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Dear friends all over the world !

A Christmas letter

The down-hill station of the ski-lift was not quite one of those that one would expect in St. Moritz. It was a large room with old tables and chairs jammed with people eating from paper plates stuffed with either chicken or sausage. Prior to entering, we saw countless expensive skis in front of the door but the people inside mostly wore worn-out jeans, sweaters and parkas. Nothing in the station would give you the idea that you deal with skiing - in our thinking one of the most fashionable sports. Until now, I had associated skiing with the idea of people showing latest dresses (après-ski) but after the experience in this room he started to change his mind. Not one of the people showed off; the atmosphere was relaxed and we really felt at ease. Although no one of us could understand the language, we thought to belong to these people.

You probably wonder where we are? Just one day before we had no idea that we would ever end up in Jeczyn, a tiny village in southern Poland.

On the 14th of January, we and our friend Harry Gave left Hamburg for a two-week's trip to Warsaw, at a time being we thought it might perhaps be the last visit to 'our' Poland. The intention was to be doing both: to work on a thesis about

Polish history and having fun. As far as the latter part was concerned, our friend Teddy Mosicki proved to be master in improvisation and organization. Although he had not yet received the letters with which we had announced our arrival, he managed to get some days off from work to take us to a short ski-trip in a "wonderful little village, where I always spend my holidays." - The week before we left to Jeczyn, we stayed at the Lukas family in Warsaw, where we experienced an overwhelming hospitality and - as far as the above mentioned work was concerned - great help from their daughter Hedy.

A short flash-back to enlighten the way we started the new year: I spent the last days of the old and the first days of the new year at the house of his "parents-in-law", the Lieb family, who had welcomed an interesting visitor: Hiroshi from Japan had arrived and so I came to play a quite familiar role of a guide. Some days later, Hiroshi left for Copenhagen (he pronounced it 'Kopenhagen'). There Yogi - in the new role of a step-father - had started the year together with his girl-friend Kirsten Borsch and her little daughter Christina. (Perhaps you remember her wise quotation at the end of last year's Christmas letter)

In February we took part in an excursion to Rome together with 38 other students of ancient history. Spring had already broken there and this in combination with the fantastic remains of the Romans was a great impression of this city.

Two school practicals in Flensburg followed, one at a Danish elementary school (run by the Danish minority in Germany), another at the high school, where Yogi had passed his A-levels ages ago. We had hardly finished that, when at the end of March a new job waited for us: since we had made some slide-shows with commentary for the Volkshochschule (Adult education course) a good relationship had grown between us and their leaders Prof. Mielnicz and Mr. Lerch. By chance we could help them to handle a somehow peculiar situation. For a few days we attended to two guests of the UNESCO from Lebanon and Jordan, Mrs. Samir Habib and Mr. Omar. The April was packed with preparations for two important examinations. Since it was beautiful weather we mostly did that outside, either on the balcony of Ise's mother Helga or at the

Westensee, a lake not far away from Kiel. One of the examinations was about pedagogy where Prof. Priemmann asked us about the Waldorf school system and the education in classical antiquity. The other was in sociology where we could tell Prof. Clausen first-hand informations about migration and the society in Jammu. (We really can't conceal our pride about the good marks we've got.) - An interesting week-end we spent in Lübeck where we were invited to attend the annual adult-education congress, together with Dee's father Ulrich. We had a nice evening with North Germany's 'crème de la crème'. (It seems worth to mention two names, Prime Minister Dr. Stoltenberg and his adviser Mr. Mewo.)

According to a tradition since 1977 - an exchange of Polish and German student groups - we could twice welcome the Polish group as party guests in May: the first time in our flat in Kiel, the second time at Helga's home in Lübeck. There we could welcome two special guests: the city mayor Dr. Knippel and his charming wife as well as our Professor Hausmann.

Another highlight of the year was a trip to Geneva in June to meet our friend Kai-Uwe Petersen, a carpenter on the wall. On the way to Geneva we had a short stop in Bonn to see Christa Brandt and her boss the Minister of Education Björn Engholm and Jürgen Schröder of the Deutschlandfunk.

In July we were on the cross-road. Together with Karsten and Christina, Yogi went again to Copenhagen for holidays. These three weeks proved two things: it is possible to give up smoking and it is a different thing to travel with two ladies than with a friend. During that time, Dee earned some money by being a caretaker of a children's home. A very well equipped hobby-room made it possible that he tried himself as being a cabinet maker in his spare-time and after four weeks, a beautiful wooden sofa and a table was ready. Another job followed in August: the windows of Dee's parents' house in Lübeck had to be repaired, and so again woodwork had been done for another month. End of August brought both, good and bad. To start with the first, Dee

bought a new car: a BMW for an incredibly low price, but the bad followed quickly: a groin-rupture forced him to go to hospital for a week.

Yogi, who had always regarded his inability of speaking French as a bad kind of education started to learn it, attending a three week's course in Paris together with Harry. This exercise of brains was followed by a sort of exercise of the body: a job as a truck-driver, delivering all kinds of goods including drugs. During these three months of working in Hamburg (until November), Yogi's and Harry's parents, Susan Switzer from California (unfortunately Bonnie and Lee could not come along), Veron from New York, Ulla from Denmark, Bobby Priest from Australia and many others visited him and Harry.

Whilst Yogi was working, Dee not only recovered from the operation but moved out of the common flat to live together with his girl-friend Barbora 100 yards away. To guarantee steady work, we keep Dee's former room as a common studio.

Since the semester had started, we met each other again in the first days of November making plans for the next year. Encouraged by our Prof. Paul Budloh, who as you know is the head of the Schöningh-Holtzkin/America project, we are preparing our next research-trip to the USA starting in April '82. - Having taken part in a seminar about the major religions of the world in Copenhagen, we seized the chance to see Dr. Kristian Hvidt, the well known Danish expert in migration to the USA.

As far as New Year's Eve is concerned, Dee and Barbora plan to visit his brother in Baden Baden, whilst Yogi will again travel to Jeceyke.

Our best wishes to all of you for happy holidays and for your full share of good health in 1982 come to you

from

P.S. Thank you very much for all your letters and please excuse our laziness in answering.