

PORTLAND WOMEN'S COMMUNITY NEWSLETTER

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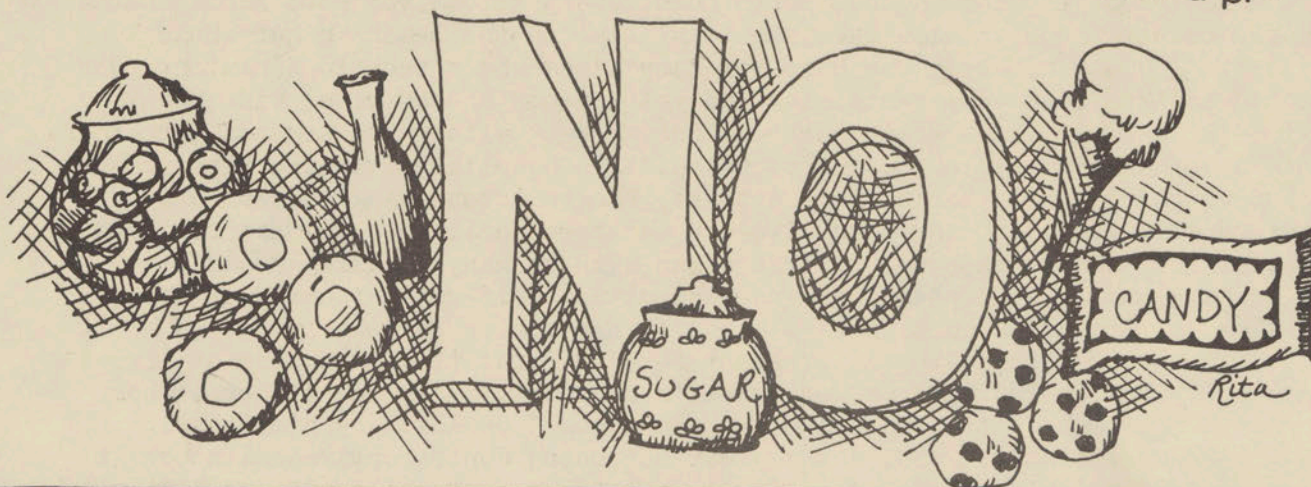
FOOD

Sugar n' spice...

It has been over a year since my tongue has licked a scoop of Mary's vanilla ice cream (not to mention a pint), since my teeth have sunk into one of Kathy's chewy chocolate chip cookies (not to mention a dozen), since my lips have been brushed by the cream cheese frosting on a piece of Mr. Bagel's carrot cake (not to mention the whole cake). It has been over a year since I've frantically searched pockets and drawers, under cushions and behind chairs for lost change so that I could run down to Gil's for Suzy Q's, Hostess Twinkies, or Yo Yo's. The item wasn't important as long as that crinkly cellophane wrapping with the white cardboard backing housed sugar. It's a wonder that I never broke into Gil's after closing time or shoplifted those little packages when I was out of cash.

When my sugar alarm rang I was out of control. No amount of sweets could really silence it. It was not until I learned to listen to the messages that my sugar dependency was delivering and to make other changes in my life (with some fine feminist help and a book called Fat Is A Feminist Issue) that I stopped eating refined sugar. The stopping itself came fairly easily and without self-denial because my whole being--right brain, left brain, body, soul, and gut--were into it. However it was hard getting there. Beginning to look honestly into the gaps I had been compulsively trying to fill with food was a slow, anxiety-producing, and often lonely process. As I began

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JAMAICAN JOURNAL 2

The american calendar I have has a beautiful winter scene of a log cabin in a pine woods--roof, limbs, etc. all heavily laden with snow--and I think of Maine, not without nostalgia, as the winter solstice approaches. Though I am not wearing a wool cap, felt-lined boots or down vest, I am needing to wear long sleeves on occasion and sleep with more than a sheet when the wind is blowing hard or the rains are coming down. I am often quaranteened to my house on the wettest days, very happily drinking coffee, reading, and on this particular morning, contemplating what next I should share of my Jamaican life with my good friends up north.

I guess I'll begin by tying up the loose ends of my first Jamaican "journal" that was published in the Sept. Newsletter by catching you up on two of the women I mentioned then, and then let you get a better idea of what one woman's life has been like and how this has shaped her world view. So, first, Miss Catherine did in fact leave the man she had been living with, (after returning to him at least once for a brief time--needless to say the same problems always drove her way again), and went to Kingston to work as a domestic helper. I last saw her on the road smoking a "spliff" of ganja, (in other words, a big old joint of marijuana), and carrying the last of her harvest away from the garden on her head. She seemed really pleased about going to "Town" to work as she had worked for this woman before and liked the situation well. A good town job for a country woman is certainly a coveted item. This was three months ago and I've not seen her since. Sephlyn, (I misspelled her name last time around), managed without her sister's help for a month or two by bringing one of her daughters with her to work and getting other relatives to help her out. Her sister is back again now and things seem to be running smoothly enough as Sephlyn goes home every Saturday evening to do the week's wash, plenty of cooking and cleaning, (as well as to to church, a key activity in her life), before returning to Miss Ivy's late Sunday evening. Sephlyn, who is the main spark maintaining my flame of life here in Jamaica, is the woman I want to concentrate on today in my musings, for she is so special to me. If I convey one fraction of the warmth, common sense, intelligence, and inspiration that she exudes, well then I guess I will feel "Real all Right!"

Sephlyn lives in Barracks River in her father's house. This town lies in the hills of St Mary about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Richmond, a sizeable town, which is another 2 miles from Highgate, a slightly larger town, which is just over 30 miles from Kingston on the south coast and 9 miles from Port Maria on the north coast. Sephlyn has never spent any time on the beach in her whole 30 years! She can count on one hand how many times she's been to Kingston. Her horizons have been very restricted and yet somehow she is wise, wise about life in the way only a woman can be. She grew up with 7 sisters and 3 brothers and a mother who was in and out of psychiatric hospitals from the first years of Sephlyn's life. (Her mother certainly had an interesting and effective method of coping with the hard life she had been dealt--her illness relieved her of much of the responsibility a woman with so many children would otherwise have had.) So Sephlyn was independent and self-reliant early in life, taking on many domestic burdens along with her sister Doreen.

At age 17 Sephlyn became pregnant for the first time. Because of arguments at home she moved from her father's house, to G.'s, the father of her child. She lived with this man 8 years and had 5 children by him in all. G., like most Jamaican men, was against her using contraceptives although it was Sephlyn's desire to do so. Finally after her last child she had a tubal ligation without his consent. (If she had been married to him, the doctor *cont. p. 5*

Sugar n'spice... cont'd

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to uncover meanings that lay beneath the surface of my addiction I found sugar to be my warden, enemy, and batterer as well as comforter, pleasurer, companion, and lover. It was religion and government, inducing guilt and serving punishment. It gave protection, security, and rewards. Sugar was anesthetic, stimulant, intoxicant, and tranquilizer. It was the meaning of life itself. *Sucre, mon raison d'etre!* (And it also often made me sick.)

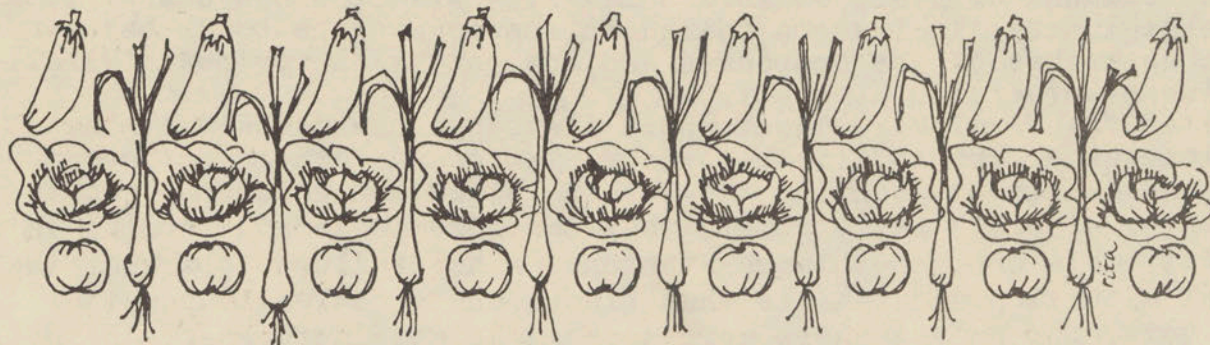
Eating that white stuff in its various forms transported me to a Never Never Land where I could put off making responsible adult decisions, especially if they were to create conflicts with people or bring disapproval. I used my mouth to eat Sugar Plums instead of saying "No", instead of expressing my needs and so-called negative emotions. I was a staunch follower of the "That's what little girls are made of" theory and took it quite literally.

If you want experience in saying "No" in our society, try cutting sugar out of your diet. The opportunities for practice abound. Often when I say "No, thank you" to a sweet offering people respond by quickly looking away or casting their eyes downward, twitching a bit. Many persons ask "Why not?" with great incredulity and others politely ask, "Do you have diabetes?" If you check out grocery stores, watch commercial tv or read packaged food labels you can easily see why our culture deems it strange to avoid sugar "when you don't have to." The powerful commercialism and economics of sugar and other unhealthy substances in this country cause me to define my personal decision as also a political action. Until I met a woman who had eliminated sugar from her diet I didn't believe the human organism could survive without those juicy granules of dextrose melting in the blood stream. I am indeed healthier without them though the withdrawal did have its rough moments. (I remember last Christmas opening and shutting my parent's refrigerator door a thousand times yelling "No! No! No!")

A woman I know recently asked me, "If you don't eat sugar, why haven't you lost weight?" "Ah, my friend, it's not the same thing," I replied. "I quit eating sugar because I really wanted to. In order to lose weight I would really have to want to be thinner." One can gain weight eating brown rice and raw nuts as well as chocolate chip cookies if one wants to.

My relationship with food is not completely where I'd like it to be, but it's nowhere near the addicted depths of some of my past years. I have the power to make choices in the matters of my health, my body, and my life. And it feels nice to be a woman choosing to be healthy.

Rita Swidrowski



4 Davis, Angela Y. Women, Race, & Class. New York: Random House, 1981.

Almost ten years have passed since Angela Davis was acquitted for trumped-up charges of murder and kidnapping. Black, female, highly intelligent and communist, she was the victim of a 1970-style Reaganism (he was then governor of California and director of the Board of Regents) which fired her from UCLA. The FBI linked her communism with her support for the Soledad brothers, three black men falsely accused of a prison murder, and used these political positions to concoct charges of her participation in a San Rafael courthouse shoot-out. The ordeal of her trial and the mass movement which helped to secure her freedom inspired Davis and others to organize the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression. She has continued to work in the communist party while lecturing and organizing throughout the U.S. and is currently teaching philosophy and women's studies at San Francisco State.

Over the past decade Davis has published many articles as well as her 1974 autobiography, but Women, Race & Class is her first major work. In thirteen essays she attempts to illuminate neglected and misunderstood areas of black women's history and to explain how a class and racial bias has limited the scope of the mainstream women's movement ever since its formal beginnings in the mid-nineteenth century. The early "women's rights movement" was born in the abolition crusade during the 1830s, in which participating women acquired practical political skills while sensing their own oppression in comparison with the slaves'. According to Davis, this analogy, perceived by middle-class women who actually shared less of the slaves' condition than did working-class women, failed to take into account the unique and deep suffering of the black people, but at least it provided the link between black and women's liberation. At first the understanding that these two causes were inseparable was preserved in the minds of the Grimke sisters and Lucretia Mott who, when denied the right to speak their views at anti-slavery conventions, organized their own groups and lectured on black and women's rights together. But later, women like Elizabeth Cady Stanton, caught in the web of the middle-class women's dilemma, seemingly a result of "sexism" unrelated to racism or classism, began to narrow the growing movement's vision. At the first women's rights convention of 1848, middle-class aspirations and the problems of marriage and property dominated the earliest articulated expressions of the struggle; only lip-service was paid to working-class women, who had actually pioneered in the movement for women's rights while organizing for better labor conditions as early as the 1820s, and no one even mentioned black women, who had long been resisting slavery, working for educational rights, sweating in field and household while trying to hold together their disrupted families. The presence of the articulate Sojourner Truth at many of the women's conventions held until the Civil War was a constant reminder of black women's solidarity with the new cause, but from the beginning its leaders failed to appreciate the bonds between the various groups of the oppressed and the potential for powerful alliances in an integrated movement.

After the Civil War, the tenuous tie between women's and black liberation was broken as Elizabeth Cady Stanton and others refused to support the amendment granting the vote to black men unless all women received it. Although Davis admits that the women's demand for the vote was a legitimate one, she blames Stanton for her failure to assess the political situation and realize that blacks could not wait upon the women's vote, for unless there were some immediate improvement in their political situation, all of these recently emancipated people would

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would not have done it without G.'s approval!) G. had children by several other women besides Sephlyn before and while living with her--this behavior is also very typical of Jamaican men. Sephlyn was aware of this while living with him but chose to ignore it. "Me was stupid and naive to believe him" she says now.

About 5 years ago Sephlyn started talking about G. She was becoming "ill with her nerves" until she finally had a nervous breakdown. He refused to pay her doctor bills saying first, that it was due to the tubal ligation that she was ill, and then later that it was in order to see another man that she went to the doctor in Port Maria so often. Finally Sephlyn left G. and no amount of money that he used could tempt her back again. Even now it could only be for financial reasons that she would ever even think of getting involved with a man again, but inevitably the financial support is not worth it to her: "Me can't put up with the foolishness" she claims, "them (men) pure trouble, de minute you involved with a man, complications set in." G. grudgingly gave her less than \$2 a week for a short while though it was his belief that Sephlyn's family should support his children! But now that Sephlyn earns a meager \$15 a week on her own, G. has suspended his support and Sephlyn never sees him at all.

So, although Sephlyn was sick for about a year, she moved from G.'s house back to her father's house, (her mother had died and her father had remarried and moved to his new wife's home). Over the years she has gone back to evening classes at various times with the financial assistance of her sister Doreen. G. had promised to help her finish school but of course had never followed through. She would love to have a profession now but she feels at age 30 that she is too old to learn one while continuing to support herself and her children. She encourages all young women to seek careers before involving themselves with men, thereby always having a way out--an independence that will prevent them from being stepped on by the men once they begin to show their true colors--which, according to Sephlyn, they inevitably will, given time.

In fact it is just this fierce independence from men that attracts me to Sephlyn so. Mind you, most women here in Jamaica are truly independent of men in almost every action and function of their life and yet they continue to live by this pervasive myth that a woman needs a man--even the women being most oppressed by the men! (Needless to say, all the boys and men are totally convinced of their extreme importance in every woman's life.) Sephlyn knows better: "Women should stop and think, and measure what they have. They cook, clean, share their bed, and what do they get back--nothing! Even the men that seem gentle on the outside are animals once you give them a chance. And they are really just like extra babies to take care of." You wimmin of Maine, in your community of supportive, caring, independent sisters, cannot imagine how refreshing that attitude is to me when everyone else around here pesters me about my solitude. "Why don't you have a Jamaican boyfriend yet?...Aren't you lonely living by yourself without a man to 'take care of you'(!)?... blah,blah,blah." When the thunder of their 'concern' overwhelms me I seek refuge in Sephlyn, the woman who is wise beyond her years and experience.

Finally as a last word today, for those of you whose closest experience to Jamaica has been Jimmy Cliff's "The Harder They Come", I suggest you think again of the women in the movie. There was the mother living alone in Town, struggling to survive with no help from her son. And then there was the pretty little church sister that was the "object" of contention between Jimmy and the church Papa. Was she so much better off with Jimmy? I never once saw him treat her with any respect. But then respect toward women in this country is a very scarce commodity indeed.

Sandra Butler
23 December
Jamaica



surely return to something just like slavery. The ease with which Stanton resorted to racist slurs and collaboration with bigoted democrats revealed that a latent racism had survived her participation in the abolition crusade. This tendency increased throughout the 1890s as the national suffrage association and the club movement discouraged black membership, while Susan B. Anthony refused to take a public stance against the lynchings and disfranchisement of blacks, all on the grounds that sympathy for the black cause would jeopardize the chances for southern white support for the suffrage. In the twentieth century, the suffrage movement lost all concern for black women as it began to openly embrace the ideology of white supremacy, arguing that the white women's vote would guarantee white racial hegemony. The movement was a little more supportive of white working women and tried to win their allegiance to the cause by helping to organize them and publicizing their miserable labor conditions in the 1860s and 70s. But the suffrage leaders, with their unquestioning acceptance of capitalism and their belief in the primacy of sexism rather than class inequality and racism, never really supported trade unionism or understood the special circumstances of women exploited as a class as well as a sex. Since the vote seemed abstract and the suffragist philosophy irrelevant to the working class women, they did not begin to campaign for the women's vote until 1910. Thus the limited vision of the women's movement continued to undermine the possibilities of a broadly conceived and united struggle.

With the vote secured in 1920, the movement remained quiet and dispersed for the next forty years, until the Civil Rights Movement of the 60s once again awoke women, as had abolitionism, to their own oppression. According to Davis, the new movement repeated the mistake of the old in failing to create a broad base of support and involvement reflecting the connection between class, racial, and women's oppression. She discusses the anti-rape movement in order to illustrate its insensitivity to racial concerns. Davis' main criticism is that feminists have not broadened their analysis to confront the most racist dimension of rape: the lynchings of black men, justified by false charges of raping white women, which spanned at least five decades after the Civil War. Black women thus challenge both rape and the frame-up as a racist strategy. As a special concern too large to be ignored, the "myth of the black rapist" has hardly been explored by the modern women's movement. Davis even charges some of the most influential feminist theoreticians of rape with colluding in the resurgence of this myth in the racist 1970s. She is highly critical of Diana Russell and Susan Brownmiller, whose Against Our Will is still considered the definitive study of rape. In her effort to show that rape is a crime of power, Brownmiller unwittingly reinforced the myth that black men, because they have been denied power, may be particularly prone to avenge this denial on white women. And in her effort to dispel the myth that women lie about rape, she wrote a confused analysis of the infamous Scottsboro Nine Case in which she somehow lost sight of the fact that nine innocent black men spent many years in prison on false charges. It is significant that this well-intended woman who has been perhaps the main architect of our understanding of rape has not been free of a kind of modern racism that stems from insensitivity and choice of priorities rather than from bigotry.

The second issue by means of which Davis criticizes the limitations of modern feminism is the abortion campaign. Reviewing the history of birth control, she shows how it has often stood on racist and classist premises, affirming a right for the privileged who want the freedom to pursue careers, while presenting a duty for the poor who have been admonished not to bring more "unfit" into the world. The

Review

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attention addressed to abstract rights of control over one's body and to middle-class aspirations has shifted the focus away from the fact that, although the working-class and poor want and need abortion rights, abortion is no solution for the socio-economic system which makes support of wanted children so difficult. Davis complains that the women's movement has also failed to give adequate attention to the problems raised by compulsory sterilization, supported by Margaret Sanger in the 1920s and abused by the U.S. government in the 60s and 70s as a deliberate racist strategy aimed at Native American, Chicana, Puerto Rican, and black women. Since the 1977 Hyde Amendment denies federal aid for abortions while continuing to support sterilizations, it is paramount that the plight of women who may now be forced to opt for elimination of their reproductive capacities be embraced by the women's movement as a whole. As with the rape issue, Davis asks that we take a deeper look into history, expanding our visions and priorities to include the complex class and racial aspects of reproductive rights, thus drawing in those women who may now feel that this is not their movement.

Along with these issues, Davis devotes several of her essays to historical sketches of black, working-class, and communist women. Black women have yet to see their true history written, for even those enlightened historians who have dispelled the myth of the domineering black matriarch have neglected to explore the heritage of strength and self-reliance which black women developed in resistance to slavery. Davis is especially concerned to show how foreign the prevailing nineteenth century ideology was to women in slavery; Victorian society exalted white motherhood while viewing the slave woman as a "breeder"; white women complained of the sexism pervading their marriages while blacks lived together in egalitarian relations under equal exploitation by the master; and whereas the doll's house entrapped the middle-class white women, the home of the slave family provided a sole refuge for humanity. Since the slave women always had to work in and outside the house, the entire vocabulary of the middle-class dilemma had no meaning for them; thus the philosophy of the nineteenth century movement did not possess the universality which it seemed to claim. In a review of the history of the black

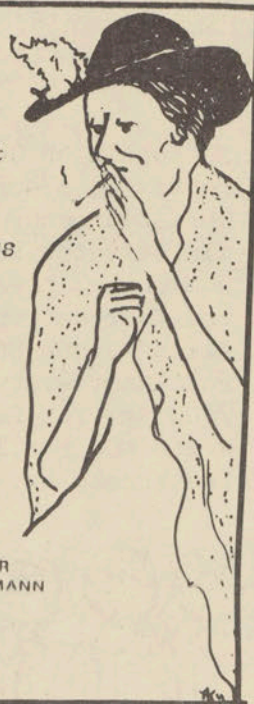
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If Virginia Was In Town
She'd buy her cheroots
at
Seaport Tobacco and Import
10 Exchange
A great place for great
cigars and Peruvian imports
and clove cigarettes.
p.s. We carry MS.

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& IMPORT CO**



DANIEL G. EBER
SOLANGE KELLERMANN



my mother's kitchen window sill...

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEWSLETTER TASK FORCE EDITORIAL BOARD MEETING AND LAYOUT, March 15-18, 7 P.M. at 20 Whitney Avenue, Portland. For info, call Bunny or Jennifer 772-3457, or Nicole or Diane at 774-3329.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF THE PORTLAND WOMEN'S COMMUNITY will be meeting the first Sunday of every month, 6:30 P.M. to 8:30 P.M. at various women's houses. All are invited. For further info, call Diane or Nicole at 774-3329.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS still reviewing the dues issue. News will appear in upcoming issues of the newsletter and further discussion will be held at the next couple Women's Community meetings.

BACHELORETTEES TO PERFORM IN AUGUSTA

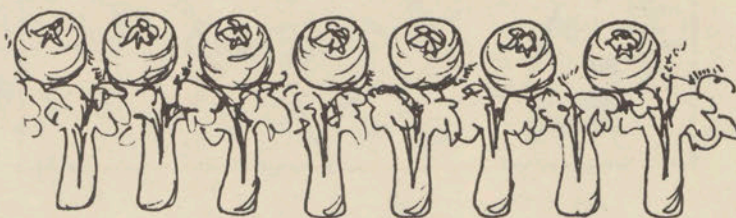
Women and friends are invited to enjoy music of the 50's and 60's performed from a lesbian perspective, as the Bachelorettes appear on Saturday, March 27, at 8 pm, at All Souls Unitarian Church, 11 King St., Augusta. Presented by Witchcraft Productions and InterWeave, The Bachelorettes promise an evening full of "music, theater, comedy, dance routines, political commentary and smutty innuendoes."

Through original acapella arrangements (and some original lyrics) of the popular music from their teen-age years, the three singing Bachelorettes offer a lesbian viewpoint on the loves, losses and relationships that made up those years and that music.

Concert tickets are \$4.50 at the door and \$4 in advance. Send ticket orders to Noel Clark, RFD #2, Box 90, Gardiner, Maine 04345. Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and make checks payable to Noel Clark. Childcare will be available. Preceding the concert, an Interweave potluck supper will be held at the church for all interested gay men and women. For details on the supper, call 622-3232.

MAINE GAY AND LESBIAN SYMPOSIUM IX, also hosting the Second Annual New England Lesbian & Gay Conference, will be held on March 26-28 at the Student Union of the University of Maine, Orono. Sliding scale fees (\$5-\$10). Workshops, dinner, dance, open forum, childcare, and housing. For more info, contact Wilde-Stein Club, Memorial Union, University of Maine, Orono, 04469.

Metropolitan Community Church of Portland, a nondenominational Christian church with a special ministry to the Lesbian and Gay community, presents weekly Gay and Lesbian rap groups at the Allen Avenue Unitarian Church, Portland, every Tuesday night at 7:00 pm. For further information write MCC Portland, Box 583 Westbrook, Me. 04092.



SAPPHO/A LOVER'S SUPPER FOR TWO
"I loved thee, Attis, long ago,"
said Sappho of Lesbos, the tenth muse.
Who in all truth would inspire
a supper for lovers,
or lovers to be,
but Sappho, our love poetess?
Tragic,
torn between Lesbianism and love of man.
Woman prevailed,
and as the tale goes,
Sappho flung herself into the sea,
for the love of a man!
Here is a supper for lovers,
married or single,
gay or straight,
love is love,
and lovers are lovers.

Cocktails:
Mavrodaphne over Crushed Ice.
Soup:
Chilled Egg-Lemon Soup.
Entree
Squab in Foil
Boiled Tomato Halves with Feta
Chilled Rodtys Rose Wine
Dessert
Fruit Cup with Yogurt Dressing
Coffee
Metaxa Brandy

NEWSLETTERMAKERS

Nicole d'Entremant
Diane Elze
Cheryl Ring
Martha Lunney
Rita Swidrowski
Bunny Mills
Jennifer Tarling
Susan Turley-Moore
Sparky

NEXT MEETING OF THE PORTLAND WOMEN'S
COMMUNITY will be held March 21 at 3 P.M.
in the Everywoman's Center of the Portland
Y.W.C.A. Fun & Frolic, potluck supper.
Childcare provided.



Jennifer's Lifesaver Soup
It's a whole meal.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. summer squash, fresh or frozen.
1gt. stewed tomatoes, fresh, frozen, or canned.
1 chopped onion.
1 chopped green pepper.
2c. green beans, fresh, frozen, or canned.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. dry barley.
tamari to taste.
pepper to taste.
1 tsp. basil.
2 tsp. parsley.
Cook all together with a little water.

Serve with Croutons and cheddar cheese



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Alexander Pope

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alternative energy, health care and nutrition.

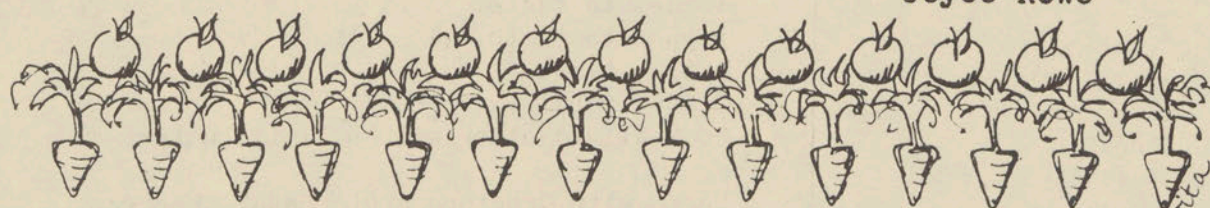
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women's club movement, organized in response to racist attacks against Ida B. Wells and rejection by the white clubs, Davis further illustrates the way in which social realities presented different challenges to black and white women. As the twentieth century progressed, the plight of the black woman and the special nature of racial oppression under capitalism was understood not by the mainstream women's movement, but by the communist party of the U.S.

Throughout her book, Davis bemoans the unfulfilled potential for powerful alliances and integrated work between the various groups of the oppressed, best illustrated by the joint efforts of black and white women to secure educational rights in the nineteenth century and by the support of women's rights provided by Frederick Douglass and W.E.B. DuBois. It has become a common view that the women's movement is a middle-class phenomenon whose utopian dream of uniting all women has repeatedly failed, and every type of feminist gathering over the last decade has been assessed for its degree of class and racial inclusion, often determined by limitations and a hesitation to take up causes not directly one's own, rather than by any exclusionary policy. But according to Davis, this disunity was never inevitable; it is rather a result of the pre-dominant view that "sexism", male domination and power, lies at the heart of all human oppression. A view possible only to the middle-class and the privileged, it has prevented the development of a comprehensive philosophy which would explain the links between the common plights of women, races, and classes under capitalism. Since

she writes from an uncompromising Marxian perspective, many critics will undoubtedly try to pass off her remarkable new work as mere propaganda. But the truth is that Angela Davis has contributed a greatly needed volume bringing together the complex issues of race and class which have perplexed the women's movement for years. Well documented and lucidly composed, these thirteen essays may be read separately, but the whole is greater than the sum of its parts and a consistent line of argument connects them all. Regardless of political orientation, all women concerned about the condition and future direction of the women's movement today will greatly benefit from the analysis offered in Women, Race & Class.

Joyce Rowe



2nd Annual Mother's Day March

The Women's Pentagon Action Group held a meeting on February 21 to begin plans for the Second Annual Mother's Day March and support actions for the International Peace March. (Canadian marchers, on their way to the United Nations, are expected in Bangor, April 1, and Portland, April 11.)

We are looking for more women to help organize these events and other actions to affirm our belief in a world based on peace and cooperation, rather than on militarism and nuclear proliferation.

Contact Marlane Spillinger, 882-5480, if you are interested in joining these efforts.



MARCH



	1 mcc 7pm YWCA 7-9pm "Free" Building a Wellness Lifestyle Workshop	2 message by Appt. 4-6pm YWCA	3	4	5 Cooking Lesson YWCA 10AM-1PM
6 PPC Board Mtg. 6:30-8:30 PM. 772-3457	7 5:30-7pm YWCA Wo. Reading Group	8 mcc 7pm YWCA 7-9pm Self Awareness Workshop	9 message by Appt. 4-6pm YWCA	10	11
12	13	14	15 mcc 7pm YWCA 7-9pm Fitness + your Well-being Workshop	16 message by Appt. 4-6pm YWCA	17
18	19	20 Massage Workshop YWCA 9:30-12:30	21	22 mcc 7pm (See announcements)	23
24 Pot Luck Supper YWCA Everywoman's center 6:00 pm.	25	26 Concert (refer to announcements)	27	28 mcc 7pm (See announcements)	29
30	31 message by Appt. 4-6pm YWCA	32	33	34	35

We are back on schedule again. The deadline for the next issue will be March 15th, and the theme is SPORTS/RECREATION/FITNESS/BODY IMAGE/ETC. The Theme for the May issue will be "Community" and the deadline will be the 15th of April. PLEASE GET YOUR ARTICLES IN ON TIME SO WE CAN STAY ON SCHEDULE. THANKS.

If you have a Green dot this is your last issue so resubscribe now.

Subscriptions are \$8(more if you can, less if you can't)

We also could use more help putting together the newsletter-see calander for layout dates. This is your newsletter too.

name _____

Address _____

Amount Enclosed _____ (Checks can be made out to "The Community")

