

PORT KAITUMA, Guyana — "I feel sorry that we are being destroyed from within," the Rev. Jim Jones had said as a tropical storm rained on the Peoples Temple pavilion.

Jones had suffered a setback. Rep. Leo Ryan, D-San Mateo, had come to the temple's agricultural project to determine whether the followers of Jones were free to leave the jungle settlement. And now some wanted to depart.

We couldn't know then that the grim little world of this sick man would shatter within hours, taking hundreds of his followers to their deaths. My companion, Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, would be murdered in an ambush. So would the congressman and three others.

I wondered why it happened. My best guess is that Jones felt the press people weren't fooled by the staged setup at the mission. After all, we had seen things we weren't supposed to see. We demanded to see the locked buildings where some members lived in crowded, uncomfortable conditions.

Jones wasn't the same man. His handshake was weak. He was taking pain pills, and he said he was dying.

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None of it makes sense. All I can do is tell what I saw and heard.

It began with a note smuggled to us from two members. The note said: "Please help us get out of Jonestown." The list of defectors rapidly grew to at least 16. According to former members, Jones would not tolerate defections from the mission project and many of the church members considered those who leave to be traitors.

At the end of Ryan's two-day visit to the mission Saturday, a woman suddenly charged down a slippery boardwalk shouting at her husband, "I'll kill you! I'll kill you! Don't take my baby!"

An emotional tug-of-war ensued between a mother who wanted to stay and the father who wanted to go. Finally, attorneys for both Ryan and the temple decreed that the courtroom was the proper place to decide the custody issue.

Though it was a stalemate, the incident intensified an already strained situation. Jones, who asked his followers to call him "Dad," did not like to lose any of his "children." He said he considered it a failing on his part when he did.

Some scowling faces appeared

in the windows that rainy afternoon, watching the defectors leave, some with trunks and others with little more than the clothes on their backs.

All of us were falling and slipping through the mud around a six-wheel-drive dump truck that would take us (the congressional delegation, the press, the defectors and a group of concerned relatives of temple members) to the Port Kaituma airstrip.

In minutes, the back of the truck was piled high with crates, suitcases, backpacks and people. Mud made the truck bed slick, so everyone clung to the sideboards.

"Let's go!" someone shouted, and the driver attempted to turn the truck around. The truck spun its wheels until a Caterpillar tractor tugged it into place for a downhill run.

But before we could start out, we heard angry shouts. People raced over to the outdoor pavilion.

A few of us jumped from the

truck and ran over there. We got word that a temple member had grabbed the congressman, held a knife to his throat and told him he was going to slit it. Temple attorneys Charles Garry and Mark Lane, along with Ryan, subdued the man.

We were turned back by Johnny Jones, Jim Jones' stern-faced adopted black son. He said reporters would make the situation worse.

A few minutes later a pale-looking Leo Ryan slogged through the mud with his briefcase, his powder blue shirt and pants stained with his assailant's blood. He climbed aboard the truck and we took off.

Ryan had planned to remain behind at the mission with several members who wished to return to the United States but couldn't get seating on the planes. His unplanned departure left them alone.

"They're in deep trouble now," observed one of the relatives who had accompanied us.

During the bouncy ride out,

the truck was ~~hijacked~~. A black man with a "corn rows" hairstyle came up to the rear of the truck. Joining him was an older black man who fingered something in his right pocket.

The younger man demanded that everyone in the truck move aside. He apparently was searching for his wife, who had carried away their child that morning, hoping to escape the settlement. But she wasn't on the truck and the men left.

When the truck was allowed to pass, we all breathed easier. Some had the distinct impression that the two were close to opening fire on the truck.

As we rode onto the black gravel, jungle-bordered runway, a small six-passenger Cessna was parked to one side of the corrugated metal shack which served as the airport terminal.

A second plane, a Guyana Airways 24-seater, was coming in for a landing. At the far end of the strip sat a yellow government plane. Its nose wheel had been broken the week before and four soldiers were guarding it with M-16 rifles.

As the larger plane landed, the temple truck, with several persons in the back, started to advance. Alongside it was a red tractor and trailer seen earlier at the mission.

Some of those leaving the temple eyed the vehicles with suspicion. NBC reporter Don Harris said coolly: "I think we're in for some trouble."

Seating assignments were chosen after Ryan briefed the press on the knife attack and credited Mark Lane with saving his life.

Ryan clearly ~~was~~ in good spir-

its. He was within a few minutes and a few yards of accomplishing his goal: to get out temple members who were afraid to leave or possibly held against their will.

First the Cessna was filled, with Ryan frisking each boarder looking for guns and knives. Layton, who was insisting on taking the first plane, slipped to the other side of the plane before he could be frisked. When that was pointed out to Ryan, Layton contended he already had been frisked. Yet he submitted to a new search, then returned to his seat.

Meanwhile, the tractor, with several men in the trailer, rolled toward the terminal shack and halted a short distance away. Quietly, the men with the tractor motioned aside a group of curious Guyanese children and other bystanders. Some of the defectors told me later that the men in the trailer were members of Peoples Temple.

"It looks like trouble," I said to Greg Robinson, but he kept on shooting pictures.

As rapidly as possible Jacques

former temple members said that one of the supposed defectors, Larry Layton, was a Jones loyalist and had been depressed.

"Watch him," those around him were told. "We think he's got a gun. He's too close to Jim Jones to leave."

A large poncho covered his belt area so no one knew for sure and no one challenged him.

"I'm real happy to be getting out," Layton volunteered, then lapsed into a stare. A while later, the young temple escort on the tailgate shook his head and said: "I don't understand why they did it this way. They could leave any time they want."

It seemed the temple was generous: It willingly provided passports to those who wished to leave, and advanced \$5,000 to help defray transportation costs. We'd also just seen the warm, cheerful embraces between some of those leaving and some who were staying.

At the temple exit guard post,



line Speier was signing on passengers at the foot of the boarding ladder, while a reporter helped her check for weapons. The closest thing to a law enforcement official — a pleasant young policeman with a pink shirt and a 16-gauge shotgun — was disarmed by temple members.

Then, with heart-stopping suddenness, the first shot was fired. I didn't see who fired the shot but the sound came from the tractor and trailer.

A loud series of pops echoed across the field.

"Hit the deck!" someone hollered as we scrambled over the gravel to the far side of the plane.

I dropped to my belly. A bullet ripped through my left forearm. Another hit my wrist and knocked off my watch.

They were shooting to kill, not just to stop us from leaving.

Springing to my feet, I ran 40 yards across the runway. Volleys of shotgun, rifle and pistol fire kept coming. I dove headlong into the three-foot-tall grass.

I crawled until I came to taller

bushes and brambles, clawing my way into a pocket in the brush.

I stopped and listened. The shots still were popping at an amazing clip. I could still hear the groaning and crying of the targets.

Though I couldn't see over the tall brush, I could hear the shots become less frequent. Then there were just a few.

My arm was gushing blood so I stripped off my belt and pinched down the biggest wounds.

I heard a few more shots and saw the tractor pull away. After they left, I crept out of the bush and saw five bodies around the plane. Other people were injured.

Greg's body was near the boarding steps, with his camera bag and cameras scattered around him. There was a gaping wound in his shoulder and possibly his ribs.

Ryan, his thick gray hair bloodied, was near the front of the plane. Harris, a Los Angeles-based NBC investigative reporter who covered the fall of Saigon and the Nicaragua rebellion, had been killed. It was Harris who had been contacted by the first two groups of temple members expressing a desire to

leave.

Also dead was Bob Brown, the NBC cameraman and the kind of guy who loved action stories.

Patricia Parks had had her head shattered before her husband's eyes.

Five others were wounded seriously. Speier's right leg had a gaping wound, and her arm was injured. NBC sound man Steve Sung had chunks of one arm blown away. Anthony Katsaris, brother of Jim Jones aide Maria Katsaris, was wounded in the chest.

Vernon Gosney and Monica Bagby, the two temple members who asked for help in the note, also were seriously injured.

After the massacre, Layton strolled back to the area.

"He started firing at the front and missed the pilot," said Dale Parks, who left the temple Saturday. "He hit Monica and Vern. He fired at me but it misfired. I jumped up and fought for the gun. He went over the seats in a somersault and I flipped out of the plane with him. I got the gun. I tried to fire but nothing happened."



Associated Press

Wounded reporter ~~Reiderman~~ shakes hand with Ryan's son Christopher at Andrews Air Force Base

Layton later was taken into custody by Guyanese authorities, who seized a .38-caliber pistol and turned it over to U.S. Embassy officials.

By nightfall the seriously wounded, some of them on litters provided by the community, were sheltered in army soldiers' tents. The rest of us were accommodated in a private home.

"We're scared, too, man, that they'd do this to you," said one of the people who took us in.

Guyanese civilians set up a guard station for us, standing watch all night armed with only a shotgun, a machete, and a long-bladed knife. More than a few bottles of rum were consumed or poured on wounds. We used curtains for bandages.

Every loud sound put us on edge, with some wondering aloud: "Will they come back to finish us off?"

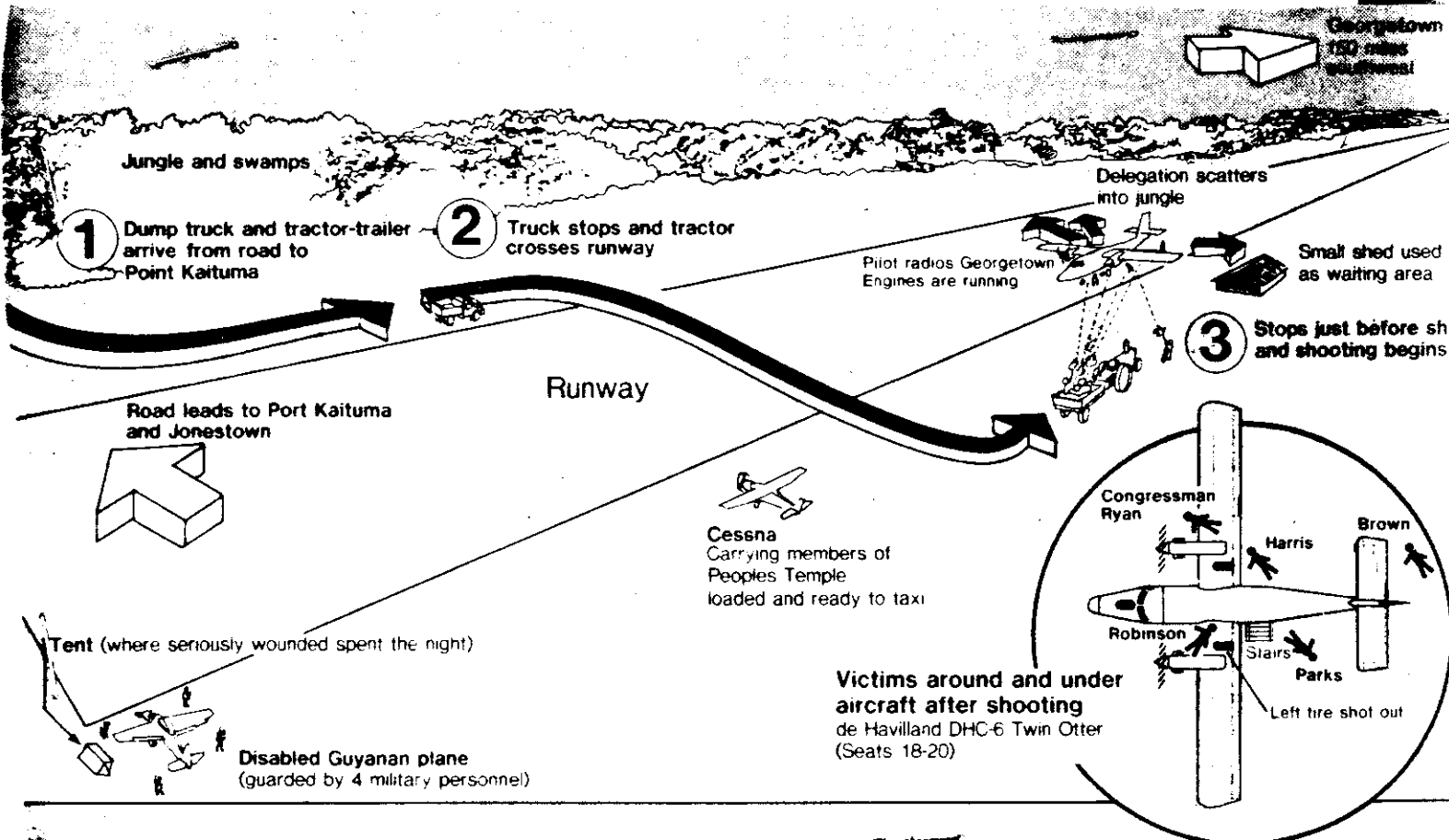
The pilot had radioed for help after the shooting, but during the night the only thing we heard were more rumors about the imminent arrival of Guyanese troops and medical evacuation planes.

During the long night the temple defectors told us that all the horror stories about Jim Jones and the church were true: There had been underground boxes to punish the lazy; public beatings; drills where guns and bows and arrows were hauled out on call of "white knight;" and plans for mass suicides.

Yesterday morning 100 Guyanese troops came by train from Matthews Ridge, walking the last several miles as a precaution against sabotage or attack. Then two Guyanese medical evacuation planes flew us to the capital city of Georgetown, where a U.S. Air Force C-141 took us to Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, D.C., stopping off on the way at the Roosevelt Roads Naval Base in Puerto Rico.

Five were dead, five seriously wounded, five suffered relatively minor wounds, nine were unhurt, and six were believed lost or hiding in the dense underbrush along the Kaituma River.

All these lives were wasted, and I don't know why. I keep remembering what Jones had said in the pavilion: "Destroyed," he said, "from within..."



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Funeral Held for Slain NBC Cameraman Brown

A funeral Mass was held Friday at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Hollywood for NBC television cameraman Robert Brown, who was slain with Rep. Leo J. Ryan and three other persons last Saturday in Guyana.

About 500 people, including family members and news men and women, heard Brown eulogized as a hero who died courageously on a truth-seeking mission.

Geraldo Rivera, of ABC News in New York, said when he heard of the slayings on the jungle airstrip, he knew Brown "would have died on his feet with his camera rolling because that's the kind of man he was."

Brown, 36, was filming preparations for the departure of Ryan's fact-finding party and a group of defectors from cult leader Jim Jones' Peoples Temple when they were ambushed. Ryan, Brown, NBC correspondent Don Harris, news photographer Gregory Robinson and a woman defecting from Jones' temple were slain. Brown's camera filmed the attack until he was shot down.

Local newsmen served as pallbearers and escorted family members, including Brown's wife, Connie, adopted Vietnamese daughter, Kim, and father, Robert Brown Sr., from the church.

Burial was scheduled in Holy Cross Cemetery in Culver City.

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SLAIN NEWSMEN

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# Opinion

Nov. 26, 1978 S.F. Sunday Examiner

## In remembrance of Greg Robinson

**E**XAMINER photographer Greg Robinson, who died in the line of duty on an airstrip in Guyana, had a job to do — telling in pictures the story of Jonestown — and he did it well right up to the time he was shot dead by assassins from the religious colony of the Rev. Jim Jones.

Greg was only 27, a graduate of San Francisco State University, where he earned a degree in geography and was a staff member of the school's photojournalism class. He chose photojournalism as his life's work, and excelled in it by all standards.

This affable and energetic young man was more than a photographer. He was an artist who captured the human spirit in his pictures.

The Examiner has established the Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship at San Francisco State for photojournalism students. Proceeds from the sale to other media of exclusive pictures taken by Greg and Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman on their tragic trip to Guyana will be used initially for the scholarships. Additional funds will come from contributions from friends, admirers and corporate sources.

Contributions may be sent to the Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship, c/o The San Francisco Examiner, P.O. Box 3100, San Francisco 94119.

We are sure Greg would have been pleased to know that he will be remembered in this way, giving others an opportunity to carry on the work that he loved and found so richly rewarding.

Colleagues and others who knew and respected Greg, and Examiner readers who recognized his talent, will honor him at a memorial service at the First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St. at 4 p.m. Wednesday.

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S.F. Sunday Examiner and Chronicle

pg2 S.F. Examiner

Section B

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## Tributes to a photojournalist

Greg Robinson was a childhood friend. We grew up together. He was the best photographer I ever saw. He was technically proficient, but his brilliance came more from his dedication to his art and the pursuit of the unusual — and dangerous.

Greg grew up in Burbank. His interest in photography started early. He was staff photographer for the junior high school newspaper. Indications of his greatness came early when, as a junior in high school, he took a startling photo of a basketball game — a Burbank player, arms and legs akimbo, sitting on the chest of an upright opposing player.

Greg moved to the Bay Area in 1973 and entered the world of free-lance photographic journalism. Greg knew what he wanted, a job on the staff of one of the major San Francisco newspapers, and he went after it with a vengeance.

His career blossomed. As a free-lancer, Greg covered the major Northern California news events for a European publication syndicate — SIPA Press.

As a student at San Francisco State, Greg met Fran Ortiz, another Examiner photographer, who got Greg a job as a summer replacement for a vacationing Examiner photographer. Greg quickly proved himself with his dedication, hard work, technical abilities, and artist's eye.

He quickly established himself as one of the best in the business, winning several news-photography awards. Greg brushed aside suggestions that he was destined for greatness, but carefully catalogued all his work for the day it would be published. I helped Greg select photos for his first one-man show, at Canon USA.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

S.F. Sunday Examiner  
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pg2 S.F. Chronicle

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More than a great photographer, Greg was a warm and generous person. He was always doing favors for friends, photographing weddings, parties, and births, and then surprising and delighting them with a set of glossy prints.

When the ambush began at the airstrip, most of us would have dove for cover or fled into the jungle. Knowing Greg, he probably grabbed a camera and started taking pictures.

I'm numb as I sit here on a rainy Sunday morning, staring at his picture on the front page of the paper, knowing I'll never see him again.

The Examiner has lost a future Pulitzer Prize winner. But those of us who knew and loved him have lost a lot more.

Stephen L. Young  
Crockett

★ ★ ★

I want you to know how sorry I was to learn of the death of your photographer, Gregory Robinson.

Although I did not know Gregory personally, he, along with other members of the press, showed the sort of courage to their profession that makes us all proud.

Edmund G. Brown, Jr.  
Governor

★ ★ ★

I am not actually a friend of Greg Robinson, so maybe I shouldn't write this letter. He's got many other friends to grieve his loss. But Greg was a part of my life, and I'll miss him.

Greg was the assistant to Fran Ortiz's photojournalism class at San Francisco State this fall — a class in which I am a student. He showed us around The Examiner office when Fran couldn't. He helped us with our photographs. But most of all, he was supportive of our efforts.

Greg was a photographer we could all identify with — a role model we could emulate. At 27, he was our age. A few years ago he, too, took Fran's photojournalism class at State. He found a job in news photography. He provided inspiration that we could, too.

The last class meeting, just two weeks ago, was held at his home. It began as a typical class session with wine and food and critiquing of our photos by ourselves and others. Just as some of us were about to depart, a guest arrived — one of Greg's long-term friends, a freelance photographer who recently covered the

uprising in Nicaragua for Time magazine.

For an hour or more, this photojournalist kept us entertained with his stories. He talked of being shot at on the streets of Nicaragua, smuggling film out of the country with "pigeons", the constant threat of death, and under it all, the glamour of such a lifestyle. Another realm of possibilities opened up for us students, and, I guess, for Greg.

What an unlucky coincidence that the trip to Guyana came up for Greg right afterwards. His first big international story — his photos appeared on The Examiner's front page. Along with the announcement of his death. It isn't fair.

Pat Foster-Turley  
San Carlos

★ ★ ★

On this bleak and rainy night, my thoughts keep returning to those of you who knew and worked with Greg Robinson. And so I wanted at least to say that I am sorry for the sorrow and grief all of you are experiencing now — and will, inevitably, continue to feel for long weeks and months to come.

It has always seemed to me that all of us who depend so much on newspapers for vital information — as well as for the sheer pleasure of the well-written article, the vivid and expressive photograph — owe a great debt of gratitude to those of you who make these newspapers possible. And so, in that sense, the death of Greg Robinson is a loss felt by many and a loss shared by many.

Difficult as it may be to find words of comfort to address to a friend, it seems almost impossible to know what one can offer a stranger. I can only think that, in making it possible for Greg Robinson to work at The Examiner and to do the sorts of stories which took him to Guyana, you made possible for him a life of challenge and satisfaction — and that, surely, must be one of the greatest gifts which one person can give to another.

Juliet Clark Berger  
San Francisco



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Reg Murphy / Memories of two colleagues



Death came at us hard this week. Two of the joyful people I have known in San Francisco died. You will pardon me, please, while I remember them here.

Greg Robinson died first, away off in the jungle doing his job. He looked through the viewfinder of a camera at a gun firing at him. It was a mark of that fine young man that he did not stop making pictures until his hands no longer could hold the camera.

Harry Papazian died next, in San Francisco of the ravages of a long seizure of cancer. The disease must have been the only thing that ever got in Harry's way. As the promotion director for The Examiner, he was involved in almost everything we did.

It doesn't take more than two deaths in a week to wipe out the joy of living. Death is an insidious enemy of those still alive, for it destroys what could have been and replaces it with a pall.

Greg lived for his photographs. He froze for all time on silver-coated sheets of film the world that he saw with a peculiar vision. He printed his photographs with such exquisite attention to detail that the finished products were stunning. And unlike most of us who have made a living out of photography, Greg was neat and orderly.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

S.F. Sunday Examiner and Chronicle

pg2 S.F. Examiner

Section B

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-26-78  
Edition: Final

Title:  
RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

To have him die under the wheels of an airplane on a jungle runway by the bullets fired by thugs flying religious banners is almost more than the human spirit can stand.

Harry was older, and his face was ravaged by the pain he had endured for years. Nonetheless, a smile always played under the creases of his face. Whether he was out promoting our Bay to Breakers race through The City, or the Golden Gloves boxing tournament, or The Examiner track and field meet, he did it with joy.

Once we were involved in producing a wintertime gymnastic show at the Cow Palace. The Russians were coming. When Olga

Korbut, the marvelous Olympic gold medal winner, agreed to the trip. Harry almost sprinted down the hall to tell me the good news. He could find joy where most of us felt only a little tingle of anticipation.

Now they are gone, and The City is the poorer for their passing.

Still, life goes on. I never have seen a finer tribute to any young photographer than our staff produced in the seven days since this newspaper first reported the news of Rep. Leo Ryan's death in Guyana.

Tim Reiterman, the young reporter with whom Greg was covering the visit to Jonestown, has been working from a hospital bed. Our photographers have produced what can only be called stunning photography. Our writers have been professional and swift and graphic and good.

The sense of dedication and professionalism that they have brought to the memory of Greg — and then of Harry — is what our business is all about. And we are just as clannish as anybody else.

We talk cynically, and sometimes it covers up the hurt. This week we didn't even have the energy to talk tough. It hurt like hell to lose these colleagues.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

**Goodbye to Greg**

**They had seen his brilliance**

Special to The Examiner

BURBANK — Greg Robinson was a photographer and photographers from throughout the state came to say goodbye to him yesterday.

Photographers from Robinson's newspaper, The Examiner; photographers from the paper he competed against, the Chronicle; photographers from the Associated Press; photographers from the Los Angeles Times.

They saw two attendants carefully fold the American Flag and then turn a casket to move it down the 60-foot long aisle of St. Jude's Episcopal Church.

They saw Gale Robinson reach out to touch the bronze-colored casket. His fingers slipped slowly from the shiny surface.

The body of his son, Gregory Robinson, 27, a San Francisco Examiner photographer slain one week ago on a jungle airstrip in Guyana, was inside.

Andrea Robinson saw the casket of her brother pass and she collapsed. Greg's former wife, Min, sobbed. Both clutched the casket before family members pulled them back.

The moment passed and the pallbearers, friends and colleagues of the young photographer, carried the casket to a waiting hearse.

During the service, Fran Ortiz, an Examiner photographer who also taught photography to Greg Robinson at San Francisco State University, quoted Jack London:

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

S.F. Sunday Examiner and Chronicle

pg8 S.F. Examiner Section A

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-26-78  
Edition: Final

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Submitting Office: SF

"I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot. The proper function of man is to live, not to exist."

More than 450 mourners filled the church where Mr. Robinson was memorialized, only a block away from where he was born 27 years ago.

"Greg was a simple man without affectation, he was unfailingly agreeable; he was entirely without self-righteousness," Ortiz said during the service.

Ortiz remembered that Mr. Robinson had a "rare instinct for recording history with his camera, capturing it in an instant — and freezing it for a lifetime."

Long-time friend Larry Segall

recalled that "the events he captured with his camera touch all of us."

Mr. Robinson's last photographs were taken at a jungle airstrip in the South American country of Guyana where he was slain.

Mr. Robinson was wearing

three cameras around his neck when he was a photographer for his high school newspaper in Burbank, a family friend, Jack Sweet, said.

"He was warm, generous and daring, eager for adventure and seemingly fearless," Sweet said. "He was searching to expose the truth and he laid down his life for his friends."

Before the memorial service began, Mr. Robinson's father, Gale, told some 60 of his son's colleagues from The Examiner that he had taught Greg photography at the age of 5.

"Greg was my hero," the father said. "I just loved him."



Examiner/Judith Calson

Casket of Examiner photographer Greg Robinson is borne away from funeral by friends, colleagues

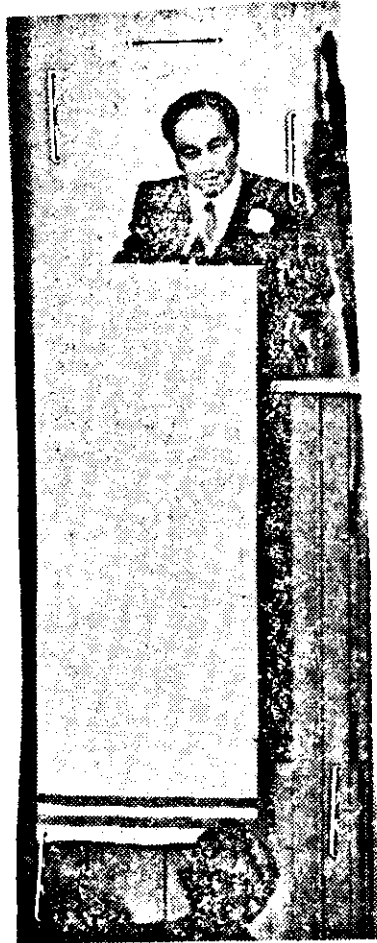
# Tears for Greg



Andrea Robinson, sister of Greg Robinson, weeps after the funeral of her brother, San Francisco Examiner photographer who was

slain in an ambush in Guyana. She is consoled by a relative at St. Jude's Protestant Episcopal Church in Burbank.

United Press International



Examiner Judith Calson

**The Examiner's Fran Ortiz**

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Slain NBC Cameraman Called Hero

Los Angeles

Slain NBC News television cameraman Bob Brown was eulogized yesterday as a courageous man who went into the jungles of Guyana on a truth-seeking mission.

"The mission was a success, but the success came at a terrible price," the Rev. Robert M. Bradley told about 500 mourners gathered at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Hollywood.

Family members in attendance included Brown's widow, Connie; his adopted Vietnamese daughter, Kim, 15, and his father, Bob Brown Sr.

A special eulogy was given by Brown's close friend, Geraldo Rivera of ABC News in New York, who told the many newspeople at the funeral that they should investigate the numerous cults in this country to understand the "dark and evil forces" he said cults represent.

Rivera said when he heard the news of the massacre of Brown and two other newsmen, Congressman Leo J. Ryan and a woman follower of the People's Temple, last Saturday in Jonestown, Guyana, he knew Brown "would have died on his feet with his camera rolling because that's the kind of man he was."

Then Rivera turned to Brown's widow and said, "Your husband died a hero."

*Associated Press*

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

4 S.F. Chronicle

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-25-78

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RYMURS

Character:

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AP Wirephoto

**Mrs. Connie Brown (right) escorted by newsman John Marshall, and her daughter Kim, with newsman Frank Cruz, after a Mass for her slain husband, Robert Brown**

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

## Friends saying goodbye to Greg

Friends and colleagues are scheduled to attend the Burbank funeral today of Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, 27, who was killed a week ago in an airport ambush near the Guyanese jungle mission of the Peoples Temple.

He was taking photographs of the departing group when he, U.S. Rep. Leo Ryan and three others were shot to death by temple members.

Messages of condolence have been arriving at The Examiner all week from readers, friends, newspapers, magazines and news services.

Among them was a message from Gov. Brown, who said Robinson showed the sort of courage in his profession "that makes us all proud."

He was a talented photographer with an infectious enthusiasm that delighted his colleagues. Yet he took his work very seriously and was meticulous over details. He was prepared to wait for hours, often in uncomfortable circumstances, to get the right picture.

On fast-breaking news stories, however, he always wanted to be first on the scene. He was so eager that reporters had to run to keep up with him.

He wasn't insensitive to possible danger, but was anxious to get better pictures than anyone else.

During the recent Klamath salmon war, Robinson found himself in the middle of a river battle between Indian fishermen and law-enforcement agents. Despite the risks, he yelled to a reporter in the boat, "Closer, closer!"

His dramatic photos of the violent scene took up most of the space on the next day's Examiner front page.

He joined The Examiner two years ago after doing free-lance

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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San Francisco, Ca.

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magazine work and working at a San Francisco photo-supply store.

He won photo awards at Burbank High School and later became photo editor of San Francisco State University's student newspaper, the Phoenix.

He was reared in a musical family. His mother, Beverly, is a professional opera singer, and his father, Gale, is a French horn player. His sister, Andrea, 24, is also a professional singer.

But while he used to sing in choruses as a boy, he picked up his father's interest in photography and made it his career.

Some of his best work is on

display this month at the Canon Gallery, 776 Market St.

The Examiner has established a photojournalism scholarship at San Francisco State University to honor his memory. Contributions can be sent to the Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship, San Francisco Examiner, P.O. Box 31, S.F. 94119.

Today's services for Robinson were scheduled for 1 p.m. at St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Burbank. A memorial service will be held at 4 p.m. next Wednesday in the First Unitarian Church, 1187 Franklin St.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

### Club to honor news heroes

The three newsmen killed in the Guyana ambush will be honored at next year's 17th annual "Headliner Banquet" of the Greater Los Angeles Press Club, it was announced today.

The dinner, which will be held Feb. 8, will be dedicated to the memory of Examiner photographer Gregory Robinson, NBC reporter Don Harris and NBC cameraman Robert Brown. Co-chairmen Henry Rieger and Coe Wilkins said the Press Club intends to honor all American journalists who have lost their lives in line of duty through perpetuation of their names at the club headquarters.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

4 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-25-78

Edition: Home

Title:

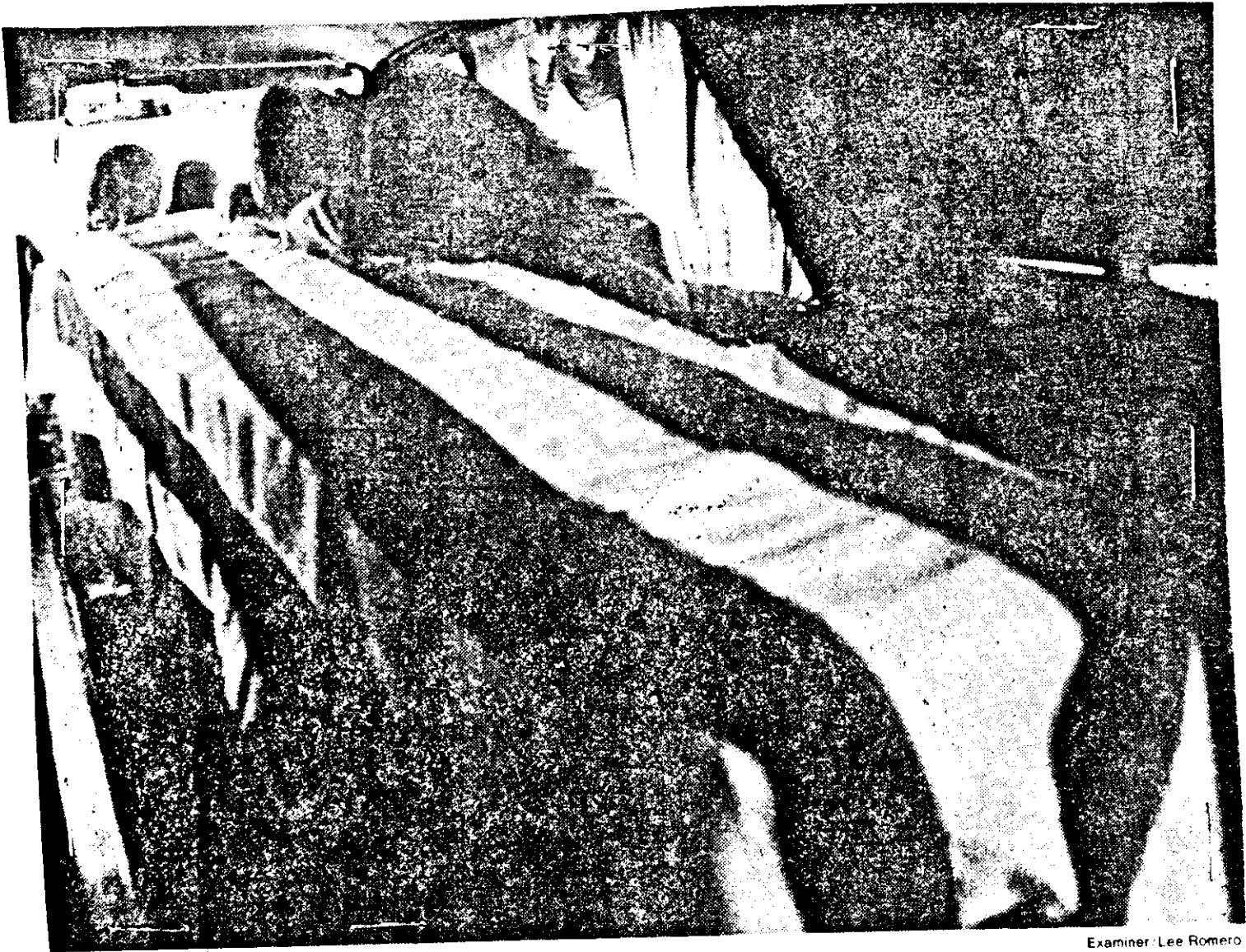
RYMURS

Character:

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Examiner: Lee Romero

**Greg's father momentarily breaks down while riding in the hearse**

would have been a good musician," he said.

But the father was also interested in photography in the early days, a passion that was passed on to his son, who was totally involved in the field long before he landed his first big-time job with The Examiner two years ago.

The mother squeezed her sobbing husband's knee as he lost control for a moment.

The parents seemed to take heart in the words of their son's visiting colleagues, who told them he was doing what he most wanted to do when his life was cut short.

"Yes, of course we were proud of him," said the mother. "we've always been so lucky with our children — they were always so good and so conscientious in what they did."

"Greg was a very professional person," his mother said, "it was the way he was raised."

To illustrate her point, the mother managed to put aside her grief to sing with the visiting New York Opera Company, which performed "Tosca" last night.

## A family's grief: 'We've got Greg home with us where he belongs'



Greg Robinson's former wife, Min, his mother and father, Beverly and Gale Robinson, wait in the rain;

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Covering a horror story: The twisted Guyana tale

*"I've seen a fair amount of crime and gore as a reporter, but I've never known anything that's had this kind of impact on people."*

—Examiner managing editor  
David Halvorsen,  
talking about the death of  
Greg Robinson

By John Jacobs  
© 1978 San Francisco Examiner

Clouds drifted in and out a week ago Saturday, a brisk autumn day, a good day for football. Shortly after 3:30 p.m., Dexter Waugh, an Examiner reporter working the Saturday night city desk, hung up the phone. He'd just been telling publisher Reg Murphy that it was a normal, slow Saturday afternoon. A group of angry women were to march on Broadway porno shops, and Ivan Sharpe would cover it for the Sunday paper.

Assistant city editor Fran Dauth was typing a memo outlining stories to expect for Monday and Tuesday. She was also expecting for Sunday the first big story from Tim Reiterman, who finally had been allowed into Jonestown, the Rev. Jim Jones' Peoples Temple mission in Guyana, South America. Tim had been expected to call about noon, but she wasn't worried; still plenty of time for the Sunday deadlines.

A little later, just after 4 p.m., the phone rang and Waugh answered. He motioned to Dauth to pick it up. It was Congressman Leo Ryan's aide, Joe Holsinger, saying that he'd heard from the State Department and the White House that there had been a shooting at the airstrip outside Jonestown. Ryan, who had organized the trip, and several others were dead, possibly nine or ten.

Two Examiner journalists were at the airplane site, Reiterman and photographer Greg Robinson. Chronicle reporter Ron Javers also was there.

"When I picked up the phone and heard Holsinger's voice," Dauth said later, "I felt an electric shock go through me, a shot of adrenaline. I looked in the mirror within the hour and saw my face was red."

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

S.F. Sunday Examiner  
and Chronicle

pg 9 S.F. Examiner

Section A

San Francisco, C

Date: 11-26-78

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RYMURS

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By coincidence, city editor Jim Willse had called in at the same time and was on hold during the conversation with Holsinger. Phone calls went out to the State Department, the White House, the U.S. Embassy in Guyana, the ministry, army and police, the hotel there, anywhere people could think to call for information.

Waugh and Dauth called Murphy and Halvorsen and then reporters.

I was called about 4:45. I said I was nursing a cold and a car that wouldn't start. Dauth said she would try other reporters. I hung up and then what she had said hit me. A friend said, "You really want to go in, don't you?" I took a cab.

By 5:30 p.m. or so the top editors and a number of reporters were already at work. The pace had quickened. We were involved, closely involved.

By now, Willse had assigned six stories on Guyana. He wanted as much as possible in the three-star, the Sunday edition that goes to press at 8 p.m. and is sent to outlying areas. The atmosphere was "controlled frenzy."

Reporter Nancy Dooley had worked closely with Tim Reiterman in 1977 on a series on the horrors of the Peoples Temple described by former members. She was called at about 5 and didn't wait to hear the details before leaving for the office.

Willse had told Dauth to write the bottom half of the lead article as if the top half, which would be written by Dooley,

had already been done. Dauth's first sentence began, "The doomed trip began Monday." Dooley arrived and they sat back-to-back coordinating details and processing the new information as it came in.

Meanwhile, reporters Ivan Sharpe and Larry Maatz were calling everywhere for more information. As soon as anyone learned anything, the information was

typed, signed, dated to the minute, copied and passed out to everyone in the room. Sharpe said he must have made a dozen calls to Guyana that night.

"I spent five hours with the phone pressed to my ear," he said. "It was frustrating because there were so many places to call and people didn't know anything."

"There were two things going on," Dooley said, "concern for them (Robin Reiterman) and the need for information. The enormity of what had happened didn't sink in because we were on deadline. We were trying to put aside our emotions and do the story, but it was always there, wondering whether they were dead ..."



"Everybody was really tense. It was real serious. It wasn't fun or exciting, the way it usually is with a big story and everybody getting into it. It was terrible. Any new information we got, people swung back into action because it gave us something to do. And unlike other big stories like this, there wasn't any humor."

Greg and Tim's families had been notified, and by 8 or so the decision had been made to send Willse and photo director Eric Meskauskas to Guyana. Neither had active passports, and for the next few hours details and messages were worked out with the State Department and flight arrangements made.

Reports emerged that four were dead, and then it was five. The fifth was an unidentified photographer. "That's when the first real chill set in," Dauth said. "We told ourselves it could be anyone. It cheered us for a minute until we remembered seeing pictures of Tim with a camera."

Then news came that the unidentified photographer was wearing three cameras around his neck. We knew it had to be a pro. Around 3:30 a.m. radio station KCBS said Greg Robinson had been identified as the dead photographer. People began crying. Dauth called the station, demanding to know the source. A woman there called New York, who said it was "assumption."

The last deadline passed. Reporter Pete King rolled a sheet of copy paper into his typewriter and dialed the Guyanese minister of information, Shirley Field-Ridley. It was 5:10 a.m. The connection was weak.

"She said, 'I'm afraid I have some bad news for the San Francisco Examiner.'"

"I said, 'what?'"

"She said, 'Greg Robinson is dead.'"

People began gathering around Pete's typewriter.

"It was one of those moments when you can't think

of the next question," King said. "I felt stopped. I spelled dead 'died.' My brain wasn't working. We'd been waiting three hours about who the unidentified photographer was. The paper was already to bed. It was all focused on what happened to Tim and Greg."

"I was stopped. Things don't work for a minute. You find out and boom. I think everyone was fearing it. No one was too hopeful that Greg was alive."

Nancy Dooley: "Nobody said anything. Some people were crying, not a lot. Some were red-eyed. People were pacing, wandering around. No one was sitting down. There wasn't any conversation. There wasn't anything anyone could say."

At first, the State Department denied it. Then someone from State called back. Dauth wrote in her log after confirmation, "Greg Robinson is dead: 5:25."

Halvorsen and chief photographer Gordon Stone

went into a room to call Greg's parents. Both talked, but Stone couldn't bear it. Greg's father broke down and refused to believe it. Halvorsen let him talk for 10 minutes.

"I've never had to do anything like that before in my life," Halvorsen said. "It was tough. I called my wife. I had to talk to someone. Emotion got the best of me."

McLeod: "Fran (Dauth) came back to the photo room. Her eyes were teared. She said Greg was dead. I went into the dark room and stayed there in the dark for a while crying, and then I developed some film. I thought it was very weird to go through the process of developing. It's something I love to do, but it was very mechanical and cold.

"They needed an obituary picture of Greg. I went back and printed it. It was the hardest thing I've ever done."

★ ★ ★

After ordering breakfast at the Dallas airport at 5 a.m., Willse called the office. He was waiting for a plane to Guyana. Fran told him that Greg had been

identified. He went back to the table and told the other two men with him, Meskauskas and Chronicle reporter Keith Power.

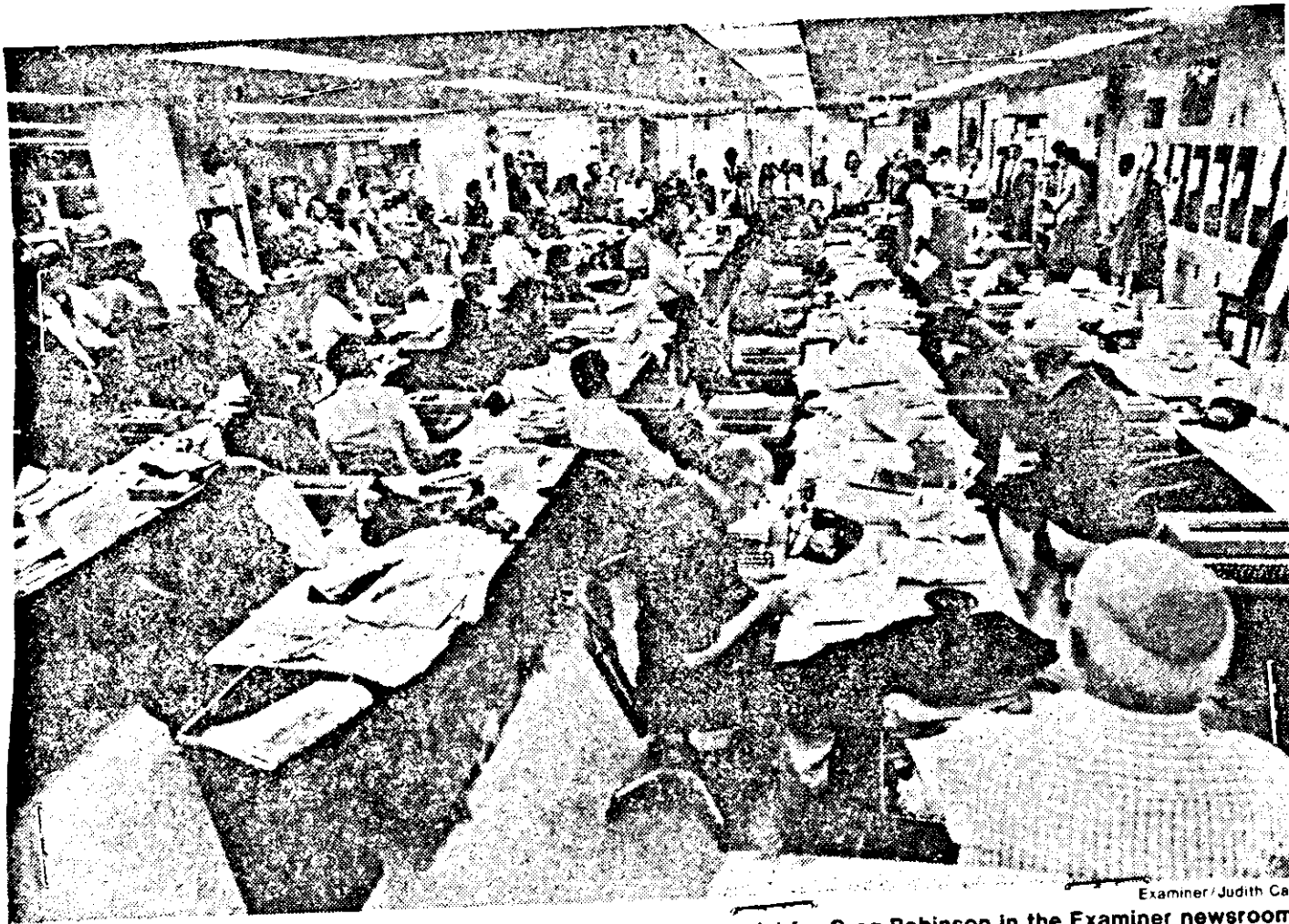
"Breakfast arrived," Willse said later, "and I remember thinking, could I go ahead and eat it? It wasn't the right thing to do, but I did it anyway. I felt then the same kind of helpless rage I felt in San Francisco and continue to feel towards Jones and his Peoples Temple — that some incredibly bad people had f—ed up some good people.

"I felt like punching a wall and didn't do it. I felt that if I did, I'd lose control completely. We sat in silence for a while, and then went on to Guyana."

It hasn't been a happy place at The Examiner this week. People have tried to return to their normal lives, but can't. The new revelations, the new horrors, the mounting atrocities won't let us.

On Tuesday, Lon Daniels, a reporter and a gentle man, asked another reporter if he were having trouble sleeping.

"I've been having nightmares," Daniels told him. "That hasn't happened since I was a kid."



Both Examiner, Chronicle personnel attended a Wednesday memorial for Greg Robinson in the Examiner newsroom  
Examiner/Judith Ca

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Cameraman buried

Associated Press

Los Angeles—Slain NBC News television cameraman Bob Brown was buried yesterday after funeral services in which his friend, ABC newsmen Gerald Rivera, delivered the eulogy and urged reporters to "go after these cults."

About 500 mourners, including many members of the local news media, were at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Hollywood to pay respects to Brown, killed last Saturday along with two other newsmen, Congressman Leo J. Ryan and a woman who was trying to leave the Peoples Temple at an airstrip near the cult's community of Jonestown, Guyana.

Rivera, who is based in New York, told the reporters to investigate the cults. "We must see exactly what they are up to. We must understand the dark and evil forces that could cause something as dreadful as this."

The service was conducted by the Rev. Robert M. Bradley, who praised Brown as a courageous man who went to the jungle in Guyana on a truth-seeking mission.

"The mission was a success, but the success came at a terrible price," Bradley said.

Family members in attendance included Brown's widow, Connie; his adopted Vietnamese daughter, Kim, 15, and his father, Bob Brown Sr.

Burial was at Holy Cross Cemetery in suburban Culver City.

Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and Les Crystal, president of NBC, were among the mourners.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

32 The Tribune

Oakland, Ca.

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RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Kin, Friends Salute Slain Newsmen

Connie Brown watched the television with mixed horror and pride as her husband's last news film was broadcast.

"I knew he wouldn't throw the camera down and run," she said, watching the scenes from the jungle airstrip at Jonestown, Guyana, filmed by her husband, NBC cameraman Bob Brown, moments, before he was shot and killed.

Sitting on a footstool before the television set in the living room of her Wilshire-area home late last week, Brown was surrounded by friends and relatives who together tried to comprehend the incredibly senseless slaughter that took the lives of three men dedicated to providing the news: Brown, NBC correspondent, Don Harris and San Francisco Examiner photographer Greg Robinson.

Mrs. Brown, who works in the news department at KMPC radio in Hollywood, said her husband knew the danger he might encounter at the Jonestown settlement of the People's Temple.

Married for 13 years, the Browns met when they were students at Franklin College in Franklin, Ind. They both worked for CBS news during the Vietnam War; she as a news writer, he as a cameraman. While Brown worked filming scenes of the war from the combat zone, his wife wrote the news from Saigon.

The widow spoke of Brown's devotion to news work. "He had a love affair with his camera," she said. "It was his weapon. It's what he used to expose what was wrong. He loved his daughter and me very much, but nothing could compete with his camera," she added.

Gale and Beverly Robinson only knew that their son was going on a "possibly dangerous" assignment when he left for Guyana.

"We never even heard of the Peoples Temple," said Gale Robinson, as he sat red-eyed at the dining room table of the family's Burbank home. "We got a note from him a couple of weeks ago, saying he was probably going on an assignment in South America."

Greg Robinson, 27, was shot in the neck and the heart in the ambush at the Jonestown airstrip. Like Brown, Robinson knew something of the alleged violent history of the Peoples Temple, according to his cousin, Jeff Robinson, 19, who was the last family member to see the young photographer before he left on the fated mission to Guyana.

"He knew there was some danger involved," said Jeff, who visited his cousin in San Francisco one day before he left for Jonestown with Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman.

"He was concerned about the danger, but he was excited about going," his cousin recalled. "Greg mentioned that he might get shot at. He said he'd heard there might be armed guards there, and that the group might get shot at as a warning... but not to kill."

About 450 mourners, including 60 of Robinson's colleagues from the Examiner, attended a funeral for the photographer at St. Jude's Episcopal Church, just one block from the hospital where he was born in his hometown of Burbank.

As the service concluded and pallbearers rose to carry Robinson's flag-draped coffin out of the church, Mrs. Robinson leaned forward from the front pew and caressed the casket. The slain photographer's sister and ex-wife collapsed as the coffin was lifted.

Greg Robinson developed an interest in photography at an early age, his father recalled. "He had a darkroom in the garage when he was about 5 years old," he said. "He was always a photographer first and foremost."

The television news reports and film of the massacre are particularly painful for the Robinsons, who were planning to spend Thanksgiving with their son.

"We keep seeing Greg walking around with his cameras on the TV films," said Mrs. Robinson. "And then we realize he's not walking around anymore — he's gone." She bent her head and sobbed.

KNBC anchorman Jess Marlow remembered correspondent Don Harris as "a swashbuckler professionally, but a very gentle man personally."

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

A-8 HERALD EXAMINER  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/26/78  
Edition: Sunday Latest

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or AFO

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Submitting Office: Los Angeles

Harris' wife and son were in Georgia late last week where the network reporter was buried in his hometown of Visalia.

Harris' colleagues recalled him as a fearless journalist, always taking on the toughest of assignments.

"He was drawn to the kind of story that happened in Jonestown," Marlow remembered. "He inevitably sought it out. He had a kind of Hemingway view of life and seemed to thrive on that kind of adventure."

KNBC reporter Joe Ramirez said Harris "had a higher threshold of danger" than most reporters.

Harris, 42, volunteered to cover the American withdrawal from Vietnam and was one of few journalists who stayed in the country as it was taken over by Communists.

Ramirez recalled the courage with which Harris approached his prize-winning story on prison gangs in 1973.

"He went to the prisons and insisted on wearing a guard's uniform and going through the cell block, just to get a better feel of things in the prison," he said. "Most other reporters doing that kind of story would follow the prison flak around and get the story that way, but Don went in alone," Ramirez observed.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# NBC cameraman eulogized

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Slain NBC News television cameraman Bob Brown was eulogized today as a courageous man who went into the jungles of Guyana on a truth-seeking mission.

"The mission was a success, but the success came at a terrible price," the Rev. Robert M. Bradley told about 500 mourners gathered at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Hollywood.

Family members in attendance included Brown's widow, Connie; his adopted Vietnamese daughter, Kim, 15, and his father, Bob Brown Sr.

Burial was scheduled later today at Holy Cross Cemetery in suburban Culver City.

Many of the city's news media were in attendance and pallbearers included NBC News correspondent Jack Perkins and KNBC reporter Warren Wilson.

Brown was slain last in an airport massacre last week at Port Kaituma, Guyana, along with Rep. Leo Ryan, D-San Mateo, San Francisco Examiner photographer Gregory Robinson, NBC reporter Don Harris and Peoples Temple member Patricia Parks.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

48 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-24-78  
Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# A last farewell to Robinson

San Francisco Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, 27, will be buried tomorrow in Burbank, where he was born.

Mr. Robinson was slain Saturday in the ambush that killed Rep. Leo Ryan and three others on an air strip just outside Jonestown, Guyana.

He had been sent there, with Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman, to investigate conditions of the Peoples Temple community.

Funeral services will be held at 1 p.m. tomorrow in St. Jude's Episcopal Church, Sixth and Olive streets, Burbank.

About 50 members of The Examiner staff are expected to attend.

A memorial service, sponsored by Robinson's Bay Area friends, will be conducted in the First Unitarian Church at 1187 Franklin St. next Wednesday at 4 p.m.

The Examiner has established a Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship at San Francisco State University for one photo journalist each year.

Robinson was graduated from San Francisco State and it was through his contact with instructors there that he began his career in news photography.

Persons wishing to contribute to the fund can send donations to the The Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship, c/o The San Francisco Examiner, P.O. Box 31, San Francisco, 94119.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

7 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-24-78  
Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF





**GREG ROBINSON AS THE CAMERA SAW HIM**  
Services will be held tomorrow in Durban

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Newsman eulogized as a hero

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Slain NBC News TV cameraman Bob Brown was buried yesterday after services in which his friend, ABC newsman Geraldo Rivera, eulogized him and urged reporters to "go after these cults."

About 500 mourners, including many members of the local news media, gathered at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Hollywood to pay respects to Brown. He was killed Nov. 18 by members of the Peoples Temple at an airstrip near the cult's community of Jonestown, Guyana.

Rivera, who is based in New York, told the reporters to investigate the cults: "We must see exactly what they are up to. We must understand the dark and evil forces that could cause something as dreadful as this."

The service was conducted by the Rev. Robert M. Bradley, who praised Brown as a courageous man who went to the jungle in Guyana on a truth-seeking mission.

Family members in attendance included Brown's wife, Connie; his adopted Vietnamese daughter, Kim, 15, and his father, Bob Brown Sr.

Burial was at Holy Cross Cemetery in suburban Culver City.

When he first heard the news of the killings, Rivera said, he knew Brown "would have died on his feet with his camera rolling because that's the kind of man he was."

Then Rivera turned to Brown's wife and said, "Your husband died a hero."

Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley and Les Crystal, president of NBC, were among the mourners.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

3 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-25-78

Edition: Home

Title:  
RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250

Classification: 89

Submitting Office: SF

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Georgia Town Stunned by News of Harris Death

VIDALIA, Ga.—In his high school yearbook, Don Harris good-humoredly willed to a friend in the class of 1954 "My ability to get out of classes and into trouble, and thoroughly enjoy it." A photograph of him driving a Chevrolet convertible filled with smiling classmates looked, as one hometown resident said, "like a scene from Happy Days."

But Monday was a somber day here in the small southeastern Georgia hometown of Harris, 42, the Los Angeles-based NBC news correspondent who was shot to death in ambush with four others in Guyana.

The shock was numbing. It had not worn off since a Baptist preacher first announced the news of the tragedy Sunday morning from the pulpit where Harris went to church in his boyhood.

"I can't understand it," his drama teacher, Margaret Taylor, said of the way Harris and Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) and the others died. "It's all so useless, so pointless, really."

Even today, family and friends and townspeople still call Harris by his given name, Darwin Humphrey, which he simplified to Don Harris for professional reasons.

They fondly remember him as bright, affable, skilled in debate, speech and drama, a football lineman, and lately on network television as a persistent investigative reporter. He apprenticed here at 15, moderating teen-age panel discussions over radio station WVOP.

"He always liked to get at the bottom of things, to get at the truth," one of Harris' two brothers, Wayne Humphrey, 37, of Gaffney, S.C., said in an interview. "Some people thought he was controversial, but he didn't report things the way people wanted to hear them. He reported them the way they were."

Wayne and his brother, Rick, answered the telephone all day at the home of Harris' parents, Roy and Sallie Humphrey, who were too distraught to talk to anyone but intimate

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-3 LOS ANGELES  
TIMES  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/21/78  
Edition: Tuesday Final

Title: GEORGIA TOWN  
STUNNED

Character:  
or RYMUR

Classification:  
Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

friends.

Harris' widow, Shirley, also was here from Los Angeles with their son, Jeffrey, 17, and daughters, Claire, 16 and Lauren 14. Their marriage of 20 years, Shirley Humphrey told The Times, was one in which devotion to each other and to their family was foremost.

"I have had the best," she said.

A sister, Mrs. George Rogers of Port Wentworth, Ga., joined in the mourning of the death of Harris, whose body will be buried here Wednesday after memorial services in his boyhood Baptist Church.

Even though Harris seldom visited Vidalia, except for brief stopovers to see his parents, the townfolks saw him regularly on his television assignments.

"Darwin was kind of a celebrity around here," said Rose Ledford, who with her husband, Bill, operates the Vidalia Advance, a weekly newspaper. "I mean, not many folks in Vidalia ever get on TV."

Vidalia (pop. 12,000) also is known as the heartland Vidalia (or sweet) onions, which are harvested here every spring. A speech classmate of Harris was James T. McIntyre, who succeeded Bert Lance as director of the federal Office of Management and Budget.

But now this was Don Harris' town and these were his friends. They were grief-torn by the news from the South American jungle air strip, where Harris was killed after interviewing members of a controversial California religious cult.

"You always knew he was one of those fellows who was going to make it to the top, and he did," J. R. Trippe, the retired school superintendent, said. "We have suffered a tremendous loss."



**NBC CREW WITH CULT LEADER**—Rev. Jim Jones, back to camera, as filming began at Jonestown. Seated left, correspondent Don Harris; cameraman Robert Brown is gesturing; right, soundman

Steven Sung. Harris and Brown were killed and Sung was wounded in ambush. Newsman Gregory Robinson, who took this photo, also died in attack. Sometime after filming, Jones himself died.

# 'A CELEBRITY AROUND HERE'

## Georgia Town Stunned by News of Harris Death

BY JEFF PRUGH  
Times Staff Writer

VIDALIA, Ga.—In his high school yearbook, Don Harris good-humoredly willed to a friend in the class of 1954 "My ability to get out of classes and into trouble, and thoroughly enjoy it." A photograph of him driving a Chevrolet convertible filled with smiling classmates looked, as one hometown resident said, "like a scene from Happy Days."

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friends.  
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- Assoc. Dir. \_\_\_\_\_
- Dep. AD Adm. \_\_\_\_\_
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- The Washington Post \_\_\_\_\_
- Washington Star-News \_\_\_\_\_
- Daily News (New York) \_\_\_\_\_
- The New York Times \_\_\_\_\_
- The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_
- The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_
- The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

IP3  
8

Date NOV 21 1978

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Reporter Talked NBC Into Fatal Assignment

Don Harris, the NBC network correspondent who was killed Saturday in the Jonestown ambush, had to talk his superiors into letting him take on the assignment, associates said.

"We all knew it was fraught with danger, and he knew better than any of us," said Edwin Croft, assistant bureau manager at NBC news in Burbank.

"We all discussed the dangers for two weeks, and Harris and his boss even made a trip to New York to discuss it at the highest levels. It was finally decided that he'd go. Even then, there were some second thoughts."

Jack Perkins, an NBC correspondent based in Los Angeles with Harris, said yesterday in a report, "There were those at NBC who tried to discourage him, fearful of the dangers he faced.

"But Don's reaction was characteristic. He said 'If the day ever comes that we fail to cover the news because of the dangers of covering it, that's the day I'm getting out of this business.' He knew the risks."

Harris had an ironic interview with People's Temple attorney Charles Garry before the trip to Guyana.

NBC broadcast a portion of the interview following Harris' death, calling it "perhaps the final horrible irony of this story:

Garry: "There's no bodyguards around him (Jones) in Jonestown."

Harris: "And there are no guns in Jonestown . . . ?"

Harris: "(People say) there is an armed squad, that there are patrols around Jonestown. Do you say that is not true?"

Garry: "If you go there, you'll find that that's not true. I hope you can go there, so that you can see for yourself."

Memorial services are set for 10 a.m. Wednesday in Vidalia, Ga., for Harris. Contributions may be sent in lieu of flowers to either of two funds: The Don Harris Memorial Scholarship Fund, in care of NBC News, Burbank, or the Don Harris Memorial Fund, Vidalia Public Library, in Vidalia, where Harris was raised.

A funeral mass for NBC News cameraman Robert Brown is set for 11 a.m. Friday at St. Ambrose Catholic Church, at Fairfax and Melrose avenues, with burial to follow at Holy Cross Cemetery in Culver City.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

A-7 HERALD EXAMINER  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/21/78  
Edition: Tuesday Latest

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

Assoc. Dir. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Dep. AD Adm. \_\_\_\_\_  
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 Director's Sec'y \_\_\_\_\_

# Body Of Don Harris Arrives In Vidalia

Continuation State News Service

VIDALIA—The body of NBC television newsman Don Harris arrived here Tuesday after his flag-draped coffin was accompanied by a military escort on a flight from Guyana to Robins Air Force Base in Warner Robins via Charleston, S.C.

Harris, 42, was slain last weekend while covering the trip of Rep. Leo Ryan, D-Calif., to a religious cult known as the Peoples Temple in Guyana. Harris had been investigating the cult, which was protected by armed guards and was said to abuse its members.

Ryan was among the five slain Americans, including other newsmen and a woman, who were killed when guards opened fire on the congressman's party and the reporters.

Later, more than 400 members of the cult committed suicide, most of them by drinking poison.

Harris' family announced that the funeral service, scheduled for 10 a.m. Wednesday, will be open to the public. A spokesman said that a large assembly of Harris' friends and relatives is expected from the Vidalia community, where he grew up and went to high school.

The funeral will be conducted by the Rev. Grady Roan at the First Baptist Church of Vidalia. An NBC spokesman said that representatives of the network, which employed Harris as a weekend anchor and investigative reporter at its station in Los Angeles, would attend the services.

Harris, whose real name was Darwin Humphrey, adopted the name of Don Harris at the suggestion of his employers when he started his television career in Charleston.

Harris is survived by his widow, Shirley Harmed Humphrey of Los Angeles; daughters, Claire and Lauren Humphrey of Los Angeles; son, Jeffrey Humphrey of Los Angeles; parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Humphrey of Vidalia; brothers,

Rick Humphrey, manager of radio station WMLT, Dublin; and sister, Mrs. George Rogers of Savannah.

Harris started in broadcasting by "playing records and announcing" and landed his first television job in Charleston in 1956, according to his family members.

Danger had always been a part of his career, including coverage of the war in Vietnam, and Harris had accepted peril as a part of his job, his brother Wayne said.

The last word his family in Georgia heard from him was when he called to tell his mother that he was not overly concerned about going to Guyana, a small nation on the northern coast of South America.

After the Guyana story, Humphrey said, his brother was scheduled to fly to Cuba for an assignment and then to return to Georgia for a visit with his family.

When Harris was a teen-ager, he developed asthma and was confined to bed, where he read the encyclopedia "from A to Z," his brother said.

The Washington Post \_\_\_\_\_  
 Washington Star-News \_\_\_\_\_  
 Daily News (New York) \_\_\_\_\_  
 The New York Times \_\_\_\_\_  
 The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_  
 The Atlanta Constitution 10A  
 The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

Date NOV 20 1976

44



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Return Home Cult Victims Bodies of 3

SAN FRANCISCO—Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) and two California newsmen, murdered in Guyana by fanatics from the Peoples Temple cult they sought to investigate, returned home Tuesday in flag-draped coffins aboard a military jet.

The big Air Force C-141 touched down at San Francisco International Airport at 8:25 a.m. and later at Los Angeles International Airport.

Dozens of tearful relatives, friends, and colleagues watched as military honor guards escorted Ryan's body at San Francisco, and the bodies of NBC cameraman Robert Brown, 36, and San Francisco Examiner photographer Gregory Robinson, 27, at Los Angeles, to awaiting hearses.

Ryan, Brown and Robinson were among five shot to death Saturday on a small airstrip near the Peoples Temple settlement at Jonestown as they prepared to leave.

Also murdered was NBC correspondent Don Harris, 42, and an unidentified woman member of the commune.

Chip Carter, son of President Carter, and an estimated 65 to 70 members of Congress as well as state officials are expected to attend Ryan's funeral service today at All Saints Catholic Church in South San Francisco. He is to be buried at Golden Gate National Cemetery in nearby San Bruno.

Three of Ryan's five children met the Air Force jet as it landed in San Francisco Tuesday, as did his former wife of 22 years, Margaret Ryan Williams. The children present were his son Pat and daughters Shannon and Erin.

Ryan's two other children, Christopher and Kevin, three sisters, and his 83-year-old mother, Autumn Ryan, were scheduled to arrive here today.

Members of the family requested that they not be interviewed by reporters Tuesday. At the family's request, only about two dozen persons met Ryan's plane.

Ryan's funeral service would be a simple service of eulogies, said funeral director William J. Crosby, a longtime friend of Ryan who once served with him as a city official.

Participating in the service will be House Majority Leader Jim Wright of Texas, Navy Chaplain John Parenti, the Rev. Charles Dirkin, and Joe Holinger, who was Ryan's congressional aide.

The scene at San Francisco's airport was solemn and restrained. As the aircraft came to a halt, members of the family gathered near the plane and held each other's hands as the big doors swung open revealing the three flag-covered coffins.

A six-man, two-woman Navy honor guard carried the coffin to an awaiting hearse which took the body to a funeral home in Burlingame where the public was permitted to pay its respects.

An airman carried Ryan's blue clothes bag and leather attache case from the plane and set them down on the runway, mute testimony to the ghastly story that had unfolded thousands of miles away in the South American jungles.

Relatives of Robinson and Brown and an Air Force honor guard waited on a landing strip at Los Angeles International Airport under drizzling skies for the arrival of the Air Force jet.

The honor guard carried the flag-draped coffins from the plane to waiting hearses as weeping family members looked on.

"He was my only son," Gale Robinson said as he fought back tears. "He was the best in the business. That's why they sent him to Guyana. They always sent him on the toughest assignments because he was fearless."

Brown's widow, Connie, and the couple's 15-year-old daughter, Kim, who live in Los Angeles, were accompanied by Mrs. Brown's sisters, Jane Tarrant and Eileen Kelty, and KNBC anchorwomen Kelly Lange and Tricia Toyota.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-3 LOS ANGELES  
TIMES  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/22/78  
Edition: Wednesday Final

Title: CULT VICTIMS

Character:  
or RYMUR

Classification:

Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

Gale and Beverly Robinson of Sunbank were accompanied by their son's former wife, Kim.

A funeral Mass for Brown will be said at 11:00 a.m. Friday at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in West Hollywood, followed by burial in Holy Cross Cemetery in Culver City.

Robinson's family said they had not yet decided on funeral arrangements.

# Bodies of 3 Cult Victims Return Home

Rep. Ryan, 2 Newsmen  
Carried on Flight to  
San Francisco, L.A.

BY LARRY STAMMER  
Times Staff Writer

SAN FRANCISCO—Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) and two California newsmen, murdered in Guyana by fanatics from the Peoples Temple cult they sought to investigate, returned home Tuesday in flag-draped coffins aboard a military jet.

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Please Turn to Page 25, Col. 3

Continued from Third Page  
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The Washington Post \_\_\_\_\_  
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The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_  
The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_  
The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

Date NOV 25 1978

FBI/DOJ

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

## 500 say goodbye to slain newsman

VIDALIA, Ga. (AP) — Five hundred people attended a memorial service today for Don Harris, an NBC newsman who was slain when gunmen assaulted visitors to the Peoples Temple in Guyana.

The First Baptist Church in this southeast Georgia city where Harris grew up and began his career at radio station WVOP was filled with city officials, former colleagues and childhood friends. They knew him under his original name Darwin Humphrey.

Harris' widow, Shirley, his three children and his mother, flanked a small gold urn containing the correspondent's cremated remains.

Also present was Bob Flick, an NBC producer who survived the attack unharmed and spent Saturday night in the Guyanan jungle with the fleeing wounded.

Jack Perkins, who worked with Harris for NBC in Los Angeles, described him as "a seeker of the truth, one who asked questions and dug for the truth, the best kind of reporter."

Harris, 42, was among several journalists covering the trip of U.S. Rep. Leo Ryan, D-San Mateo, to Jonestown. The party was preparing to board planes to leave when gunmen attacked, killing five.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

3 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-22-78  
Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
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- Assoc. Dir. \_\_\_\_\_
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## NBC Executive Calls Newsmen's Deaths a Tragedy for Profession

COLUMBIA, S.C. (UPI)—Julian Goodman, chairman of NBC's Executive Committee, said Tuesday night the deaths of two NBC newsmen in Guyana was a "personal tragedy" for the network and for all journalists.

In remarks prepared for delivery at the 25th anniversary of WIS-TV, Goodman talked about correspondent Don Harris and cameraman Robert Brown, who were shot to death by members of a fanatic American religious sect, in an ambush on the fact-finding mission of Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.). Ryan was also killed in the ambush.

"The loss of Don Darris and Bob Brown is a personal tragedy for all of NBC news and for all journalists—and a reminder that the freedom and protection we seek for reporters . . . is more than empty rhetoric.

"It is a protection all free people need if brave correspondents like Don Harris and Bob Brown are to continue to try to bring us the truth from those who seek to hide it."

- The Washington Post \_\_\_\_\_
- Washington Star-News \_\_\_\_\_
- Daily News (New York) \_\_\_\_\_
- The New York Times \_\_\_\_\_
- The Wall Street Journal \_\_\_\_\_
- The Atlanta Constitution \_\_\_\_\_
- The Los Angeles Times \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Services set for two NBC newsmen shot in Guyana

Associated Press

Los Angeles—Memorial services have been scheduled this week for two NBC newsmen killed in Guyana after investigating an agricultural Peoples Temple commune.

A memorial service will be held for NBC News correspondent Don Harris at 10 a.m. today at the First Baptist Church in Vidalia, Ga., but his family has asked that no flowers be sent.

A Don Harris Memorial Scholarship Fund has been set up in care of NBC News, Burbank, and a Don Harris Memorial Fund has been established in care of the Vidalia Public Library, Vidalia, Ga.

A funeral Mass will be held for Bob Brown, NBC News cameraman, at 11 a.m. Friday at St. Ambrose Catholic Church in Los Angeles, with burial following at Holy Cross Cemetery in Culver City. A Bob Brown Memorial Scholarship Fund has been established in care of NBC News, Burbank.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

32 The Tribune

Oakland, Ca.

Date: 11-22-78

Edition: Sunrise

Title:

RYMURS

Character:

or SF 89-250

Classification: 89

Submitting Office: SF

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Slain photographer goes home for the last time . .

By Don Martinez  
Examiner Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES — Gale and Beverly Robinson rode in the hearse that carried their son Gregory home for the last time.

"The mortuary wanted to send a limousine for us, but Gale refused. He wanted to ride home with Greg," Beverly Robinson explained yesterday.

At the airport, the father walked to his son's flag-draped coffin and assisted an Air Force honor guard in loading the casket from the Air Force C-141 to the waiting hearse.

"At least we've got Greg home with us where he belongs," he said. Greg Robinson, his 27-year-old son and an Examiner photographer, was one of the five killed on the remote Guyana air strip Saturday.

"At least he's not still in that swampy hell hole," Robinson continued as he caressed the coffin in the back of the hearse.

Min Robinson, the photographer's former wife, was also present. The couple had no children.

The father chained smoked on the rainy 40-minute journey from the airport to home. "We were all such pals — we were so close," he said.

"We're going to have to relive this all over again tomorrow when Andrea comes home. She still doesn't know," Beverly said.

She was talking about their striking younger daughter, who was due to come home today from Yucatan, Mexico.

Andrea is the source of more concern for her parents because she has cancer.

The family had been trying desperately to reach their daughter, their only surviving child, to tell her of the tragedy.

"They were so close," the father said, "I taught them how to love each other — it's going to be tough."

Robinson's grief was laced with bitterness.

"If I could have got Gregory into music he'd be alive today," said the father, his eyes tight from, according to his wife of 28 years, "36 hours of crying."

The 53-year-old Robinson plays the French horn with several studio orchestras in Los Angeles as well as with the local symphony.

Music has always been a part of our lives and Greg

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

3 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-22-78  
Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

would have been a good musician," he said.

But the father was also interested in photography in the early days, a passion that was passed on to his son, who was totally involved in the field long before he landed his first big-time job with The Examiner two years ago.

The mother squeezed her sobbing husband's knee as he lost control for a moment.

The parents seemed to take heart in the words of their son's visiting colleagues, who told them he was doing what he most wanted to do when his life was cut short.

"Yes, of course we were proud of him," said the mother, "we've always been so lucky with our children — they were always so good and so conscientious in what they did."

"Greg was a very professional person," his mother said, "it was the way he was raised."

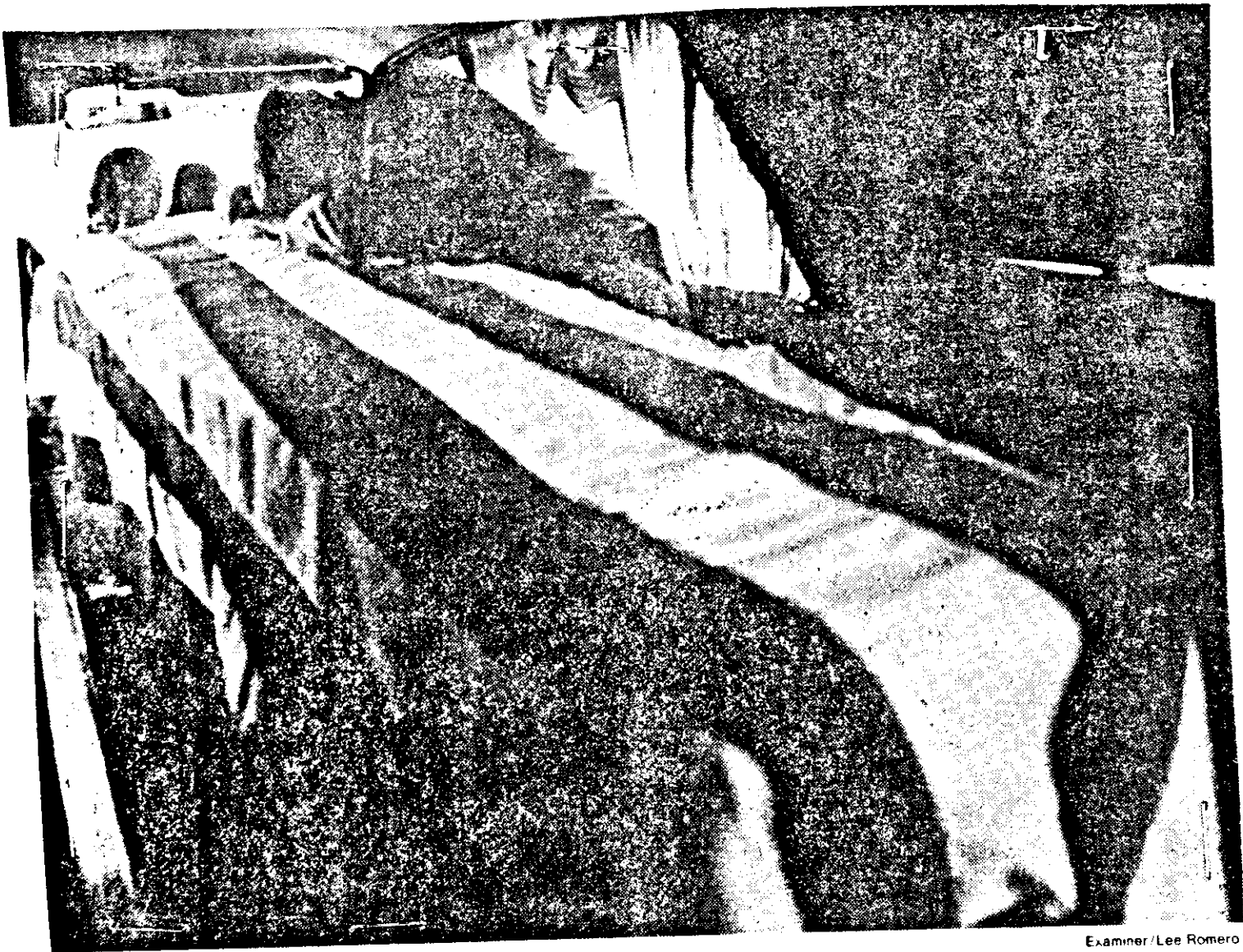
To illustrate her point, the mother managed to put aside her grief to sing with the visiting New York Opera Company, which performed "Tosca" last night.

## A family's grief: 'We've got Greg home with us where he belongs'



Greg Robison's former wife, Min, his mother and father, Beverly and Gale Robison, wait in the rain;





Examiner/Lee Romero

**Greg's father momentarily breaks down while riding in the treatse**

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)



**BESIDE HIS SON**—Gale Robinson sits with coffin bearing the body of Gregory Robinson, the San Francisco Examiner photographer, after it arrived at L.A. International Airport from Guyana. Also returned here was body of NBC cameraman Robert Brown, another ambush victim.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-3 LOS ANGELES  
TIMES  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/22/78  
Edition: Wednesday Final

Title: BESIDE SON

Character:  
or RYMUR

Classification:

Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)



Associated P

**FATHER WITH CASKET**—Gale Robinson, father of Greg Robinson, San Francisco Examiner photographer who was killed Saturday in Guyana, sits by his son's casket at Los Angeles International Airport. Robinson's body and that of NBC photographer Robert Brown were flown to Los Angeles from Guyana yesterday in a U.S. Air Force C-141 after the plane stopped at San Francisco to return the body of slain Sen. Ted Ryan.

Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Robinson family's last reunion

By Don Martinez  
Examiner Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES—"How lucky we were with our children. They were always good, and always conscientious in whatever they were involved in," said Beverly Robinson, as she huddled under an umbrella with her husband, Gale, on the wet tarmac of Los Angeles International Airport.

Just then an Air Force C-141 touched down, carrying two pine caskets draped with American flags. One of them contained her son, Greg, 27, the San Francisco Examiner photographer who was shot and killed on an isolated airstrip in remote Guyana last Saturday.

The plane taxied toward them and Mrs. Robinson began sobbing cut off her reminiscences about her tight-knit family, and began sobbing. "And now this," she said.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and Greg's ex-wife, Min, stood under the same umbrella and watched as an honor guard walked stiffly to the plane and unloaded the casket contained the body of NBC cameraman Bob Brown, one of five Americans slain Saturday in the ambush.

The Robinsons had always been a close family and now they attempted to allay their grief by commenting on the fact that one of the honor guard appeared to be a woman. "Are you sure that's a woman?" asked Gale. "If it's a fella, it's a very unusual hair-do," responded his wife.

After loading Brown's casket into a waiting hearse, the honor guard returned to the plane for the other casket. Robinson said, "Well, my son is back home where he belongs. He's home again.

"And at least he's not out there in that swampy hell hole," he added, leaving the small party to walk over 50 feet in the light rain to help carry the casket.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

2 S.F. Examiner  
San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-21-78  
Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character: SF 89-250  
or  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

Robinson had refused the offer of the Faith Mortuary people to follow the hearse back to Burbank, where Greg was born and raised, in limousine. He wanted to "ride back home with his son."

"My god, he's incredible," said Mrs. Robinson as she watched her husband. "He's been crying for the last 36 hours, now look at him."

During the 40-minute drive from the airport to Burbank, Robinson sat in the back of the hearse, at the head of the casket, his fingers gently fondling the American flag and talked about when Greg was young, what a good runner and swimmer he was, how they had qualified together as scuba divers.

They were a family of musicians. Greg's father plays the French horn and is a respected studio musician. Greg's mother sings professionally and tonight would sing with the visiting New York City Opera company. Greg's sister, Andrea, is also a professional singer.



Min Robinson, former wife of slain Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, escorts his coffin at Los Angeles today

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Newsman had earned many awards

LOS ANGELES (AP) — The three newsmen killed with U.S. Rep. Leo J. Ryan in an ambush in Guyana had amassed numerous awards for their reporting and photography.

NBC News investigative reporter Don Harris, 41, came from Dallas to Los Angeles in 1973 to work for the local NBC affiliate KNBC-TV, as a reporter and co-anchor for the weekend news.

While in Dallas, Harris was honored by the Texas Associated Press Broadcaster's Association in 1973 for exposes of inadequate airport security and scandalous emergency hospital admissions practices. He was working for station WFAA at the time.

He also won a local Emmy for his reporting during riots in Washington, D.C., following the murder of Martin Luther King Jr.

U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark subpoenaed 22,000 feet of film he had taken during the riot, claiming it contained incriminating information. Harris at first turned over outtakes to his news director at station WTOP, but he quickly got them back and dumped them in the Potomac River.

Harris later said he destroyed the film because much of it was obtained on the promise that it would never be used against the subjects in court.

Greg Robinson, 27, had been a photographer with the San Francisco Examiner for the past three years. A graduate of San Francisco State University, he had won several awards for his photographic work and currently has a one-man show on display in San Francisco.

Robert Brown, 36, had been a cameraman with NBC News since April. Previously he had worked on a free lance basis for ABC and CBS. He was born in Orange, N.J., and graduated from Franklin University in Franklin, Ind.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

PAGE 6A

SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS  
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: SPORTS FINAL

Author:

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification: 89-

Submitting Office: SAN ANTONIO

Being Investigated

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# NBC ANNOUNCES SERVICES FOR 2 OF SLAIN NEWSMEN

NBC News in Burbank Monday announced funeral services for two of its newsmen killed in Guyana.

A memorial service for network correspondent Don Harris will be held at 10 a.m. Wednesday at the First Baptist Church in Vidalia, Ga.

A funeral Mass for cameraman Bob Brown will be said at 11 a.m. Friday at St. Ambrose Catholic Church, Melrose and Fairfax Aves., followed by burial in Holy Cross Cemetery, Culver City.

NBC said donations may be made to the Don Harris Memorial Scholarship Fund, care of NBC News, Burbank; the Don Harris Memorial Fund at the Vidalia Public Library, and the Bob Brown Memorial Scholarship Fund, care of NBC News, Burbank. The latter provides training for minority students in photojournalism.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-26 LOS ANGELES  
TIMES  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/21/78  
Edition: Tuesday Final

Title: NBC ANNOUNCES

Character:  
or RYMUR

Classification:

Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Two Dead NBC Men Were Survivors of Asian Battles

Two veteran National Broadcasting Co. staff members—both survivors of Southeast Asia battlefields—covered their last assignment at a jungle airstrip in Guyana.

Correspondent Don Harris and cameraman Robert Brown were killed Saturday along with Rep. Leo J. Ryan (D-Calif.) in a storm of gunfire as they were about to depart from a fact-finding mission on Peoples Temple and the Rev. Jim Jones.

Gregory Robinson, a San Francisco Examiner photographer, also was killed by the bullets.

State Department spokesmen said a fifth person, Patricia Parks, identified as a cult member trying to leave with Ryan, also was slain. No age or hometown was available, a spokesman said.

Harris, 42, began his broadcasting career as a radio announcer at WVOP in Vidalia, Ga. Funeral services have been scheduled in the small community where Harris grew up.

He shifted to television as a weatherman, then moved to stations in Texas and Washington, D.C., as a news reporter. He won several state awards while in Texas and a local Emmy in Washington. He once dumped film into the Potomac after it had been subpoenaed by U.S. Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark.

He came to KNBC in 1973 as a reporter and weekend anchorman. In 1976 he became NBC network correspondent in Los Angeles. Harris leaves his wife and three children in Woodland Hills. Most of his family lives in Georgia.

Brown, 36, joined NBC news in

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

I-3 LOS ANGELES  
TIMES  
LOS ANGELES, CA

Date: 11/20/78  
Edition: Monday Final

Title: TWO DEAD

Character:  
or  
Classification:  
Submitting Office:  
Los Angeles



April after a career as a free-lance cameraman for American Broadcasting Co. and Columbia Broadcasting System. He worked at KNBC for several months in 1977.

His wife and one child live in Los Angeles.

"These men were among NBC News' finest and their families' loss is our loss," said Les Crystal, news president. "I am shocked at the senseless and tragic deaths. My sense of loss is overwhelming. I shall not forget them, nor shall their colleagues."

Robinson, 27, had been with the Examiner for three years. He had won several awards and currently has a one-man show on display in San Francisco.

Two other NBC crew members were at the Guyana airstrip. Soundman Stephen Sung, 34, was wounded slightly in the right arm.

Field producer Robert Flick, 47, was first reported missing but later was found by Guyanese military officials, according to a network spokesman.

"Flick just hightailed it in to the jungle when the shooting started," an NBC spokesman said. "Soldiers found him later and he is safe in Georgetown."

The State Department reported 10 persons were wounded, but could identify only six: Sung; Jacqueline Speier, Ryan's legislative aide; Richard Dwyer, deputy chief of the U.S. mission in Guyana, and three persons who had relatives in the settlement, Anthony Katsaris, Beverly Oliver and Carolyn Boyd.

Another nine persons were said to be missing. This figure did not include Charles Garry and Mark Lane, believed to be Peoples Temple lawyers, who were reported in Jonestown, according to the State Department.

Those caught in the airport shooting numbered 27, the State Department said: five killed, 10 wounded, nine missing, one located unharmed (Flick) and two in Jonestown.



Don Harris

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# The 3 Newsmen Who Died in Guyana

## Airport Shootings

The deaths of three California newsmen in Saturday evening's airstrip ambush in Guyana stunned colleagues, families and friends.

The dead were Greg Robinson, 27, staff photographer from the San Francisco Examiner; television cameraman Robert Brown, 36, and television correspondent Don Harris, 41, both from NBC News in Los Angeles.

Services for all three are pending.

Gregory (Greg) Alan Robinson, a San Francisco State University graduate, was a free-lance photographer in San Francisco before he joined the Examiner staff in 1975.

Robinson won several awards for distinguished photography. A one-man show of his work opened November 1 at Canon Gallery, 776 Market street, to run through December 1.

Robinson, who was divorced and had no children, was born in Burbank, where his parents, Gale and Beverly Robinson, still live.

He is also survived by a sister, Andrea, a singer in Los Angeles.

"He loved every picture he ever made," Examiner photo colleague Matt Southard said of Robinson yesterday. "He had unlimited enthusiasm. Everything was the biggest story in the world."

In a statement, Examiner publisher Reg Murphy said, "Greg Robinson represented the very best in American photojournalism. He took great pride in portraying the human emotions.

"His life has been cut short

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

7 S.F. Chronicle  
San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78  
Edition: Home

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF



**GREG ROBINSON**  
**S.F. Examiner photographer**

because he was dedicated to living it in the highest tradition of courageous inquiry. We pledge to him that the inquiry in which he participated will go forward."

The two NBC representatives killed in the ambush were based in Los Angeles.

NBC News cameraman Robert Brown, 36, a New Jersey native, leaves a wife and daughter in Los Angeles. Brown, a graduate of Franklin College in Indiana, was a free-lancer for CBS and ABC television in the San Francisco Bay Area, Southern California and abroad before joining NBC in Los Angeles six months ago.

NBC News correspondent Don Harris, 41, a native of Georgia, leaves a wife and three children in Los Angeles. He began his television career 20 years ago as a weather reporter.

He was a reporter and week-



**DON HARRIS** AP Wirephoto  
**Weekend anchorman in L.A.**

end anchorman at KNBC in Los Angeles when the network sent him to Southeast Asia in 1975. The next year he returned to the Los Angeles office.

"These men were among NBC News' finest and their families' loss is our loss.

He won several awards for local television reporting in Washington and Dallas before moving to California.

NBC News president Les Crystal released a statement saying, "I am shocked at the tragic and



**ROBERT BROWN** AP Wirephoto  
**NBC cameraman from L.A.**

senseless deaths that have occurred in Guyana.

"Don Harris was a reporter who always wanted to be where the action was. He reported for NBC News in Southeast Asia where he exemplified the skill and courage few reporters achieve.

"Bob Brown, also a veteran of covering the Vietnam war, has been with us less than six months. But as a free-lance photographer for CBS and others he was widely recognized as one of the finest in his profession."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# The victims who were there to cover the story

When armed men surprised a party of visitors at a remote jungle airstrip in Guyana Saturday, eight journalists were among the target.

Three, including Examiner photographer Greg Robinson, were slain. Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman was wounded in the left forearm and wrist.

President Carter issued a tribute today to the journalists. "These three men were all hard-driving, talented professionals who lost their lives while pursuing the highest traditions of journalism."

NBC News President Les Crystal deplored the murders of two of his staffers after their visit to the Peoples Temple's Jonestown community as "tragic and senseless."

"My sense of loss and grief over the deaths of Don Harris and Bob Brown and the wounding of Steve Sung is overwhelming," Crystal said.

"These men were among NBC News' finest, and their families' loss is our loss," he said. "They went on this story with Congressman Leo Ryan believing it to be a fact-finding mission of a religious cult. Now the congressman, who was doing his job in checking out this group, and our men, who were doing their job of reporting it, are dead."

Harris, 42, who leaves a wife and three children, began his 20-year TV career as a weatherman. He moved from Dallas to Los Angeles in 1973 to work for the local NBC affiliate, KNBC-TV, as a reporter and co-anchor for the weekend news.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

2 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character:

or SF 89-250

Classification: 89

Submitting Office: SF

Brown, 36, joined NBC as a cameraman in April. Previously, he had done free-lance film work for ABC and CBS. Born in Orange, N.J., he lived with his wife and daughter in Los Angeles.

Brown began his career at KTVU, Channel 2 in Oakland, first as a film editor and then as a cameraman. He filmed the disruptions at San Francisco State University in 1968-69 and did a brief stint as a television reporter, before joining NBC after considerable free-lancing.

"My heart goes out to the families of these brave men," said Crystal. "I shall not forget them, nor shall their colleagues at NBC News. The most meaningful memorial we can give them is to report the news with the determination and dedication they demonstrated in their careers."

Sung, a utility man for NBC, was reported in satisfactory condition after receiving treatment for a gunshot wound in his right shoulder and elbow.

A fourth NBC newsman, producer Bob Flick, 47, was not injured in the ambush. For his family in Corte Madera, the long wait for news of his fate was a nightmare not soon to be forgotten.

"Not knowing whether Bob was alive was horrible. We feel so very, very relieved that he's OK," said Shirley Flick after talking on the phone with her husband yesterday afternoon.

"He was in San Juan when he called, and he sounded very tired," she said, her speech slow and strained from worry and lack of sleep. "I don't know when he will be coming home. I didn't want to ask too many questions. I'm just so glad he's OK."

A cameraman who has worked with Flick described him as a "survivor." "I knew that if anybody would make it, Flick would," the cameraman said.

The wait was also long and tense for the family and colleagues of San Francisco Chronicle reporter Ron Javers, 32, who was to undergo surgery last night at Andrews Air Force Base near Washington, D.C., for removal of a .36-caliber slug from his left shoulder.

Chronicle city editor David Perlman said Javers yesterday was "shook up pretty badly about the killings" but "said he was damn glad and damn lucky to be alive."

Before joining the Chronicle staff in January, Javers worked as a reporter for the Bucks Courier Times of Levittown, Pa., and the Philadelphia News. His wife and two children left San Francisco yesterday to be near him.

Perlman said he chose Javers for the Guyana assignment because he was new in town and had never covered a Peoples Temple story.

"I wanted somebody the temple folks had nothing against, and Javers was absolutely clean," Perlman said.

While working for station WFAA-TV in Dallas in 1973, Harris was honored by the Texas Associated Press Broadcasters Association for exposes of inadequate airport security and scandalous emergency hospital admissions practices. He also won a local Emmy for his coverage of riots in Washington, D.C., after the murder of Martin Luther King Jr.

"Don Harris was a reporter who always wanted to be where the action was," Crystal said. "He reported for NBC News in Southeast Asia, where he exemplified the skill and courage few reporters achieve."



Associated Press

**DON HARRIS**

**NBC journalists who were killed in the ambush in Guyana**



Examiner / Greg Robinson 1978

**BOB BROWN**

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Slain newsmen praised

San Francisco—On the eve of his departure to the assignment that led to his death in Guyana Saturday, San Francisco Examiner photographer Greg Robinson was in the newspaper's photo department on his own time.

Photographs and news stories on the People's Temple were spread across every table in the room.

"What the hell are you doing?" photographer Matt Southard recalled asking Robinson. "Doing my homework," he replied simply.

Robinson, 27, was preparing to accompany the group led by Rep. Leo Ryan to the Guyana outpost of the People's Temple.

Also along were Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman and San Francisco Chronicle Reporter Ron Javers, both wounded in the attack in which Ryan, Robinson and three others were killed.

Robinson, a graduate of San

Francisco State University, began working for the Examiner as a vacation replacement in September 1976.

He was an energetic journalist with overwhelming enthusiasm for his job, said his fellow workers last night.

"He was always ready to go," said Examiner photographer Bob McLeod. "He was the first one out the door."

Robinson understood "people" stories and took great pride in portraying human emotion, said Examiner Editor Reg Murphy.

Those portrayals won him several awards and many of his works are now in a one-man show at the Canon USA gallery in San Francisco.

Robinson took thousands of photographs, but, said Southard, none was a favorite.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

15 The Tribune

Oakland, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78  
Edition: Handicaps

People's Temple-  
Title: Rev. Jim Jones,  
1859 Geary Blvd.,  
San Francisco

Character: CAS-Conspir-  
or acy; Possible AFO  
Classification: 89 SF 89-250  
Submitting Office: SF



everything was the biggest story in the world."

Reiterman, 31, a graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, joined the Examiner in March 1977 after six years with the Associated Press.

His investigative reporting included a number of stories on People's Temple.

Javers, 32, joined The Chronicle from the Philadelphia Daily News in January. He was recently named a Neiman Fellow at Harvard University.

Javers and Reiterman were evacuated to Washington, D.C., by the Air Force yesterday. Robinson's body, like that of the other dead, remained in Guyana for autopsy.

From New York, Lee Crystal, president of NBC News, said the two NBC journalists also slain in the ambush were among NBC News' finest.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Greg Robinson: From the first it was 'magic'

"Was he worried about going to Guyana?"

"Sure he was worried.

"He was worried about the humidity in his camera. He was worried about getting pictures out and about having his camera taken away from him."

— Chronicle photographer Terry Schmitt, talking about his friend, Greg Robinson.

★ ★ ★

Gregory Alan Robinson was shot and killed Saturday while photographing armed men on an airstrip outside Jonestown, Guyana.

He was only 27 and had been working for The Examiner as a newspaper photographer only two years and two months.

But he had been taking pictures from the age of five, when he first entered his father's darkroom and called the photographic process "magic."

This month there is a one-man show of Robinson's work at the Canon Gallery, 776 Market St. where some of his finest Examiner photographs are on

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. B  
S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78  
Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

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or

Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF

display. The exhibit is scheduled to run through the end of the month.

★ ★ ★

Greg Robinson was in a hurry. He was impatient with himself, speeding along to learn what he didn't already know.

He moved on the balls of his feet, bounding along, always on the move to the next spot, his friend Douglas Symes recalled.

He answered The Examiner photographers' phone with his own "Hello-Hello-Hello" greeting.

And on being given an assignment, he would respond, "I'm gone," rushing out of the office so fast he often left behind the reporter who was to accompany him, pausing for a pencil and pad.

He willingly took risks for the sake of a picture.

"He was so eager," said Examiner reporter Tim Reiterman, who was traveling with Robinson in Guyana and was wounded in the same barrage of bullets that killed Greg.

"The trip to Rev. Jim Jones' community was a complete learning process for him," Reiterman said. "He was just thrilled."

Robinson once told Symes that, if there was a war, "he figured he wanted to be a war photographer.

"He got an adrenalin charge out of being on the front line, out of being cool under fire."

Robinson hung perilously from a gondola at Squaw Valley in April 1978 to capture photos of the tramway accident in which three persons were killed.

He covered the dramatic battle between the Indians and U.S. marshals over salmon rights on the Klamath River.

And he waited patiently for 15 hours at the San Francisco Airport last March to find just the right shot of a hijacker and his hostages in a plane surrounded by armed FBI agents.

It was an assignment under pressure, but one he wanted dearly, calling The Examiner office and asking permission to stay on, without food or rest.

But his photos were not just dramatic scenes of breaking stories.

On his own time he covered baseball and football games, tagging along with Examiner photographer Bill Nichols, soaking up infor-

mation from the old pro, dashing from sideline to sideline in his trademark clothes: a cloth cap, vest or khaki jacket, pants and running shoes.

When President Carter arrived in San Francisco, Robinson photographed him striding through the Sheraton Palace, carrying his own luggage.

"He was a high-energy, high-strung guy," said Robinson's mentor, Examiner photographer Fran Ortiz, "who really wanted to be a photographer more than anything else in the world."

Ortiz first met Robinson when he enrolled in a photojournalism class at San Francisco State that Ortiz was teaching.

"At that time," Ortiz recalled, "Greg was married." (Robinson and his wife were divorced earlier this year.)

He told Ortiz: "There are just two things in my life: my wife and my photography."

The young couple had a two-bedroom apartment in The City. One bedroom was for them; the other was Robinson's darkroom.

★ ★ ★

Robinson was born and raised in Burbank in a cultured family of musicians.

His mother, Beverly, is a professional singer who has sung with the New York City Opera, the Guild Opera and various other groups.

His father, Gale, plays a French horn and records background music for films and commercials.

The family moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., for a short time during Greg's schooling, when his father was first horn for the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

Greg's sister, Andrea, 24, is a professional singer who performs regularly with Bert Bacharach.

And Greg, too, had perfect pitch, singing in choruses as a boy. But he gave it all up for the camera.

He came from an unusually close family, his mother said, his parents encouraging his every career move.

"Greg's father came up here quite often to check on Greg's progress," said Ortiz. "I would talk with him and tell him that Greg did it all himself."

Once the senior Robinson, so proud of his son's first newspaper job, said, "It would be like me being first French horn for the Chicago Symphony on my first job."

Both father and son were equally proud of one another.

Greg's first serious photo assignments were for the school paper at Burbank High, where he also was chief photographer for Serabis, the yearbook. In high school he won awards for being the best photographer, his mother recalled last night.

On graduation from high school, Robinson went first to Pierce College in the San Fernando Valley and then to Los Angeles City College before graduating from San Francisco State University in cartography.

As a student at San Francisco State, Robinson joined the staff of the weekly Phoenix newspaper and quickly displayed photographic skills that surprised and impressed the journalism faculty.

"He was a professional without pay," said one of his former instructors, Lynn Ludlow, an Examiner reporter. "He was imaginative, which is to be expected of college students, but he was superbly well organized, fanatical about details and willing to spend hours on a single assignment just to get the photograph that told the story."

Winner of the "best photograph" and "best feature photograph" awards from the college weekly, he served as photo editor before his graduation in 1974.

Robinson then took a job as a salesman for Adolph Gasser Inc. while also doing freelance work for Paris Match, Siba, a European agency, and occasionally for Time and Newsweek.

When gymnast Olga Korbut performed in San Francisco, freelancer Robinson showed up, introducing himself to Examiner photographer Nichols and asking him if he could ask some questions. He never stopped.

When Robinson landed a job at The Examiner, Ortiz recalled, he went through "an amazing period," having nine consecutive Page 1 photos.

"Then," Ortiz said, "we knew he was for real."

Just before he was to leave for Guyana, Robinson was spotted in The Examiner photo department studying the Peoples Temple file on his own time.

Examiner photographer Matt Southard asked Robinson what he was doing. Southard recalled. "He said, 'I'm doing my homework.'"

In the first film package sent from Georgetown, Robinson sent a message to photo director, Eric Meskauskas, telling him how excited he was by the assignment.

"He was talented and energetic and an ideal generalist who covered everything and did it well," said Meskauskas, who left for Guyana Saturday night to take over the assignment.

"We are a family," Meskauskas said, "And we will miss him. We will miss his talent."

A few weeks ago Robinson was excited when Life magazine decided to use some of his Klamath River Indian photos. But when he learned the Life editors had changed their minds, he was sorely disappointed.

He told his friend Schmitt that he probably could get some of his Jonestown photos into Life.

"One of his big desires," Schmitt said, "was to get into Life."

"Undoubtedly, now, he will make it."

— Carol Pogash



**GREG ROBINSON WITH HIS FATHER, GALE**  
'Like me being first French horn for the Chicago Symphony'

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

S.F. EXAMINER ☆ ☆ Mon., Nov. 20, 1978

# A pledge: We will not stop

Greg Robinson did not die in vain.

The work of reporting cannot be stopped by violence.

Tim Reiterman will not be squelched.

His investigations will not be intimidated.

Rep. Leo Ryan's death is not futile.

The government will have to investigate cults that inspire trouble.

We do not condemn all members of the Peoples Temple in the aftermath of the senseless slaughter at Port Kaituma.

We do condemn any sect that inspires zealotry that results in human tragedy.

Greg Robinson and Leo Ryan died for stupid reasons. So did NBC reporter Don Harris and cameraman Robert Brown, who also accompanied Ryan on the fact-finding mission to Guyana.

This mission was to discover the facts about what has happened in a 27,000-acre outpost of a San Francisco religious group. Families had told Ryan, The Examiner and others that their loved ones were being held against their will.

An inquiry into that charge was legitimate. It was humane. It was sincere. It was reasonable.

The hail of bullets that cut down people who wanted to know the truth was the clearest answer they got.

But the bullets were not the final answer. We will not stop until we have answered the question — dispassionately, professionally, straightforwardly.

Greg Robinson loved the

clear, crisp, strong picture that captured the critical moment — as the portfolio of his pictures on Page D shows so clearly.

The way we can pay tribute to his memory is to continue the investigation that cost him his life. He did not lose his life in vain.

— Reg Murphy  
Publisher and Editor

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. B  
S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250

Classification: 89

Submitting Office: SF

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Works of a photographer



(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Pg. D  
S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-20-78

Edition: Final

Title: RYMURS

Character: SF 89-250  
or

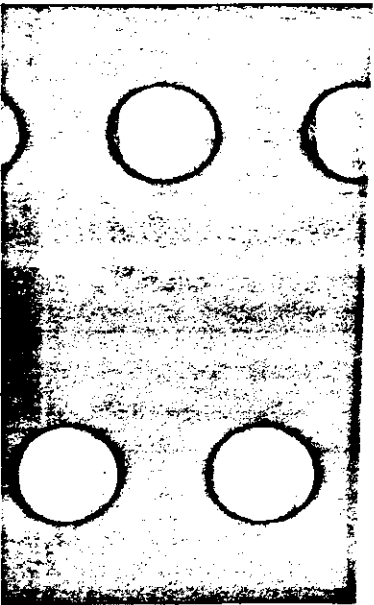
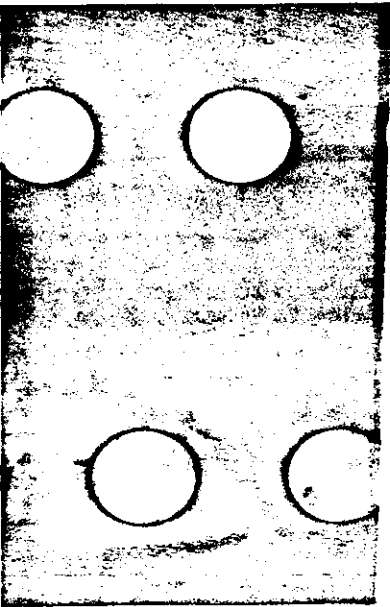
Classification: 89

Submitting Office: SF

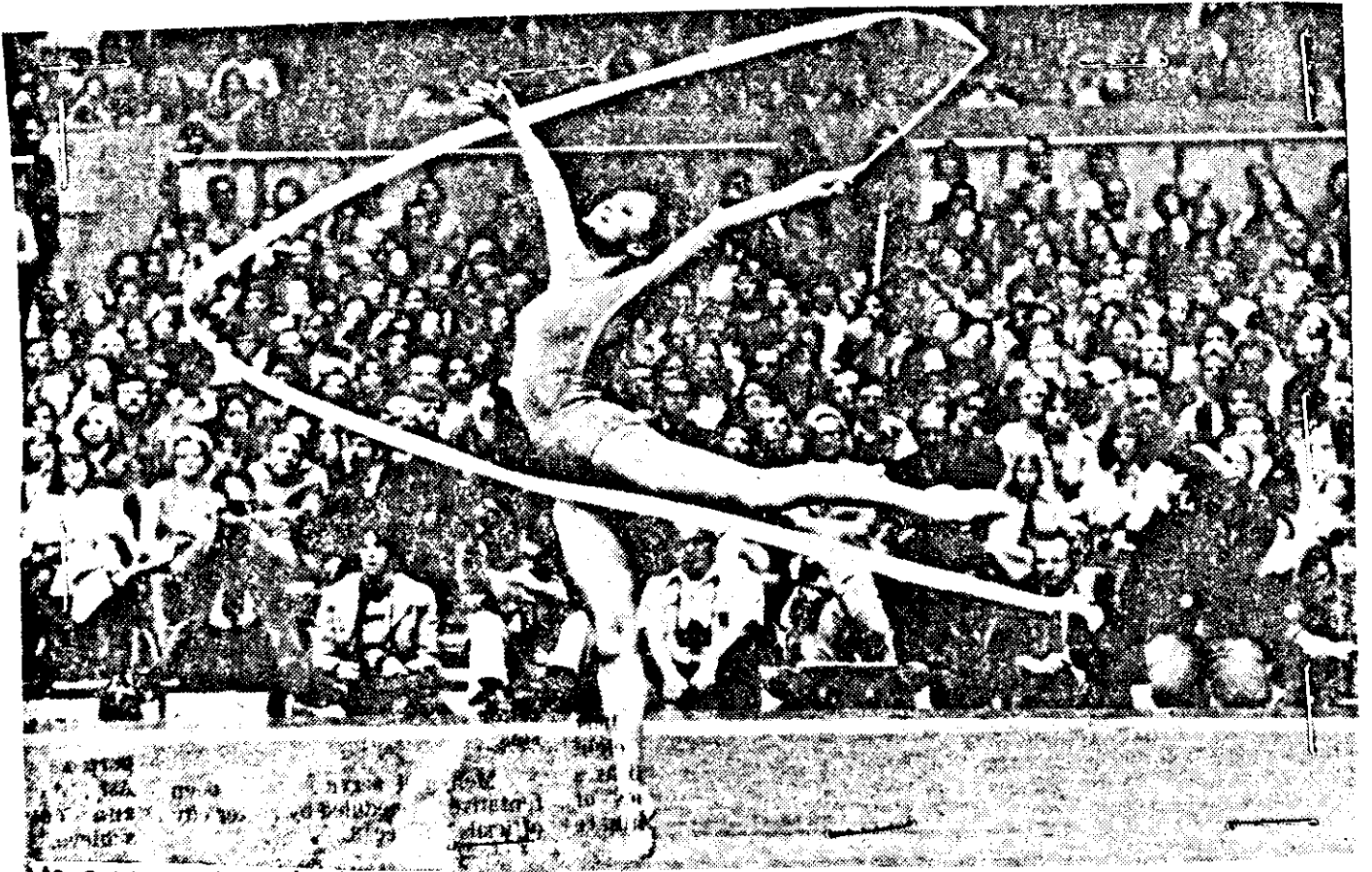


Robinson, a photojournalist since 1972, covered nothing a newspaper  
miles from Indians confronting  
federal wildlife officers on the Klamath  
River last August, top.

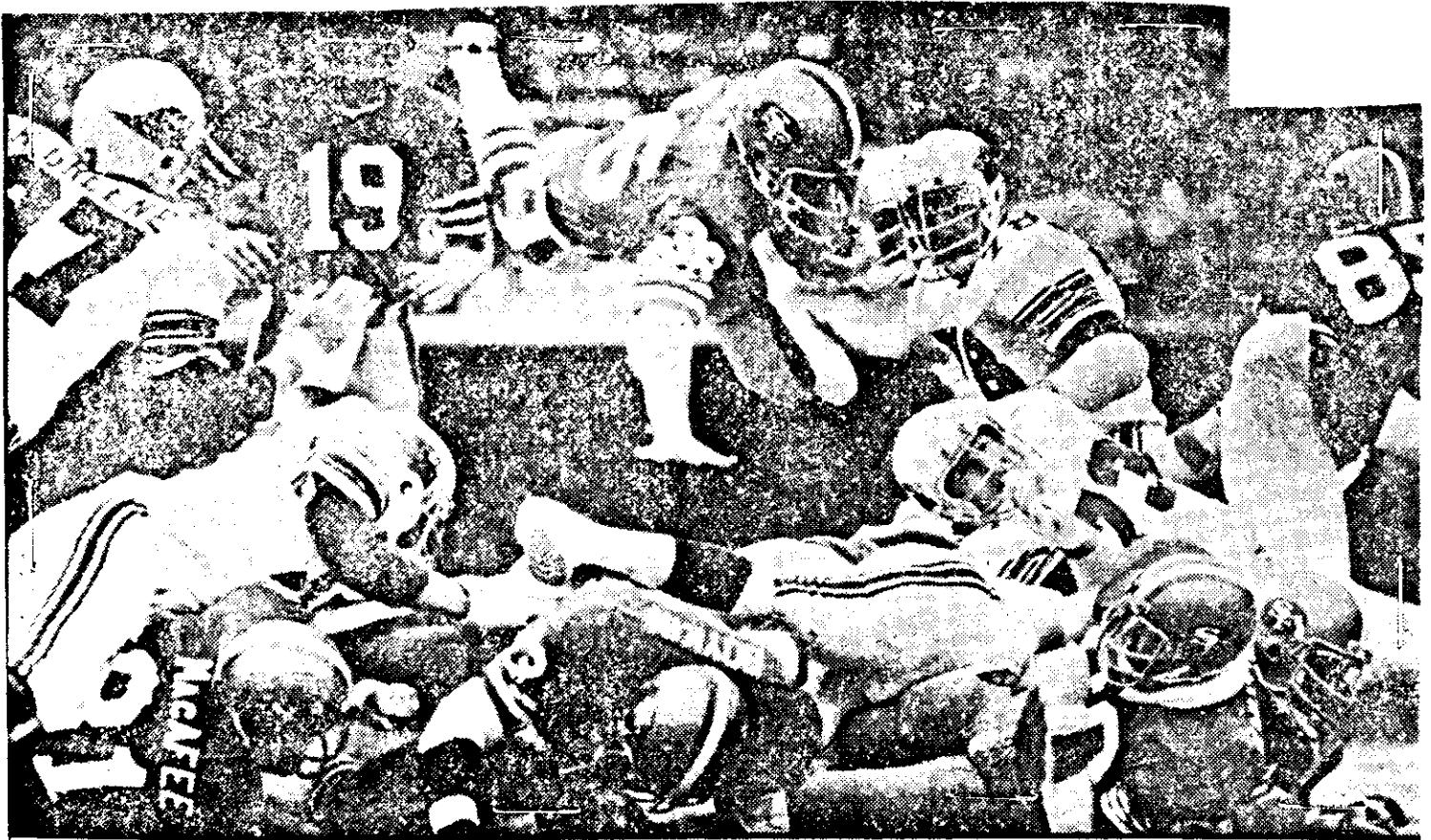




to Mick Jagger  
and Keith Richard of the Rolling Stones  
in Oakland at July's Day on the Green,



to a young gymnast, above, a photograph that he especially liked and was hung in his home.



An avid sports fan, Robinson enjoyed taking football and baseball photographs. Above, a photo he made of Paul Hofer of the 49ers in a touchdown plunge in last week's game against the St. Louis Cardinals.



An athlete of a different sort was the photo he made of Mike Dayton, above right, Concord's strongman.



Robinson's photo of Oscar Peterson conveys the magic of the piano great. "Greg photographed with a real deep compassion for human beings and he did it extremely well," said Fran Ortiz, a co-worker and mentor of Robinson's. Veteran sports photographer Bill Nichol summed up Greg Robinson's drive: "He wanted to be the best."

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Greg Robinson

# Living memorial to cameraman

A few days after Examiner photographer Greg Robinson was shot and killed at a remote South American airstrip, The Examiner received this letter from San Francisco State University student Pat Foster-Turley:

"I am not actually a friend of Greg Robinson, so maybe I shouldn't write this letter. But Greg was a part of my life, and I'll miss him.

"Greg was the assistant to Fran Ortiz's photojournalism class at San Francisco State this fall — a class where I am a student. Greg was a photographer we could all identify with — a role model we could emulate. At 27, he was our age. He found a job in news photography. He provided inspiration that we could, too."

Robinson attended San Francisco State University, was graduated in 1974 with a degree in geography. But his real love was photography. As photo editor of the campus' weekly Phoenix, Robinson won awards for best news and feature photos.

"... A professional without pay ... willing to spend hours on a single assignment just to get the photograph that told the story." That was how instructors recalled Greg Robinson.

There are undoubtedly hundreds of aspiring photojournalism students seeking, as Greg Robinson did a few years ago, the opportunity to work professionally.

To help them and to honor the photographer we have lost, The Examiner has established the Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship at San Francisco State University, which will be awarded to a photojournalism student each year.

The initial funds for the scholarship will come from the sale to other media of photographs Greg Robinson and his wounded reporter companion, Tim Reiterman, took on the tragic journey to Jonestown, Guyana. Additional funds will become available through contributions from friends and corporate sources.

The Examiner said: "We believe that Greg Robinson would have wanted to help the education of some young photojournalists who will carry on the enthusiasm and joy which he brought to his work. We can think of no better way of guaranteeing that he will be remembered."

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

2 S.F. Examiner

San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-23-78  
Edition: Streets

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RYMURS

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Funeral services for Robinson will be held at 1 p.m. Saturday in St. Jude's Episcopal Church in Burbank, and a memorial service will be conducted in the First Unitarian Church at 1187 Franklin St. here at 4 p.m. next Wednesday.

Contributions to the Robinson memorial fund may be sent to The Greg Robinson Memorial Scholarship, c/o The San Francisco Examiner, P.O. Box 31, San Francisco 94119.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

# Services for Photographer

## Burbank

Funeral services for Gregory Robinson, the San Francisco Examiner photographer killed at the Jonestown, Guyana, airport by religious cultists, have been scheduled for Saturday. Robinson, 27, will be buried after the service at 1 p.m. at St. Jude's Episcopal church.

*United Press*

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

6 S.F. Chronicle  
San Francisco, Ca.

Date: 11-23-78  
Edition: Home

Title: RYMURS

Character:  
or SF 89-250  
Classification: 89  
Submitting Office: SF