

Fourth District Office
Daily Log - Oct. 10

A day off, more or less. Exhausted from keeping watch Sat. night, took the phone off the hook and slept all morning. Afternoon -- Mr. Lockett informed us that a group of the men had been on the watch with guns last night and would watch again tonight. Our very own deacons -- organized by the people themselves. Put phone back on and got lots of silent calls, except for 2 notable ones. The State Fire Board called (Wally thinks it really was.) Asked if this was a commercial establishment and if we were connected with COFO. Said we weren't approved for a commercial establishment. Wally said Cofo doesn't exist any more. That this was his private residence, tho he had an office here for his own use. Told him that he'd told police that it was his residence and they had accepted that. Guy said OK.

Another call went this way: Lady: Who is this Wally: Who is this. You're supposed to tell me first. Lady: Are you ashamed of who you are. Wally: No, are you ashamed of who you are. Lady: No. Wally: Now we've established neither of us are ashamed of who we are. So the next thing it that it's only courteous when you call someone to say who you are first, because you know who you're calling. Lady: I want to know if I have the right number. Wally: it's the right number, I'm positive you have the ~~MMMM~~ right number, it's your intentions that are wrong. Click. (She hung up first).

Did get another page of Office Memo run off and a list of files prepared.

Workers from Jasper and Clark came over. Wally wanted to go with them to make district visits. Insisted I not stay here alone. Me, full of pride (re my own courage and feminine equality) insisting I wanted to stay. Got Rims and Greg to come over. Wally and rest left and for the next hour, while waiting for the Canton people, I kicked myself. Heard cars, people walking around, stopped trusting the "deacons" realized what I'd known all along -- that if someone did attack this place, there was absolutely nothing I could do to stop them and I might get myself killed to boot. A cold knot of fear in my stomach for that hour. Once they got here, all o.k. No phone calls even Talked, all want to sleep.

LH

Oct. 11

The phone calls are tapering off. One at 6:30 A.M. conveniently waking up RIMS and Greg who had to be in Canton at 7. Several (from me I think the same silent person at lunch time, a couple in the afternoon and several around dinnertime. Spent most of the day cleaning the office. Finished typing and running off the Office Memo.