

Dear Mother & Dicki

5/10/49

Although I have not written for so many weeks I think of you and Dicki just about every single day - and many times a day at that. There is nothing that could make me happier than to see you both again. In fact sometimes I get such a longing to just see you I think of going down to TCA & buying a ticket to England. But that wouldn't solve very much. I have studied all your letters very carefully & have given a lot of thought to the matter. But still I don't know what to do.

The problem here is - while Canada in general and Toronto in particular is very a hard place to live in, a dreary & unbelievably backward place I do have something here which I never found before - and that is an active and useful place in the labour movement. And this I value perhaps above all else because

there is a purpose and a challenge to
make life worth while - every minute of it.
There is no personal reason for my staying
here - Mr Joe, Joan & Henry much as I
like them, though it is true that life
without them close by would be a lot
lonelier here! But back in Europe I
doubt I would miss them so! But what
I am afraid of missing is an active
participation & 'belonging' in the working class
movement.

I have had the education of my life
over here. I have learnt to overcome
most of the "bourgeois" ideas that were
part of my life as a student. I have
come to realise, not in any romantic
way but through life that the working
class is the only class to lead this
country - and every country - to a real
liberation not only from exploitation but
from the degenerate, uncivilised, uncultured
unhappy life called the 'Western way
of life'. I have made my dearest

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friends among the working people of this country especially since the time I worked in industry & the union here. And I have realised there is a way to utilise the wonderful education I gained from Dick, school & university life. I read a lot more - have started again to read our classics - I write more & do some educational work in the movement. The fact I am utterly disgusted with the university here & the people who prostitute all true education & learning both as teachers & students - Certainly does not mean that I have any contempt in any way for knowledge - only that I have come to understand as you can learn it only in this continent - that the advancement in this sphere only can only come with the struggle for a better society.

Why then is it so difficult to decide to make my place here? Apart from the tough life & ugliness & backwardness and the nostalgia that overcomes me when

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even I have time to contemplate a little
- and this gets pretty bad at times especially
when people visit Europe, Hungary in parti-
cular. My biggest heartache concerns
you & Dicki.

You may disagree, but the way it looks
to me is this way: that I cannot see where
it would be correct & justifiable to go
to Hungary (assuming that they let me
in & I think they might) except for one
reason. That is in order that we may
all make our home there.

This much is clear in my mind &
definite: if you are ready & able to
return home then I will do so too
because that is my ~~also~~ dream. And
that is the dream I hate so much
to give up. And that is the only reason
I have not already announced any
decision to stay here.

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Now I can imagine nothing more wonderful than living in a land where the people are building socialism. Then marrying there (sometimes!) & raising children who will never know the misery of capitalism. I am not afraid of learning new language. I am not afraid of work physical or paperwork. I like it. I wish very much I had somehow had the luck to land up there like Jean, for instance. I would feel very privileged to be there & in all modesty I can say that I have some understanding of the job there and every confidence in the men & women who are leading that country. (~~after all~~, and what a tremendous service the people there have rendered by really busting the Tito affair right open!) Any of our friends who think I am afraid to go there for fear of work & responsibility are just crazy. Why I would give my right arm to find myself there rather than here.

But finding myself here with the work to be done here, the shortage I

people, of people who can give some direction
I honestly do not feel justified in leaving
except for a very strong personal
reason — not in the general reason that
life is happier & in general easier there!

And that reason can only be one: if
~~you~~ I means that we can re-unite our
scattered family there, where both of you
belong.

Now I realise some of the difficulties and
I also realise I am putting you on the spot
in a way. But I have thought carefully
about this and long and this is how it looks
to me. I would like to hear from you.
I don't want you to make any official
approaches but if you can get in touch with
anybody who is a personal friend and
also politically thoroughly dependable I
would not mind some advice on the whole
question as it affects myself. This is
impossible to get heard because I can't find
anybody who would ever recommend

to me that I leave. And that after all
is very understandable.

I am sending a few things that give a
little picture of what we are doing here.

For nine months or so I worked in a
plant and they were the most interesting
nine months I ever spent & I made some of
the best friends I ever had. The photo is the
Acme Local 984 of the UAW-CIO, our local.
Although I had already left the plant for
several months the guys asked me to march
in the parade because I kept close contact
and they kind of liked me - mostly because
it is unusual for girls to be active in the
Union. I became Chief Steward for the
women in the plant. I was instrumental
in starting a shop paper (printed) & was
Assistant Editor. And the most exciting
fall was the time we shut the plant
down (1300 workers) for one Saturday &
won our demand very effectively.
That is a long exciting story I want to
save for when we see each other again.
Very briefly since I left the plant I

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Have been working in the Research Department
of the United Electrical Workers Union -
the largest & most important militant
'left wing' union in Canada.

In the summertime we established a
NFTY Camp & school. I was director &
Joan was cook (!) & it was very exciting
& lots of work as we started with a
green field & no money at all & finished
with a camp & \$150 cash surplus,
having put 40 young people through a
school also. Pictures of camp also enclosed.

Now I am in charge of NFTY education
work & also temporarily acting National
Secretary of the organization while Norman
Penner, our Nat'l Sec. is touring Canada
speaking about the World Youth Congress
& Festival at Budapest!

Joan is doing a lovely job in
the cultural field here, writing & producing
propaganda plays, 'skits' & songs.

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We made a big hit at our first appearance at a large union meeting. (See the pictures enclosed)

Incidentally Joe is now a factory worker at this same factory where we performed as show & he likes it a lot & it has done a lot for him. Joe & I still see a lot of each other & I guess if I stay here we would get married though I am not in any hurry.

From all this you see there's lots doing here and although I get very lonely for both of you & nostalgic about this dream of being & working in H. I am never short of work & certainly not at all demoralised in any way.

To repeat, going to H. depends a great deal on what you decide to do and I shall certainly not take any irrevocable steps until this is settled. I want to send you so much love and kisses and if I have not written it is only because it is difficult to think of the

future, not because I don't think of
you but a very great deal and
love you more than any living
thing in this world. Please forgive me
and please keep writing -

your very loving

Karin.

PS Again, if there is any way of showing
this letter or extracts from it to
some of your friends & getting an
opinion - it is very hard to judge
from here. Most of all, I am afraid I
I go there of being isolated among
either English people, or students, or
statisticians!

Nov. 17th. 1949.

My darling Mother & Dicki,

Thank you so very much for your letter - every day I have been waiting to hear from you or mother and thinking of you all the time.

I am so happy that mother is out of hospital & at home and especially about the Anniversary Celebration with the Hungarian comrades.

I am very lonely for you both and the possibility of seeing you again soon just makes me cry & laugh all at once.

Of course it is not for me to say whether you, Dicki should come to U.S. this spring. But if you do there is nothing in the world I would love better than to have mother here, if she wants to come for those months. If she came it would be very different from the last time. I live by myself now & I would try & find a little apartment or two rooms together where she could stay with me. Also I am earning very good money - \$50.00 a week which is far more than I need for myself. I have been putting it in the bank for future use of some kind (fare home? or anything else). And then, this being the last visit we will have a little more freedom & I think if mother feels like it there is a great deal of work to be done around the Hungarian movement here, particularly with getting out the paper, where everything rests on the shoulders of one person & I am sure she could help out in some way - and that need not be public but work on editing etc. And there is Joan ^{Henry} and Joe who are very sweet.

Life here is very lonely & tough and it would be like heaven to have mother around where I could look after her & you could visit now & again and we could make our decisions for the future once more all together.

I do hope you have not destroyed or forgotten the long letter I sent because it was very seriously meant & there was a question in that letter which sometime should be answered, maybe not now. I am very restless here & need very much to decide to stay or leave but this is much too much connected with you both because life is not a textbook where it says: "Young People must live their lives regardless of their parents". Now you, Dicki and my darling mother are my only parents and the dearest and nearest and most treasured two people in the world and my dream and hope is still that we can all just go to Hungary sometime soon and I can work hard & build a life with children and you can be grandparents and I can see security & dignity and friendship for us there.

This may be a dream & an illusion. Until I know it to be only that, I cannot settle down here,

I cannot get the will & desire to settle here. So long as there is a bit, & constant action here everything is OK but I cannot look to the future ~~until~~ until my dreams are either made true or shattered up so. There is no alternative.

Joe is very well & now has been in the plant for 6 months and is in the forefront of the great struggle there. He recently became the hero of the plant when he socked two right wing labor leaders - one went right out and the other got a big black eye! They were there at the gates with a gang of 50 boys armed with steel piping in order to distribute vicious anti-communist & anti-union propaganda. They are "raiding" us, trying to smash up this fine militant union with every dirty tactic including gangsterism. So they asked for it and Joe has distinguished himself!

In every other way also, Joe is fine & very busy. I only see him once a week on weekends because he is so busy - and so am I.

Joan is the sensation here. She is in NRY & doing a wonderful job writing & producing little plays & sketches for meetings & picket lines. We bring a message in song & satire and it is very fine indeed. Henry has done two murals for our "Book Fair" of progressive literature & they are very powerful.

I am doing everything under the sun - as acting National Secretary of NRY.

Mother may remember Lloyd, author of the Canadians in London - Lloyd is the leader of 5000 General

motor employees now out on strike for 3 weeks! — over
speedup & the firing of Stoyed & three other union
stewards.

I'm very tired today — got up early & great
leaflets this morning.

It is getting cold, winter is coming.

Please write to me, just a line, because
I worry so much & have nightmares (literally)
all the time wondering how everything is at home.

With all the love there is in this world, I love

You both.

Please write.

Kari.

[1964.7]
[Jan or
Feb.]

My dear mother abd Dicki,

Now for the promised report on the meeting with Mr. Gertler - this will be brief, confidential but will, I hope, cover all the main points which came up in the conversation.

1. Mr. G. is obviously very much in sympathy with Coexistence and would, I think, like to participate in its existence, in some manner yet to be worked out.

2. We discussed costs and it is evident that our estimates here were not realistic. Printing costs might run at \$1,000 for 1,000 copies, perhaps \$1,200 for 2,000. On the latter run, four times per year is \$8,000. Promotion costson a commercial basis are estimated at 10 cents per letter inclusive of postage - i.e. printing of circulars, securing of proper mailing lists, mailing, secretarial help, rent for space, etc. Even on a non-commercial basis, we must make some reasonable estimate here. The mailing lists are lists ofn libraries and individual university teachers in the various social sciences, On some international scale these run into many many thousands.

3. After considerable discussion, two points became clear: a.) Mr. G. was not too anxious to undertake publication because he does not wish to be burdened with the responsibility of getting the issue out on time.- i.e. he wants to feel free to leave Montreal for a few weeks now and again, without feeling he is shirking responsibility. It is true that with editors in England and Toronto, the final responsibility for getting the journal out would tend to settle with him. This much he is not willing to undertake without considerable financial remuneration (on the legitimate argument that the time which he would give to this journal would otherwise have been put into some other phase of his publishing business). Further, to make things r un smooth the technical editing and the 'seeing it through the press' would have to be done through his office here, and on a commercial basis to make it businesslike. All of this would raise the costs beyond our means. b.) After some considerable disvussion, a second objection emerged. This one was really told me in confidence and I do not wish you to pass it one to anyone, not even Mr. Campbell. As a result of some 20 years of work in the U.S. as a civil servant, university teacher, etc in the New Deal days and after, Mr. G. has developed quite a fear of political victimization. His business here is new and very successful and he is somewhat afraid that either Ottawa (external affairs) or some of the main bookstores and distribution channels might take some

vindictive retaliation against him on the grounds that this journal will print articles by Russians, etc. This objection does not hold at all in relation to his personal participation in advising us, etc. It is rather the corporate entity of his business which he feels he must protect here (As a matter of fact, I am not too sure whether he is or is not a U.S. citizen. He is a Canadian, that I know but after 20 years in the U.S., he might have changed citizenship. This would make his fears more rational. Anyway, I thought it very much to his credit that he came right out with this.

The alternatives thus are 1.) a university press which is big enough to sustain financial loss, if any and big enough that objection a.) does not hold, nor objection b.). Personally, I doubt whether we can find such. 2.) publication without a publisher. This seems the more sensible course to me. In this event one would have to set up an entity, Coexistence Associates, or Coexistence Publishing Co, which would then hire a printer, etc. Mr. G. is willing to lend us all his expertise in the publishing field in the form of free advice. In this way he can participate without undertaking a continuing commitment and without involving the name of his business firm in the magazine. He would be willing to meet with Harry and myself and anybody else here in Montreal to discuss the next steps. I think we should press on to raise more money, if possible, and then plan to launch the paper on a minimum cost basis, but with sufficiently large printing and sufficient promotion to offer the hope of building up sales to the self-sustaining basis (including modest grant perhaps from Vienna) within two years!

Must go to bed now, Am so very sleepy,

Goodnight,
K.

Bedales,

Dear Peter & Dicki.

I am writing this for both of you
at once as I am not sure of your
address, Peter, and so have to send
it to Kings view first anyhow.

It rained, 2 more days. But Tom
is letting me go for a bike ride today,
Sunday.

It's really like summer now.
Bathing has started at last and
cricket matches and everything.

When are you coming back next year,

or perhaps you are already back home?

There's a great plan afoot here.

Severo & us want to go for 10 days

to Hilary's (a friend of mine here)

wee little house near Torquay. (Commenced)

I feel like coming off too. Her brother

who goes to Cambridge is going

to take us down in his car.

Hilary is very nice and means

well, but rather stupid. They've

got absolutely pots of money. The

other people are Mary, Elder. She's

very nice indeed. — the absolute

pillar of Bedales. Sylvia Sylvia Elsworth, who was my boss in the Autumn and Dicki, the president of the Pol Soc, and Piers Pleroman. Marys counterpart in keeping Bedales on its feet. And of course Hilary's bro who will be responsible. I don't know whether it's going to come off, but if it does it's not going to be very expensive as there are no fares or tickets or anything like that. Mary & I are going to do anything & everything to keep the cool down, as we both don't go if it comes to too much.

I've got my essay on "Why Bonwell
failed to establish a permanent govern-
ment?" back & got B+ for it. I
also had an enormous argument
with Jim who said that any
Revolution ends up in being worse
than what they ~~people~~ revolted
against. — "The more violence, the
less revolution". — "Peaceful persua-
sion" — (silly fool!) — "P.P.V."

Tom & I love and I hope
you are getting on well
Kari

Dear Mother and Dick,

I hope everything is going well - especially you Mother. I did not really realise you were properly ill, but I do hope you are getting better and are happy.

It was so nice to see you Dick and hear all about everything at home. - Only 4 more weeks to the holidays! - Not that I'm not enjoying every day at school, but it will be nice to be at home again.

Today I am going to go for an Exped. on Buttes - that big hill with the thing on top. I'm going with Sylvia - I don't know whether you know about her. I was in her dorm last term.

There's the Political Society talk about Education in Russia today - and I've got to fetch Mr. Ineson in half an hour. I'm a bit frightened - I've no idea what he looks like.

Yesterday we had a 1st XI match against
Southsea Ladies in Portsmouth. We beat them
8-4. Portsmouth is a fool place. Directly
you get over Portsmouth and you expect a
lovely view of the sea and the Isle of Wight,
you see a basin of fog. All the time
we were playing the fog horns were
making various noises from various places—
they sounded quite uncanny.

I am reading rather a nice book—
Light in August by W. Faulkner. —American.

—The Bells Song—
Your Love and Bussies

Kari.

Tuesday.
Wednesday,

Dear Father and Mother,

Thank you very much for the letter —
I am sorry my Sunday letters are all so uninter-
esting and short, but there is always such a heap
to do on Sunday morning — and even more during
the week. But now I am in a really unpleasant
state. My tonsils have swollen up to an even larger
state than their normal one. It doesn't hurt much
or anything, but they are so slow about going down
and the school authorities are so beastly fussy and
particular and I can't see myself ever going
back into school. It seems like week since I was
there — although it is only the 3rd day. There is
really nothing I hate as much as this enforced in-
activity. — Although that doesn't prevent me from doing
Natts all day. ?

I spend all my individual periods now doing
Natts and its all Natts now. The History is pretty dull
this term — European 19th cent. I don't know why
it should be duller than English 19th cent. but it
is incredibly so. It is one mass of wars, dates,
statesmen and campaigns. I suppose it is because

it can't be done in anything as much detail. Most people prefer it — but give ~~me~~ me english Hist. anyway. I am getting on quite well in Ad. Maths. I am quite determined to get an A credit. (Which is the highest poss. mark) — In fact everything is O.K. all along the line except in Latin. Strange to say I feel also rather weak in German. But the exam is so very, very, easy that I suppose it will be all right. Last Months marks (which were very bad) I got my ~~best~~ highest marks in Maths, Biology and Engl. The first's taken for granted — but ~~you~~ does it not become difficult to recognise your child in the person getting Bilge and Eng. as top marks. The Major gives me B or principle for everything I do (good or bad — usually bad) and in Bilge I found that the odd antagonistic — groaning attitude I had was not worth its trouble because the bilge is so easy. I really bless the day I gave up French & Geography! Everything is fine now — except Latin at which I am really quite, quite, hopelessly bad. The only Latin — Candidate who is anywhere near my standard of badness (not english) is Eric Whitehead. Dear old Eric is absolutely brilliant at Maths & Physion (grandson of Whitehead) and no go at all at anything ~~else~~ else. (In subjects I mean

as a person he is charming.) He ^{did} ~~got~~ ~~his~~ such a brilliant Maths + Adv. Science papers in S.C. ~~that~~ (The highest marks scored on anything in the whole school) that his English and German (which must have been very bad) were compensated. Anyhow he has got to take Latin to get into Cambridge & he is taking it with us and he is almost as bad as I am. (Actually, I should have thought Cambridge would be quite willing to have that Whitehead - Latin or no Latin.)

I am reading Haldane's 'Naxist philosophy and the Sciences'. It's all rather interesting although I have not read ~~so~~ enough to judge how much there is in the whole thing. I have also read a fair amount of Einstein's latest - I can't remember the title. - (Evolution of Physics I think) It is really quite ~~very~~ easy to read and I think I have got hold of the essentials. ~~Of course the~~ Although I must admit I feel I knew as much as I do now when I started to read the book. - So a great lot has probably gone past me. Eric also gave me a considerable lecture on the subject which also left me rather where I was. ~~Tell me~~ ~~What~~ ~~happened~~ ~~if~~ ~~two~~ ~~men~~ ~~with~~ ~~a~~ ~~clock~~ ~~each~~ ~~were~~ ~~moving~~ ~~along~~ ~~towards~~ ~~each~~ ~~other~~ ~~very~~

fast. Each would think the ~~Each would think the~~
~~One chap's~~ clock was (Sorry, I'm in such a mess I can't
even think what I am thinking about.)

Thursday, afternoon.

They promised me I was getting up this after-
noon, but then Miss Rogers went out & forgot. — I've never
felt so miserable in my life! — What a word.

lots & lots of berries.

K.

P.S. The odd address is because I have used the
envelope somebody used to send me a
wire and didn't lick the back.

Sunday 7th.

Dear Everybody.

Sunday again. This term is just
beginning it along. Yesterday was Merry
Evening. You ought to know what that ~~it~~
is by now. Before the evening we had
a match. It was at a school called
Vine Spotton near Winchester. An odd
place. There are only 30 girls (no
boys) and our 2nd team played
their first. We won (currah) 11-4.

Great Noising. When the bus
came in the Bedales gates. We should
Rikachicka bum, Rikachicka bum
Rikachickarickachickarickachicka
Bum.

Kish heem ba, Kish heem ba, Bedales
Bedales ra, ra, ra.

Uu - ahh - ~~o~~ uhh aia jickaba
ickaba wallah wallah ickaba.

Bedales Bedales ra, ra, ra!

In the Merry Evening I wasn't

in anything.

There were 11 things.

A "kaspar" (made up by Her Schleicher).

pretty weak I thought.

The orchestra played Haydn's

"Toy band". It was amusing.

Some things were quite original.

Took had a good idea.

One boy was Mr Meier (with
curles + glasses + blue coat)

and a girl in Miss Playfers favourite

dress (coming down to the ground) came

in and they started open letters

asking for more entries to be allowed

to come. There was great

confusion. Mr Elliot came in and announced that 35 hundreds of people up on the school list had arrived.

The next scene was Ginnip
room. He was doing the timetable

and there wasn't enough room.

So he dreamt that Squad H

was sleeping while Squad B was
working in the Day. And in the
night Squad B was sleeping
and you saw Squad A going for
wet run ~~was~~ with torches.

it was quite fun.

Then there was the Mad Tea party
in Alice in wonder-land.

Had a quite funny shadow-
play.

The Non-smokers choir sleep
things about the animals at short
and Mr. Heier sitting on his coil.

(He quite often does. He comes in a
a flap and doesn't see the lovely
black cat curled up in his chair
and just sits in it. The poor
thing squealed and ran away).

It's time, I hope you
can read this

Kari

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Sunday

Dear Dicki + Mum.

I'm sorry this letter is ^{going to be} a day late but I can't get the postal order today is Sunday and yesterday was the only possible day, but I didn't get a leave. I'm very sorry. But I'll do my best today.

Please write sometime I haven't got a letter yet. How did Nene get on. I hope she met Sam + Ronnie.

I feel I've been here five years. Yesterday a memorial was unveiled to Edward Thomas, a poet who died in the war and lived at Sheep. Sir John Masefield to poet Laureate came down and made a speech. Today ~~to~~ a lady is coming down to speak to the Political Society about "Communism today". I suppose

you know that Doug is coming home today or tomorrow. I've said that a good friend of his had said that the Government considered him just about the best surgeon they had.

Today I'm going for a long walk with Lolo.

Yesterday we had a four lecture on Norway. There's nothing as awful as lectures I think (unless it's laws)

Freddie gave us a dreadful sermon about God last Sunday. I very nearly went to sleep only people were making a noise ragging under the benches.

Tons of love

Kari

Monday

P.S. Tried to get into P.O. but did not succeed. Lolo + I climbed up an enormous sandpit yesterday. It's in our grounds but strictly out of bounds because it is dangerous.

rows because of landslides.
It is stepped ~~a~~ from the top to
about the middle and a stone
takes 3 seconds to drop from
top to bottom. You can imagine
the height. Well we were sitting
about four steps from the top
and started scratching things
in the sand. Then Bob had a
bonny wheeze. We cut a hammer
and sickle in the sand. About
1 1/2 yds in diameter.

Then we hid behind
trees and watched the Bedalians
coming back. Fun.

Love

Kari.

Just got the card. See that
you're still living. Love
~~Kari~~

Dear Dicki + Mum.

We had an away match at a place called St. Catherine's yesterday. It was quite a good match but we lost 6-3. My opponent - (Centre) was an awful bag - she barged + barged + knocked me on the head. Everybody admitted what a bag she was + at half time Mrs. Shepherd - our Games Mistress - came up to me and said "you have got a ferocious bag." She nearly knocked my front teeth straight - I wouldn't have to go to the Dentist then.


The school was dreadful - We undressed in a dormitory which contained 28 beds and curtains which people had to draw when

they changed. One girl came
in to bring us some test water
& saw Diana Armfield with
just a pair of breeks on and she
was so shocked that she put
down the can & fled for dear
life.

When we told one that we had
lessons with the boys she said

"Oh my goodness, how queer!"


in a most shocked tone of voice.

They had a thing like this
in their bladders . I asked
what it was, whether it was a
bullet or a ship. And she said in

they changed. One girl came
in to bring us some left water
& saw Diana Armfield with
just a pair of breeks on and she
was so shocked that she put
down the can & fled for dear
life.

When we told one that we had
lessons with the boys she said

"Oh my goodness, how queer!"
in a most shocked tone of voice.

They had a thing like this
in their bladders . I asked
what it was, whether it was a
hulm or a ship. And she said in

a most shocked voice - #

It's a St. Catherine's wheel.

They've got a chapel + have a
collection every Sunday + have
20 mins evensong every day +
2 hrs a Sunday.

We all left with a sudden
passion for Bedales + everybody
was so glad they didn't have
to go to a place like that.

In the bus we made the
end of a row and sang all
kinds of things. From folksong
+ dance music to the Internati-
onal - led by Wendy, Diana
+ me.

The bus driver must have ~~be~~
quite an interesting time being
what different school think of one-
another.

As Today I've got a Hockey
Match. It's a nuisance I'm so
tired after yesterday.

Yesterday we had a lantern
lecture ~~with~~ of English Schools
of Painting. It was marvellous.
Some of the pictures were just
marvellous. There was one woman
who like ~~you~~ just like
you Mum. A bag in white - Holy
Mary being held a lily by the
archangel Gabriel. A bag a stick
blue screen behind. Love Kar

BEDALES,
PETERSFIELD,
(HANTS)

Dear Father & Mother,

Thank you very much for sending off my trunk. It arrived on Wednesday after much anxious waiting on my part. — Well what do you think about the world.

Please write me something to go on. I am muddled beyond words. That is the worst of religion on the parents brain in the holidays. What is this all about? How pernicious is this new treaty. Is this the real & power pact. Is this the cream of Chamberlain's life — Probably. Poor man! — Called the most important conversation since Versailles by the Chronicle. — ~~At~~ everybody who before seemed to have quite a reasonable attitude seems to have had their heads turned by this. — They are now all passionately pro-Chamberlain — the hero of peace.

Write me a nice long letter please — Explaining
everything.

I AM ALREADY WORKING HARD. It's quite
fun to be back at school, although there is something
very different about it this year. Very many of
my friends and of the upper part of the school
has left — the place seems somehow empty. The
~~senior~~ ~~people~~ top form are now last year's
S.C. people — somehow there does not seem to
be the firm lead there has been up to now. But
I'll get used to it soon. This year's going to be
alright. But next year? I don't know. But that
is a long way off. Then there will be very few
old friends left — Even now there are
swarms of juniors, some 30 or so I don't even
know the name of. I am growing up I suppose.

BEDALES,
PETERSFIELD,
(HANTS)

Long Allen wrote a very apologetic letter
(which he unfortunately forgot to sign) saying that
because of the International Situation which
might be calling him at any moment, he would
not like to commit himself to any date. But
I will try again - now, as it might be different
now that there is "peace".

I have been reading Haldane's ARP.
It's very good. And incredibly funny - the
sarcasm is quite shameless.

Tons of Love
Kari.

Bedales

My dearest Mother & Father,

I am surrounded by such an atmosphere of gloom as never before at Bedales. I simply can't face up to the idea of two more years of this solitary confinement. — The country is lovely, but give me London any day. With real people and real life, and with this trifling miniature world pretending to be some great experiment. Even now there are a very limited number of people feel that way about things, and the older I get, the more

limited this number gets. Partly
because I find it ^{more} difficult to
get on with people so essentially
bourgeois, as say Pam, as I grow
more aware of those sort of things.
And then, ~~the~~ a great number
are leaving at the end of the
summer, or autumn.

I feel a ~~te~~ pig in ~~my~~ bar-
sting out & letting my feelings
get the better of me in this
fashion, but I am sure you
understand. Barcelona has
fallen and every time I open
the paper I get another shock & get
restless to do something. About
school — I am getting more &
more convinced that I will

get progressively more aware
unhappy as I a) grow older.

b) Thing in the world get worse
One year after S.C. would be
very nice & just the maximum.
But two whole years of the time
which is perhaps the best time
in life. I try to get rid of this
permanent depression by working
hard & consoling myself that
way, but that's no cure.

Every time I come into touch
with the poisonous, disgusting,
respectable, snobbish, bourgeois
attitude, which is nothing but
an extremely clever way of
deliberately misleading people
from logic (esp. Henderson) & truth.

by deliberately wuzzing
everything up with mystical &
'higher' ideas. (Toot, main offender)
I couldn't stay hidden away
in an obscure corner of Engl -
and pretending to ^{at} be the head
of this miniature world, which
Badley thought Bedales as,
getting the confidence of Toot as
a prefect etc.....

I am sorry if I am behav-
ing in an ungrateful manner
~~I don't~~ Please don't worry
about this. This is only a demon-
stration which I felt I had

to get off my chest now.
How far this is possible &
how far it would be too risky
& foolish to try. I don't
know, ~~but~~ and it is not
nearly time to decide, But
I really don't see how I will
be able to stand up to
the year '41 here. I am
sorry if this letter is so un-
grammatical & unlogical that
you can not understand, but
I am writing in a fit of complete
miserableness.

With really very, very, much
love.

Kari.

124 Woodstock Rd
Fredericton, N.B.

Dearest Mother and Dick,

Thank you so much for the letter.

This is only a line in a hurry. I have written quite a number of letters to Joe. Perhaps he has passed on ~~any~~ impressions of this place. It is truly beautiful. Won't you come and spend a few days with us? It would be so wonderful. I suppose Dicki can be separated from Dahomey and Abe! Perhaps, as a second best mother could come for a few days. It is so quiet and peaceful and very comfortable in our big old house. It is a pleasure to watch the streets of Fredericton - although it is very provincial and I don't think I would care to live here permanently.

I have a program of taking pictures - and now the weather has cleared again & the sun is brilliant. But it never gets really hot (Never over 80, mercifully).

What's all this about Pierre Burt. No, Joe didn't mention it. I did hear about the strawberry jam. I hope

you ~~was~~ were not angry for too long. The boys are happy and well. With lots of love and hugs and kisses
Kari.