30th July, 1951.

Dear Josephine,

I was so sorry that the very day I left Paris they told me you were returning home. It was my intention to write to you as I had read of your terrible experience in America and I do admire the courage with which you stand up for all you believe. Dear Josephine, I feel as strongly as you over these matters and am so ashamed for my own colour when it behaves so badly. You are so right in your attitude and only by people like you defending your rights will we achieve that perfect equality in the sight of man we all enjoy in the sight of God. The assisted by some 2,000 little coloured babies left here in the war when the American soldiers were here, so moved me that I wrote a play called "UNDER THE SKILL" pleading for a place in the sun for these little children, many of whom have been abandoned by their mothers and do not even know who their mothers were. I tried it out under the offensive title of "THE COLOURED HEAT", which the management insisted upon and it struck home so that many people were in tears and although it was a play first, it did some good. Everyone said it would never get the Lord Chamberlain's licence for public performance outside a theatre club but at last I have succeeded in obtaining this without a single line having to be altered. One of our best actresses, Louise Hampton, who has great influence has fallen in love with the play and I am now back from a holiday doing my best to get a theatre. If it is shown in London and you are free you must come and see it, and if not I will send you a copy to read. They tell me it is very commercial but for me it is a matter rather deeper than that, although I am glad to say I am far more practical about the money side than I was in my previous idealistic state!

They will have forgotten to tell you that I called on you at Christmas with a little gift but was disappointed to learn you were in South America. I do hope, apart from stupid prejudices, you had a great success. How I would love to see you again and hear all your news, but it is two years since I heard from you personally from you but I know how many hundreds of letters you receive and how little time you have.

My love to you both, and don't forget that if you ever come to London, you have a brother there who thinks about you a great deal and wishes you every happiness.

Ever affectionately,
Walnut Tree House,  
Hernhill, Faversham,  
Kent, ENGLAND  

23rd March 1971  

Dearest Josephine,  

Here we are back home at last, thank God! Among a mass of correspondence – two months owing to the postal strike here and our absence abroad – were two letters from you, one from Monaco of 19th January and the other from Sweden of 8th March. The first spoke of the children’s August holiday and the second of your plans for the J.B. Foundation.

I will deal with first things first. You mention eight children, Akio, Jean Claude, Mars, Luis, Brahim, Jeannot, Koffi and Noel. Josephine, I don’t know how to put this because I know that both you and the boys will be disappointed but our plans are so uncertain and the responsibility is so great that I don’t think we shall be able to manage this year. Our neighbours are simple country farmers, not intimate friends, whose children were invited here to give your boys companionship (after all we are both over sixty and what fun is there for them in that!).

Kaggy and I feel that by sending so many to the same community you would be defeating your own ends. They will inevitably converge and speak French all the time unless there is unceasing vigilance – as last time. Obviously the best course is to send each one to a separate household and this can be arranged through the school in Cannes through accredited organisations set up for this very purpose. Then they will meet new people and assemble at arranged time to meet their compatriots and English boys and girls for tours of London, etcetera. Every year thousands of French children of all ages are sent to England under this scheme and they seem to enjoy themselves. They must learn to stand on their own feet as they grow up; otherwise they will be a disappointment to you and a burden. So please ask the headmaster of the educational authorities about this scheme and when they come we will try to see them wherever they may be if possible. Please believe me, this is the best thing. There may be difficulty regarding Jeannot as he is a little backward but perhaps he could be paired with Luis; anyway I am sure any difficulty can be overcome. And please don’t think any of them are unwelcome in our home – the contrary. But what I am suggesting after much thought is better for them and for you. I speak as one of nine children – only three less than you – who lost their father before the oldest was 18. I myself and two younger brothers were sent away to a boarding school at the age of 11 and I know my mother (who like you had to work to make ends meet) never had cause to regret the way she had brought us up singlehanded.

As to our recommending them to friends or friends’ homes to you, imagine how we should feel if anything went wrong? If the boys misbehave then the complaints will be made to us and if the boys are unhappy wherever they may go then we should be even more unhappy.
Your letter of 8th March was sent here and not received by us until our return on 20th. It followed a long letter from Oslo where you gave details of the campaign (Les Milandes). We have since met and I "took the cream off" the dossier you lent me although I was not able to read the whole before we had to go back to Nice. It is difficult from correspondence fully to understand this business. If Mme. Chauven is coming to England and we can understand each other so that it is quite clear in my mind then so much the better. Or if she or someone connected with the Foundation could send a summary of what is required (in French if necessary) this would help. But letters and hasty conversations with time against on both sides are no good. One must know how to present the case to a busy man like David Frost.

It would be good to interest him but he is the highest paid man in television and not so much a writer as a personality. As I told you in the car, John Freeman, late British Ambassador in Washington, is now Frost’s boss in television but his background is journalism and when I first knew him was a Labour member of Parliament. Although it is many years since we met I saw a great deal of him when I was working in the House of Commons after the war and I think he would remember me. But you will understand that I cannot approach such people unless I know what I’m talking about.

Forgive me if this is a somewhat confused letter but Peggy and I had so much on our minds (as you had) when we saw you with all the frustrations of lawyers, removal expenses, etc. etc and you had your impending trip to Sweden the same day.

Akio wrote me a nice letter to which I replied yesterday. I don’t know when this will reach you but I am marking it ‘Confidential” as it contains things which are best left between brothers and sisters.

All our love.

P.S. We have the Colonel’s clothes and many other things to the Monte Carlo nuns and they said if you have things you wish to give to the poor the Abbé Pierre of Cannes are the people to contact – re your things in the depot.
Date 26 March 1971.

Dear Harry and Peggy,

I am so sorry to not have been able to see and talk to you in peace when we saw each other, there were so many things I wanted to say that I forgot when we said to each other, how you meet the person you thought would be suitable for the company, and you able to run through the document, etc. etc. etc. What do you think?

We have all ready two thousand dollars to start the ball rolling — but of course I would like you to help me find the right person who has power behind him.
because as you see the campaign must be done and handled by not only a capable team but experience one too, because it must be money thrown away — I forgot to give you the name of the people who are behind my foundation, Madame Margy Cherrier who is as dear to me as you and Peggy are and to whom we can count on — her address is 16 Rue du Mont Blanc - Geneva - Geneve, tele - 32-87-17 Geneva.

She is absolutely in charge with the whole thing and an attorney's name in White.

Henri - I forget his address and tel no but Margy will give you that — he is an expert for the foundation — she is more than a secretary she knows the whole art line of the

heralds affair etc and all of us are in accord to make the campaign and to start as soon as possible because now is the time vacation will start soon and people will have time to read the
3 papers -- we think that we should not wait too long to start, but after all...

I understand such an important campaign as ours to not be forgotten. Even so, we should not wait too long now. And it must start in another country, then in France, where things are "reported down" and on the wrong track -- there is no more respect, dignity and honesty -- also if all this can be brought up in the light in England these areas of America and all the other part of the world will fall in line with us --

I am still making the (case study) to H. --- I vem for the (application) and now we have the (bill) amended. I mean we will not win -- for so many reasons, but will not win -- for so many reasons, but I am keeping the ball rolling, so as to start the campaign.
The hills are. I don't think we will have more than 3 months in fact of us, but that is time to start the campaign. All things will come from there on. I am sorry to disturb you with this long letter knowing you have so many worries with your travel and writing. But I didn't explain clearly what I want to be done. We must have someone reliable and capable. I think you understand that. You see we want help for the brothel school and we can not expect anything from the hills. Hilfe is still having our heads also, we wish to discourage the dishonest people who suffer the same as honestly.
1971 March 26, Ostersund, [Sweden to] Harry and Peggy, p. 5

5 I didn't tell you why I am presently helping for Margaret and her thing. It is because 9 years ago she was operated on for "cancer." She doesn't know this, and as she is complaining of a gland under her arm - I ask her to see a Dr. She did, he said that it was the cancer starting again, but after 5 years it is not. As I am not sure what it is - I feel a bit on her shoulders - of course as I said she doesn't know and wanted this shop at all cost, although I needed the money. I gave her, I still gave her 15 thousand dollars, as a gift but she still have as much to pay on her shop. I would have preferred her to rent the shop then see.
6 what the result would be but she
went ahead any into this affair with-
out taking my advice -- also Elmo
is not well as you know. She has
her little girl Karna and took her
nephew daughter, that was. too unnecessary
because they do not need more and are
going to fan easily take care of this
own daughter. Margaret would not
listen again. So that is why I am
so upset because it is unfair of
them to put such a burden on her
shoulders (and most of all Margaret
will not listen) she listens to any
and everybody but me and of course
if something happens I will naturally
take the responsibility, I have and al-
ways will help her but even I have
come to the limit. I was to have given
those 25000 on my name, but I gave them
To Margaret, she knows all of this, and there is nothing I can do about it, because she doesn't know about her 'Censure.' But even so I think she should be more 'Reasonable' and you think - you see how much confidence I have in you two, because I know - can have confidence in you - please keep this between us. Three - and take care of the Campus even as quickly as possible, be very careful etc etc, tell Margaret how much you want for handling the Campus. That will be settled too - I am in Sweden now, it is very wonderful - I am in Sweden, you can with it is anyway.
I never stop - I am so cold -
but I am not refusing any work to be able to get on my feet again.
I merely leave any news from he does write nor send a penny to help me.
We have never had and he never will.
It is better like that, then he has no ties on us.

Excuse this long letter. I had time so I thought it better to write you and give you this news.
And to explain what is on my mind - love to both of you.

Yours,
Monte Carlo, September 28th, 1971

Mister Harry JANES
Walnut Tree House
Hernill, Faversham
KENT

Dear Harry,

You noted down some things about our conversation over the telephone, but I think that some other ones have to be brought up because they really are scandalous.

First of all, I would like to say that I received a letter from Peter Lundin (of the Brian Roxbury Ltd., 33 St George Street London W1R 9 FA tel: 499 54 06), whom you telephoned concerning the Berns in Stockholm. He offered me an engagement for the whole month of March at the Park Avenue Hotel in Gothenburg. So, you see, my schedule is getting more and more full.

I told him in my letter that it might be a good idea to get in touch with Adza Vincent, because both of them can work together to get something durable. Nevertheless, they can try. As you know, our interest for this moment is to bring me back to England for the campaign...

Now, I would like to tell you about some episodes concerning the story of the Milandes. That cannot be newsful.

After the possession of the castle, the law still gave me the right to stay in the castle for a certain time. I only got into the kitchen and two pentries. The other doors were blockaded. We found (I was with two newspapers men and Mr Dirand) a carabin hanging on the window, waiting for my arrival. That is why my lawyer asked me not to go before 9 in the morning for fear of being shot. Of course, they used the excuse of safety....

Another episode: Mr Trijoulet, my book-keeper whom you know, was lured out of our office while in service. And the doors were shut off right away, not allowing him to return. The safe was open in his office and all administrative papers vanished from sight, some through photographs, some destroyed... and put in a small house near the garage with the doors completely open to whom who wanted to go through them and use them.

I was not able to get them in possession again before six months..... All of this was without any protection,
My costumes, working material, orchestration...etc... were taken out of my bed-room, thrown into the same place as the papers and, later, sold in the community for Carnaval time. I had no protection at all because the police refused to give protection to me, saying that they had not police force enough. That was in Dommé. The police of Sarlat completely stop me from going into the castle, protecting the new comers, saying that I had lost the battle of my grotesque idea of Brotherhood...

Another episode: 20 young men were hired by the new comers in the castle and paid 100 francs each to bite me if I showed resistance and to put me out of the kitchen where I had got into. They caught me in the morning in night dress, bare footed (and, the funny point: without my wig on nor my one false tooth....) while I was getting water from a special water tank that had been brought near the kitchen, in as much as the new comers had cut off the water and the oil for the heating. As you know, I was caught, bitten, my left shoulder sprained, my head banged against the hot kitchen stove, and taken by the feet, arms and head to be thrown out of the castle, bodily, in the pouring down rain. My only friends that were left at this moment were the cats and their kittens. They were thrown out of the window and the window slammed after... plus the mattress which I slept on, the kitchen table and all the food that neighbours had brought me. I was thrown in the nude on the ground, under the pouring down rain and the steam, unable to move. I must have lost my senses for a moment through fright, but, all of a sudden, I began to call for help. Then the people who were the Godparents of Jean Claude slammed the doors. They were the ones who refused to sell us more milk for the children because I had been late to pay the milk for the month before (25 francs)...

I continued screaming. Mr. Dirand who is deaf finally came to my rescue. He had gone to get a rope to tie the dog so I would have a little protecteur. He and another friend found me on the ground in the mud and water. He went for help. Mr. Boudoir came to bring me in a corner because I was trembling through cold and fright.

The new owner's son, 20 years old, came and made fun of me sitting in the door sill. Then came the police cars, then the Procureur de la République was warned and he came and still tried to make me answer stupid questions as if he wanted to bring the case against me for insults to authorities. I did not answer, of course. He asked the son, in name of Humanity, to let me go back in the castle, because I had been profoundly shocked and physically brutalised, and, concerning the law, they had unlawfully thrown me out. The son refused my re-entrance in the house. He offered me a room upon the garage that was inundated by the rain. Mme Boudoir refused naturally because I could not speak any more as I lost my speech.

Mr. Dirand telephoned for a doctor. The ambulance came right away and took me to the hospital of Perigueux, and then to Paris. Of course, I have the record of all of this: blood transfusions...etc...
Another episode: one day, I received 20 official blue papers to throw me out of the castle, systematically every half hour during the whole day. At the end, I got a heart and brain attack from fear. I was sent to the Boucicaut Hospital in Paris in the heart ward... and stayed 10 days in bed. Then, I was put to sleep and my heart stopped for 2 seconds and put in rhythm again. If that operation had not worked, then planes were to make an open-heart operation. But the first operation worked. But I still am under doctor's care.

Another episode: One of the people who wanted to get the Milandes was a man known for his unlawful and immoral attitudes. He had a cabaret in Abidjan and his work is the Traite des Blanches. His name is 

Another episode: the children have been threatened by the new comers who came unlawfully over the wall and threatened to bit them. As the heating had been cut off, the children had to go in the garden to pick up pieces of dead branches fallen from the trees. They were put against the kitchen door by these 2 men. Elmo, my brother-in-law, whom you know, had just come back home from sanatorium for a lung trouble. Hearing the children screaming for help, he came to their rescue. The two men threatened to bit him too...

Another episode: When the furnitures had been seized and taken away, the salon and my office that you knew were completely empty. All the children, Margaret and myself had to sleep on mattresses on the floor. The house was completely cold with the exception of a wood fire in the fireplace. Margaret and I caught pneumonia.

The only water we could get to wash the children and send them to school, was a small pail where everybody washed their face and hands. The water had been cut off.

Another episode: Fire was put in the woods around the castle so as to burn us out....

Don't forget that I had left the Milandes to join the french and british troops in England in the Resistance to do my duty. At that time, I left the castle with all its belongings for seven years without expecting for one second to find anything again. That which has been seized and stolen would have been lost in a better and more honorable way during the war, than to have been taken by the unlawful, in a dirty way and without dignity.

I think all of these different episodes extremely important because they are all recorded and are shamefull and scandalous. Use them right away in your preparation of the campain. I like the title: "Joséphine BAKER comes to ask for help from England like she did in 1939 for the dignity of her adopted country France".
I told you the great satisfaction I had by Moïse asking to go back to Israel, before not realizing that he was a Jew and now having complexes. I remember your saying on the telephone that the children would not really mind and did not really belong to me in as much as they really belong to their own original countries, to their own people. Therefore it is quite natural that I send them back to their original countries, not to stay for ever but to loose complexes if they have any.

Jean Claude, Moïse and I were talking about these problems. Moïse with his complexes, me having had some when I was young because of discrimination in America. Moïse told Jean Claude that this problem could not touch him because he was in his own country, and both him and me were adopted in a country that was not really ours. Therefore Jean Claude did not understand our complexes. He told that if he went to Africa, he would not have any complex in front of black people because he knew that he, being white, was superior to the Black, for the Black are lazy, dirty and nonchalent, without any intelligence. He thinks that if white people had not gone to the colonies, the colonies would still be wild, which means that my educational system had been strongly tempered with by outside influences.

That is why at the end of the conversation, I asked myself if I had been right to bring them all together as a symbol of the Universal Brotherhood. The shock has been terrible. Jean Claude is racist. The words of Hitler came back to my memory: the famous aryen race. We find the same feelings from the white towards the Black, from the Yellow toward the White. etc. whatever we tried and wherever we go. I remember when I was young that I wrote that we have to sterilize the soil and not cut a tree... if not, the roots would continue to live and a new tree would grow, better it bad or good, right or wrong.

If you go to the Milanese with the newspapers, you personally must not leave Mr Dirand or Mr Trijoulet. I think you should even live with Mr and Mrs Boudoir but be more than careful with the documents and all the papers.

Most sincerely yours to both of you.
Mister Harry JANES
Walnut Tree House
Hernill, Faversham
KENT
Angleterre
Dear Josephine,

I have just got up from a day in bed from nervous exhaustion and heart burn. Peggy went yesterday afternoon so that the children could be on the Folkestone boat at 5.20 p.m. English Summer Time. She too is exhausted but of a stronger constitution.

The whole thing, a disastrous 10 days, since you returned from Barcelona, has been a misunderstanding on both our parts. You over-estimated our capacity to overcome the impossible nature of Marianne. We under-estimated the difficulty of her character as we have seen so little of her. We have placed our hearts at Marianne's feet because we both love you and appreciate your difficulties. But, wilfully, selfishly, etc. she has kicked our hearts about like a football.

Peggy was decorated by George VI more than twenty years ago for her work for the old, the sick and problem families. Marianne and Stellina could never learn more about life for others than here. Rama and Stellina have been no problem. But Marianne, despite our insistence that she should not speak French has poisoned darling little Stellina's attitude who loved us. This is not RIGHT because that little Arab girl must one day grow up to live her own life and please, I beg of you, do not let Marianne because of lack of discipline or lack of time on your part to impose it, let her grow up to admire and imitate her younger sister and end up on the streets.

Most serious of all, is that Marianne should have made that little darling cry and destroyed our love for us and spoilt her holiday, Rama's and our good intentions towards an old friend.

Marianne has stolen, lied and cheated. It is too late to do anything for a girl of 17 who thinks she is the Queen of England. Cast her out or send her to a school for those beyond parental control. She is beyond your control, our control and control of herself. If you take her side through some emotional process against Peggy and me, who have nothing to gain and to whom you entrusted us with these young children then I'm afraid, dear Josephine, I am no longer your brother and friend.

I am very tired and disappointed at the defeat of ourselves by the philosophy of France, so please forgive me if this latter seems hysterical. It will not be shown to you until you are quite well and ready to go to America again.
Dearest Josephine,

Peggy and I were so glad to hear from you and to learn that you have had the good sense on the eve of such an important tour not only for financial reasons but because you form such a valuable link between people of all races. Please send us a card if you have time.

It is no use going back on the question of Marianne - suffice it to say that I don't think she wished to come here in the first place and it was only after that dreadful decision to send her back that we heard her singing gaily. Jo Bouillon is equally responsible in law but I know you have had very little help in that direction - but do not despair. You have about eight children, possibly less, under the age of 16 years. Marianne has 18 months to go and until then she must go where you consider best not merely for her but for yourself, your health and happiness, and above all for the sake of those, such as Stelma, over whom she has some influence - you cannot go through such a phase again if that sweet little child is spoilt. Do you know what impressed us most about her. We had guests and I went into the kitchen and found her on her tip-toes trying to do the washing up - all the other youngsters were enjoying themselves in the lodge in the garden. I stayed and helped her as is not to reject her gesture - and then sent her out to play. She really could have been happy here playing with well-behaved children of her own age - at one of the parties these nine or ten years olds - about six of them - played hide-and-seek all over the house and although none of the English children knew a word of French there was perfect harmony and communication. Whatever happens and whatever kind of life you are forced to lead must not affect this one.

I am writing like your "Dutch Uncle" but must give you a word of comfort which Peggy can confirm. Alix, Luisa, Jean-Claude, Moise - all have brought their problems and some are not yet solved. But as they grow older and life rubs away the raw edges they will suffer of course which will lead, I am sure, to a greater understanding of the world, the world they will have to face up and live in when you and I are no more.

Among a vast acquaintance and even among my own and Peggy's families there have been these problems, sometimes heart-breaking, of what is generally known as "a difficult age" which varies between 14 and 21. My own niece, who has one girl and two boys - and whose horrible husband has left her to work and to bring them up has been through hell. Never once has this sweet woman, my favourite and now, alas, dead sister, brought her troubles to this doorstep nor would Peggy or I dream of intervening unless there was a cry for help. All this will pass, dear Josephine, and then you and Peggy and I and others of our way of life can sit back comfortably and "tricot" in peace. We cannot alter the world but we can try and as you say "done our very very best"
Handwritten by Peggy:

Wishing her renewed health and strength for American tour with its physical and spiritual strain. Agree with all H. says and all parents agree the true saying: "Children are a certain sorrow to." and sends love and blessings.

I will leave a little space for Peggy to write a few words. She asked Marianne to thank you for the beautiful watch - if we are able to get to Nice - perhaps even for Christmas, just the two of us, then let us hope to meet and help each other as best we can. Meanwhile, every success with your tour and keep strong for that. My best love as always, your affectionate brother.

Kent