

RAVEN

*THE UNTOLD STORY OF
THE REV. JIM JONES
AND HIS PEOPLE*



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with JOHN JACOBS

The Stoen case was heating up. Grace Stoen's attorney, Jeff Haas, was currently in Georgetown to convince a Guyanese magistrate that Guyana should honor a California order for the return of the boy. And Jones closely watched every move Haas made. On September 3, Harriet Tropp and Paula Adams, posing as American tourists, had befriended the young lawyer in his Georgetown hotel. They reported to Jones that Haas expected to have the case wrapped up by the end of September. A court date was set for September 6 in Georgetown.

Meanwhile Jones learned that the Temple's three best friends in the Guyanese government—Deputy Prime Minister Ptolemy Reid, Foreign Minister Fred Wills and Home Affairs Minister Vibert Mingo—were all traveling outside the country the week of the hearing. Could that be mere coincidence? What about the prying visits earlier in the week by the Guyanese official and the U.S. consul? Would there be a CIA-inspired coup to topple the anti-American government and get Peoples Temple at the same time? To a paranoid personality, the possibilities were endless.

The night before the September 6 court date, Stephan Jones, Johnny Brown and several others were with Jim Jones when he pulled out a .357 magnum revolver and ripped off a few shots at a banana leaf. This was the first time that seventeen-year-old Stephan realized there were guns in Jonestown. After they left Jones's hut and were walking back toward the center of the camp, Stephan and Brown heard a gunshot. Racing back to Jones's hut, they found him face down on the floor, apparently in shock. Jones told them that he had been standing by the window when he had a premonition. Luckily he had bent down, just as a shot whizzed through the window, narrowly missing his head. Enemies were sniping at him, Jones cried.

Taking a shotgun from the hut, Stephan took off into the bush. He fired two rounds in the general direction of the first shot, then came back. His father, surrounded by aides, placed him in charge of security. Immediately, Stephan stationed himself and another man at Jones's hut, and others around the compound's perimeter. The alert was on.

Stephan knew that his father was not above staging such episodes. Still, he felt this attack had been real, though he had detected no trace of bullets or shells. After all, he had spotted a suspicious-looking broken limb on a tree not far from the Jones hut. His father did have enemies. And in the volatility of the past months, it seemed anything could happen. But there were no further disturbances that night.

Early the next morning, attorney Jeff Haas walked into the Georgetown courtroom of Justice Aubrey Bishop with his local counsel, Clarence Hughes. After a brief hearing, with no Temple representation, Justice Bishop ordered Jim Jones to produce John Victor Stoen two days hence and to show cause why a final order should not be issued giving the boy to his mother.

Armed with an interim writ of habeas corpus, Haas accepted the offer of a Guyanese Defense Force airplane and flew into Port Kaituma