

SERVAS INTERNATIONAL NEWS

Number 9 - First Issue of 1978

"Servas-Bolivia has had extraordinary luck with visitors from New Zealand this year," says an enthusiastic end-of-1977 report from Dr. Ruth de Tichauer of La Paz, Servas national secretary.

And indeed the original Servas concept of Work, Study, and Travel does seem to have been operating beautifully. The note from our "Doctor Schweitzer of Bolivia" goes on to give details:

Paul Bruce built two solar water-heaters in response to a request by a community leader in Micaya in the cold and bare altiplano steppe, where the people have hardly enough fuel for cooking. The more sophisticated heater, with a storage tank, gives three warm showers each afternoon.

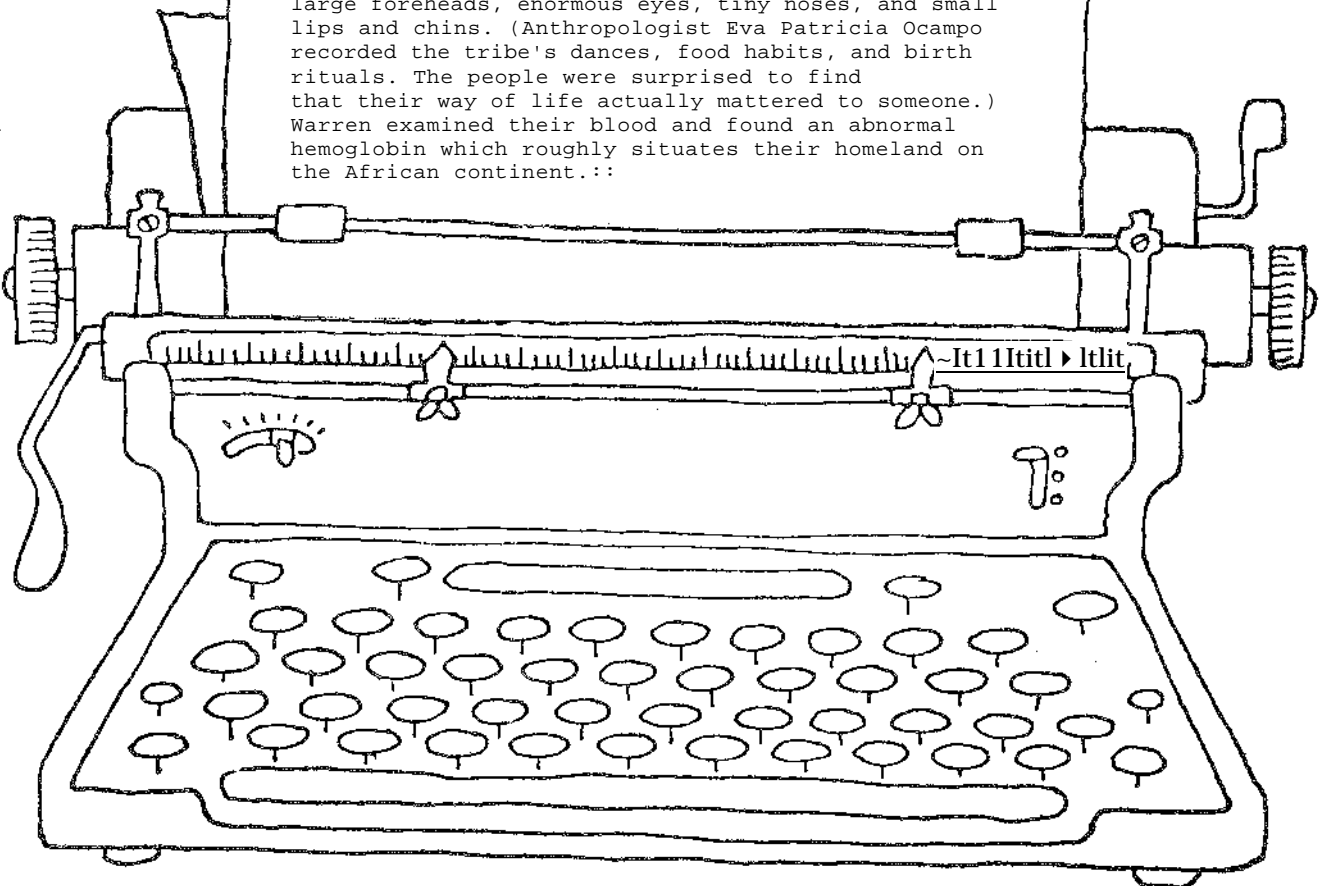
Then came Conrad and Ruth Leland, just in time to help put out a fire at the home of Walter and Eva Freudenthal, our other Servas host family here, saving the children and part of the furnishings.

Also Ruth gave us a lovely water-colour painting, which now hangs in the clinic, and after every local specialist failed, Conrad cured a sick refrigerator.

Another New Zealander--Warren Johns, Boy Scout master, laboratory specialist, world traveler for six years--had a revealing report on our coffee situation published, about the great profits of exporters and the continued misery of small coffee-growers.

In addition we had found, deep in the jungle, a group of people with the look of wild deer--slender, with large foreheads, enormous eyes, tiny noses, and small lips and chins. (Anthropologist Eva Patricia Ocampo recorded the tribe's dances, food habits, and birth rituals. The people were surprised to find that their way of life actually mattered to someone.) Warren examined their blood and found an abnormal hemoglobin which roughly situates their homeland on the African continent.::

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The International People's College in
Elsinore, or Helsingor, Denmark

Conference call: Denmark in August

Servas International Conference 1978 will hold its deliberations August 16, 17, and 18 at the International People's College in Elsinore, Denmark, a city where Prince Hamlet also pondered.

Servas members and others are invited to attend the speeches, ecumenical service, and town hall reception. The college's charge is 103 Danish Kroner (about 18 US dollars at March exchange rates) per day for meals and a single bed in a room for two with adjoining bath. For a single room, add dKr (US \$3) per day.

Most participants and visitors will arrive before supper August 15 and leave after breakfast August 19.

BEFORE THE CONFERENCE: INFORMAL SUMMER COURSE

The college offers, from August 1 to 14, its short summer course, conducted in English and covering in succession:

Denmark and its people: educational, political, and social systems;

The struggle for peace and justice;

New trends in Christian thinking (with visits to old churches and a concert in a modern one);

Humor and humorists: a serious look.

The fee is dKr 950 (about \$166) for the two-week course--tuition, four meals a day, and single bed in a double room--or dKr 1050 (\$184) in a single room.

About 35 participants will come from the Adult Education Department in Hull, England. About 60 others can be enrolled. Those taking the entire course will have preference, but if openings remain, enrollments for only the first or second week (at half price) are offered. If the course is not fully booked, children of

the participants will be welcome. These "Short Summer Courses in Scandinavia" were established by Danish Servas sponsor Dr. Peter Manniche, who founded International People's College in 1921.

AFTER THE CONFERENCE: EASTERN EUROPEAN TOUR

You can visit Eastern Europe with 15 to 20 other active members of Servas. The editor is now making arrangements for a group to leave Copenhagen about August 22; spend about three days each in East Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, and Prague; and reach Geneva about September 4.

Travel by train will be inexpensive and will permit lots of good times among members of the group and with others.

The editor has visited the capitals on the itinerary and has friends there who will arrange meetings to discuss future hosting and guesting Servas-style.

Servas has much to offer and to gain in the countries of Eastern Europe. And the time is ripe for meeting with appropriate peace societies, cultural exchange representatives, and youth organizations.

HOW TO REGISTER

- 1) If you wish to attend the Servas International Conference, write to:
Servas-Denmark
Birgitte Damsgaard, National Sec.
20 Vangs Alle
2500 Valby, Denmark

In your letter specify whether you want a single or double room during the conference; whether you would like to visit Danish hosts before or after; whether you expect to have the use of an auto; and whether you wish to attend either or both weeks of the International People's College summer course before conference.

- 2) For the summer course alone, write to:
International People's College
Kongevej 82
3000 Helsingor, Denmark
- 3) To reserve a place on the Servas group tour of Eastern Europe, address: Dr. H.C. Steinmetz, Editor
Servas International News
3518 Union Street
San Diego, CA 92103, USA

Send your letter airmail; send it now!::



President Reva King of New York, a Servas host couple, and Benjamin Jeremias of Nahariya, Israel

"..road between Salaam and Shalom"

Servas International President Reva King of New York was visiting in Israel while Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was in Jerusalem praying for peace shortly before the end of 1977.

She reflected that at our international conference in Los Angeles in 1976 Benjamin Jeremias of Servas-Israel and Oliva had asked optimistically in his speech, "Can individuals of goodwill build a road between Salaam and Shalom?" (Arabic and Hebrew words for peace).

Surrounded by Arab and Jewish friends in the house of the Jeremiases in Nahariya, I thought of the progress toward such a road, roadblocks remaining, and the possibility of peaceful two-way traffic.

"It seemed incredible that we were within a block of where only fragments remained of a house that had been bombed less than a week earlier," she reports. "My visit to the family of Karam Sakas, assistant director of the health bureau in Acre, was a highlight of my visit, partly because my own employment at home is in the field of public health.

"Our conversations ranged from professional matters to the problem of his son's getting into a medical school in Germany because of limited opportunity in Israel; the family's experience of being among the first Arabs accepted in an apartment house (and then becoming friends of the Jews who had originally opposed their admission); the Arab identification required on their police reg-

istration cards; and Kfar Yassif, where the Jewish cemetery testifies to , common Arab-Jewish life before it became wholly an Arab village (in which the family now has a home where they welcome Servas travelers).

"In the Arab village of Malia I met a rehabilitation worker named George and saw the evolution of his family's housing: from his grandparents' one-room house for people, animals, and storage of honey and tobacco; to his parents' home, similar to many simple homes in the US; to the beautiful new home George was building with the help of friends and relatives.

"Naturally I had looked forward to meeting our Jericho Servas friend Tarek Z:M. Said, but another historical development made that impossible. Approved as one of the West Bank Arabs to make the trip, he was on the first pilgrimage to Mecca with Arabs from Gaza and Israel itself. I believe the honor reflects in part the public regard for members of Servas.

"After my visits with Judith Lahav, the Baha'i family Irane, public health nurse Karjani, and others--and through all the changing developments in the Middle East --I am convinced of this, as Benjamin Jeremias is:

"If we all work with faith, hope, understanding of different cultures, and the recognition that the road to peace must run in two directions, one day a road will indeed join Salaam and Shalom."

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Servas has long needed Arab host families among its membership and Arab representatives at its conferences. There is reason to believe that our leading Egyptian Servas representative can attend the 1978 Servas International Conference in Denmark if our readers will assist with his transportation expenses. If any Servas members can help make his attendance possible, we ask them to send their donations, marked for this purpose, to their Servas national secretaries.

If any non-member readers would like to make a similar contribution to the cause of peace and international understanding, we shall deeply appreciate any donations sent in care of us: --The Editors::



At Servas European Conference, Berlin, May 1977: Lasse Thomasson, national secretary from Sweden; Antonie Fried, co-ordinator, Europe; Graham Thomas, peace secretary and London co-ordinator; John Norli, Norway; and Barbara Acquah, Int'l. VP.

To seven lands, with and without Servas

Eva Krutein is a musician and music teacher; Servas host and traveler; local co-ordinator for the part of southern California that includes the magnet for travelers called Disneyland; recruiter of Servas hosts in California, Iceland, and Chile; and more. This is her account of travels in 1977.

This was the starting-point: My husband Manfred had to go to Norway on business and I longed to see my birthplace, the former free city of Danzig, now Gdansk, Poland. Then a dear friend telephoned and said, "Come and see us in Greece." We flew first to Athens. I prepared myself to give a greeting in Greek. When we sighted our American friends at the airport, I called out enthusiastically, "Yass, . . . (Joy!) They answered, "What?" Like many other Americans, they lived in total isolation from their host nation,

not learning Greek, never meeting a Greek,

and sending their children to a British school. Well educated in architecture and archeology, our friends were expert guides, and for eight days we enjoyed their delightful company. But the modern Greeks stayed unreachable for us.

(I couldn't even contact the two Americans connected with Servas; telephone directories do not list them, and information operators answer only in Greek.)

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As a child I had read about Istanbul, with its mosques, minarets, and Islamic people rushing to prayer at the muezzin calls. Now I realized that my dream of a visit to Turkey was only 50 minutes away by air. But geography and politics do not always mix. Because of hostilities over Cyprus, the Turks didn't allow Greek planes to fly in. Therefore we had to fly north to Thessaloniki (Salonica) and catch an Austrian plane.

And then we saw Istanbul. After the dead streets of Athens, what a bustling, colorful life! Thousands of people walking on the streets day and night--at first I thought some public event had brought all those people out of their homes, but not so. The city is heavily populated and the Turks simply love to be out on the streets and in the cafes.

With one exception: no women! I understood Ataturk had thoroughly modernized Turkey in the 'Twenties, and women wore no veils and went to school and to work. But where were they? Not in the streets, cafes, or mosques. And unfortunately, there was no Servas host for us to ask.

The Asian third of Istanbul, where tourists seldom go, especially interested us, so we took the ferry across the Bosphorus, and in 20 minutes we were in Asia. Again, thousands of men in the streets--and no women.

At a fountain men were washing their feet before entering a mosque. At exactly 8:25 the muezzin call came from the minaret above us--a man's voice in Arabic singing the call to evening prayer.

Inside the mosque were men murmuring and sometimes singing; standing, touching their two hands together in prayer, bowing, and sometimes kneeling and touching the carpeted floor with their foreheads, all in unison. My husband and I stood respectfully in the back, and nobody seemed to be disturbed by a female presence. Was it because I was a blonde foreigner, and so didn't really count?

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After two more days of sightseeing, we went by way of Warsaw--where daughter Lilo joined us--to the jewel of a city on the Baltic Sea where I and she were born. Gdansk was Danzig then, and had a majority of Germans. At the end of World War II a million Germans, including me with my year-old child, fled to the West before Russian and Polish troops entered the city.

The Poles inherited only a shambles where the 1000-year-old city had stood. But in spite of postwar problems they decided to rebuild it in the old Medieval and Renaissance style. Their re-creation of the historic old buildings is a modern miracle.

At the airport the two Polish students who had stayed with us as Servas travelers and become our "sons" greeted us with open arms, bouquets, and kisses. Olek had arranged for us to stay with his aunt, and Eli volunteered to drive us anywhere, day or night, in his parents' car during our week there.

(Poles must pay for a car in advance and then wait years for delivery, but Eli's parents, whom we had never even seen, gave us unlimited use of the Fiat they had received only the week before!)

Lilo, an artist, fell in love with her exquisite native town and her two new "brothers." Olek, now the busy president of his school's student union, appeared time and again with flowers, presents, and invitations. He took Manfred for tests and treatment (free) for a minor

mess. Eli drove us to eastern Poland, where Manfred wanted to discover his own family roots. And when we left Gdansk, our "sons" overwhelmed us with souvenirs.

Back in Warsaw, Irena Wyrzykowska, the Servas national secretary, and Kuba, her nephew, took turns showing us the sights (most important to me were the various Chopin memorial places) and feeding us.

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From Warsaw we flew to Helsinki, and I am glad that we saw from the air the Finnish coast, incredibly crumbled into 30,000 wooded islands, some no larger than 15 feet in diameter. All of Finland is dense woods and 60,000 lakes. Except for Helsinki itself, communities are set in the woods. The trees are birch and pine, about ten stories high, giving off a sweet scent. Birds sing day and night, because near midsummer, there near the Arctic Circle, it never really gets dark. And sleeping by daylight isn't easy.

We stayed with two Servas hosts in the Helsinki area. One, a professional tourist guide, showed us local architecture in painstaking detail. The other, Ebba Meitz, "clicked" with us immediately and stayed with us as long as we were in Finland. She went with us to visit Irma Karilainen in Hyvinkä. Irma's first letter had offered us an "unlimited" stay and--how thoughtful when visitors have been traveling for a long time--use of her washing-machine! My letter to her had asked for walks in the magnificent woods and chances to meet people. Irma provided plenty of both.

Sitting near the home of Finland's great composer, Sibelius, by one of the 60,000 lakes, Ebba and Irma and we felt just how great the Servas idea is. Only one who has experienced it can understand: People who were merely names picked from a list come to airports and train stations to meet strangers, and often hand over the keys to their homes. They are Servas hosts, so they are considerate, warm, and interested in other people. Could people march in war against those whose hospitality they have experienced?

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We left Finland by boat one evening and sailed to Stockholm. I had picked a host from the long Swedish list because of his interesting description of himself, and we were not disappointed. He is a bachelor by conviction: "As you Californians know, the average marriage doesn't last any longer than seven years. Why bother with it at all? Just stay together as long as you enjoy each other and then part as friends," he argued.

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We and Jonnie, our Oslo host, finally found each other at the station, and he drove us to his and his wife Ragnhild's house, built by them by hand, including birch furniture and home-woven carpets and blankets. They had created a piece of charming Norwegian folklore, including many trolls, typical of Norway, and kerosene lamps and candles. Jonnie drove us through the beautiful harbor city of Oslo, and Manfred, a naval architect, got to see all the Viking ships which the Norwegians have raised from the bottom of the sea. Lilo and I learned more about the trolls, which Norwegians seem happy to tell about: They have tails, get married, have children, are friendly, but come out

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only at night. (That is why the visitor never actually gets to see them.)

Jonnie advised us to interrupt the scenic train ride from Oslo to Bergen with a boat trip through the Sognefjord, to see the ultimate of Norway's beauty. We did, and every minute I was taking in magnificent new sights until I said to myself, I can't take in any more beauty! And I

closed my eyes in exhaustion, but opened them again in panic, for fear I might miss some of the irretrievable splendor. When the sun set the next day in Bergen, it took with it the blue skies of the past four weeks. The harbor city with its steep streets became gray and foggy.

Jr mood got gray, too, because the host we had written to in Bergen had not answered our letter, we thought. (When we got home to California we found her letter. But in Bergen we didn't know that she was waiting for us, two houses from the place where we rented rooms!)

Manfred flew by helicopter an hour and a half to visit a North Sea oil-drilling platform 20 stories high, on which 300 men work and sleep. Meanwhile Lilo and I visited Edvard Grieg's house in Troldhaugen and attended an all-Grieg piano recital.

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When we went on to Copenhagen, a woman friend of mine from high-school days who had come from Germany in her car drove to Helsingor (Elsinore), a few miles north. She and I sat on the steps of the Hamlet castle, chatting and giggling, while Manfred and Lilo toured the castle for hours.

Our Copenhagen host, Merethe, expected three, but we were now four. We phoned in vain for a second host, and after exhausting the list, asked Merethe if all four of us might come there. She said cheerfully, "Bring as many as you wish, if they don't mind sleeping on my floor!" She was a delightful person, and we talked with her half of the night.

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Back home in California, I have the good feeling that our trip stretched my mind, and the sure knowledge that I can be at home over half of the globe through belonging to Servas ::

Friendship Force forges forward

The Friendship Force cultural exchange plan has "gotten off the ground" fast.

By November the growing roster of "ambassadors" included US President Carter's mother as a member of a group which visited Dublin. In January 425 residents of Tel Aviv arrived in Hartford, Connecticut, for one of the plan's ten-day visits; among the 425 making the return flight were the president's son Chip and his wife.

Volunteer committees have been formed in most US states and many travel and host applications have been received.

Naturally, organization has not proceeded as fast in other countries; until it catches up, plans for most flights have been ordered into a "holding pattern."

The US Civil Aeronautics Board has authorized three years of operation and granted exemptions from some regulations that apply to ordinary charter flights. Friendship Force had asked for a five-year charter. Several commercial tour operators had objected to the entire proposal as being likely to divert travelers from using conventional facilities.

"BEYOND TOURISM"

But a Friendship Force spokesperson says the new effort moves beyond tourism: "We are not looking for people who just want cheap holidays, or want to see Aunt Sally, or want to do business" on trips to other countries, but rather for individuals with a yearning for peace and an interest in genuine exchange of culture.

The Friendship Force represents an interesting "non-governmental" experiment. No tax funds are to be used, but the plan was originated by President and Rosalynn Carter; governors appoint the state directors; and US State Department services are being used in setting up counterpart organizations elsewhere. Has Friendship Force contacted you? If so, please let the editors know.

Would you like to help organize 200 or more travelers and hosts in your city for a ten-day exchange with a US city? Write: Friendship Force, 575 South Omni International, Atlanta, GA 30303, USA.::

Servas members recall newsmaker Sithole

Early 1978: Prime Minister Ian Smith negotiates with three black leaders, including Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, to turn Rhodesia into Zimbabwe and bring about black majority rule.

(Meanwhile, leaders of the black Patriotic Front declare from outside Rhodesia that any agreement reached without them is meaningless. "Ian Smith must make peace by talking not with his friends, but his enemies.") Servas members Walt and Margaret Huffman of Big Timber, Montana, USA, wrote to Servas International News in 1975, mentioning that Sithole, then in jail as "leader of the non-violent revolutionary forces of Rhodesia," had once stayed in their home. At the assistant editor's suggestion, they recently wrote these recollections: Ndabaningi and his wife, Canaan, were missionary guests at the Family Camp of the United Church of Christ here in 1956. He was then studying for the ministry at Andover-Newton College in Massachusetts. He preached one Sunday in Big Timber and his wife preached at Broadus, Montana.

He was one of the brightest men we have ever met, constantly learning and teaching as while he was here. He communicates: easily in English. We were impressed by his understanding of world problems.

We sent a package of toys to his children in Africa, who are about the same ages as ours. When Ndabaningi was jailed, we sent an occasional check to help Canaan make trips to visit him. Later the endorsement on the checks changed, we no longer received answers to letters, and we heard that Ndabaningi had been killed.

Eventually we learned through Amnesty International that he had been moved to another jail. Later he was exiled. We will of course be interested to know if he becomes a high official in Zimbabwe.

(From the Huffmans' 1975 letter:)

It seems to us that shutting off

communication between individuals of differing opinions only adds to polarization... The Western world's isolation of China did not change her into a democracy... We hope that Servas will not discourage travelers from going to South Africa and Rhodesia and using all resources to learn about apartheid and related subjects.::

Daytime hosts? Yes!

To the Editor:

I read the article on daytime hosts in Greece /in SlNews Number 8/ and would like to encourage Servas to recruit day-time hosts worldwide.

Our family, including three young children, is thinking of going to Europe. We would like to visit Servas hosts. (We have been hosts ourselves for many years.) The problem is that such a large family would be a burden to overnight hosts even if we brought sleeping bags. But the whole purpose of travel for me is to meet as many people as possible, and Servas people are some of the nicest I have ever met. So we hope to meet Europeans and have them guide us or open their homes for coffee and conversation, even if we cannot stay there overnight.

--Jeanie Snell, 8241 Deer Pond Court Lake Elmo, Minnesota 55042, USA::

Hosts needed

Servas operates in more than 60 nations of the world; it should be in more than 100. Hosts are needed in Manila, Shanghai, Ho Chi Minh City, Regina, Winnipeg, Central America, Luxembourg, Greece, Turkey, Eastern Europe, Arab countries...

...and Hilo, Salt Lake City, Flagstaff, Las Vegas, Niagara Falls, and Miami.

If you have friends or relatives there who would welcome approved travelers in the spirit of Servas, please write them about our organization. (And write the editors about them; we'll send information.) Remember three rules for hosts: An open door without discrimination; time for talk about furthering world peace and an attempt to understand different cultures; and help in building Servas worldwide.::

Self-portrait of a Servas officer

'Assistant Secretary of Servas International: Neithard Petry," says the roster of Servas officers, national branches, and contacts. Plus this:

"Servas travel in Egypt and the Turkish part of Cyprus: For information contact Neithard Petry."

Who? How come? The assistant editor asked Neithard Petry about his active role in Servas and received this account shortly before the Petrys left the Washington, D.C., area and the World Bank for Germany and a post in private industry:

Germany was my home until 1969, when my international involvement intensified. I married Coosje, who is from The Netherlands, and we moved to Vancouver, Canada, where I first studied and then worked.

We had planned to travel in Asia during the winter of 1971-72 and, just in time, we discovered something called "Servas." Local interviewers Mike and Mandy Grenby approved us as Servas travelers and we were on our way.

For four months we stayed with hosts in Hawaii, Japan, Sri Lanka, and India. The experiences were overwhelmingly positive and brought us into touch with new (to us) ideas: non-violence and pacifism.

(;ause I had not been involved in any peace movement before--and had not been actively interested in exploring these concepts--I give our Servas hosts, particularly in India, credit for the change that took place in me.

Also, because of this experience, there is no question in my mind that Servas should be open to everybody who is sincerely interested, and not only to active members of the peace movement.

After a few months back in Vancouver, we moved to the United States and I started to work for the World Bank in 1973. That work involves international travel. Very soon I found out that those big, expensive air conditioned hotels in the Third

World are not conducive to getting in touch with the average person's life.

I asked Servas International President

Reva King whether I might visit Servas hosts while working, and maybe try to promote Servas in countries where it did not yet exist, and she reacted enthusiastically. We talked further about the possibility during a visit in New York. Since then I have visited Servas hosts and representatives in India, Brazil, Venezuela, the Dominican Republic, Colombia, Argentina and France. My awareness of the international community that makes Servas possible has grown tremendously. It is particularly encouraging to find that hosts' positive experiences have by far outweighed any not-so-satisfactory visits by travelers.

I have traveled frequently to Egypt and made contacts there, and by now about 15 Servas travelers, I guess, have been able also to have the benefit of some personal contact there. The political past of Egypt still makes it difficult to circulate host lists widely. So we are using right now a less direct, but still workable, way of putting people in touch with Servas in that country.

In Egypt I worked with a colleague who is a Cypriot, and he introduced me to that beautiful island and its people. His friends are now the core of Servas in Cyprus on the Greek side. By chance I also had a contact on the Turkish side and, because of my UN passport, I could move back and forth.

My visits to Cyprus have opened my eyes to the dangers of nationalistic, racial and religious near-sightedness. Cyprus is a powerful reminder to all of us, to stand up against any form of oppression, anywhere it may occur.

Establishing Servas in a new country is much more difficult than I anticipated, but I am happy that Servas is surviving its infancy in Egypt and Cyprus. These countries need time, "good" travelers and support from the Servas community.

Through Servas I have met so many good people and had so many direction-giving experiences that I want to continue my involvement. I look to the day when our newborn baby will travel the world with her sister, brother, mother and father--in peace, with the help of Servas.

By that time I hope that nationality, race and religion will no longer divide mankind, but will be accepted as merely manifestations of the beautiful diversity of the world community of human beings.::

The Arab Emirates on \$200 a day?

Servas members and others interested in cultural differences can learn from even the antithesis of Servas-style travel.

So we offer the story of the visit of a group of ten sightseers from the US to the land of the oil-rich sheiks and the Bedouins, as reported in the US magazine TravelAge West.

Price of the trip: \$4,200 per person.

The tourist group could not enter the Arab Emirates without an Arab sponsor.

The enterprising travel agent who wanted to satisfy the wish of her clients to see "something different" enlisted the help of an author who knows Sheik Ali-Shamsi of the Alburami Oasis. The sheik agreed to serve as sponsor, arranged for visas, and even acted as tour guide. The government lent the group a small bus. The visitors discovered many things, not including bargains. The least expensive hotels they used charged \$85 a day; the Hilton in Alain, \$105. Lunch for the party of 14, to be taken out from a restaurant for a picnic, cost \$165...plus paper plates at \$5 a package. Many of the Arabs the group encountered had never seen fair-skinned people, and were curious enough to stroke the faces of the Americans. In an atmosphere that -lr off the tourist track, the visitors earned more every day on many subjects:

Language. Less of a problem than was anticipated. The travel agent says "most of the men" speak English. Many women, too, have been educated in England.

Clothing. Women are expected to wear modest clothing--not shorts or sleeveless tops. Most practical garment for desert travel: dishdashi, the flowing Arab robes, which protect from sun and sand.

Meals. Everyone sits on the floor around a large platter. No utensils are used. Even rice is to be packed together and conveyed to the mouth with the fingers. And one eats with only the right hand.

Decorum. Sitting on the floor or not, no one may display such bad manners as to show the soles of the shoes. (Showing

the bottoms of one's bare feet, however, seems not to be such an insult.)

Shopping. Tradition in the souq (market-place) dictates that the shopper ask about the merchant's health and family before talking about goods and prices. The shopkeeper may offer coffee spiced with saffron and cardamom before showing his wares. This atmosphere does not offer opportunity for bargaining.

Housing. Modernity of a house offers no sure indication of the occupants' wealth; a rich family may live in a hut simply because it is the ancestral dwelling.

Social classes. Slavery has been abolished in recent years, but many servants have since stayed with the same families. In the home no caste system was apparent to the American group. (The travel agent mentioned seeing a baby run up and sit on the lap of a queen in a palace in Sharja. Asked if this were her grand-child, the queen laughed and said it was the child of one of the servants.)

Pictures. Strict Moslem Arabs object to the taking of people's photographs, and may politely but definitely turn away or hide their faces rather than pose for snapshots. (The travel agent's author acquaintance presented each member of the group with a tee shirt bearing the likeness of Sheik Ali-Shamsi. The sheik was amused, but the bus driver wept at the "shocking display of disrespect.")::



Editorials

NICE EXAMPLE

Your editor believes in being non-partisan, but cannot conceive of being non-political, for politics is simply forming or seeking public policy.

Servas policy is peace-seeking; in behalf of this we visit each other's homes instead of staying in hotels. We avoid partisanship in religion and in that ugly substitute for religion, nationalism.

We recognize that the world is over-armed and we believe that Peace-seekers should support disarmament. An ardent Protestant has called our attention to a long front-page editorial in the (US)

Magazine National Catholic Reporter:
THE NUCLEAR ARMS RACE = A TICKET TO HELL.

Can readers send us support like this from Turkish, Buddhist, Irish, Japanese, or other sources?

EASTERN EUROPE

Servas International in August 1976 pledged itself to seek cooperation and members in Eastern Europe and other socialist countries, in line with the times and world needs. I have learned painfully that this cannot be done on a national or larger scale by correspondence but only in frank face-to-face discussions. Based upon mutual interests, the effort must continue no matter how limited the achievements.

Therefore, as announced elsewhere in this issue, we hope some members can come to our international conference in Denmark in August prepared to spend the following two weeks visiting Berlin, Warsaw, Moscow, Prague, and more.

THE FEMININE ROLE?

The first peace organization was the family. Among most mammals it is the only one, the only place of peace and security, and the female is its protector.

Among humans, if social economy is peripheral to the home, the society is likely to be matriarchal. But most societies have been harsher, outward turning, and therefore martial.

The evolution of the family is a long story of success and failures; the first is singular over-all and the latter plural in recognition of interferences,

wayward modes, and sex competitions instead of co-operations. How is it now? Of a few things this writer is convinced: The best-adjusted families are the most co-operative--or is this redundant? Individual differences transcend sex differences or vice versa. Technological and situational circumstances influence sex and parental roles. Generalizations are too suggestive and individual traits and relations should usually take precedence. Sex and generational relations will always be areas of pragmatic and experimental experience. There are no good escapes from judgment and principles of justice, kindness, and an ethic defined in terms of future welfare.

Unless the search for an enduring peace is planted firmly in the world's homes, humanity's chance of having a future is increasingly doubtful.

The important policy-forming or political role of women reflects these observations. Currently around the world, not only in Mexico City and Houston, women's priorities seem by common agreement to be equality and peace.

Servas, devoted to host-guest relationships, affords superlative opportunity to explore the human family in all cultures and to promote international understanding and peace.

ON SERVAS RELATIONSHIPS

As Servas and Friendship Force prepare to go eastward in Europe, if folk there desire them, a note on hosting and guesting is in order. We think the relationship is fundamental to detente.

In ancient times Aeschylus asked if anything could be more kindly than the feeling between host and guest. In modern times experienced Servas members know the feeling is not always kindly if:

1. One smokes indoors and the other does not.
2. A guest litters or a host is bossy.
3. Either asks such stupid questions as to indicate that the other's country must be "out of this world."
4. Either acts as if ignorance of his or her language is deplorable and makes understanding impossible.
5. Either makes assumptions based upon his or her own customs or habits; for example, assuming without dis-

cussion that meals are or are not included in a visit.

6. In short, if either is incapable of empathy--of putting oneself, in imagination, into the other's position.::

Message from Venus to Mars

via satellite of Pluto, intercepted by
Servas on Point Loma, December 8, 1988

I predicted ten years ago, Earth time, that Planet Earth would be a radioactive cinder soon, but am glad to withdraw that and report that tranquility appears to reign among earthlings insofar as our computers have been able to interpret larger reflections.

You will remember that Sam Usa and Ivan Ussr were belatedly re-negotiating their "strategic" weapons. Their specialists in mass murder considered handguns tactical and nuclear bombs strategic, with the same distinction between their means of delivery; bicycles and ships were tactical and missiles and A-guns strategic, but the difference became so confused as to require negotiation.

Each was prepared to kill the other instantly along with most humans and humanoids, although Sam's chief, a nuclear engineer, claimed he had put together a new atom that could incinerate slowly, locally.

Sam and Ivan were tacitly concerned with weapons reduction to a point of equality in preparation for killing each other simultaneously just once, to avoid the waste of leaving for nobody all the extra accumulation of the means for killing everybody.

Earth was spending a billion dollars a day on weapons--the gross national product of all nations together except the richest five--while a billion people were so poor they could not eat. Most military technology was non-productive, and some of it, especially plutonium, began to be stolen by criminal and extremist elements. Stockpiles were everywhere before people had plans for disposal of wastes.

Ivan wanted to abandon weapons and produce for use but was afraid to turn his back on Sam, and Sam was convinced that Ivan wanted to rob him of his constitutional right to make what he damn well

pleased. Means of universal destruction began to leak to such anti-neighbors as Israelis and Arabs, Irish North and South, White and Black South Africans, until it became obvious that by 1980 even Idi Ota would have nuclear weapons. At this crucial point a Yankee professor, a Keynesian economist who won the Nobel Prize with this, saved the day, or rather the planet, for as far ahead as my future-sight can see.

The Yankee pointed out that the problem was basically economic, so the solution had to be continuous production that would not threaten the producers. He knew that Sam had never worried about this until Ivan appeared in the scenery of history, so first he had to convince Ivan to junk his weapons on condition that Sam would reform his economy.

Madison Avenue details are not clear but the professor cleverly synthesized the contributions of many economic measures such as mutual return to the gold standard, continuation of American pioneering westward and Russian pioneering eastward, competition without friction, full employment on both sides, a sinking fund that could in emergency be tapped by future generations, non-interference in each other's life styles, the freeing of science for return to theoretical studies and tributes to the arts.

After many conferences and enthusiastic endorsement by the United Nations, agreements were signed and now each side is diligently building gold pianos and dumping them into the Pacific in a race to build causeways from San Francisco and Vladivostok to Hawaii. The project looks good for at least a thousand years of peace.

--by Ham Sci Fic::

MEXICO TRAVELERS ASSISTANCE

Travelers in Mexico can now get assistance through a new telephone service.

A call to (905) 250-0123 (toll-free from Mexico City, but a toll call from elsewhere) will be answered by a bilingual operator for the Ministry of Tourism.

The operators can provide most kinds of information and will register most types of complaints, the ministry says. (This announcement was released in two versions, giving different telephone numbers. The correct number--a toll call from outside Mexico City--is above.)::

From New Zealand to the USA and Canada

What are foreign visitors likely to enjoy in North America? People, we trust. Rocky Mountain scenery, certainly. Disneyland or Disney World, we concede. And experiences as different as playing backyard basketball and driving a farm machine.

The Bardsleys saw, and put on paper, this kaleidoscope of vacation impressions during the summer of '77.

By the clock we arrived in San Francisco before our plane left New Zealand. Ron San of Palo Alto met us, and we needed all the room in his VW van for the six of us and our luggage. Our first four days in the States were concerned with necessary business, primarily buying a 1973 Ford station wagon, which took us 12,000 miles in the next 12 weeks. (We supplemented it with a small trailer.)

From the San Francisco Bay Area we drove to Planada in California's San Joaquin Valley, where our former New Zealand neighbors, the Hartleys, were finishing a year's Fulbright Scholarship teaching exchange. After a day in Yosemite National Park we drove down California's beautiful Coast Highway to Ventura, from where our hosts the Hudsons took us to a Spanish mission church and Los Angeles, where we saw the LaBrea Tar Pits.

South of Los Angeles the Schinzingers of Irvine helped us use our time to best advantage in a most enjoyable day at fascinating Disneyland. Farther south still we drove from the Jeffrieses' in Chula Vista to the Mexican border a few miles away, left our car on the US side, and walked into Tijuana for a memorable day. We also visited San Diego's world-famous zoo.

Our original choice of hosts in New Mexico, Marion Knapp, had moved since the host list was printed, but she arranged for us to stay with a former New Zealand Olympic runner, Rex Maddaford, and his American wife, and then with Marion's brother and his wife, Darryl and Nancy Farmer. (It was at their farm that our Jim almost stepped on a rattlesnake. We have been telling the story ever since.) We also saw a junior rodeo, and were much impressed by the competing child-

ren's skills with their horses.

Crossing the prosperous farming areas of the Texas Panhandle and Oklahoma brought us to Little Rock, Arkansas, where the Dorrells were our hosts. There we had fun playing basketball for the first time. /US readers saw the Dorrells' account in the Winter 1977-78 US Servas News--Ed./ On a warm Southern night with fireflies and trees around us we stayed with the Pascalls in Nashville, Tennessee, and then started north. We stayed near Chesapeake Bay with the mother of Tish Grant, whom we were to visit next in Washington, D.C. Her mother's house is the second-oldest frame house in Virginia, the original rooms having been built in 1666. Tish and Willard Grant, who had come down for the start of the Independence Day weekend, were ideal people to tell us the history of the whole area. The next evening we watched traditional Fourth of July fireworks with them and then had a day to see the capital city. Continuing north we stayed in the Dreisbachs' guest cottage in its rural setting in Easton, Pennsylvania. We were advised against trying to take our trailer into New York; restrictions keep such vehicles with propane gas on board out of the tunnels. So we left the trailer at the Dreisbachs' and drove into Manhattan. There at the first opportunity we parked the car in a safe garage and saw what we could in two days on foot and by public transport (since we six were too many for one taxi). Our night in New York was spent with the Simons and Petroffs in a beautiful area, Great Neck, Long Island, in strong contrast with the city's hustle and bustle. With our trailer in tow again, we drove to Ithaca in upstate New York. Host Bill Lange, assistant district attorney, gave us another glimpse of American life at a jury case in which he was involved--and a different kind of view from his plane. His wife Carolyn showed us Cornell U. Our daughter Janet wanted to see Niagara Falls, so before her six weeks ended and she had to fly home to New Zealand we changed our itinerary. It was a good move. We were all impressed.

CANADA AND THE MIDWESTERN US

We five then proceeded to Tavistock, On-

tario, Canada, where we were the first Servas guests of the Hotsons. They took us to Ontario's town of Stratford with its Shakespearean theater, and more. Via Detroit and its Ford car factory and Battle Creek with its Kellogg's corn-flakes plant we went to Chicago and the Custers' big house 15 minutes from the center of the city. Then northward again to Baraboo, Wisconsin, and the Hills' dairy farm. We enjoyed the Circus World Museum and saw the Hills' son compete in an auto "destruction derby." Westward through Minnesota and South Dakota we drove to Buffalo Gap and stayed with Bob Nolan, and saw the American presidents' faces in sculpture at Mount -Ishmore, plus buffalo (bison) and other imals and Custer State Park.

NORTH AMERICA'S FAR WEST

Farther west in Yellowstone National Park we saw none of the park's famous bears, but plenty of other animals and beautiful scenery. Our next Servas visit was with the Salisburys in Floweree, Montana, where they were harvesting wheat and Jim got to drive the combine. North to Glacier National Park we drove to the top of the "Road to the Sun" at an early hour to beat the mist that was starting to hide the views. The first time we were glad we had warm clothes with us was when we crossed again into Canada and entered Banff National Park. Clouds lifted to reveal the splendor of tie Rocky Mountains when we drove to the Columbia Icefields, over Kicking Horse Pass, along Trans-Canadian Highway 1, down the Okanagan Valley, and back into the US to Wenatchee, Washington, where irrigation has changed a desert into a fruit bowl, some of the States' best apple-growing country. After a stay with the Cheneys and a picnic by Lake Chelan, we drove to the ferry which took us to Whidbey Island and the Ankeney's house. We had hosted them in New Zealand and it was good to see them again. Next we went back to the mainland and south to Tacoma and the Suttons, whom we had also played host to at home. There we met others who had been on the Servas trip to New Zealand with the Suttons. Next came Mount Rainier National Park and Corvallis, Oregon, and still another family who had visited us, the Martins.

(Jim Martin had found Jim Bardsley's watch on a New Zealand beach; letters were exchanged; we were glad finally to meet there then and again here now.)

In Crater Lake National Park campground we attended the rangers' evening slide shows and talks. It made us wish we had taken advantage of this type of thing at other national parks we visited.

Back into California, through the magnificent redwood groves, across the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco, we made our way back to Palo Alto and the Saxes' and Sommerses' homes. We sold the station wagon and trailer at not too great a loss, saw a Noel Coward play, and had another interesting look around San Francisco before flying back home.

SOME REFLECTIONS

What was the best part of our long trip? Maybe just talking with our hosts in the evenings about New Zealand, Canada, the US, and other countries, and our different ways of looking at and doing things. Servas is strongly rooted as a peace organization, yet we don't remember saying much about peace itself during our trip. Surely, though, the building of bridges between people of different countries is in itself a positive peace-making act.

We invite Servas members to write to us if we can help you or your friends.

Shirley, Jim, Janet,
Pamela, Susan, Margaret

--The Bardsleys

P.O. Box 1, Te Uku
Waikato, New Zealand::

New kind of tourist?

"Insights, not sights" are the goal of more and more travelers, who "actually want to live in, rather than merely look at, the places they visit."

That observation was made recently by the chairman of the Australian Tourist Commission. He said the new kind of tourist is far different from "stay-put holidaymakers," and requires knowledgeable guides, detailed information about destinations, entree into communities, and introductions to local people.

It seems to us that he may have been describing the best of Servas travelers!::

Long live the open doors

by Alan Haynes, England

I worked in Milan in 1976 and visited five Servas host families in northern Italy on evenings or weekends.

Living in a close-packed city in southern Europe, using a language at first incomprehensible, was vastly different from camping in forests and mountains and staying in villages of northern Europe. During the early months, hosts who spoke English represented home.

Rose and Lino Canepari, Servas secretaries for Italy, lead busy lives, but provided hospitality two Saturday evenings and suggested others I might visit.

An evening with Maria Soresina, who had a leading role in establishing Servas in Italy, and her daughter and friends led to talk until long after midnight about politics, languages, and nuclear safety.

A postal card from Janice and Paolo Dal Pra in reply to my letter invited me to their lovely home in the Vicenza countryside. Janice met my train and introduced me their children Suzanna, Sandro, Sara, and Andrea, and to their large and small watchdogs. In cold November weather we had a comfortable tour of the city, followed by a special church service and dinner. On Sunday I tramped the woods and hills of Monte Berico and, re-turning to the Dal Pras' large place,

owed slides of Algeria. Four months later I planted lavender bushes along their driveway and showed an invited audience slides of Australia, New Zealand, and the United Kingdom. Their visitors' book suggests that they must be Italy's Number One host family.

Annamaria Fumagalli invited me to visit at Luino, close to the Alps. In March and April I spent two enjoyable Sundays skiing there. And I also had a cheerful evening in the city flat of the McKeens, now back in the United States.

Long live Servas-Italy and its friendly "porte aperte."

Study Abroad

Study Abroad, a directory of international scholarships and courses, 1979-1981, is being published this year by

UNESCO, 7 place de Fontenoy, 75700 Paris France. Price and publication date: not announced. Write to the publisher for information about educational opportunities open in all parts of the world.::

Servas represented

at Gandhi Awards

Servas International President Reva King and a dozen other Servas guests were among the more than 150 present January 19 in New York when Promoting Enduring Peace made its 19th annual Gandhi Peace Awards to Amnesty International's general secretary, Martin Ennals, and, in absentia, its president, Peter Benenson.

Remarks in behalf of Dr. Jerome Davis, founder of Promoting Enduring Peace, unable to attend at age 86, were delivered by longtime friend Prof. Harry Steinmetz, editor of Servas International News.

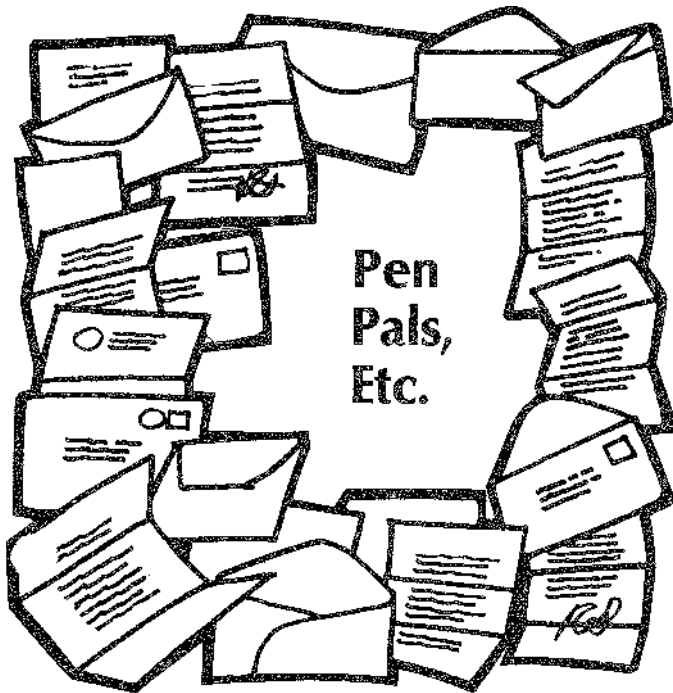
The award to Martin Ennals expressed appreciation for his carrying on Amnesty International's "battle against tyranny and repression," stating "...you have brought to the attention of the world the necessity for continual vigilance in opposing oppression and persecution for reasons of race, religion, or conscientiously held belief."

Promoting Enduring Peace distributes peace literature free (ten million copies to date), conducts tours to Third World and socialist countries, and recognizes in the name of Gandhi important contributions to world peace.::

Invitation from Scotland

Greetings to our readers from Sidney Hill, Servas co-ordinator for Scotland. He says Edinburgh and all Scotland invite visitors, and Aberdeen now has at least one host family (the Lishmans, whose account of travels in the USA appeared in SINews Number 7).

The Hills' address seems at least 100% Scottish: Burn House, Middlebie, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire DG11 3ER, Scotland.::



**Pen
Pals,
Etc.**

Want a Pen Pal in Africa? These young men in Ghana would enjoy exchanging letters with one or more of our readers:

Emmanuel K. Boateng, "rather short," age 28, S.Da Primary: Box 480, Kumasi, Ghana.

Joseph Boachie, age 21, salesman in UTC Hardware Dept. Store, "very tall": Box 1945, Kumasi.

Thomas Kwalena Odun, monotype operator in a publishing firm: Box 3624, Kumasi Ashanti. (The editor assumes that Thomas is medium-sized.)

-0-

To reach American high school students of several colors, heights, and interests, write: Susan in English Department, Madison High School, Clairemont Mesa Blvd., San Diego, Calif. 92117, USA.

- 0-

A US Servas host would like to correspond with a European and a US Pen Pal. June Johnson of Webber Road in York, Maine 03909, USA, is married, a nurse's aide, interested in swimming and dancing.

- 0-

The following letter from an American reader is reprinted in its entirety:

Dear Servas: I have tried in vain to get

international pen-pals from other organizations. Can you help me? I would like pen-pals in England and Germany. They must be female, single, about 40 and dedicated to non-violence. Thank you.

--Paul H. Christmann Jr.

3300 Springhill Road
Lafayette, Calif. 94549, USA

- 0-

For finding Pen Pals outside the membership of Servas and the readership of this magazine, we can recommend:

Worldwide Pen Friend Club
39 Mgabba Road
Zurrieq, Malta.

-0-And regarding

a related medium...

Dear Editor,

The article "Servas Member Discovers New Zealand" /in SINews Number 8/ reminded me of the happy time I had when I visited there, partly because I had already made friends on the Bay of Plenty, in Auckland, and in Wellington by exchanging voice recordings on tape cassettes.

From home I have talked with a woman on a lonely sheep ranch in Australia, a retired couple from Kenya now living in a forest preserve in Natal, a physiotherapist in Rhodesia...

"Armchair travel" by voice correspondence is the lowest-cost, least tiring substitute for travel. So please encourage Tape Pals as well as Pen Pals. I belong to: Voicespondence Club

P.O. Box 207, Skillington
Reading, Pennsylvania 19607, USA.

(My list of members does not include any in Greece, Turkey, or any Arab country. I'd like to hear from persons there.)

--Mrs. Gladys Gabert
942 Mokulua Drive

Kailua, Hawaii 96734, USA::

HOUSE NEAR UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA in Berkeley available for July or August 1978, in exchange for family's house in England. Write to: Barbara Mason, 2291 Eunice St., Berkeley, CA 94709, USA.

(This magazine does not accept paid advertising, but the editors see no reason to refuse small contributions from members who would like us to publish such mutually useful messages as this.)::



Barbara Whitehead Acquah
with former pupil, Ghana

Exploring Servas

In West Africa

with Barbara Acquah, Servas
international vice-president, retired
teacher, Liverpool

For those living in Britain, going to Ghana is not so easy as going to the US. Not only a visa is required, but also a currency allowance (reduced for those visiting friends and relatives living there); inoculations against smallpox, yellow fever, cholera and typhoid; and weekly or daily pills for malaria.

Having lived in Ghana for ten years, I had many old friends to visit, and so did not need to stay more than a few days with any one. Also, having eaten school dinners for six years, I knew that African food suited me well and my hosts would have no difficulty feeding me. On advice I took presents of tea, coffee, milk, soap and tinned meat (all formidably expensive there) and nevertheless kept my luggage to 15 kilos, all I could comfortably carry including clothes for a tropical climate.

For Servas purposes I had my letter of introduction, a sheet bag for sleeping and the host list called "Africa 1977," which lists seven hosts in Ghana and six in Nigeria. I had decided to start with Ellen Mills, and wrote to her post office box number well in advance from England, but received no reply. I tried again in Accra, in vain, and as the other hosts didn't know her, I could not even discover where she lived.

Mr. Olaga, a lawyer, replied hospitably to my telephone call and took me to

lunch at his house in a quiet residential area. I later spent two days there. He was rather busy, bringing work home from the office every day, but I enjoyed conversation when time allowed, and went to a Methodist Church choir practice with his wife. They are still keen on English church music, and sang "Zadok the Priest" with great vigour. The minister, like most in Britain, was anxious about his congregation's diminishing size; it seems the mission churches are not so popular now as the "spiritual" churches, which make more use of African songs and dances and practice healing.

ON TO NIGERIA

I wrote the Nigerian secretary, Christine Akinlolu, three weeks in advance, but her reply did not reach me before I left for Lagos. The visa procedure took two weeks, the flight forty minutes, and the formalities at each airport an hour. There was no orderly queueing for immigration, health, currency, customs and security checks, so it all was rather tiring. Fortunately, afterwards, a friendly young woman helped me get a taxi at a reasonable fare (there were no buses from Lagos airport) and I spent the night with friends in Yaba. Next day they took me to the house of Christie's family in Surulere, where Christie and Bill were able to collect me on their way to their flat.

Bill was travelling to Moscow the following week, so I was lucky to meet him. They have two sons, aged four months and three years, and Christie was managing to feed the baby as well as working at the post office. Owing to traffic congestion they had to leave at 5:30 to be at Lagos Island, ten miles away, by 8, and when Christie was late arriving she had to stay after 2.

The government has tried to improve things by ordering that cars with odd-numbered registration should enter the city area only on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; even numbers are permitted on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. But I was amazed to hear that this had no effect; people bought a second car or a second registration! Buses and trains were incredibly crowded at rush hours, with sixty standing in a single-deck bus and people crammed in like sardines and riding on the steps of both buses and trains. Taxis wouldn't always stop, and drivers brazenly doubled the fare for

Europeans, even accompanied by Africans.

Lagos is probably one of the oldest cities in West Africa and was never planned. It just piled up with no chance to organize disposal of rubbish or sewage. Consequently it looks like a vast junkyard interspersed with rubbish tips and ditches full of oily refuse. The houses are huddled amongst it all, with streets full of ruts and holes. Motor horns hoot incessantly and radios and record players blare on every side. Nights are noisy with drums and dancing, and mornings, from 3:30 onward, with Muslim prayers intoned and amplified. Fortunately Nigerians are very sound sleepers; otherwise they would go crazy. Bill had to shout at and slap his little sisters to get them up in the morning to look after housework and the children, and when I said I couldn't sleep for the noise, they looked surprised!

However everybody was kind, friendly and helpful, and I managed to walk around in the city, buy a few things not available in Ghana, obtain my transit visa for Benin and Togo and look for two more Servas members, James Anekwensi, who turned out to be in Scotland, and Clara Osinulu, who was visiting England!

A clerk in the African-American Institute office discussed traffic with me and said it should not prevent Servas travellers from visiting hosts in twos rather than staying in hotels, as the hosts in Lagos would know how many hours travellers needed to get to the airport. Sure enough, Bill's sister Abioye managed to get me a taxi at five o'clock on the morning of my departure, enabling me to reach the transport yard half an hour early. I caught the first bus on the Lagos-Accra service, which was ceremonially launched with prayers and libation and television and press--an interesting experience.

What a relief to reach the clean, spacious, sunny, palm-lined beaches of Togo and the beautiful hill village near Palime', which I had always loved, but which had never before seemed so like Paradise. Contrast always colors one's travel experience. Maybe Ghanaians who move to Nigeria for higher salaries will think Ghana more beautiful when they return, especially after working in Lagos.

BACK TO GHANA

I had managed to write to Charles Agben-

yega, Servas secretary for Ghana, in Big Ada in time to get a reply with directions for the bus. Charles's family welcomed me warmly at their house, but I was lodged in a spacious flat which he said he had rented in order to house Servas visitors more comfortably. There was a beautiful coconut palm in front of the house, its fruit almost within reach of the balcony two floors up, and a view over the estuary of the Volta River.

I was not able to visit the school on the island as Charles, who teaches there, was away next day from eight till four signing papers at the education office. This was a pity, as I was told they had had a fine work camp earlier in the year, even though supplies of cement had not arrived on time.

The flat was beautifully quiet and there were two radios and lots of interesting books. Maybe I should have gone to town in search of conversation, but one can never tell how long things will take. "Surulere" means "patience." So do "Dzigbodi" and "Abutare ye"--all most important for travellers in West Africa.

Fresh fish from the Volta, sent over by the family at noon, was delicious. In the evening Charles took me to a little cafe for supper, and we discussed the preface to the "Africa 1977" host list. I was puzzled as to what the writer had meant by "not asking mythical or outrageous questions." The only instance Charles could recall was of some Americans who had stayed for ten months (not in accordance with Servas rules) and asked persistently about belief in juju. (The matter of suitable conversational topics will bear further discussion.)

I travelled from Big Ada to Accra in a lorry called "Good Never Lost," and after collecting my mail caught a noon bus to Winneba--a most comfortable one, thanks to a suggestion from my host. Unfortunately when I had written to two hosts there I had put my requests in the wrong envelopes, so the hosts were not expecting me on the dates I arrived. This annoys British hosts, but did not seem to worry the Ghanaians; in any case, one eats whatever is cooking and shares whatever is happening. This time it was a conference of the National Association of Bursars and Treasurers, and it left me better informed about the difficulties of feeding schools and colleges.

(continued on next page)

(continued from preceding page)

All patriotic Ghanaians now do backyard farming, and the college principal was no exception; he grew corn and cassava around his bungalow, and I helped shell a bit of the corn which was drying on the veranda. In the afternoon I went to the post office and along the beach, where a large catch of fish has just been landed. Women were busy carrying it away, selling it, gutting it, smoking it, frying it--the air was delicious.

In the next street I was lucky to find some oranges and carried them back for the Gberbie family.

A few days later I set off to visit a host near Koforidua, Pastor John Ayertey. This was a delightfully varied journey: two hours by State Transport bus, a little rest in a market, then another hour in a small Datsun lorry, which clambered cautiously amongst the ruts and potholes of a mountain road, and then an hour by footpath through the forest with two schoolgirls who offered to show me the way and carry my bag.

The pastor had a nice cool house with thick mud walls and a corrugated iron roof, and welcomed me with the customary glass of water though the river was nearly dry and they had to use a small calabash to fill their buckets. He explained that they were having a night-watch service, as they did every Wednesday, drumming and dancing, singing and I yng till well after daybreak. His church was called the "Illuminating Church of California" and his pastoral certificate was hanging on the wall. I should rest for a few hours, he said, and then join them later and maybe give them a message.

Despite the noise in the next room, I slept till five o'clock in the morning. They were still vigourously awake, the handsome young pastor nicely illuminated by a storm lantern on the table, with a drummer on his left and a time-clacker on his right. A circle of worshippers, smiling and waving kerchiefs, danced sedately on the concrete floor. Invited to read, I chose a few verses from Galatians 6 which he could then read in Ga. In the morning they returned to their farms, and the rain they had doubtless been praying for came in a thunderstorm

that afternoon, while the pastor and I sat safely on the landlord's veranda next door. Pastor Ayertey explained that he paid rent only for the land; the house had been built by his own family and friends. He hoped Servas might give him a harmonium (organ) for his church and a music study course in the USA. I explained that Servas was interested in harmony, but not to the extent of providing a harmonium, and that although his people would doubtless manage to carry one along the footpath on their shoulders, he would certainly have difficulty later in getting it repaired. In the end we settled for a bible concordance, which I have sent by post. It was his suggestion and I think a good one.

Next morning the pastor and a young man walked with me seven miles over the mountain to a market village and saw me off in a lorry called "Africa Unity" with a present of three dozen oranges, half a dozen eggs and ten cedis (ten dollars!) for the journey. Beatrice, one of the schoolgirls, also appeared suddenly with a bag of tomatoes fresh from the market. Such generosity, in their circumstances, made our usual Servas hospitality seem almost insignificant. And they begged me to send more visitors.

Two other Servas members in Accra, listed as "Guide only," invited me to meals: Christiana Graham, a seamstress, and Jonathan Annor, retired accountant. When I fell and cut my knee in the dark, Christiana dressed it with iodine (no stitches were needed, but she probably could have done that, too) and it healed well. We talked about the Servas visits they had received. Jonathan had arranged on one occasion a "send-off" party for fifteen. We all felt that individual visits were more suitable for meaningful conversation. Even the State Tourist Board arranges home hospitality, at five or six cedis a night.

Being "rich" in a poor country is always difficult (look at the Bible story in Luke, chapter 16, verses 19 to 31, and consider your own destination). But Servas visits from country to country will not be in vain if in any way they touch the conscience, reduce inequality and seek to ensure for everyone a fair reward for work, a fair chance of health and education for children, comfort and care for old people and freedom to love one's God and help one's neighbours.::

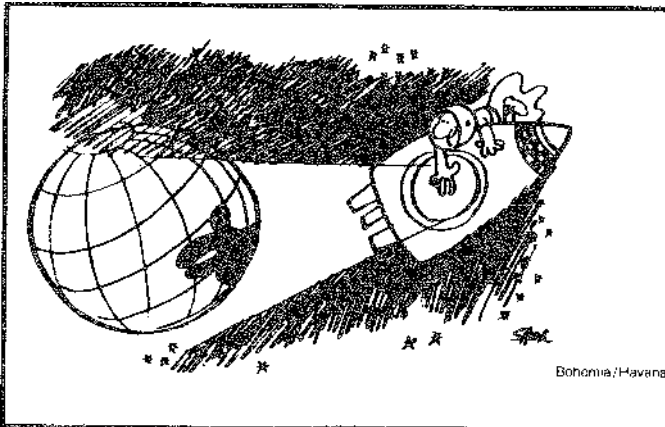
"When It's Nighttime in Italy, It's

Wednesday Over Here"

-song tide, 1923

The assistant editor wishes to apologize to readers in the southern half of the world. Issues Number 7 and Number 8 of this magazine were labeled "Spring 1977" and "Summer 1977." Those designations reveal a less-than-worldwide viewpoint. In the Southern Hemisphere, of course, those issues appeared in fall and winter!

"Chauvinism" originally meant "excessive patriotism or nationalism." Its meaning has been extended in recent years in the phrase "male chauvinism." Here, then, we clearly have a regrettable instance of "Northern Hemisphere chauvinism," which has been stamped out, we hope, before it could infect readers between the equator and the Arctic Circle. --DF::



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Assistant Editor, Don Fawcett, 13000 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90049.

Contributions to this magazine (narratives, photographs, news of other peace organizations, opinions, drawings, complaints, congratulations) are eagerly sought, not merely invited. The editors do ask that material submitted be relevant directly to Servas, and not just of a general travel nature.::

If you are not a member of Servas...but this magazine makes the organization seem interesting...you may be asking...

What IS Servas?

Servas is an international co-operative system of travelers and volunteer hosts, established to help build world peace, goodwill, and understanding by providing opportunities for contacts with persons of different cultures and backgrounds. Hosts (mostly individuals and families, plus some community groups) provide information about themselves for listing in a national directory. Approved Servas travelers choose the hosts they wish to write or telephone about possible visits (usually two nights), to share life in the hosts' homes and communities. Servas charges travelers a small fee. No money changes hands between travelers and hosts; ideas, we hope, pass freely between them. Servas is nonprofit, non-political, interracial, and interfaith. It has consultative status with UNESCO as a non-governmental organization.::

Subscribe. Or join. Or both

"WITH EVERY TRUE FRIENDSHIP WE BUILD MORE FIRMLY THE FOUNDATIONS ON WHICH THE PEACE OF THE WHOLE WORLD RESTS." --M. K. Gandhi

Join the Servas hosts and travelers whose friendships can help to hold the fragile world together. Please check one or more of the boxes below, enclose a donation if possible, and mail this form today.

TO: Servas International News
13000 San Vicente Blvd.
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That mankind is
so tragiciy bound
to the starless night
of racism and war
that the bright daylight
of peace and brotherhood
cam never become a reality”**

**Martin Luther Mn& Jr.
January 1929-April**

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