

small children which I couldn't leave alone. When I wouldn't come with them, they forced the back door on our home and entered. All four of them came into my home. They searched every room and the basement while I was there. Then they forced me from the house all four of them came at me and put handcuffs on me. Then they made me sit in the police car between two police officers while the other two officers searched my home further. One officer then asked me if I remembered Gunderson. I answered, "No." So he pushed my head down and beat me over the back of the head. I wasn't allowed a wrap although it was November and the police had on heavy leather jackets. Even if I was insane I should have been treated like a human being. Then one officer came from the house with two of my books that had just been given to me. One of them was "Keys to Prosperity" by Wilford I. King. The other book I couldn't make out the name. He had stolen this one from a suitcase in my living room. He placed the two books on the floor and proceeded to drive away.

On the way to the jail the officer who had previously beaten me started a new splurge of brutality by pushing my head to the floor of the car, and ordered me to scream. I didn't, so he pushed on my head where he had previously beaten me and pressed. I had to scream for fear of what he would do otherwise. The other officer then started to roll up the windows and he said, "Leave them down I want everyone to hear her." Meanwhile the cuffs tightened and tightened it was impossible to hold them so that they wouldn't tighten. The Gunderson that he mentioned obviously was the Gunderson who had opposed us on every political issue that has come up. He is the only Gunderson that I know.

Obviously the purpose of the raid on my home was to remove valuable important papers which I had spent two years in compiling. These papers which were stolen from my home exposed subversion in the schools. It showed in detail various methods of Communist teachings in the public school system and compared it with the methods used in indoctrinating the school children instead of teaching them. There were also papers exposing the "Freedom Agenda", with original documents and photostat copies to prove our claims.

When I entered the police station my hair was messed, my dress torn and messed, my hands were swollen to twice their original size, so that I barely was able to move my fingers. It was several weeks before I had control of my fingers and months before I had complete control over my thumbs. There will always be scars there because there were holes in my wrists 1/8 of an inch deep where the metal dug into my flesh. I went through days of anguish not knowing what was going to happen to my children and knowing whether I would ever be able to use my hands again. Immediately upon entering the jail I demanded a lawyer so that I would know what my legal rights were. Between the beating and the flu and the worry over my children I was unable to sleep all night. I wanted to go to court and expose that brutal officer who had beaten me. I understand that you are supposed to be informed of your right to a hearing. I was refused the right to know whether one was to be held or not.

When a person has gone through the breakdown treatment that I have gone through, then I believe that any sane person would have reacted in the same way that I did under similar circumstances. For some peculiar reason the Judges were switched and Judge Davis signed the second court order just before he passed away.

All of this took place in spite of the fact that these officials knew that I had a physician who would vouch for my sanity. The suffering that I was forced to endure because of false imprisonment and being locked up with diseased and degenerate persons is indescribable. The suffering that my children had to endure because of being deprived of their mother, and the suffering that my husband had to endure can never be undone. A person can not endure the atrocious conditions that we have had to suffer through without it leaving a mark on them. They can not take their place in society as if nothing ever happened.