

Jo Ann, Janice, Joyce & Tommy Johnson
Eloise Sneed & Syola Turner

2-28-78

Hells Johnsons, Sneed & Turners,
I didn't write last week
because I was almost certain that
I would be there at this time.

However, it won't be long now
before I will be re-visited with
you, all of you, Terri and the rest of
the family there. I just gave up the
garage on 2nd Ave. and only have
papers & reports & complete and
pack more books and a few last
minute things.

Rusty is fine. He will stay with
Sandy Bradshaw & Hue Fortson in S.F.
until he can come over.

It would help so much if
you, Eloise, would write one or two
of the boys every week. They were beginning
to become a little more positive but not
hearing from you has caused them to become
extremely hostile. I told them I received a
letter from you last night & immediately they
sounded better. Maybe, it would just be
best to pretend that you just might come back
to visit this week. It's easier that way. (smile)
EE-3-B, (over)

Also, They are extremely concerned
about the Children's education so then
that and always mention Sylvia.
Please get her to write Mahel &
Earl C. Just tell them whatever you
think they want to hear. Of course,
I always support our leader & our
cause, but I just pretend to really
miss them & etc. I'll tell you more
when I see you. But, please, please
write every week. This is so important.

Patrick, Steve, Cesar, Emily & everyone
say hello. Tell Gloria Walker to write
her sister Phyllis Jolley. Phyllis's mom
is Lawrence Douglas. She should
also write.

Well, it won't be long now. I'm
sick hello. It is passing hard now so
he won't be here to help me pick tonight.

Dance
Clare Johnson
& Rusty Johnson
(L. A.)

EE-3-B2

Monday Night
United Airlines

Hi love,

I miss you already!! I certainly wished you would have come with me to see "our" daughter. As you know she considers you her father, so she states. Darn it! I was intending to bring a picture of you to her. I forgot. Speaking of forgetting, believe it or not I forgot my credit cards and driving license, Darn it. I knew I would forget something important! Anyway, I'm hoping everything will go o.k. I'm sure that it will.

I'm a companion to 2 older women from San Francisco they are going to live in Guyana permanently. One is about 78 years old. Guess what she said as the plane was taking off. She said "Good bye U.S.A. and kiss my big fat black ---" When she

EE-3-V2

②
said that I thought I would
~~break~~ croke, I laughed so hard inwardly
I almost fell out. It was funny to
hear someone who has lived as long
as she have in S.F. to say such!!

Anyway we are about half way
to N.Y. As I told you I had
plans on exploring N.Y. Well you
know I can not expect her to do a lot
of walking she is real fat too. I'm
not really responsible for her, but she
needs someone to kinda look after her.

There goes my touring of N.Y. Oh well
maybe some other time (probably never)
but it's o.k. I guess you really can't miss
something you've never been exposed to
or really never had.

Well, I'll close just a note to
let you know I was thinking of you
and wishing you were here.

"me"

EE-3-V3

Dear Harold,

After landing in a paradise in the midst of a jungle, it's difficult to gear my mind back to the states — and painful, too, cuz god-knows I was unhappy there with conditions as they are. But I think of you & worry for you & hope to hear from you that things are looking bright for you by now...

Let me tell you a little about my new life in Jonestown... We arrived (29 of us) after 40 hours on our boat down the most gorgeous river imaginable lined with tropical jungle bush on either side, spotted with occasional "trolley" houses made of the jungle's own wood, earth & plants. Like something out of a fairy tale! The rains are so refreshing one doesn't even want to take cover — And they are short & the sun pops out again to dry you off.

We arrived at Port Kaituma at dusk & were met by some of our people in a large truck which we rode in
EE-3-BB,

back under a full moon & stars the like
of which you can't see in the city...
We took a windy dirt road several
miles till we reached Jonestown. It was
really like coming home. We were
met by hundreds of hugs - people
we hadn't seen in years & some who
had recently left us - all of us
so glad to be in a free country,
on land we own & in a town we
built ourselves...

I can't explain the feeling of
relief to enter a black nation &
leave the pressure of racist &
sexist America behind, to know that
I don't have to kiss up to "the man"
anymore or be abused on the job.

Here I am a nursery school teacher.
Our children are creative bright & so
happy with a fantastic future ahead
of them. Imagine the potential of
a child that can grow up in an atmos-
phere of love & acceptance with every
opportunity open to them for learning;
no doors closed to them because they
are black or brown, none of the
pain of being called "nigger"; none
of the continuous abuse from all sides

EE-3-BB2