It was becoming evident to Stan Pokras that finding a Philadelphia masseur who specified in peanut oil treatments was no easy thing.

The 23-year old pushed himself back in the chair behind his cluttered desk and signed.

“We get some strange requests, but we try to do our best with each one. This one will be a little difficult,” said the gentle-spoken man from behind a fuzzy goatee.

OFFER SERVICES
Strange requests are a normal part of every day for Pokras, a former electronics technician who gave it all up to run “Everything for Everybody” out of a remarkable storefront just off Fifth and South sts.

EFE can probably be best described as a local people-to-people communications network which attempts to provide just what its name implies.

Open since June 1, the agency at 503 South st. now has 130 members who offer services in everything from German translation to flute lessons and commune accommodations to companions for blind and crippled persons.

USE OF RESOURCES
Members pay a $15 fee and are then entitled to unlimited use of the agency’s resources.

“What it really boils down to being, is an information center,” explained Pokras who graduated from Olney High and spent 4 ½ years studying electronic engineering at the Drexel Institute of Technology.

“Today, there is no place for people to go who need things. Say an old lady is sick and needs someone to go to the supermarket. She doesn’t have much money…. Where can she go? Now she calls us and we put her onto someone who is involved with a shopping service.”

RARE DIESASE
Or for instance, when a man needs a peanut oil massage three times a week. The man with that problem is suffering from a rare and fatal muscular disease that can be eased with the massages. He had nowhere to go, so he called EFE.

The idea of EFE – a loosely knit community of people all available to each other with some different skill or need – is not really new.

The original organization of that name was formed in New York City some four years ago and its members there now number in the thousands.

“The Philadelphia chapter idea came about after I left school and was working as an electronics technician at Women’s Medical College,” explained Pokras. I realized I really wanted to work with people, not electronics. I went to New York to see how EFE was run and it turned me on.”

A steady stream of people wander in and out of the dingy storefront daily to see Pokras for advice, jobs or just talk. One man came in and needed a job to pick up a few dollars. He was promptly directed down the street where a woman had offered $10 to anyone who would help her pack antiques.

HOME-COOKED MEALS
The door had just closed when it opened again, this time with a chunky young woman who filled out card offering custom home-cooked meals to anyone who wanted them. She was offering a choice of Greek,
Jewish or American foods and her prices per meal began at $1.50.

Meanwhile two others came in, threw themselves comfortably into dilapidated stuffed chairs, and chewed on free bananas from a nearby table.

“It’s amazing how people just want to help each other. Everyday, I meet more and more people who just want to communicate with other people,” said Pokras.

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE

“We’re dealing with young people, and old people, long hairs and straights and it’s incredible how well they really can get along when they relate to each other simply as people who need something or have something to offer.”

The phone rang and Pokras slipped across the room, spoke quietly for a few moments, hung up and came back smiling.

“That was a strange guy who is offering $100 for someone to write him dirty stories. We get a lot of weird sex calls.”

And minutes later, the next visitor wandered in. A young man with shoulder-length hair, smiled, and walked to the bulletin board where he read the small job cards. He began to peel a banana as he read. On the floor, a tiny grey kitten licked at his bare toes.

Over at the desk Pokras is back on the phone with a member who wants to know where to locate a certain kind of whale’s teeth at a reasonable price.

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER
SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1970
Stan Pokras Listens to Request

P.O. BOX 7843-Philadelphia's Everything Shop

S. Phila. Agency, Finds Answers to Almost Everything

By BOAG LEVENS
Of The Inquirer Staff

It was becoming evident to Mr. Pokras, a Pennsylvania University graduate who had been a Philadelphia manufacturer focused on specific in petroleum oil treatment, that his approach was no easy thing.

The 35-year-old pushed himself back in the chair behind the desk and did a little contemplation. "We get some strange requests, but we try to do our best with each one. This one will be a little difficult," he said gently, the man from 35th Street, one of the few public guides.

OFFER SERVICES

Strange requests are a nor-

tial part of the job. A typical one is a "seriff" electronics engineer who wants to run "Everything for Everybody" out of a remote storefront just off Fifth and Chestnut.

EEF can probably be best described as a local people-to-

people communications network, in an attempt to pro-

vide just what its name implies.

Open one day in the month of June, the agency at 3501 South St., just north of 30th Street, offers an exchange of services to everyone from German
citizens to local students and common acquaintances for small and big projects.

USE OF RESOURCES

Everyone is free and are then entitled to unlimited use of the agency's resources.

When really boils down to being, in an information economy, the question explained, Pokras who graduated from Olden Hill and then studied electronics engineering at the Drexel Institute of Technology.

"Today, there is no place for people to go who need things, say and lady is sick and needs someone to go to the supermarket... She doesn't have much money... Where can she go? Now all she can do is call and we will find someone who is involved with a shopping service.

RARE DISEASE

For instance, where a man needs a petroleum oil massage three times a week. The man with thick-handed, but also suffers from a rare and fatal malar-

ial disease that can be passed with the massages. He had nowhere to go, so he called EEF.

The idea of EEF, a loosely

ly knit community of people, is to make all available to each other with and different skills.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

The original objective of that game was formed in New York City some four years ago and its members there now number in the thousands.

"The Philadelphia chapter idea came about after I left school and was working as an electronics technician at 24th Street's Mann's Medical Center," explained Pokras. I really wanted to work with people, I didn't like sales, I didn't want to move to New York to see how EEF would function.

A steady stream of people wander in and out of the dingy storefront daily to talk over a variety of personal problems or just talk. One man came in and said he was going to pick up a few dollars. He was directed down the street to a bank where to anyone who would help him fill out the forms.

HOME-COOKED MEALS

The door had just closed when it opened again, this time with a chubby young woman who filled out card de-

scribing custom home-cooked meals for people who wrote them. She was offering a free dinner meal of American foods and her own homemade desserts for $1.50.

Meanwhile two others came in, threw themselves comfort-

ably into a couple of vacant chairs, and chowed on fresh baked cookies. "It's amazing how people can come in here, get something to eat, and want to help each other. Every- day, I meet more and more people who just want to com-

municate with other people," said Pokras.

ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE

"We're dealing with young people, and older people long-

g hairs and strait's and it's incred-ible, how well they really can get along when they relate to each other simply as people who need something or have something to offer.

The phone rang and Pokras slipped across the room, spoke for a few mo-

ments, hung up and came back smiling. "That was a young man who is trying to get a job. We're going to help him make up his own stories. We get a lot of weird sex calls.

And minutes later, the next conversation started. A young man with shoulder-length hair ran into the hallway board where he read the small leaflets cards. He perused a few, picked out a couple, and ran on. The, a tiny gray ball, was found resting on the floor.

Over at the desk Pokras is busily arranging the day's work as a member who wants to know where there is located a certain kind of whale's teeth, at a reason-

able price.