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Pat and Becky Clary
632 "A" Street S.E.
Washington D.C. 20003

Dear Pat and Becky,

Howdy. We got back finally about two days ago. It sure was a tiring trip but interesting. I'm glad we got to go through the South because that's where the most interesting stuff was, I think. In New Orleans we went to Preservation Hall and heard this old band play Dixieland Jazz. By old, the oldest one was probably in his 70's and the others were nearing there if they weren't there already. In Yazoo we didn't stop anywhere but we saw all the shacks that were shown in the pictures of that book I gave you. Mississippi was covered with those shacks. I convinced dad to drive down some old roads too so we saw more of what the people were like. In Wilson, North Carolina we saw Marty Isles Worcester and her husband. That was an interesting place too because he is the minister of an all black church and he lives in the all black part of town. Mom probably told you about their neighbors. Their kids are sure neat. They talk with three different accents — when the oldest boy is with the black kids he talks black, when with the southern whites he talks like them and sometimes he talks like his parents (although Marty's getting kind of an accent, more black than Southern white) and he mixes all the accents up too so he's pretty funny.

I'm glad I came to visit with you guys. I'm sorry I couldn't have stayed longer. (I don't know if you were too sorry.) I couldn't really crank out of you what you thought of me going to Ukiah although Pat told me a little bit of what

he thought. I can kind of understand why Pat felt the way he did, you obviously think that the People's Temple is just another cult or religious fanactic place or something like that. Well, I'm kind of offended that you would think I would stoop so low as to join some weirdo groups. I think I am a pretty sensible person and I can tell what's real and what's not. People have a hard time fooling me. The reason that the Temple is ~~not~~ great is not just because Jim Jones can make people cough up cancers but because there is the largest group of people I have ever seen who are concerned about the world and are fighting for truth and justice for the world. And all the people have come from such different backgrounds, every color, every age, every income group and they have turned into constructive people from being dopers and thieves and being greedy, wanting lots of money and having "things." So anyway it's the only place I have seen real true Christianity being practiced. Well, I can't explain all of why I want to go there; I guess I kind of want to be a follower because I sure can't try to change the world all by myself. So anyway I thought I'd throw this in to bug you especially Pat who is so damned medical-logical minded, just to bug you. Last Sunday at the church this man passed out or died because his tongue was hanging out of his mouth and his eyes were all weird just like when you're dead. Their nurses couldn't get his pulse and they couldn't find him breathing either so they took him up to Jim Jones and he meditated for the man

for 12 minutes. Finally the man regained consciousness and got his normal body functions back but had not breathed or had a heart beat for 12 minutes. The doctors couldn't believe it. So, whether you believe it or not, it's true and this kind of stuff happens a lot. Jim Jones is a very unusual man. I don't see why you're so threatened by it. I guess because it's scarey and unusual.

Well anyway to get back to other stuff, mom and dad are having a big hassle about selling the house. I don't think they realized how much of a hassle buying a house would be. Anyway, Davis is getting ready to say good bye to them. I hope they will like it in Berkeley. Maybe they'll live near the Laytons. (Ugh!) (Well ugh actually to Mrs. Layton, Mrs. Layton's fine.) all my friends are getting ready to go to college. I think I'm the only one I know who's not going, although I may go to Santa Rosa J. C. in January. Well, I have to write more letters now. Say hi to everybody in the house including Lancer and Ozone.

Love,

Annie