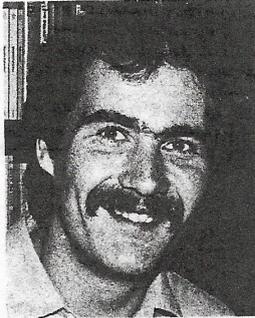


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What happens, when 3 German guys lead around a band of 45 Americans? In the end, 48 people find themselves on the Hamburg airport, most everybody with tears in his eyes.

A strange start for a year's report? Yes and no - no because one of the most important events of 1983 is already looked at; yes because this may be regarded as an insult of Chronos, the god of time. So let us turn back the clock, let us start the year where it usually begins: with New Year's Eve.

Yogi could watch the fire crackers that indicated the transition from 1982 to 1983 from his writing desk in Kiel, whereas Dee spent that night with friends in Berlin. The following days, weeks and months were mostly devoted to some necessary 'homework', i.e. theses in ancient, medieval and modern history. It seems as if our last year's long stay in the USA kind of made us ready for a longer period of working. (Actually something that no one - including ourselves - had expected.)

And yet, it would not be quite correct if we claimed to have only worked on university subjects: meanwhile our Chamäleon-publishing house has made progress. May 15 was the day of getting our third book (Der Lichtmagnet im Reich der Tage) out of print. What a great day: this was a real book - no type-written pages anymore but type-set. A couple of interesting days preceded this event, the Mainz-book-days; we stayed on a campground, putting on our suits (sometimes even a tie) for the day. There we had the chance to meet a lot of people of the book-business - a great opportunity for greenhorns like us to learn something more. Some of them became real friends - not in business terms.

45 people from Holstein in Iowa were to come July 15, following our promise to show them the country of their forefathers, and so some time was spent for planning and organizing.

With beating hearts we were standing at the gates of Hamburg airport not knowing what would follow - inexperienced as we were in terms of leading groups. It was a matter of minutes that the feeling came up that

everything would work out fine; and it did !

First we toured Schleswig-Holstein and quite somebody was lucky to get into contact (or reestablish it) with relatives. The name of this tour "Dee and Yogi's German heritage tour" was well chosen, and so was the name of the bus: "Endeavor". Although we did not discover any new continent, we discovered Germany - even for us it was an entirely new experience. In the end we had to find out that Capitain Cook's Endeavor was more reliable than ours: somewhere on the Autobahn not far from Munich, she gave up.

But the star of luck showed us the way; an amazing group-solidarity and the wish to only look at the bright side of life could not spoil these last two days, and later to say "Good Bye" was hard.

Another enterprise then called for all our attention: 'Chamäleon-baby' number 4, "Amerika - Hoffnung und Sehnsucht". It's a new composition of excerpts from old emigrants' handbooks; these were sort of advisers that many people took along to America and that helped them to prepare the journey. The Frankfurt book faire then was a good chance to introduce our work to the public and so far the reaction is promising.

Since then (early October) we are working on our scientific emigration studies for our degrees (10-12 hours a day) and the work prospers. Yogi writes about the Schleswig-Holstein Forty-Eighters and Dee about the assimilation of Germans in Holstein, Ia. and New Holstein in Wisconsin.

The last days of this year will be spent in East Germany and Poland and we're both looking foward to the two weeks' vacation.

May this letter find you in good health and with all the best wishes