



# BOARD FOLLIES

By Margaret Blattman

Last Summer, in the dear dead warm days beyond recall, someone mentioned to me that my name was going to be submitted to the UUA Board as a possible appointee to the Youth Adult Committee. I was to become the "unaffiliated, uncommitted" adult on the YAC. Well, let me tell you, had I but known (as we say on the soaps) what trouble token adulthood was going to bring me, I'd have left town immediately!!!

Actually, I am certifiably insane. There is no other possible explanation for the fact that I permitted myself to be persuaded that a trip to Chicago by van (with me driving) in the midst of winter with about a zillion assorted LRY freaks would be fun. I mean, can you think of another explanation?

So anyhow, we left Boston. It rained and it fogged. It was warm and it was yucky. We crept along in heavy traffic, stopping at every open gas station for our three bucks worth and p-call. We drank coffee and we were late picking up people through Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. We got lost in lovely downtown Calumet, Illinois, but we arrived-- little realizing that our troubles had only begun. The van that Peter had rented broke. That should have given us our first omen of better things to come, but ever optimistic, we threw ourselves into the joy and fellowship of Winter Boards. There was little for me to do but dine on peanut butter and cucumber sandwiches, so I arranged to be the driver for the daily trip to O'Hare Airport, a mere fifty-five miles away from the meeting site. I figure that I missed more plane departures in one three day period than George McGovern missed boats in his whole campaign (a new record for ineptitude). It got cold. The passenger van got flooded every time we tried to start it. I ran out of gas at O'Hare on Sunday morning. I slept a lot on Sunday afternoon.

Then we started back. Our friendly neighborhood Oriental philosopher, Adam, threw the I Ching and informed us that he had thrown INCREASE, changing to DIFFICULTY AT THE BEGINNING. We cheered. Peter and I picked up the new van to replace the broken one, I set my hair on fire trying to start the other van, we waited in the cold until the tow truck came to fix us. We got to Chicago Heights again, after filling up at the last open gas station in Chicago. We left Chicago Heights, all 17 of us in two vans.

It was New Year's Eve. We sang jolly songs... "They Call Me the Space Cowboy"... hum... hum... as the snow began to fall and the road disappeared in front of us... "I'm a joker... I'm a smoker"... hum... hum. After stopping for coffee and the usual in Bridgeman, Michigan, we started on our way, the snow thicker and more beautiful. After some miles, we noticed that Peter's van was not following. We went slow so it could catch up. We stopped so it could catch up, we crawled so it could catch up. We called the state police--the van was broken. We returned to Bridgeman, Michigan, where we celebrated the New Year by checking into 2 motel rooms so that all 17 of us could loll around in luxury.

We called the rental company on New Year's Day. They were apologetic. They found Peter a Tonka toy for his New Year's present. We left Bridgeman with 14 people in my van--three people in Peter's truck. We travelled another 20 miles before disaster struck again. This time, my van had a blowout. The tire was in shreds--no new tires to be had on New Year's Day. We persuaded oriental philosopher not to throw sticks. We didn't want to know the future. Good thing.

Now, some of you may have heard that there is a gas shortage--no open stations, etc. So, we stopped many times seeing beautiful Ann Arbor, Ypsilanti, etc. making the snow yellow where necessary, except in Ypsilanti where we found a friendly homeowner, who loaned us her john. In Dearborn Michigan, we had our first lucky break. The truck ran out of gas about two car-lengths from the gas pump. All hands cheerfully piled out and pushed the truck into position.

( continued page two)

There were no further mishaps as we crossed the border into Canada. We made sure all of us faced the rigors of the Canadian trip in clean and perfect condition and we arrived at Paula Rose's home, only 4 hours late for our turkey sandwiches (for carnivores). After a too brief hour by a cheerful crackling fire, we were off again in the unheated van and the over heated truck to new adventures.

On the Queen Elizabeth Way, nearly into St. Catharines, Ontario, I again noticed that the truck was lost. Heaving a sigh of resignation, I turned back, mentally packing 3 more people into the van and cursing the inventor of the internal combustion engine. This time, we were in luck. The truck hadn't broken at all. The drivers had only been stopped by the Ontario Provincial Police for drunken driving! What a relief! We managed to convince the police that we were, indeed, a traveling church group and just overtired weavers, and made our way to "see" Niagara Falls, which looks much like anything else at 3 a.m. On through customs at Niagara Falls, New York, with only a slight delay for the customary search and we were practically home. We had already covered 500 miles of our 1000 mile trip in only 36 hours.

All our troubles were over as we sped down the New York Thoroughway at 50 m.p.h. We arrived in Boston at 6 o'clock in the evening--50 hours after leaving the Winter Boards of '73.

So here are my wishes for a Happy New Year, and when you all get together in Chicago next year--think of me, safe and comfortable at home!



## LR Y Board Meets

The LRY Board of Trustees met last December in Chicago Heights, Ill. The Board is made up of one representative (often the president) from every LRY federation and regional council and the LRY executive committee. At this meeting, 26 federations and regions were represented.

In addition to the Board members, many interested LRY-ers came to the five day meeting to observe and to participate. The policy towards non Board members, called "munchkins", was liberalized last fall to allow a more open Board meeting. The Munchkins were involved in this meeting almost as much as the Board members themselves--to the point where the munchkins had to be reminded that only Board members, and not munchkins, are supposed to vote.

Among the many agenda items were: federation reports, Continental Conference, a "Traveling Circus" of LRY, People Soup, Youth-Adult relations and funding ideas. Also of interest was a presentation given by Joanne Henry of the United Methodist Council to Youth Ministries, exploring the possibility of future collaboration between LRY and UMCYM.

Some of the more significant resolutions passed by the Board at this meeting include:

Structure Resolution - Urging feds and locals to redesign their "LRY structure" to be in closer sympathy with the ideals of LRY.

Advisor Resolution - Tentatively defining the role of the LRY advisor and establishing a process to draw up an advisor policy.

Membership Resolution - Dealing with the questions of who is and who is not a member of the Board of Trustees in terms of defining what is an LRY federation.

Constitutional Committee Resolution - Saying that any interpretations made by the LRY Constitutional Committee effective until and unless the Board of Trustees over rules the Committee.

In addition, the Board voted to change the site of Continental Conference from its tentative spot in the Dakotas to the South Eastern United States.

The Board also heard several speeches from the executive committee criticizing the lack of commitment on the part of federations and, more specifically, fed representatives, in the whole of LRY. Although many thoughts were left unresolved, the general feeling was to try and use future Board meetings to greater potential. The next scheduled meeting of the Board is in late August right after Continental Conference.

Complete minutes of the meeting, including federation reports, resolutions and a summary of discussion, are available from LRY in Boston. Please include some money (about 25c) to help cover paper, printing and postage costs.

## BOARDS waste of time? point of view

Boards, oh god, I thought that I was all done with that. I really have a lot of strange feelings about them. I hated the meetings and felt very isolated and frustrated, and yet when we were out of the meetings I felt very good about the people.

I went to boards hoping to get an idea of what was going on in the rest of LRY, and how people were doing it. I was hoping that contact with others that were involved in running this thing (whatever it is) would give me a feeling like that which I got when LRY was a new thing to me; a feeling of invigoration and of energy. I got what I wanted but not from the meetings. I got what I wanted from just about everything else that went on.

The meetings, however were one of the most intense exercises in frustration I have been at. I don't understand how people can go somewhere and talk so much and do so god damn little. Just about everytime an issue came up it would be put off for study by somebody, which meant that this board didn't have to deal with it. We could have done something with the Methodists, but instead instead we worried about "affiliation" vs "collaboration", and whether or not the term "brother" was racist. We talked about the correct procedure and then we interrupted each other. The traveling circus, the one point in the meeting that anybody got honest with their feelings, was forgotten after everyone agreed that it would be a good idea. Money, well sure continental needs some butt... On the van to Chicago I had to give people a pen and paper so that they could write a fed report. This was despite my repeated reminders and the continental board packet. I didn't have a constitution report ready, and slowed up the meeting trying to improvise.

Boards are where the direction for LRY is set and it is not going to go anywhere if we don't go there better prepared, and ready to listen to each other instead of ourselves. We should start to plan for them two or three months in advance, think of what we would like to see happen and prepare written resolutions to present to the board. We should write to other people and see what they're doing and tell them what we're doing. That way the wording and meaning of a motion will already be thought of and board members would have an idea of what the other board members were going to propose. We should go into the board meeting with the idea that everybody has got something to share and that it is important that this sharing take place. We've got to be honest and straight forward with each other or else communications breaks down. We must remember that the reason that we are there is to conduct business not to talk.

Bob Del - NERO

### Apricot Rice Pudding

1/2 cup dried apricots (cut small)  
1 cup brown rice (raw)  
3 cups dry milk  
1 cup raw sugar or brown sugar or white sugar  
1 quart water  
1 cup coconut or coconut meal  
1/4 cup raisins  
1/2 t. vanilla

Mix well in a 2 quart casserole dish and bake at 250 for 3-4 hours, until rice is done, stirring every half hour. If mixture is thin after 3 1/2 hours, add 1 well beaten egg to thicken. This pudding is best when eaten warm with milk and can be reheated in a double boiler. Serves 6-8.

by Linda MacDonald

# LETTERS

# CLASSIFIED

Dear People Soup,

I was impressed with the Social Actions Packet. I wasn't especially inspired at first, being wrapped up in a lot of my own worries, but now, after really reading the packet (and going to Continental Boards) I see continental LRY, especially things like People Soup and the SAEC, as something I can really get into (keep me from feeling useless) and as sources for resource people, ideas, and possible new directions for my rapidly growing fed.

Thanks for helping me and giving me a chance to help. Keep up the good work.

Love, Kyle K. Knapp -VT.

Person(s) at "People Soup"

This is a thank you. From all sides I have been thrown other kid's religious papers, which attempt to convert me to a religion I feel is based upon a fairy tale. I have noticed a certain reaction upon those peoples' parts when I wave "People Soup" in their faces. Complete confusion. "People Soup"?! they squeal. And when I attempt to describe UU-ism to them they chalk me up as a heathen. But "P.S." is my banner! Now I finally have proof that there are other people who are as crazy and undefined as me!

...Please do not let "P.S." die off. This is what I need. I also need a concise description of U.U.-ism to rattle off to well-meaning persons who decide that there is something wrong with me. They can not comprehend how I can be as devout as I say I am unless I am heaven forbid--worshipping the devil! Eek!...Anyway, thank you and please keep it up.

Smile (God loves you) Dana - MI.

Dear People,

What I would really like to see in People Soup are ideas people have for improving locals or just interesting things about them. Like my LRY is going to buy a scrapbook and anyone can do whatever they want with it. It is a good place to write down feelings, gripes, quotations and interesting sayings that you like. You can also write stories, draw pictures, paste in pictures, tell someone what you think of them, and most of all give hints to future LRYers on the problems you had and how you tackled them. (overcame them, whatever) I think this scrapbook will help future LRYers understand us a little better and besides they would get a kick out of reading it.

Love, Susan - Arizona

I am looking for ideas for Conference Workshops and Activities. I am on the planning committee for the Summer Tri-Fed Conference of SAM, LSD and Sunco. Anyone who wants to send me their ideas or would like to know more about the conference write: Craig Goodwin 555 NE 7th Avenue, Gainesville, Florida 32601.

Starr King Federation of LRY is just coming alive after at least four years of death. We have had about five conferences this year including an LT. Not too long ago we chose officers and a board. We would like to hear from other feds about how you are run and how you keep active, fundraising (we have very little funds), conferences and other activities. It would be really great if you could write and tell us what you have been doing. Thank You. Jim Munroe and Ellen Popenoe. Please write to Ellen at 96 Dellbrook Ave, San Francisco, CA 94131.

TO: Eve, Silvia & Lea-- Send me a GARBAGE PIZZA-JohnLustig

Dear Quadruple Christmas Visitations [and Incarnations] at the Taco Apt. Who are you- and why? Thanx for cleaning our floors. We like your poetry. Send some drawings for the paper. Love to all, hows Vermont? Joe&Suzzy

This paper needs your support. Become a successful reporter or businessman, practice in the Soup, sell subscriptions for fun. mayyounevergetwriterscramp matthew.

Biking partner wanted- I am looking for someone to pedal anywhere with me. Possibly to Continental Conference this summer. Please write to Arthur Spivack at 925 Belvidere Ave., Plainfield, N.J. 07060.

Nina: The gig is up! -Seymour

Dear Barbara, The ring is coming. Love, Peter

Mark Dohner: Where's my article you promised?

THE SOUP

Layni Martin: Where are my photographs?

Julie Houston, It was a long bus ride, Blossom.

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### Thai Students Revolt

BANGKOK, Thailand (LNS)-On January 9, thousands of students demonstrated in the streets of Bangkok to protest continued U.S. presence in their country. The action was sparked by the revelation that a CIA agent had sent a phoney letter to Thai Premier Sayna. The letter purported to be an offer from "Communist" insurgents for a cease-fire in exchange for insurgent autonomy.

The January 9 demonstration had more than the usual impact because only months before, on October 15, larger -but ominously similar- student demonstrations toppled the government then in power, that of Field Marshal Thanom Kittikachorn.

Hundreds of thousands of students participated in the October demonstrations, some travelling from outlying districts to gather in Bangkok the week preceding October 15. The government tried to suppress the unarmed demonstrators, using U.S.-supplied tanks, teargas, helicopter gunships and machine guns. It is estimated that between 200-400 students were killed during the demonstrations. Thousands were wounded.

In October, the student movement-which represents a coalition of political sentiments ranging from extreme right to leftist- were primarily concerned with the issues of restoration of a civilian government, inflation, and unemployment. Many of them, about to graduate from the university, found that they were "overeducated" for the Thai job market and faced almost certain unemployment upon graduation.

The recent demonstrations against U.S. presence, however, brought into focus the role of the U.S. in Thailand's economy and political structure.

The Phoney CIA letter, intended to encourage desertion from the ranks of the insurgents, was detected when an office boy registered the letter using the CIA's Bangkok office as its return address. Its revelation strengthened the position of the more progressive students who were attempting to make the U.S. presence in Thailand a primary issue.

The U.S. presence, both military and economic, in Thailand is considerable. At present, the U.S. has more than 40,000 troops based in Thailand. During the height of the air war against Cambodia, Laos and North Vietnam, Thailand served as the primary base of operations for the Air Force.

For example, during the period from 1965-1969, the U.S. government spent more than \$2 billion, primarily for base construction, employment of Thai personnel, and supplies. The London Financial Times estimated, in 1969, that this investment meant a \$2 million plus for Thailand's balance of payments each year of peak military activity. Without that plus, Thailand would almost surely run a balance of payments deficit of more than \$300 million yearly. (It is just this problem that is at least partly responsible for the current inflation.)

In addition, the Times pointed out that more than 20,000 Thais earned their living on U.S. bases at the height of the air war.

As that phase of the war wound down, however, the U.S. cut down on military construction in Thailand, and reduced somewhat the number of GIs stationed there.

But as U.S. military investments declined, U.S. corporate interests zoomed. And conditions were ripe. Under various military regimes, Thailand had acquired a series of laws designed to profit foreign investors and their Thai representatives. For example, labor unions (and political parties) were outlawed in 1958; there is a partial duty and tax exemption on imported raw materials; there is no tax on imported machinery; 100 foreign-owned enterprises are permitted.

If the new governments' civilian character does prove less enthusiastic about repressing the insurgents in the north and far south, then the U.S.'s interests would be directly affected. A report from the Economic Research Division of the Chase Manhattan Bank put it in this way: "Thailand promises to be an excellent investment and sales area for Americans if the rebel insurgencies can be contained."

#### Boston is Really Great

Well um uh like dig-it man like um you know uh wierd man ah um is like you know well um sorta like you know um really you know for sure like I don't know um ah oh well you know what I mean great man like dig-it. Well um that is um uh all ah I um uh-uh want to ah um say um ah uh you know.

Joe (uh) Taco

### Hydrogen Avenue- The Stillness of Social Change

A bomb dropped today  
Water scratched through the pavement  
broke the windows as well as the  
Concrete foundations  
water fold  
Told the green sky hold your hands  
over your eyes  
I tried

But I had to look-  
Broken shoulders jump into space  
Old woman white scarf  
picks the glass;  
without once hitting me;  
Snaps  
Them into the rigid gutterhole. This time  
laughter is frightening because  
it's just an everyday day

Two scrapbook men  
vaguely connected at top  
of an upsidedown ladder  
They allow their hands to be pushed inside  
a mouth of  
half-wit bulbs  
and tendon glass

I can't help thinking that they talking up  
The bloody neon sign didn't know  
about the explosion

All the unborn but never to be born  
Chickens slipped into their silent  
paper wombs  
Lovers changed places  
attitude  
memory

Boundries have shifted and  
everyone is living in different houses

And every moment someone is trying  
to wash the always newly given  
aftermath dust  
from their clothes.

I see it smiling  
"Have a Nice Day"  
on my car

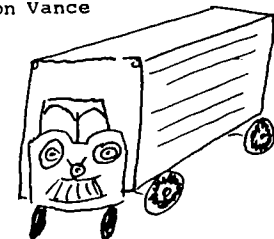
The only problem is  
I know where it came from  
So I'm running

Ain't no bomb  
gonna put me  
in somebody's  
Fashionable Original



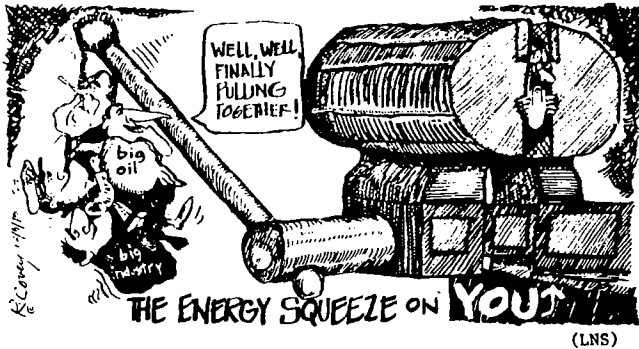
-Shannon Vance

YOU TOO  
CAN BE A TRACTOR-TRAILER



The soup staff is asking you to please edit your own article. This newspaper is really hard enough to put out without having to edit every article that walks into this office. By editing your article we mean taking out any repetition and misspelled words. Unimportant words and phrases have to be left out. We love getting articles from you but remember that it is awfully hard to type articles that have misspelled words and little to no sentence structure. Thanx.

Love, Emily Blattman



Did you ever notice how initial concious we are in this organization? I don't know whether this is good or bad, or if it makes any difference, but it is an interesting facet of information. Take our name for example: LRY. All initials. And then, some of us have a fun time jostling around the meanings behind those initials. Here are a few examples:

Legless Racehorses from Y-oming  
 Leftover Rancid Yams  
 Lesbian Refugees from Yugoslavia  
 Leftist Radical Yuppies.....Hmmm.....  
 Light Reddish-YeTlow  
 Lucious Raspberry Yogurt  
 Lousey Rotten Yankees  
 Loquacious Rowdy Youngsters

It is nice to know that we don't take ourselves so seriously that we can't have a bit of fun with what we call ourselves. The initials don't stop there. That is only the beginning, the initial part of it, you might say. All of the federations I have run into have initials for names. Examples of these are: JAF, MAF, CVF, DVF, and GMAF. Then we get into regional organizations, and that's where I think we have the most fun with initials, and where really creative anagrams come up. There was EGO, once, which stood for Eastcoast's Greatest Organization, and that was changed to MARC and almost MARS. There is also NERO, and I don't see why any LRY group would want to name itself after such an infamous, tyrannical despot. Other examples of imaginative names have been GLURC, SLUT, TOAK, SEAFAM, LSD, and GODARFUL. There are also many committees within federations, locals, and regional organizations where many other initials can be found.

Andrew Veionis (JAF)

## Advisor's Conflict

Linda Brown

I have complete sympathy with LRY advisors who find it hard not to be "one of the kids". It is hard to step away from a group of people you enjoy because you are expected to act as a responsible advisor. (or just as a responsible adult) In September I struggled with a situation of this type and ended up writing out my feelings to help me clarify my decision and also to just "wind down" from my struggle. Let me share it with you.

September 23, 1973 Midnight

I have just spent two hours deciding to change a decision I made in two minutes tonight at our LRY meeting. Tonight our group shared its reactions to smoking pot. I was among those who had never smoked pot. When asked if I had a reason for not doing so I responded that I felt no necessity to get involved. I feel I am a happy person. Also this could create a real legal hassle with regards to my profession as a pharmacist. I added that I am quite sure that I would have tried smoking marijuana if it had been available to me in high school or college. I have always had a curiosity about the effects of drugs. Once I took a nitroglycerine tablet so that I would know about the headache caused by this vasodilator. During my five years in school I probably used dexedrine five or six times for those rare all-night study sessions.

I listened to the others share experiences and found somewhat to my surprise that I was rapidly developing my curiosity about marijuana. Suddenly I was inviting LRY'ers to educate me. I really wanted to see what a joint looked like. I wanted to have a comfortable knowledge about the terms such as "roach" and "number". And yes. I was curious to know what it would feel like to get mildly stoned. The group was overwhelmingly enthusiastic about becoming my teacher. Our meeting time was nearly over. Quickly we agreed on a 35 cent joint, limited my mentors to a group of three and set a date. Andy congratulated me for making the decision. Then he said something to the effect that he always thought of me as cautious Linda with an answer for all possible problems. From that moment on I became increasingly uncomfortable about the decision. By the time I got to the car I realized that it is not too smart to set a time and place for your crime. As we drove out of the parking lot I asked Allan, "What do you think?" He replied, "Would it make any difference?" By the time we got home, I knew he was unhappy about the whole thing, and did not want it to take place in our home and did not plan to be there if it did. At this point I dialed the church number to tell my mentors I thought we had been unwise to announce the date. I also added that Allan was unhappy and that I was not sure I thought it was worth it. We tentatively set another date. We discussed the possibility of them just telling me what there was to tell and then letting me smoke in private but we all rather wanted to share the experience. I kept feeling uncomfortable. I began to see that this was not the way to get my education. I felt like I was corrupting the LRY'ers even though if anything, it was more the other way around. I could see this simple thing getting blown all out of proportion. I consulted with another church member who offered an alternate means of getting my education without risking getting kids involved. This person pointed out that if one joint is found in a family car, the car can be impounded.

In conclusion I also must add that now that I know how uncomfortable I have become thinking about our plan, I doubt if smoking under these circumstances could possibly be a positive pleasant experience. (maybe some night with just Allan and me in our bedroom---!) It has taken two hours of thought for me to decide this is not the way to get my education. I feel somewhat cheated to not be able to share this experience. However, I am again at peace with myself knowing that I have made a decision I am comfortable with. P.S. Just as I expected, my mentors did not hassle me about my decision to cancel the party. I'm glad they could respect the fact that I did not feel any obligation to go ahead after I had decided that method of education was not for me.

(continued on page 7)

