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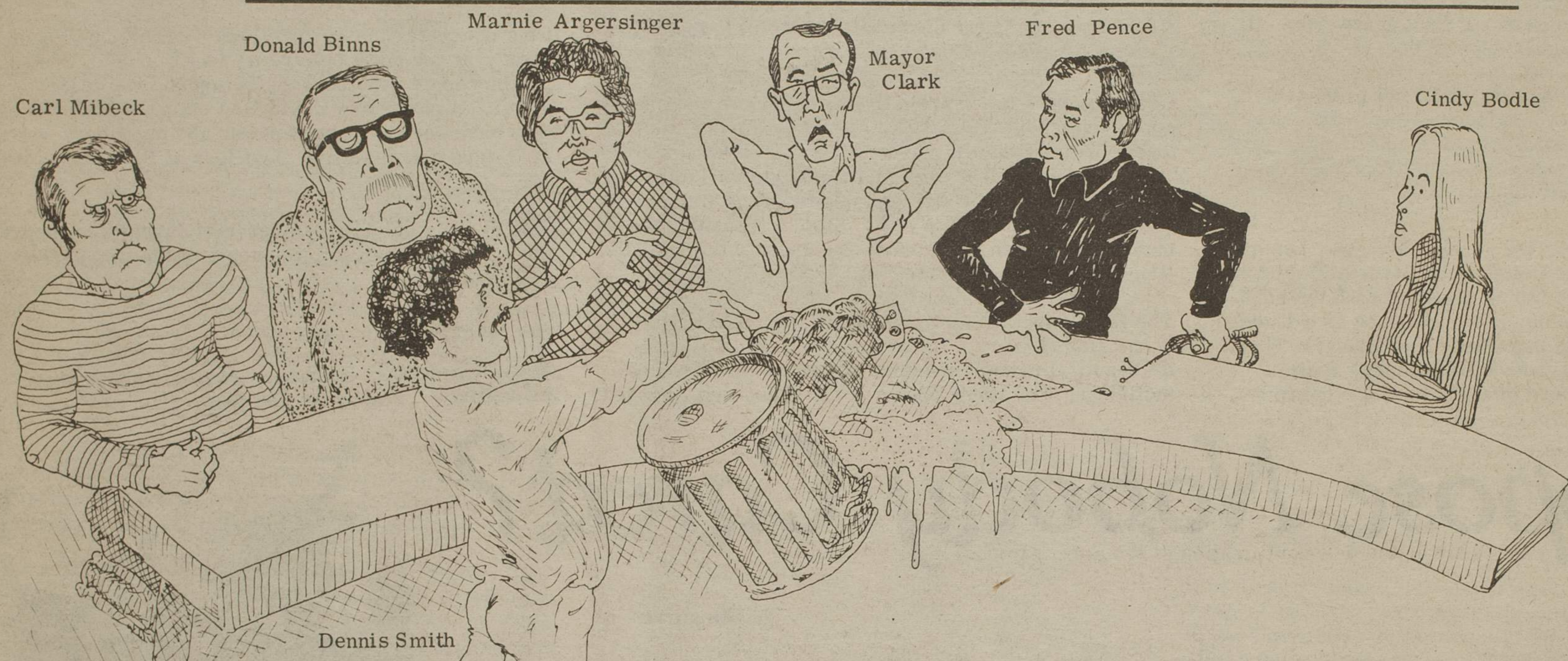
PUBLIC NOTICE

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VOL. 1 NO. 3 LAWRENCE, KANSAS

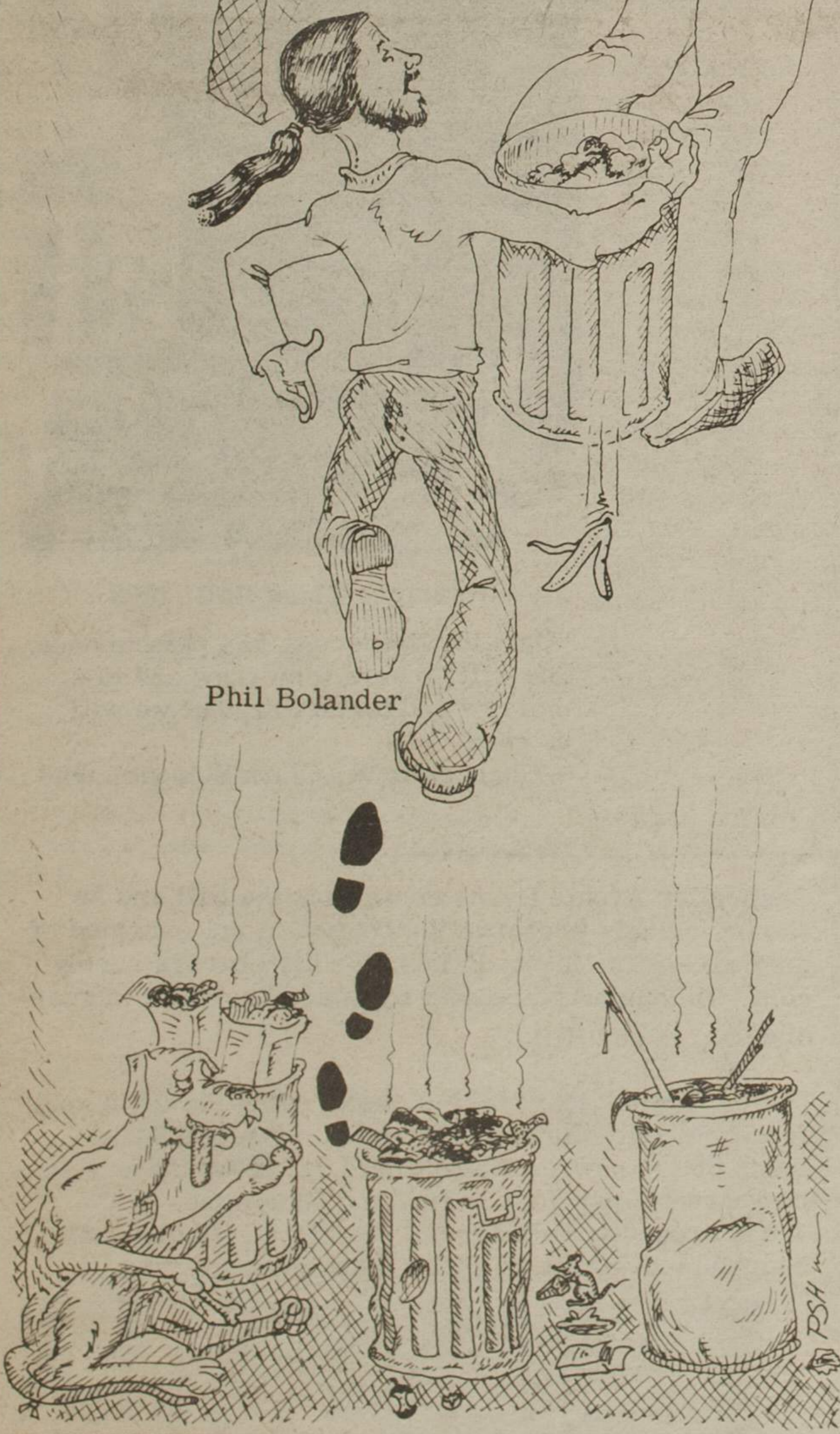
MARCH 1976

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RAISING A STINK: SANITATION CHAPS RAP

For the past several months there has been a steady war of words and nerves going on at City Hall. On one side, various public employee groups (including, initially, groups from the Fire, Police and Sanitation Departments of the City of Lawrence) have been steadily pushing for recognition of their groups as bargaining agents. This recognition was denied them by a vote of the City Commission. Even after this failure to gain recognition, however, the groups have continued to push--specifically, they asked the City Commission to investigate charges they made concerning what they felt were instances of mismanagement. As a result of this, the Commission formed an investigating committee. Two of the members of the committee were City Commissioners, Marnie Argersinger and Donald Binns, two of the members were employee group representatives, Dennis Smith (Sanitation) and Alvin Samuels (Fire) and two of the members were citizens, Homer "Butch" Henderson and Murial Paul. The investigation led to an extraordinary conclusion. Unable to agree about the type of report that should be written, Binns, Argersinger and Henderson submitted one report, while Smith, Samuels and Paul were working on another. Intense controversy has resulted from this split. Suspicion and mistrust by each side for the other has been the net effect. In this issue of Public Notice we interview two workers in the Sanitation Department, a truck driver and a loader, Dennis Smith and Phil Bohlander. They represent, of course, the employees' side of the struggle--Public Notice would be happy to interview, or receive written response from, anyone who would like to provide rebuttal to what is said here. For our talk with these two men, turn to page 2. And while you are reading--try a little tenderness. They're as human as us. Write Public Notice Box 114



The Good Life... Or What's Left of It



EAST LAWRENCE is a good place to live. Homes can be bought or rented at reasonable prices. Neighbors are friendly--they are black and white, old and young, poor and not so poor. Goods and services are within easy walking distance. Unfortunately, these qualities are not recognized by the rest of the community. East Lawrence will suffer for it...SEE PAGE 10.

The Hill

SEE PAGE TWO



THE TWENTY THIRD STREET BURGER BELT



KU ——— Do You Remember ?



Persons of color were not yet admitted to all places of business on Massachusetts Street. Students wanted football, then a family car. Ike was there, Nixon too and Joe McCarthy. Communists under every bed, in the woodwork.

From a clearly objective viewpoint (the bedrock of American journalism) it's all very cold and ugly. The KU Jayhawk now sets directly in front of Strong Hall (go look at it). Emblazoned upon its pedestal:

1956

jumps out at the passer-by, set in granite, memorializing a mentality which this nation may never live down.

It's all very funny now, in a way. Maybe a little foreign--maybe not. The '70s, among other things, has become the decade of nostalgia. Things are getting so damned lousy that lots of folks are trying to relive those grand and glorious days of the '50s. (Ignore the bomb--it'll never happen.)

In general our society has learned a lot in these 20 years. People are a lot smarter anyway. We know we can't trust anyone with lots of power or money (or both.) We know we must work with nature, harmonizing with it, instead of fighting it.

In 1956, the stone bird, the granite Jayhawk, bestowed its symbol upon the University. Recently whisked away from its obscure hiding place beneath the north wing of the Kansas Union, it was dropped as a leaden ball in the heart of the University community. The loud "thud" frightened us into complacency, apathy. Its utter coldness robbed our hearts of the natural



warmth within. The modern University, complex giant, has turned upon the spirit of its creators. The founders of the great medieval universities would turn in their graves.

Look around you at the neatly-trimmed rows of shrubs and the yards and yards of concrete. Stop and look at the pride of the University, the new buildings on campus; nothing less than monuments to architectural depravity. Stop to consider the role of the University and your concept of that role. Stop to consider the nature of the men and women who operate the institution--often quite invisible.

The KU campus looks worse today than at any time in the last 25 years. Its trees have died. Many of its beautiful native limestone buildings have been demolished. The whole flavor of the school has changed;

from an enrollment of 8,500 in 1956, to 14,500 in 1966, to over 20,000 in 1976. Bigger, bigger, bigger; but not better.

Now the bird is there to remind us of the past, the '50s. Once again, students, by their own admission, are more interested in their own lives, getting a job, a house and a two-car garage--a piece of the American Dream. "Go to college, get ahead."

The American Dream, buried in the '60s, has been dug up for the '70s. We can't afford it now. The crush of people and shortages of resources demand that we band together and work for a common good.

The University should be a force of change, positive change. But instead, the University of Kansas has become a reactionary institution. The same problems of centralized power that exist in big business and government--too big, too bureaucratic, hierarchical inaccessible and unresponsive--exist in the University of Kansas.

It's a concentration of power and wealth up on Mount Oread. If you don't believe it, look around. Where are the people who became so smart, who learned to distrust power and wealth and embrace nature? They have become part of power and big money which is raping nature today. Just look at the campus itself.

Look at the stone bird, the granite Jayhawk, dropped like a leadened ball into the heart of the University community.

Who put it there anyway?

Maybe it's military madness. Maybe it's just plain insensitivity. Maybe its just 1976.

Suppose Nobody Cared?

--an essay on the de-beautification of the K.U. campus...



Old Blake Hall 1895-1963

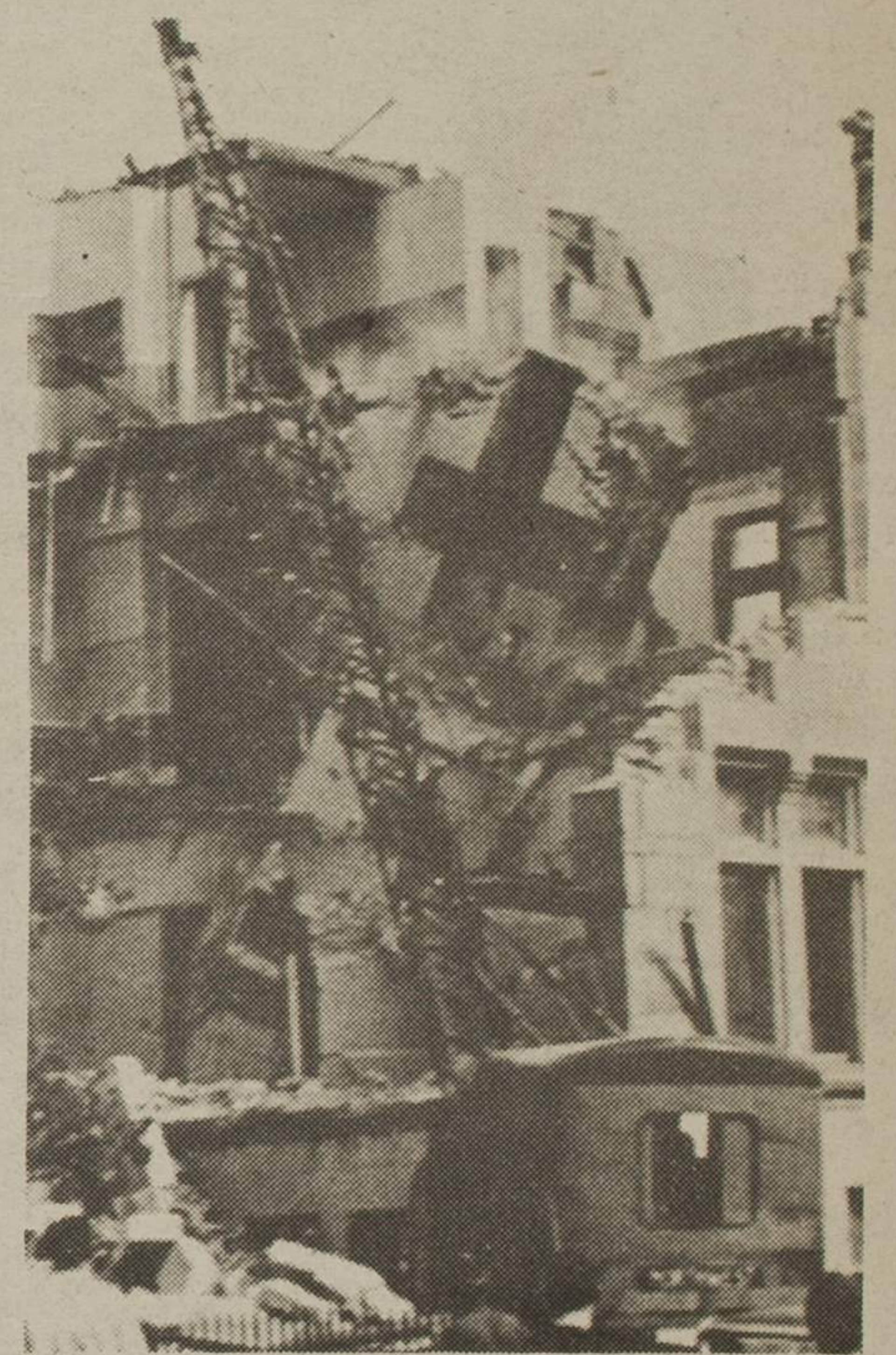
"The sandstone front of the Physics building looks like a speckled chicken. The Regents should think twice before accepting unconditionally the sorry looking structure with its chubby, freckled face, its one eye with a cross above it, and its monstrous hat."

---University Review, 1895

In Memoriam

The University Review damned Old Blake as a monster in 1895. In 1963, after the building had been standing idle for 11 years, it was reduced to rubble. Any guesses about what the University Reviewers would say about New Blake, or New Fraser?

R.I.P.



Rrrrip!! Blake Hall, 1963

"Only the University has permanence. She will be here tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, but we will be gone."

---Chancellor W. Clark Wescoe, 1968

CAMPUS, KU, INDIAN SUMMER APPROACHING--Buildings and Grounds workers came with orders, a sickle and a riding mower to the Praire Acre. It took less than an hour to turn chaotic wildlife into a trim, neat acre of ordered landscape.

While on Mount Oread, have you ever stopped to look upon the sole piece of virgin land owned by the University of Kansas in Lawrence?

Virgin land: unaltered, undisturbed, natural.



It's a few steps south of Blake Hall; political science. It's surrounded by a little rock fence, defining a single acre of ground.

Beneath a tree lies a plaque of dedication:

THE PRAIRE ACRE

Whereon is set this block of Oread limestone to mark and preserve Nature's sweet fashion of making her garden.

1932

KU's Praire Acre reeks of irony. It's the perfect symbol of man's flight from nature--towards a future shrouded by heartless sterility.

Nature is not sterile...it is beauty in its purest, most unassuming form. Nature is virginal. It is self-regenerating, self-sustaining.

Now look again; my virgin acre, rock fence that guards her.

She's been breached and broken. A little hole in the rock fence allows for the passage of a University lawn mower. In the spring and summer, you know when the land greens and grows, my little acre thirsts, she longs for new life. But now the freedom is robbed, betrayed by her very protectors.

New values now, not mine, not yours--not human. The hillside grows wild...it's unsightly. Crack the whip--alter nature--conquer it.

Chancellor Archie Dykes commands the Hill and he should lovingly preserve the beauty. I am ashamed of the University. I pity Dykes, for his heart is surely cold. He has no place next to nature, no right to guardianship of our Hill...

I swear I would carry the stone to patch the little rock fence myself...saying "No more of this. We'll do much better now." But to what end, if not other voices be heard? Open your hearts and your minds to the world around you, near you. Guard it. Unaltered, undisguised--it might not be here much longer.



Chancellor Archie Dykes' home overlooks an obscure spot called the Praire Acre.

HELPING TO BUILD A GREATER KU

February 24, 1965--Chancellor W. Clarke Wescoe announced today that he had personally inspected Fraser Hall and that the building was beyond repair. The structure will be closed at the end of the spring semester, he said, and will be razed as soon as possible after that.

No one protested the plans to destroy old Fraser, known as the "Athens on the Kaw", the building once deemed the finest and most progressive in all America when built in 1872. Fraser was a condemned building. Its foundation rested on wooden supports, clay and shale; all of which had been badly shaken during the construction of new Blake Hall and the additions to Watson library. At least that was the argument given by state architect, James C. Canole and KU administrators.

It was a sad day when Chancellor Wescoe announced the impending destruction. Old Fraser was a greatly admired building with a rich history. The second chancellor of the University of Kansas, Gen. John Fraser, traveled the country for months studying the designs of buildings at other universities so that Lawrence could have the most beautiful structure in the land. The original three-story, 54-room building was built for \$122,000 and it housed all of the classes and offices of the university.

Woodrow Wilson, Rutherford B. Hays, Ulysses S. Grant Gen. Sherman, Henry Ward Beecher and Franklin Roosevelt are among the famous people to address students in Fraser's fine auditorium. Movies were shown there also and at a reasonable price even into the 1960's... 35 cents bought an admission ticket in 1963. Thousands lulled in the seats of the auditorium to enjoy the melodic sounds of Fraser's pipe organ. The loft also had quite a reputation for being the campus necking parlor and for some time it was closed during the evening hours to prevent such activity.

March 29, 1965--Details and a picture of new Fraser appeared in the University Daily Kansan today. Response from professors, students and citizens both in Lawrence and across the country, insued quickly.

March 30, 1965--"Critics Castigate New Fraser Hall Design," read the headline in the Kansan. It was just the beginning of four months of controversy, protests, petitions, funeral processions, moratoriums and discussion. People had accepted the destruction of old Fraser, but the proposed replacement was abhorable.

In the end, Chancellor Wescoe, Vice Chancellor of Operations Kieth Lawton and the state architect, Canole, had the final say. New Fraser stands today in 1976 as a symbol of irrational, administrative action in complete disregard of the desires of the people. The story of concerned citizens' efforts to stop the construction of a building that was aesthetically a disaster and a perversion of the history linked to the man for which the building was named. It's a classic example of progress in the name of progress; mindless, irreversible, bureaucratic, decision making thoroughly removed from genuinely human values. The comments that follow appeared in the University Daily Kansan during the efforts to stop construction of new Fraser. They are testimonial to the destruction of beauty that has taken place in American society... destruction that continues today in Lawrence, Kansas.

Robert Fuenther, associate professor of architecture, was just one of many in the School of Architecture to protest plans for new Fraser in 1965.

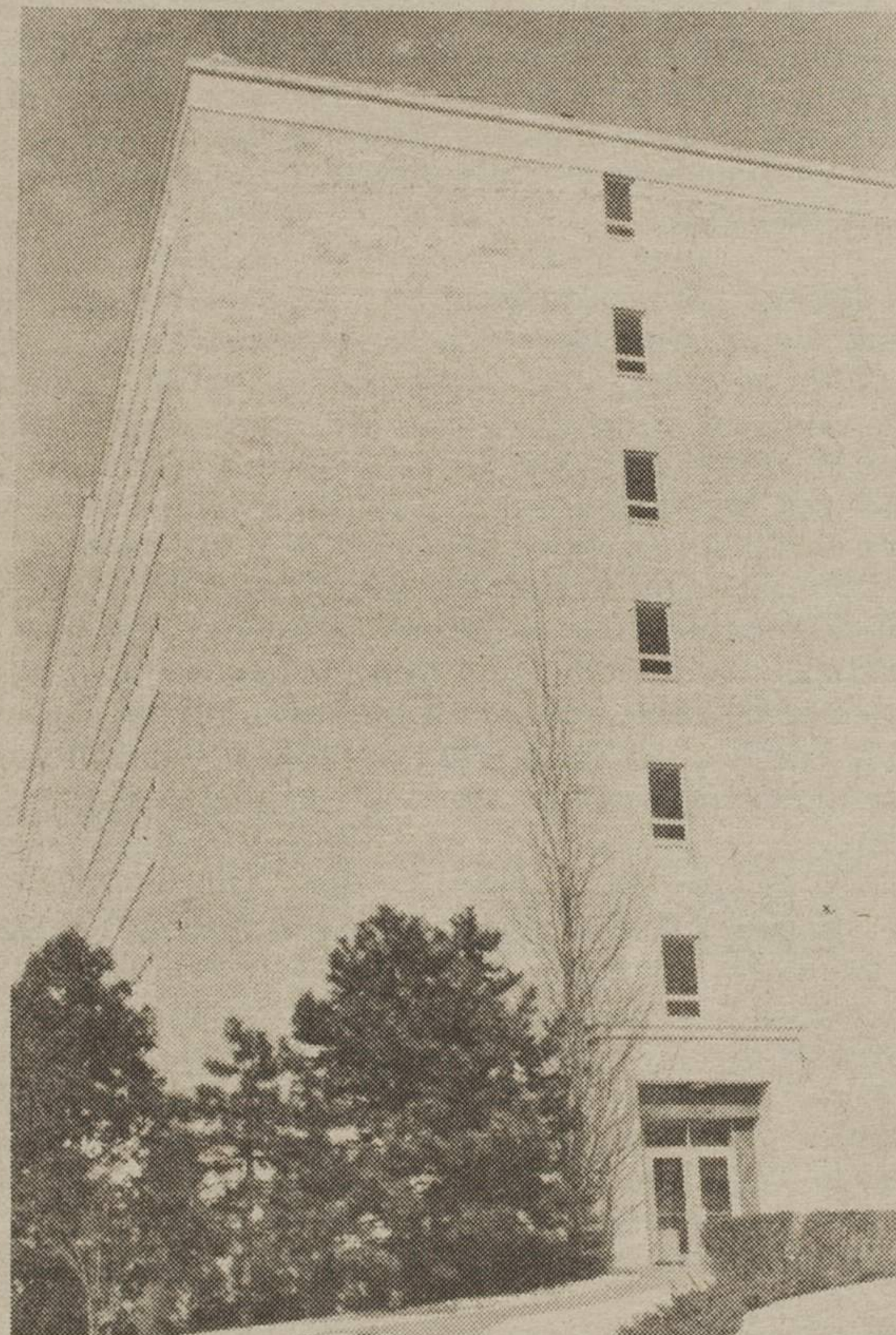
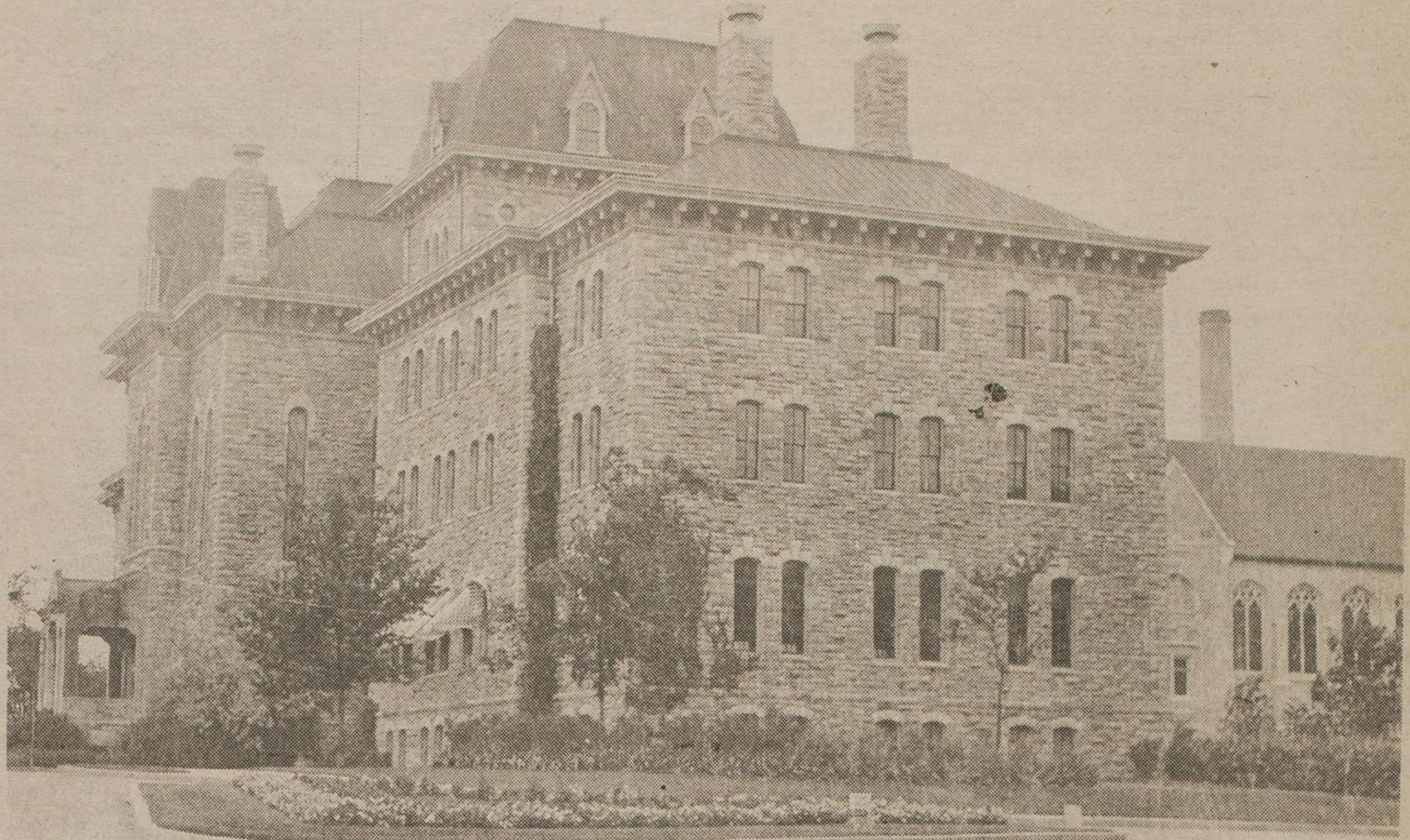
"It would be naive to evaluate that thing," he said. "It becomes a monument to bureaucracy. Take the roof off of it and it looks like one of those hotels in a Monopoly game."



NEW FRASER: MONOPOLY ANYONE??

Architecture students at Kansas State University expressed their sympathy by sending a handmade wreath of red leaves with a painted black ribbon in recognition of new Fraser. About 70 architecture students demonstrated in front of Fraser and placed a black K-State wreath in front of the building. They asked for a delay in the construction and endorsement of a plan for architects to design a master campus building plan.

Chancellor Wescoe offered this comment at the demonstration, "For people that presume to be part of a profession, I find this to be very unprofessional."



NEW FRASER: FROM THE LUNCH-BOX SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE

Other comments that appeared in the Kansan expressed dismay and anger with the plans for new Fraser:

"My congratulations to R. T. Griest (one of the architects) of Topeka! He has managed to combine in one building, all the worst features of modern architecture and has capped it with a red roof. Granted that KU students have been somewhat unruly lately, but I hardly think it necessary to provide future buildings with guard towers suitable for searchlights and machine guns. As Chancellor Wescoe stated, the new Fraser and Blake will provide for many visitors the physical image of the university. With this as an image, how can KU hope to be considered a great institution? Unless, of course, those guard towers indicate planned transformation into a penal institution."

The designs for new Fraser arrived in the East and brought this comment from Gerald S. Berstein in Philadelphia, the former curator of the Art Museum and instructor in Art History at KU.

"In their mimicry, the towers only serve to insult the imaginative men who conceived and built original Fraser Hall. Those of you who do care and are yet unwilling to pressure for a more meaningful design will live with this structure. Worse, you will force your children to live with it. To construct the new Fraser as designed is to show not only our lack of understanding of our times, but also our lack of the initiative to care."

To all of this, Chancellor Wescoe responded on May 5 saying in essence that new Fraser must and would be built as planned.

"We've planned it for two years and we cannot abandon the plans and hope to meet our space requirements. We can't go back to the beginning."

And so, we the survivors of the turbulent '60s remain and so does new Fraser, picturesquely located on the highest point on beautiful Mount Oread.

Lasting Reminders

SENATOR ROBERT DOLE VISITS--"I thought Drake University was the most beautiful campus," Mary Elizabeth Dole, the new wife of Sen. Dole, exclaimed at a Kansas Day reception in the Kansas Union, "but you all have a very beautiful campus. This is my first visit to your campus, but I hope to return in the spring when it's in full bloom."

WEST SIDE STORY--I ramble down the wooded slope north of the Aerospace Building on the West Campus of the University of Kansas. The soft, wet earth clings to my tennis shoes. I dodge low hanging branches and thorny bushes. No tranquility to be found in this wilderness. Iowa street traffic rumbles to the east. Vroom! Vroom! Two motorcycles kick clods of mud as they are driven up and down the piles of dirt which will soon be used to bury the ever-growing trash pile.

I long for isolation. Ravens fly above my head. A squirrel scampers through the underbrush. The illusion of nature evaporates. At the bottom of the slope I gaze up at the university grave yard. Three kids are crawling up the side of the KU trash pile. Stagnant pools of water full of soggy cardboard boxes, empty tape reels, broken bottles and paper prevent me from climbing up the mountain of debris. Here lie the discards from an institute of higher learning. I finally find a place to cross the only creek on the campus. Somethings smells rotten.

A boy of about 10 kicks an empty box, once the home of an IBM Selectric typewriter, down toward the woods. In funny, awkward steps his two buddies trudge through the rubbish to see what their friend has discovered.

I walk around the trash pile and up on the black earthen grave which hides the university's garbage archive. But, I had come to see the buildings.

To the north, great piles of broken, yellowing limestone lie in naked disarray. In search of old Fraser, Blake and Robinson I walk around and around the stones. I didn't know these old stones personally. Others visit the buildings with personal recollections of the campus that is no more. But I bring only memories of library photographs, yellowing newspaper clippings and a film of the fine old structures.

Buildings and grounds workers come here to sort the stones. Fine arts students pick at the remains. Grand buildings become rubble, become garbage, become sculptures.

I climb to the top of one of the limestone mounds. Old Fraser, maybe? To the east on Daisy Hill, McCollum, Ellsworth, Templin, Hashinger and Lewis stand like computer cards on edge. Hundreds of square, key-punch windows stare blankly toward the west. Once a favorite spot to sit in Daisies and Daisies and Daisies to view the campus below, is now bustling with shiny automobiles, asphalt and parking slots.

Blake Hall was wrecked in the spring of 1963. Two years later Fraser Hall went. They did it with a huge steel ball and many people came to watch. But they say that the people loved old Fraser. They protested the plans for new Fraser and the historic event was recorded in area newspapers and on film. I guess tragedy attracts many.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

The expertly painted sign with red letters--readable from half a block away--on the side of the yellow moving van said:

HANK'S MOVING SERVICE
IF YOU CAN'T HANDLE IT
BE FRANK
CALL HANK
DAY OR NIGHT 266-5250

The flags on top of Fraser Hall about two miles away to the west were flapping in the mild summer breeze as the driver closed the rear doors and padlocked them. There was no traffic on the street or pedestrians on the sidewalk. A shutter, on the front of one of the many deserted houses, banged against a wall. The grass on lawns, long uncared for, had turned brown. Occasionally a homeless cat or dog would wander, undisturbed, in and around the houses. The moving van had just been loaded with furniture, kitchen appliances, old newspapers, memorabilia, cooking utensils, books, magazines, silverware, clothing and other miscellaneous household items taken from the large white weather-beaten house. It was the last house to be vacated to make way for the new roadway. Behind the van, looking for a news story, was a reporter in a car with a TV station sign on the side. Behind the TV station car was a police car and two policemen sent there in case of trouble.

Hank, the husky, heavily-tanned, partially bald, forty-year-old van owner and operator dusted his hands off by clapping them together with a sliding motion. He was tired as he slowly walked over and plopped down on the running board, and waited for the owner of the house, and old man, who had asked if he could have a ride to his new house. Hank glanced at his watch. The time was 2:45. It had taken him and his slender, dark-haired, bearded, 25-year-old helper, named Mark, five hours and forty-five minutes to load the contents of the house into the van. Mark sat down on the curb in front of Hank. Hank wiped his sweaty brow with a red, bargain-store handkerchief, lit a cigarette, looked at Mark and said, "Glad that's over. Sure wish I had a beer now. Sonuvabitch, it's hot!"

"Yeah, a beer would be great. Want me to go get a six-pack?" Mark asked.

"No, that's alright. We can pick some up on the way."

Hank continued to sit on the running board and smoke. His cigarette burned to a stub. He took out another one and lit it with the butt before throwing it aside. He took a deep drag and silently looked at the ground with his elbows resting on his knees, as if he was in deep thought. Mark sat on the curb, with his eyes closed, catching his breath. Hank was barely winded. He was an "old hand" at moving furniture. Occasionally he would flick the ashes off of his cigarette.

Hank looked up and began to inspect the recently emptied one-story house. It was old but solid. The peeling white paint gave it a weather-beaten look. The ends of some branches of an oak tree brushed against the eave on the south side. There were several shingles that needed replacing along with a few window and door screens.

"Hell, it ain't bad," thought Hank. "If it had a little work and money put into it, it would be a damn good house. Some of these newer ones don't last nearly as long."

Hank looked at Mark and asked, "When the old man asked if he could ride with us, how long did he say he'd take?"

"Ten or fifteen minutes, he said."

Hank glanced at his watch and muttered, "Sure hope the old geezer hurries up, we gotta go!" He looked sideways at the police car and the TV station car, knowing why they were there. Then his voice took on an edge and became a little louder, "You know...it's shit like this that I hate. I don't like it but I gotta make a living too. Goddamn politicians!"

To emphasize his point, Hank kicked contemptuously at a rock on the pavement. Mark nodded his head in agreement, shrugged his shoulders and sighed, "Yeah, I know."



In the basement of the house the former owner, a widower, was taking a last look at what had been his home. He was thin, old, grey-haired and slightly stooped. He stopped at a corner, leaned on his cane with his left hand and adjusted his glasses. In front of him, lying on the floor, he saw one of his dead wife's dresses that he had overlooked. He got down on his knees and picked it up. The doctor had warned him not to bend over. He examined the dress carefully. His wife had worn it before she had become pregnant, in 1927, with their third son. There were a few moth holes in it. He poked a finger through one of them as he began to reminisce. A grin covered his face and "Well, I'll be darned! Don't that beat all! ...Sonuva-

gun!... This is the one that Martha was wearing that Saturday morning when the kids were out playing."

He looked toward the wall where the old couch had been and continued to talk to himself. "Yeah. She protested and slapped my hands at first and never would admit it but I always knew she enjoyed it."

The old man decided to take the dress along. Holding it in his right hand and using his cane with his left hand, he stood up. The effort winded him so he rested for a couple of minutes. Then he looked up at the floor joists. They were thick and heavy. He could see that they were as solid as they were the day he put them in--back in '23. He looked over at a crayoned tick-tack-toe game on the wall about four feet from the concrete floor. "One of the grandkids must have done it, he thought. Martha never would've let it stay there if she'd seen it."

"Wonder which one it was?" he muttered. "Wish they were here now." Tears came into his eyes and he walked over and began slowly climbing the stairs. To do this the old man had to put his cane and left foot on the step then raise his right foot to the same step and repeat the process until he got to the top of the stairs. Then he leaned against the side of the door frame for five minutes and rested before walking into his former kitchen. He looked at the sink and remembered the time that Sharon, his youngest daughter, had chased Billy through the kitchen and knocked the pan of chocolate pudding off the drain board.

"Damn was Martha mad," he said to himself as he remembered how she had paddled and sent them to bed without any supper. "Damn was she mad," he added.

A square pile of dust lay where the refrigerator that he had bought in 1956 had been. Martha never would've allowed that, he thought. She was the damndest cleaner I ever saw, and the prettiest, he remembered affectionately.

The old man walked through the open doorway into the dining room. He took his package of chewing tobacco out of his pocket and put some into his mouth. The door knob was still missing. It had fallen off about a year after Martha died sixteen years before and he had never felt the need to replace it. In a large circle were scratches made by seven chairs. He rubbed the tip of his cane across the scratches. Then he walked into his two sons former bedroom. Over by the window was where their bunkbed had been. He smiled as he remembered all the times that he had had to break up fights at night and then come back in ten minutes and tell them to stop laughing and go to sleep.

The old man relieved himself in the bathroom between his two sons' and three daughters' bedrooms. He didn't flush the commode because the water had been turned off the day before. "What the hell does it matter now," he thought. "Tomorrow they'll be tearing it down!" But his mood soon changed and he chuckled as he remembered the many times that his sons had become impatient and angry because his daughters had spent too much time primping.

Next he walked into Martha's and his bedroom. In the corner was where the baby crib had been. All five of his children had slept in it. At the end of the crib, by the other wall, had been their double bed which Martha had made up every day unless she had been sick. The old man walked on into the living room--the memories of their late-night laughter, talks and lovemaking, too painful to continue recalling.

In the living room between where the rocking chair had been and the wall was where Jimmy had bled on the

carpet when he cut his foot. Martha had put iodine on the cut and bandaged it and never once complained as she washed the carpet. The old man looked over where their living room couch had sat near the window and remembered all the times after he had retired that Martha had fussed at him for "having just one more glass of wine." He said aloud, "If only she was here now, I'd let her do all the fussing she wanted." Tears came again to his eyes.

He looked at the front door and his eyes lit up. I wonder if it's still there, he thought. After he had built the house, Martha had put a new 1923 penny on top of the door jamb. Every time she had dusted--which was often--she had replaced it.

He locked around for something to climb on to see if it was still there. There wasn't anything suitable in the bare room. Leaning against the wall was a broom that the movers had overlooked. The old man put Martha's dress on the front door knob and raked the broom straws across the top of the door jamb. A penny clattered to the floor. He got down on his knees, arthritis painning him, picked up the penny and examined it before putting it in his pocket. Using his cane with his left hand, he stood up and rested while he looked around the room.

Looking at the bare walls caused him to become angry. "Goddamnit," he thought, "I paid taxes on this place for fifty years. These young whippersnappers that are kicking me out now weren't even born when I built this house. There weren't any paved streets, sewers or electricity then. Whenever they raised the taxes, I always paid. Never once did I complain."

The old man's face became flushed and his eyes blazed. He began to talk to himself again. "Always was loyal to my country and did my duty. Goddamnit, I slogged through the mud in France and went without food and water for three days in the Argonne Forest. And this is what I get in return." He waved his arm with a sweeping motion.

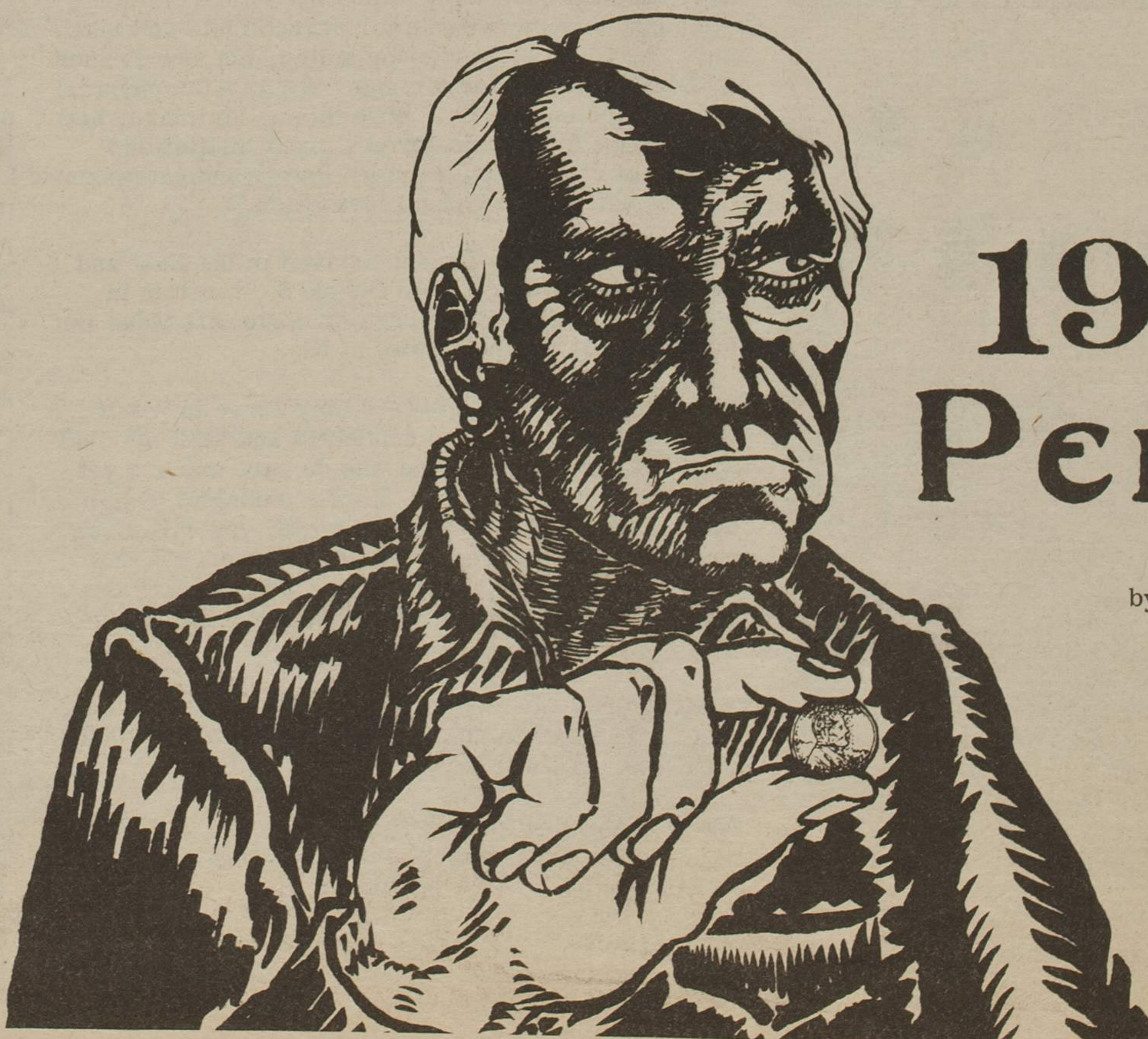
He needed to spit out some tobacco juice. "They'll be tearing it down tomorrow," he thought. So he spat on the floor and kicked the screen door open and walked out on the porch. He saw the moving van, the police car, the TV station car and the state-owned car. About a block away was a bulldozer that would tear his home down the next day to make way for the bypass. The old man began to gasp for breath and there was a pounding in his chest. Quickly he took a glycerin pill. After he had calmed down, he walked down the stairs, still carrying Martha's dress.

The old man looked at the police car and snorted, "Wonder if they thought I'd give 'em any trouble," as he chuckled softly to himself.

At the bottom of the stairs, the young TV reporter was waiting on the sidewalk with a tape recorder slung over his shoulder and a microphone in his hand.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to the old man. "You are the last person to leave this neighborhood. Would you like to say anything?" he asked thrusting the microphone in the old man's face.

The old man looked the reporter in the eye, became angry again and began to express himself, but stopped. Instead he reached into his pocket, took out the old penny, grasped the reporter's hand, pressed the coin into his palm and shuffled--without looking back at the astonished reporter--over to where Mark and Hank were waiting beside the van. They helped him into the cab, got in themselves, and drove away.



1923 Penny

by Hobert Parker, Jr.

RAISING A STINK

TALKING WITH THOSE !%¢###! ?!***! UNION GUYS

AN INTERVIEW WITH D. SMITH AND PHIL BOHLANDER, SANITATION WORKERS

INTERVIEWER: When did the divisions between you, Alvin and Murial on one side, and Don, Marnie and Butch on the other, begin? Was the division there from the beginning, or what?

D. SMITH: It was probably about half-way from my point of view... because a lot of heavy allegations were made early in the investigation... "Purdy (sanitation superintendent) has to go, he's gonna have to be fired; Arnold Wiley (street department superintendent) he's just a complete failure, you know; if we can't get it straightened out, Buford Watson (city manager) will have to be fired." But, then when we started getting down to the point where we were gonna have to start writing a report and making some heavy recommendations then they started saying, "Uh, well, maybe we can put them on a six-month probation or maybe we can give Watson a certain length of time to get these things changed."

I: Was that the initial disagreement?

D: Yeah, the whole way it was handled. Because their whole theory was that we weren't there to investigate management, we were there as a grievance committee. The investigation started in November and last May everybody in the city and the Commissioners and the Mayor and Buford knew we had safety problems. We started talking about safety in May--they should have started making corrections in June. They didn't have to have a special investigating committee to report that we need a safety program

I: So why didn't they investigate management?

D: Because they were scared. They're afraid to go against Buford, you know... I don't think they have any power.

I: The commissioners?

D: Yeah, I don't think they have the power everybody puts on them. Buford runs the whole show.

BOHLANDER: The reason we wanted an investigation of management was to show the City and Commission that all the things we had been saying since May were true. Those twenty-four charges of mismanagement

were charges that had been made continually since May and all we wanted to say was, "Alright, you're not going to give us recognition, but at least check out the stuff we've been saying and find out if what we've been saying is true." And what I think happened was that some of the people on the Commission turned it into a grievance hearing and that wasn't our intent.

I: Do you think Don Binns yells too much?

D: I think Don is a ball. He bounces both ways. I think that deep down in his heart, since he's worked hard all of his life, he sees that working men have to have rights. But at the same time I don't know what his plans are for his life, his political ambitions, or what his goals are. But how can you see the needs of somebody and then turn around and cut their throats, you know? We never asked for any money in eight months. We finally got into a money fight because of the changeover from the incentive system.

B: Yeah, I think that on the Commission there seems to be a tendency... well, not just on the Commission but among Lawrence leaders to not want anybody to rock the boat. And I think they feel we're rocking the boat. And I think sometimes you have to. I don't think the status quo is working in this case.

D: I think the Commissioners are all honest people, basically. But I think when it comes down to making a decision, an individual decision, they just can't do it. They've got to always relate back to the power structure, the hidden structure, in Lawrence. The City Commissioners don't run Lawrence. The people don't even run Lawrence. So you get what they want to give you, even if you're right.

I: Let me get back to the investigating committee. How could you as a group of six people, all having heard the same witnesses, all having the same input, essentially, disagree so violently at the end that there had to be two different reports? At the last City Commission meeting was it Watson who hinted that the board was stacked in favor of labor?

D: Yeah, but how can you have a manager on a committee that is investigating management? That's like having Nixon on the Watergate thing, on a board that decides if he gets fired or not.

I: So do you think that the heart of the problem with the investigating committee was the fact that there were two city commissioners on it?

B: No, I don't think that's true.

D: I don't think that's true.

I: What did you think of the presence of the Reverend on the side of the Commissioners?

D: He shocked me. And I told him that to his face. I said, "Butch, you really disappoint me." But you know, I figure Butch is in the power structure too. You know, I kind of base my life on the truth. Everybody tells little white lies but when it comes down to dealing with people's lives and their futures I just can't lie about it. I'm not saying they lied, because I don't think they did lie, but I think when it comes down to who do you fight for... do you fight for thirty people or do you fight for one person you have to make a decision. And who's it left up to? I can't fire Don Purdy. Murial Paul can't fire Don Purdy. Reverend Henderson can't fire Don Purdy. Everything lies with the Commissioners. And then you go back to the same old thing, and that's the power structure. And that's why the two reports had to be, because they didn't want to bring the dirt out, because they were scared.

B: I think when Murial read her report, the feeling I got from Binns, Argersinger and Henderson wasn't that what Murial said was not true but that it appeared to them to be vindictive. I find it interesting that nobody yet has come out and said "We want to publicly discredit this report." They've all said, "We think we're in agreement we just think the second report goes into more detail than is good for the public."

D: If you remember when the investigating committee was formed, at the commission meeting Carl Mibeck stood up and said, "Dammit I'm tired of these smartass remarks. I want facts, I want them presented here." And that's what we set our sights toward. That's what he wanted, specifics, and that's what we gave them. That's why I didn't sign the first report because it didn't make specific rec-

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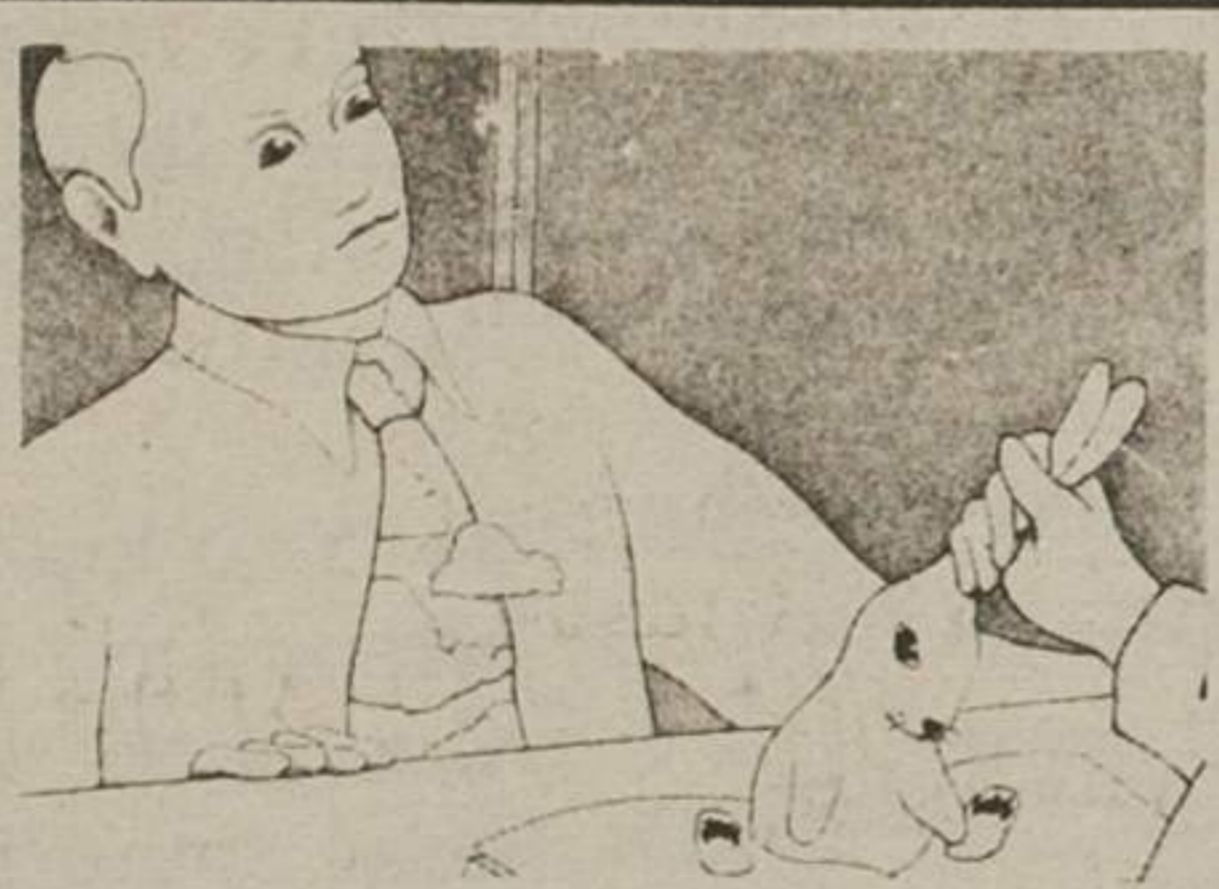
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Public Notice **BOX 114**



Stink

ommendations. If we'd written down everybody's specifics, we'd of had a hundred page report. Even our report can't cover what we found out. And what's killing me is, after it's all over, I am finding out more charges now against the Police Department than I did when I was on the investigating committee. I had coffee the other night with and five other policemen. And they were sitting there talking about charges and I said, "What?" And they said, "Did anybody bring this up, blah, blah, blah," and I said, "No, how come you didn't bring it up?" And they said, "I'm not gettin in that crap." You know, people are scared. There again, who's not scared?

I: Who were the difficult people to deal with when you were on the investigating committee, and what do you think their motives were?

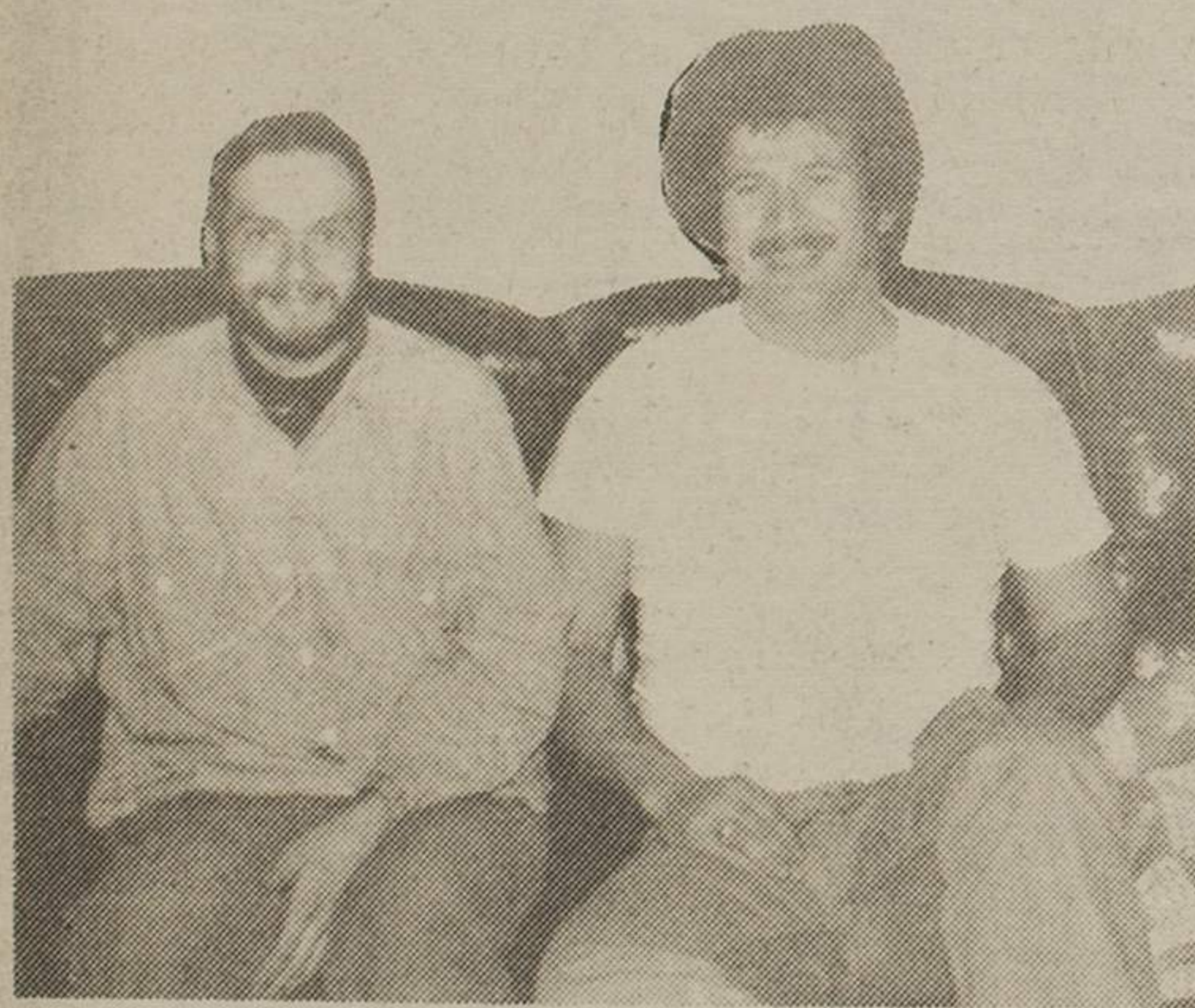
D: Sanitation. I'd say Sanitation and the Police.

I: They just refused to come before the committee?

D: Oh, a lot of them. A lot more would have testified if it'd been under different circumstances. Buford admitted he knew who testified in front of the committee. So what do you do?

B: Yeah, I think it became apparent to a lot of people that while I personally believe all 6 members of the committee had the best intentions in protecting anybody who testified, I think there was still doubt in some people's minds that while, perhaps, they would like to protect everyone's identity, they wouldn't be able to.

D: When it came time to investigate management, the superintendents, Buford Watson, it really wasn't an investigation.



P. Bohlander

D. Smith

I: Who was your most defensive interview with?

D: I'd have to say Dick Stanwix (Chief of Police). He seemed to be the most nervous, the most defensive. As a matter of fact, after we interviewed him he drove straight from the Community Building right out to the two Commissioner's houses, the ones that were on the investigation committee...he drove right out there and talked to them after that meeting.

I: Who was the most open?

D: The fire chief. He's open, above board, and places a lot of faith and trust in his men. He treats his men as individuals, not as numbers. He treats everybody on an equal basis.

The chief in the Fire Department even admitted that the union has gone along with him and so anybody who's got enough nerve to sit down and listen to his own people's complaints and gripes and take action on them has got to be O.K. with me. It shows me that he doesn't care about the power structure. He cares about his people. I don't think that's true in the other departments. They don't want to rock the boat, like Phil said. They just want to shut you up and treat you like dogs, and then you go up to City Hall...you know, Buford called me up there about that meeting...

I: What meeting?

D: About three weeks ago Buford Watson called down to the Sanitation Barn and said, "I want to meet with Dennis Smith at 2:30 in the afternoon, in my office." And I'd just come in and somebody hollered down to me, "Dennis, you've got a meeting in Buford Watson's office at 2:30." And I said, "What's it about?" And he said, "I don't know, but the whole City Management Staff is gonna be there." And I said, "By myself?" And he said "Yeah." And I said, "I'm not goin'." I resent that." So he called back up there. I talked to Don Purdy and I said I want a witness up there and he said no. And I said can I have Phil there and he said no. Attorney? No. Press? No. So I went to the meeting. And the room was arranged in a real nice fashion, so that I had this special chair. I walked in the door and I was gonna play dumb and I started to sit on the couch and George Williams (public works director) grabs me around the shoulder and said, "Oh no, sit over here in this chair." So I had people in front of me, on both sides of me, and behind my back. And they browbeat me for over two hours.

I: Who was your most humorous interviewee? Who seemed to take the whole thing with a grain of salt?

D: I think Lyle Sutton from the Police Department. I think he had a good view about the whole situation. You know, everybody was talking about favoritism on his shift. But his theory is that the top patrolmen in his department, or on his shift, or the one who has top seniority, or the man with the dead-end job, he gives them preference as to what district they want and what days off they want, to give them a kind of bonus when they can't go any further. I think that's alright. Some patrolmen think that that's favoritism, I don't feel that way. I think that's recognition of a person who's been there and doing a job well. So I think he generally had a good view of everything.

I: Isn't it true that the Sanitation Department has the highest rate of injuries of any City department?

B: Yes. Fifty-one per cent of all municipal accidents are sanitation injuries. On a national level, sanitation work has a 900 per cent higher accident rate than industry.

I: What do you as workers do to insure that you don't throw a rider, say, or back over him, or something like that?

D: Well I can speak only for myself. When I get a new man on a truck and we first go out on the route, the first trash can we come to on the route I stop the truck and get out, I go to the back of the truck, I have him stand there, I pick the can up, I show him how to lift, I get on the truck, I show him how to stand, I show him how to hang on, and then I have to rely for the rest of it on his ability to be alert, to watch for limbs, to hang on tighter when you go around a corner, to be sure your feet are planted pretty sturdy, so you don't slide under the truck 'cause it'll kill you pretty quick. So I do that with all my new people. I do it on my own because I figure that is my responsibility, I'm responsible to those two men on the back of my truck.

On the management level, when I think about safety I think more about equipment, about the Sanitation Barn, about work clothes. The superintendent, as busy as he is, wouldn't really have time to take a man aside and show him how to lift a trash can. So I figure the drivers have to have some responsibility.

I: How long has the city had a safety officer?

D: I think for about two months. I think they got one when this all came up.

I: Isn't it only a temporary position though? Funded by a federal give-away program?

D: Yeah, that's pretty funny, because I really didn't even know we had one until one day the safety director came down to the barn and I found out he was federally funded by the CETA program, and one of the recommendations of our report is to keep that man because, in my personal opinion, he is a wonderful person with a lot of good ideas, and I think if they give him the freedom and power that he should have he'll correct a lot of these safety problems that we have.

I: How often do you get to see him?

D: Once a day.

B: Who's this?

D: Roger Martin.

B: He comes down to Sanitation a lot, I guess because we've got most of the accidents and he's been driving around on routes and talking to workers and asking them for their suggestions for ways to make things safer. He's really getting into it.

I: Do you think he's doing a good job?

B: Yeah.

D: I don't think he's qualified but I think the man's got enough pride in his work that he's gonna do the best he can to find out what he can do as quick as he can. I don't know what his goals in life are but everybody he seems to talk to seems to have a lot of...he's just respected.

B: I think people are aware that while he is not trained as an official safety man he's got the intelligence and the research skills to figure out what he has to know.

D: Yeah, I think the reason the men feel...for him is that he doesn't come there as a power symbol but he comes down there as a person trying to help them.

B: He just gathers information, there's no value judgment, there's no intimations that somebody's no good, he's just strictly gathering information to figure out ways to improve working conditions to make them more safe. He gets that across really easily, so that I have yet to run into anybody who is suspicious of him.

I: You know, one of your allegations is that supervisor Don Purdy is too much of a cut-up, too much one of the boys. Can you document that? Where did that come from?

D: That's his way out, that's his way out of the allegations made about insulting people's wives. That's the easy way out. When it comes right down to it he'll say yes, I did say it, but I was just joking. That's the easy way out for anybody. He'll say, "Yeah, I said I wanted to screw your wife, but I said it in a joking manner at seven in the morning, so what?"

I: Why shouldn't a supervisor be "one of the boys?"

D: It's O.K. to be one of the boys. You can talk about fishing or camping, but when it comes down to personal family problems, when it comes down to your wife or profanity, "you son-of-a-bitch," and worse, that's not being one of the boys. It's O.K. for two laborers to come up and say, "Boy you got a nice looking wife," or something like that, but a manager, no, I've never worked in a place where a boss will come out and say he wants to screw my wife.

B: Yeah, being "one of the guys" means you're in the same peer group. Obviously a superintendent is not in the same peer group as a laborer. And so you can't really be one of the guys. That's just common sense.

D: He'd be one of the guys when he got together with a group of superintendents.

B: Yeah, if he was sitting there with George Osborne, (parks department supervisor) and Wiley and Stanwix having a beer, and they were joking around, he could be saying things to them that he shouldn't be saying to people under him. It's like the old phrase, "Don't call me boy." If I go up to Dennis and say, "Hey boy, I'm gonna slap you," that's a whole lot different than if Don Purdy goes up to him and says, "Hey boy, I'm gonna slap you."

See, if I said that to Dennis he could grab me by my shirt and say, "If you slap me I'll knock your head clean off," and he couldn't grab Don Purdy and say that.

D: I got on the commissioners tonight about that because they kept relating to us as kids. What'd they call us Phil?

Stink

B: Uh, good kids.

D: Or nice kids, and they used an example of us being like a little kid drawing on the refrigerator with a crayola.

B: The whole idea of kidding around implies when you kid someone, they will kid you back. But when a boss kida a subordinate, it's implied that a subordinate doesn't have the same power to kid back, and that's where the anger is created.

I: Would either of you at least concede the fact that Purdy is a hard worker, putting in time on weekends, and working a lot of overtime without compensation like his wife said on the radio?

B: He puts in a lot of time, he's got a tremendous amount of energy and works really hard. I don't think anybody... since the Sanitation Workers organized in May... I don't think anybody has said the man does not work hard. He's a regular workhorse. He's to be commended for that. Our complaint is his relationship with the workers.

I: Dennis, you've gone out of your way to stand up for your rights as a worker, and for the rights of your fellow workers, so what motivated you in particular to say, "No more," to this?

D: Well, because it has changed my life, my whole lifestyle a lot. I wanted my folks to be proud of me for something I've done in my life. Both of them are still living and I want both of them to remember something good I did in my life. I don't think I'll ever be a doctor or something like that, but you know I've gotten more out of this than I would have achieved in college. Because what's the backbone of the country if it's not the working people. The wife fights with me constantly now, and if I had five kids, like some of the other workers, I can imagine some of their wives saying, "You'd better not do this, you'll get fired."

B: And in favor of Dennis too, I'd like to say that some people just have more ability. Dennis has a lot of ability.

I: This is a bit off the subject but Dennis, there's a rumor going around that you won a fishing contest when you were nine years old by filling the fish with lead shot. We want to know about the veracity of that story.

D: Yeah, I did.

B: Did you really?

D: Yeah, I did. See, we lived at Mary's Lake when we were kids. See, it was sponsored for children only... and they had fishing contests and stuff like that and yeah, I sure did. I think my brother helped me and he's a policeman. We stuffed a little bitty old fish and it weighed like twelve pounds... it was just a little bitty old fish and it was pretty obvious.

I: O.K. Phil, you went to college, you've got a B.A. in philosophy. Why are you throwing garbage?

P: Well, I originally got a job throwing garbage to put myself through graduate school. And I picked up 15 hours of graduate credit, then I got involved in all this stuff and so college had to just get put aside. I don't know whether I ought to go back or not, but that was my original intention.

I: There's a real break between the kind of people who go to college and get graduate degrees and the kind of people who work year after year after year.

D: You know the whole thing on that is you can't find life in a book. You can have twenty years of education and walk out that school door and you'll be lost. I think that everyone who gets an education, you know, it's beautiful, but I think if a person was educated in life before he went to college, I think he'd have a lot more ability to perform his daily tasks than to go to college and then work into life. Take Phil. I think he's learned a lot of things in 8 months, things that will carry through the rest of his life. When we first started going, you know, Phil was sort of like a ball, he'd bounce back and forth... you know, Phil's whole theory of how he doesn't want to hurt anybody, that's heavy, I don't want to either. But when it comes down to the fact of who gets hurt, the working people or the people responsible, I think it changed Phil's outlook in a lot of ways.

B: One thing I've learned, with all of my education, is that intelligence and education are not necessarily related. While I have a great deal of education, I've met a great many people who are extremely intelligent who just didn't have the benefit of the education that I had. Where I came from you went to college, and so I did. There was no question about whether I'd go to college.

Someone Just Like You

It is often tough to think of the trash man as someone just like you. He is. He wants his life to be easier, so he is asking you to not stuff so much damn trash in the can, to avoid filling plastic bags with grass trimmings until they bust, to avoid putting big chunks of glass at the top of the can where they will cut his wrists, to put those cans close to the curb, to replace all bottomless cans and buy lids for the topless ones. Thank you.

D: I couldn't even finish high school.

B: Eighty percent of the people I finished high school with went to college.

D: We lived on a farm and we farmed 640 acres and we milked a lot of cows and we had pigs and chickens and my brother was one year ahead of me in school and my dad had three heart attacks and the doctor said "no more". So me and my brother, one night, while my dad was in the hospital, we talked and decided that since Eric was one year ahead of me he could go ahead and finish school. I dropped out and took on the chore of farming which was a pretty heavy chore like I sat on a tractor from, Christ, 6:30 or 7:00 in the morning until 10:00 or 11:00 at night. My mama would bring food out to me. My dad couldn't do it until finally I just had to quit school. I can't say I never had the chance. I've got the chance now. But I know so many people who have college educations who don't have any more than I've got.

B: Well I didn't go to college to make money.

D: Well, that's how I look at it different.

B: I think that one thing a lot of people I work with didn't understand is that I had no intention of going to college to get rich. And a lot of people think that I was foolish. To spend that much time and money to go to school.

D: What do you think Phil, that you've learned more about life from this deal, or do you think you learned more about life from college?

P: Well, they're just different. It's just two different ways of looking at the world.

I: Do either of you guys think you're playing a role, like you're the great democratizers, or feel related to anything beyond the immediate situation of organizing the workers in Lawrence?

D: I'd kind of like to run for the City Commission. I think I'd get about two votes. I think the role I'm playing in all this is that I want the working people to have a job they can do and go home and be at peace because they have guidelines to protect them about what their rights are.

B: It's a question of dignity. I think it was apparent because I was raised to be a person who gives orders rather than takes orders. I was raised to believe that I would go to college and would be some kind of manager, and I didn't really meet the working people until I started working. And I saw my toes get stepped on and it really made me angry. And I don't like to see myself, or anybody else, robbed of their dignity. And I remember a while back my mother told me she was embarrassed to tell her friends what I did for a living. And I said to her, "Isn't there dignity in honest work?" And she said yeah. And I said there you are. Would you rather I was a crook or something? And she said no. But that's the thing, there's dignity in honest work. Whatever a man does for a living, or a woman does for a living, there's dignity in that. It takes all walks of life, and all kind of people to make the world. And there should be respect for everybody.

D: Self-respect. For a man to be treated like a man is something, for a man to be treated like a number or a piece of machinery, I think it's a whole different world, you know. I think that's management's whole problem, they would like to just assume that working people are just there to benefit them. Because if they get a job done the cheapest way, if labor does, that's gonna make management look good. The cheapest they can get it done, the better for them.

I: But do you think that these problems are ever gonna get taken care of as long as you've got a management class on one side and a working class on the other?

B: Well see... somebody has to do the work and somebody has to tell people what to do and to make sure the job is done in a proper manner.

I: You're saying then, that workers aren't going to be able to be responsible for their own supervision?

B: I'm just saying that the relationship between labor and management does not have to be an antagonistic one. I don't think labor wants it to be, but I think until we feel that we have dignity, and we're treated with respect as human beings and treated in a fair manner, then the relationship will appear to be antagonistic. Because I think the kind of worker you have today, he's not just a bum. He knows what goes on outside of his home, he pays attention, he votes, he's more intelligent. When I started working sanitation I was told I was the first person to go to college at all and then work at Sanitation for more than two weeks, and now you've got three college graduates there. I imagine we've got a lot of people down there right now who have at least been to college. I don't know. So I think you've got a more intelligent worker. I think workers have a better sense than ever of their own rights. They're more willing to stand up for them.

D: You know, we're willing to let management be management... you asked if it's ever going to get any better... what's in the crystal ball for the future. It's gonna all come down to one thing and that's recognition of the right for us to be protected by law, the right for us to voice our opinions about our working conditions and safety, about our wages, and wrapping all of this up with recognition is what it's all about. Then we'll let management play their role, and we'll

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play our role. We don't want to play management's role. We don't want to manage ourselves. We want people to strictly enforce work rules.

I: How would you guys change things if you were the supervisors of the department?

B: Heck, all you really need to do is to establish procedures to deal with people in a consistent, fair manner and the place would just about run itself. Because if you had procedures, and made sure that employees understood your procedures and you used your procedures in a fair way and you kept people informed, things would pretty much run themselves.

I: Do you think it would be good if everybody could be given more authority?

B: I think the authority is already there. When I was foreman I found out that there were all kinds of procedures. How to reprimand a guy, how many reprimands a guy's suppose to get, what evaluation means, the merit system... they have all these procedures, all these bureaucratic tools to do things and in my opinion a lot of lower line supervisors don't even know how to use those procedures. And so, when you have an employe that's not very good, they don't know how to weed him out. They end up getting rid of people without going through proper channels.

I: Why didn't your report recommend that Watson be fired?

D: We can't even get a recommendation that we need to get three foremen out of the sanitation department that are father, son and son-in-law... we can't even get that stopped so how can we recommend that Watson be fired? You know that's not going to be approved. If you can't get the littlest things accomplished, how do you expect to get the major ones done?

B: Lawrence is just too big a town to have one person try to keep tabs on everything. Watson should have people under him that he can trust, that know how to do their jobs in a proper manner.

D: No man should have enough power that he can rule this whole city by himself and that's the case we have right here.

I: Do you ever see Watson and Purdy in your dreams at night?

B: It gets to me. You see I've always been a person that likes to get along with people and I've found myself being an adversary and I've found myself for the first time in my life having enemies, very powerful enemies, people that don't like me and that bothers me. But I guess that is just a part of growing up.

I: Do you think that labor and management will ever get along?

B: I think that the day is coming... maybe what we need is for everyone to sit down in a room and yell it out.



REMINDERS...

(Continued from page 3)

In the Office of Admissions dozens of pamphlets describe KU to the prospective student and parents. "The University of Kansas... picturesquely located on Mount Oread is the largest..."

The beauty of the Hill is a powerful magnet for the administration in their efforts to increase student head count. It's sad mockery that the very people responsible for aesthetic disasters such as new Fraser, Blake, Robinson and Wescoe (to name a few of the disasters) are those who have boasted and thereby gained from the beauty of the University of Kansas.

The beauty of Mount Oread remains hearty and robust. For despite the many scars inflicted, something has protected nature's own from complete annihilation.

I leave the KU dump, pondering a value system that hauled Fraser, Blake and Robinson and discarded them unceremoniously beside piles of trash, that sold the clock that once graced the front of old Blake, that recently ordered Buildings and Grounds to mow the Prairie Acre southwest of Blake and that insists on bobbing the trees, shrubs and grass on the Hill like a fashion-conscious, meticulous flapper of the '20s.

Someone should bring Daisies to the KU dump in memorium. Yes, Daisies and Daisies and Daisies to scatter on the limestone fragments of the past. A sign is needed before the entrance to the dump:

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The dying small town is alive and well

Would you eat blindfolded?

The principle of uninhibited city growth seems to be firmly fixed in the minds of the Lawrence city planners. No where is this more evident than on West 23rd street. Between Massachusetts and Iowa lies a virtual Disneyland of taco joints, car lots, franchised all-night restaurants and hamburger mills. All with one purpose and one purpose only--to sell as much as possible to as many as possible, at the highest possible price.

While it's perfectly true that this is the goal of nearly all retail businesses, the merchants of 23rd take this to its surreal extreme. This is Texas Tom's territory --a kind of homesteading act signed by Ronald McDonald and Mayor McCheese...an all too familiar world of created wants and needs...a world that produces consumer junkies groping for product identification and instant gratification...an ecological disaster at best.

West 6th and Iowa streets represent the very directions in city growth that Lawrence cannot afford to take. Similar areas in big cities are unlivable. The typical fast-food, car-lot strip is a direct outgrowth of the automobile and really cannot exist without it. Without

large volumes of high speed private transportation, it would be impractical to construct these eateries. Inevitably, as these areas grow so does the traffic problem. As the traffic flow increases this stimulates further growth of the strip. And so--not unexpectedly--the faster the strip grows, the faster the strip grows.

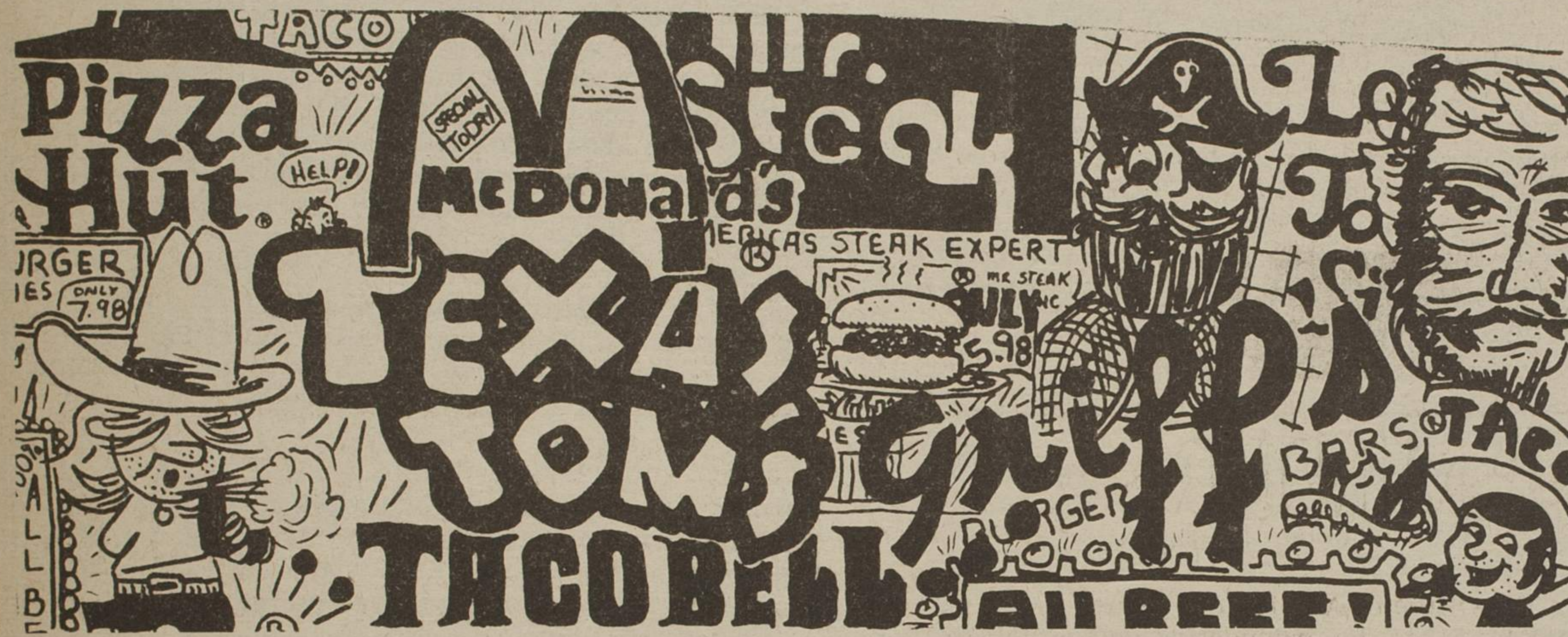
A good question at this point is what is meant by the word 'growth'. Clearly there can be at least two definitions: the populist-environmentalist version and the Barkley Clark-Ronald McDonald definition. For our friend Ronald, growth means selling that extra billion quarter-pounders with cheese a year. It means consuming fantastic amounts of electricity to heat their stoves and light their signs. All this energy is expended to produce food of questionable nutritional value for the sake of convenience. Growth that is represented by these corporate clowns is the same as the mentality that sees, Lawrence as the logical extension of Kansas City and that pushes for the Haskell Loop.

But clearly, Lawrence is not Kansas City nor is Lawrence its offspring. Lawrence has neither the same

problems or resources and thus most of the "progressive" solutions to big-city economic growth and planning problems simply do not apply here. Building super highways through neighborhoods does nothing to relieve the traffic problems in other parts of the city--it only aggravates them. Simply allocating X number of dollars for highway development through East Lawrence or promoting franchised taco joints throughout the town still leaves houses in need of upgrading, people in need of more efficient social services, and the city in need of a responsive government. It's coping with these problems in a human way that represents the real challenge.

McDonaldland is not a place where economics and planning took place as though people mattered. Lawrence, with just a little effort, can be. West 23rd street need not happen again and the pattern of haphazard growth can be averted if Mayor Clark and his friends can rid themselves of their desire to compete with Kansas City and Topeka.

You, we, I deserve a break today from McDonalds!



We can't afford all this noise!

It's round-up time here at T-T-Texas Tom's tortiaria out on the 23rd street trail to the south and west of greater downtown Lawrence, Kansas. On a cold and frosty night three PUBLIC NOTICE staffers tired, hungry and curious drove to the strip. We were on assignment; a dietary check on one of the newest eatin' places in town.

We arrived on the strip. Twenty-two!! My God, there's actually 22 consumption spots on this avenue. A new burgeria is to open soon at 23rd and Naismith. The town should celebrate the gala opening of the 23rd on 23rd.

A VISTA worker, an environmental studies major and a journalism major; three people who should have known better, who did know better. But we were there.

"This is Texas Tom's territory." The sign told of 21 other locations in the U.S.A. Glaring yellow neon lights circled the menu. Order. We must order some food. We were starved.

Better get something special. A treat at ol' Tom's. We ask for a Texas Burger Basket, 88 cents. A People Book coupon entitles us to a little number called the Round-up special: taco, burger, fries, onion rings and a drink, all for 99 cents. A real deal in a meal in this year of the buy-centennial fest.

The girl behind the counter instructs us to answer the numbers of the two slips of paper she hands us. One other person sits in the vast, shiny emptiness of the place. His eyes reflect the sani-white ceiling lights. He's obviously stoned. We all seem a bit nervous. It's our first adventure in Texas Tom's. We sit down at one of many vacant tables. The gold-flecked, white table top is cold. A chilling draft seeps in through the giant plate glass windows. It's chili and hot apple cider weather outside. The snow has brown edges along the 23rd street drag. I think about good chicken tacos in Mexico. Street grinders sell chicken, beef, or chili pepper tacos for a peso or two. Texas Tom charges 39 cents, not 8 or 12 cents. The girl calls our numbers. We request ketchup, pay and return to our icy table and to the January view of 23rd street. The traffic never stops. The ketchup has a picture of Tom in blazing red; it was manufactured in Cincinnati, Ohio. We dig in. It was terrible. The fries were yellow and greasy, the burger was tiny and dry with wilted green and brown shreds of

lettuce scattered over the patty and the taco. The bun was in a state similar to the poinsettias dying by the cash register. It was the taco and the onion ring that finally convinced us to cease our sample test. Tomatoe paste a la H. L. Hunt, thick & zesty like plaster was smeared on top. The taco shell was banana yellow & tough. The onion rings, all two of them, smelled. They tasted worse.

The strip along 23rd street boggles the mind. The diversity and ingenuity of American enterprise is here displayed. The all-American franchise on the rise! Gimme-a-hamburga-fries-to-go-if-you-please! A sign boasts: 17 billion burger macs devoured beneath the golden arches. Statistics aren't as visible at neighboring establishments. No doubt someone has counted the chicken-bone remains at the Colonel's. The digested tacos and burritos? Billions, to be sure. Soda and ice purchased in the millions upon millions of paper cups, but only a small number of the waxy, deluxe containers, lids and straws dot the strip in Lawrence. We keep a clean ship here.

The door opens and a shivering figure enters Tom's place. He stands in front of the counter. A minute passes, and he drops a quarter on the floor. He looks nervous. He drops the quarter again and bends once more to retrieve it. He glances toward 23rd street and his eyes tell how long he's been high. He's in Texas Tom's territory now. He orders.

"You know we could go down to Shorty's some time... on a Saturday night and do another food review," Mark suggested.

"Yea, you know it's places like this that are running the Shortys' and the Moore Burgers out of business," Steve said.

"Texas Tom's used to be just a small drive-in in Kansas City a few years ago," Mark said, examining one of the french fries. "Someone must have bought 'em out. Gonna make this a prospering business. There will be hundreds of Texas Tom's soon."

"Yea, and the 23rd street strip will extend westward all the way to Clinton Reservoir... eateries, quick shops, gas'n'gos', and bait shops sprinkled in with boat yards," Steve said. "The more businesses there are, the more traffic there will be and soon 23rd street will have to be widened again which will create more traffic and more businesses..."

Ride your pinto pony to Texas Tom's Restaurant on West 23rd street. Taco John's is just east of it. You can't miss Taco John's because it is painted violently in red and orange. Running down Texas Tom's is like running down heroin, it's too obvious to either be fun or enlightening. Texas Tom's was flown to Lawrence in an airplane big enough to swallow a whale. It was dropped from the plane and it parachuted to the earth where it landed on an asphalt slab. This is its present location.

Outside of Texas Tom's, cattle are unloaded by the hundreds each day. They are slaughtered in the rear parking lot. Texas Tom's chefs can be seen at 9 o'clock every morning, standing in the lot holding clipboard, waiting for another shipment of the delicious Colby Cattle whose flesh is the most delicate in the world because their feet are tied together from their birth, and they are never moved until they are taken to the slaughter.

And so the burgers in Texas Tom's are the very best anywhere, thick sizzling patties of the tenderest ground chuck, smeared with catsup and mustard, draped with onions and pickles and tomatoes, served in a small damp white cloth on a marble top counter. Heft that hamburger, where will you find another one like it in Lawrence?

The rumor is that next year they will be expanding. They plan to carry a modest supply of stereo equipment then, and it is possible that there will be a new t-shirt shop specializing in iron-on goods.

The superb landscaping outside, and the lack of harsh colors within, the tall pines arching to the heavens and the soft carpets, the Texas Tom Experience is one that Lawrence needed.

Let those who say the restaurant has no decor, no scheme or class, look again. The waitresses wearing pink tights and short white dresses serve you with a crisp orderliness. Some of them are wearing the cowboy hats, when they can afford them. Plus the ones who can't afford them can dance naked in the kitchen. You can see them if you stand where the door swings open. They want to let you see the inside workings of this masterfully engineered food service unit.

A real bonus was the King Oliver, New Orleans West End Jazz Band playing quiet music when we walked in. The quiet walk over thick carpet put us at ease, and the shutters held in the artificial light overhead.

When you have finished, walking out the door pick your teeth with one of the minted toothpicks. Make your pony gallop back down 23rd. Don't think about the cost, think about the pleasure.

100 PER CENT PURE BEEF

Stokely Van Camps Beans

East Lawrence

Green Gables

HASKELL LOOP

We're not beating a dead horse on this one. The Loop will have a total impact upon the neighborhood, a subject not dealt with by the City. Below is a reprint of a letter recently received by the PUBLIC NOTICE from opposition to the roadway in East Lawrence. Frustrated with efforts to stop construction, and bewildered by the apparent unwillingness of City Commissioners to consider the problems raised, the Citizens Opposed to the Haskell Loop sent away packets of materials, with the letter below as a cover letter, to all our representatives in Washington, as well as the Department of Housing and Urban Development, major fund source for the Haskell Loop project. Their lack of response, even at the federal level must certainly leave these people at a loss, completely abandoned in their appeals for justice for the East side of town. Thus the letter below is reprinted, along with a reply from Rep. Larry Winn, Republican from this, the Fifth congressional district of Kansas, as a reminder to those who still might have some hope for representative democracy in this State and city.

We are writing this letter as a plea for help from our federal (State) government, and any others capable of providing assistance. We are a group of residents of Lawrence, Kansas in opposition to the proposed construction of a roadway called the "Haskell Loop," which is planned for East Lawrence (see enclosed maps), through the use of federal "urban highway funds," Housing and Community Development Act funds, and Kansas Department of Transportation funds.

We are requesting federal assistance now, feeling that our means to stop construction on a local level are nearly exhausted. We feel that guidelines designed to inject the element of human concern into these spending programs are being ignored. Instead of using Community Development funds to rejuvenate a low-moderate income neighborhood, these funds are being used to threaten the viability of the East Lawrence neighborhood, and in the process, to uproot ethnic minorities.

Business and industry are the principal backers of the \$2.5 million project. The road will pass near a medium-heavy industrial use area bordering the neighborhood. The roadway is also intended to boost prospects in the near-by central business district, by speeding traffic from the far east side downtown.

Half of the \$1,690,000 CDA money slated for Lawrence over the next three years will be used for acquisition of property along the Loop right-of-way.

Twenty-seven houses will be removed for construction while twenty-six others will be isolated in an industrial zone. The only neighborhood park, recreation facilities and neighborhood center will either be removed or isolated in the same industrial zone. Other homes in the area will be removed in the future, along the 900 block of New Jersey Street, for a 'replacement' park for the area. Eventually the neighborhood school, New York Elementary School, will be forced to close as attendance drops due to losses in area housing stock. The school closing will in turn make the neighborhood even less attractive to the young families so necessary to the preservation of any neighborhood.

Opposition comes primarily from neighborhood residents, although few are vocal. In July, 1975, however, 240 persons, all within three blocks of the right-of-way signed petitions opposing construction of the roadway. (The entire population of the survey area is under 1000).

Proponents claim the Loop will provide a buffer separating industry to the north and east from residences to the south and west. They claim traffic will be removed from neighborhood streets. Opponents feel that construction of a high-volume traffic, tractor type roadway, carrying trucks and trailers, is the worst kind of 'buffer,' that neighborhood traffic is not a problem, and will not be unless the road is built, and that these factors will combine to ultimately destroy the neighborhood.

Destruction cannot be measured entirely in dollars and cents. Along with the physical destruction, the displacement of those in the path of the road will serve to destroy the sense of community in a corner of East Lawrence. In the 800 and 900 blocks of Pennsylvania, and the 700, 800 and 900 blocks of New Jersey, many Mexican-American families live in a traditional community setting. The road will cut through this area, scattering many and dividing the remaining residents on either side of the Loop, built on a 100 foot-wide right-of-way, screened by chain-link fences.

We feel that a clear injustice is occurring. Federal and State funds designed to rebuild and rehabilitate are being used to destroy. We have appealed to City officials, and have received no redress of our grievances.

Environmental Impact Statements are due soon, yet they are being managed by the same out-of-town consulting firm that designed the road, presenting some conflict of interest. It is therefore imperative that an investigation begin as soon as possible.

Enclosed are articles from three local newspapers that could be helpful in piecing together the situation. Copies of the 240 petition signatures opposing construction of the road are available upon request.

Sincerely,
Citizens Opposed to
the Haskell Loop

January 29, 1976

Citizens Opposed to the Haskell Loop
1112 New Jersey Street
Lawrence, Kansas 66044

Dear Friends:

Thank you for furnishing me with copies of your letter and attachments to Secretary Hills. I appreciate your efforts to apprise me of local matters which may involve federal agencies and the expenditure of federal funds.

So long as certain basic guidelines necessary to qualify for federal funds are met, primary authority for selecting the actual projects on which funds will be expended is in the hands of state and local government officials. However, I do appreciate your kindness in furnishing me with information on these matters as well as your views on them.

Thank you again for your interest.

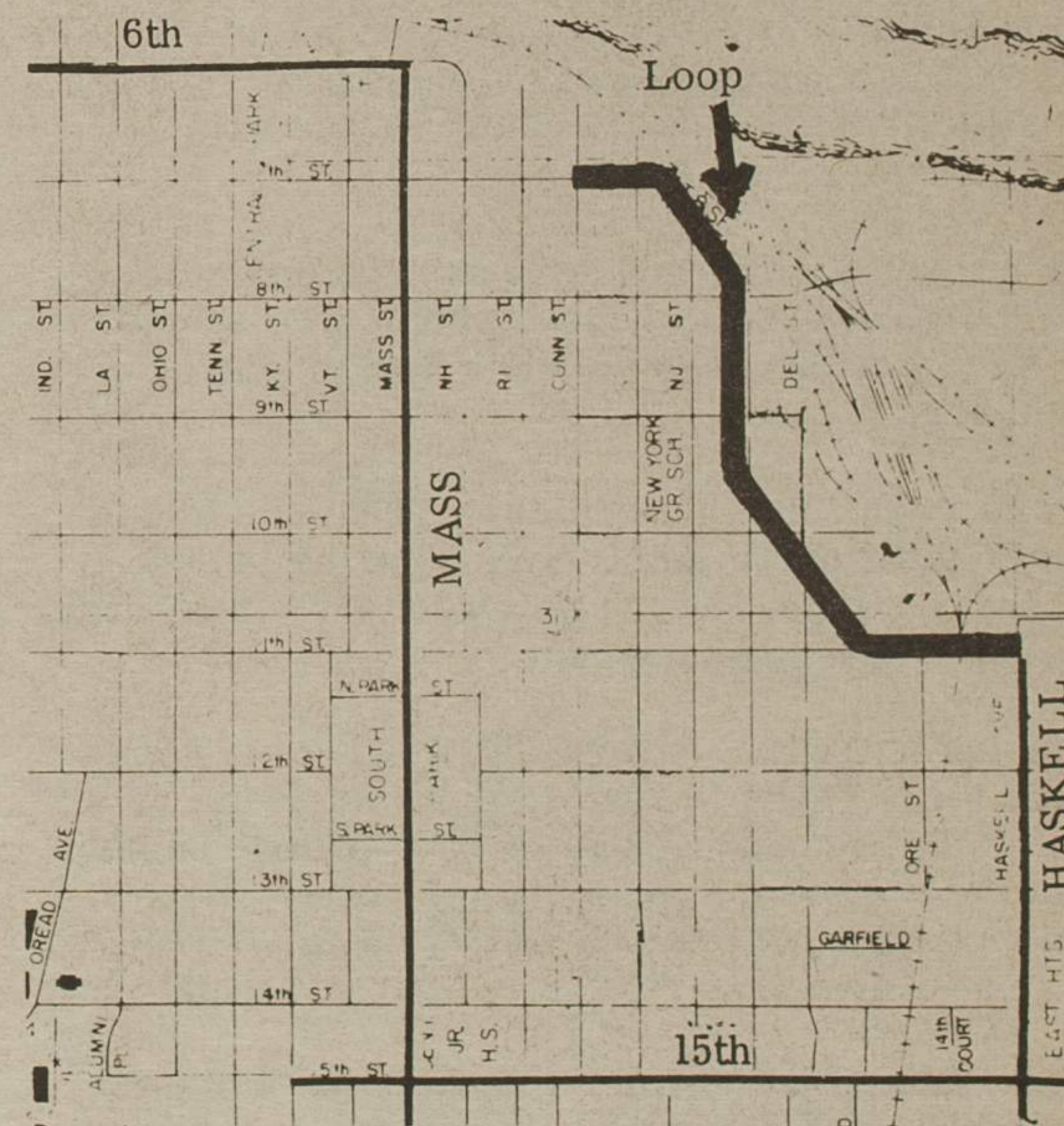
Most sincerely,
Larry Winn, Jr.
Member of Congress

Government 'Help'

Congressman Winn has failed completely in his role as a representative of the people. The letter above, sent to his Washington office in December did not prompt a reply for almost two months. It is also fairly obvious that the citizens group letter was not even read.

The PUBLIC NOTICE is worried. The people are not being heard. Most are afraid to speak out, or too apathetic to do so. Others are aware of the futility.

Is it any wonder?



The mayor responds to neighborhood opposition to the Haskell Loop.

BARKLEY TALKS BACK



IT MAY NOT SEEM WISE TO PUT IN A ROAD THAT GOES NOWHERE...



BUT IT' LL CREATE JOBS!!



...AND AFTER WE WIPE OUT 27 HOMES AND BLIGHT A WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD...



THINK OF ALL THE FREE GOVERNMENT MONEY WE CAN GET TO 'RENEW' THE AREA.

Perspective

Underneath the skyline

Opinion

It's New Years and we're out here on the corner of 11th and Delaware, down here where the Loop turns East. PUBLIC NOTICE is on the watch for possible jam-ups as East Lawrence heads for the City Limits, in a lemon-colored cadillac.

Dennis Smith is out front now, in a cheery holiday mood. Though he lost City Manager by a narrow 5 votes, he had the consolation of the mayoralty. He is a fierce watchdog for the town in a trying moment. Who would have thought Lawrence would get 200,000 residents this quickly?

East Lawrence and Old West alike are rolling towards Kansas City on wheels of fire, and they are traveling the multi-million dollar Haskell Loop route.

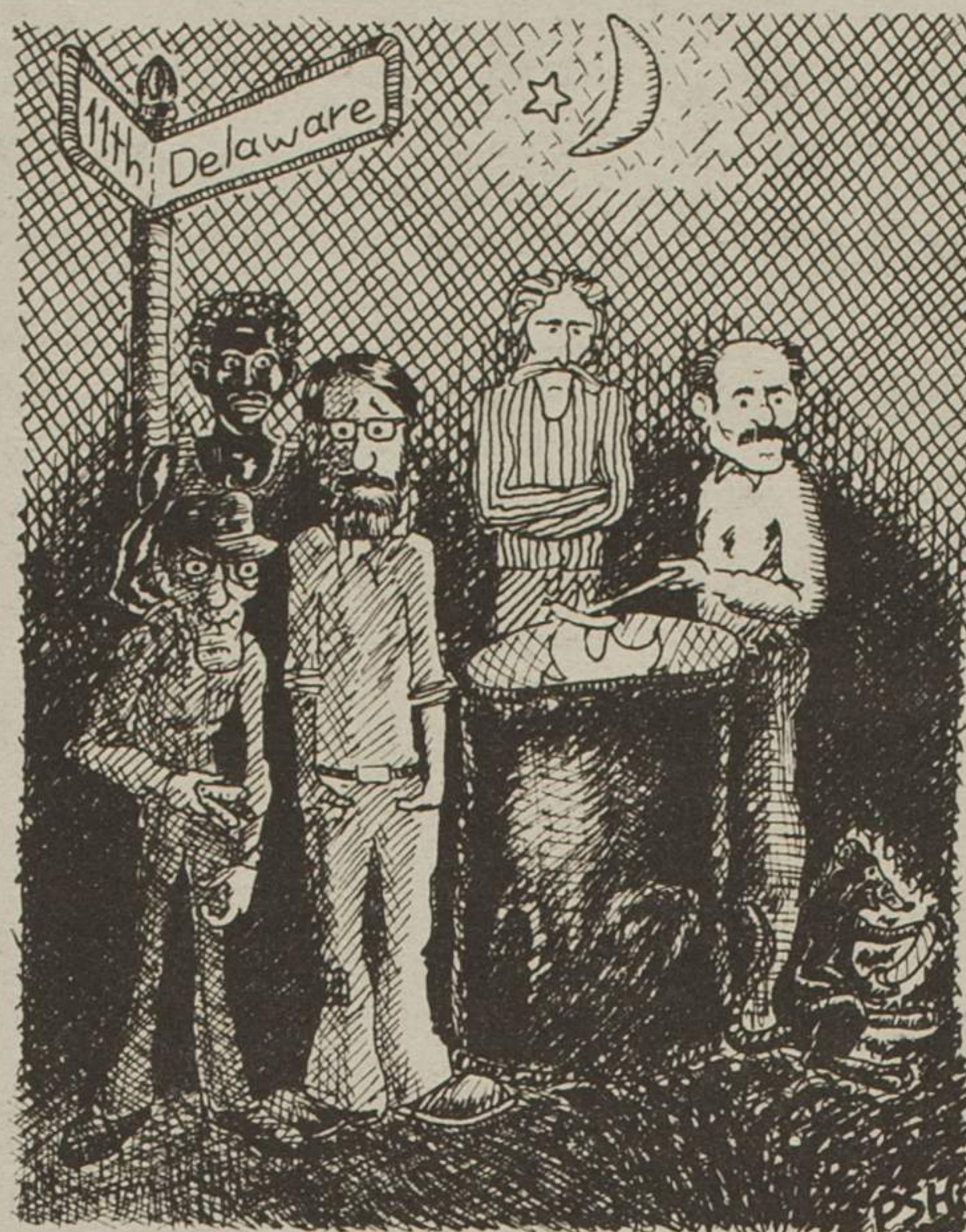
They finally built the road they call the Loop in 1989. Within a few years Lawrence was the bean capital of the U.S.A. New beaneries dot the floodplain, and it takes a ton of trucks to radiate out the rich harvest. East Lawrence itself is now a bullish industrial capital. The two new IBM factories guarantee a quiet future for the whole town, industry-wise.

That's what brought us here to 11th and Delaware to night, all of this and more. So we're standing around a newspaper fire in an ash barrel, munching weenies, keeping warm. We've been here since 2 and we intend to stay here all night.

Traffic peaked at noon. A spectacular wreck involving a candy-apple red plymouth and a truck full of swinging meat hardly stopped the rush of traffic downtown, coming in from boarder out-lying areas, headed for Ray Audio Appliances and White Goods. Late, all the afternoon, they streamed past us and on West to the suburbs, some north across the double gleaming Kaw spans. Lawrence is finally, after years of struggle, knocking on Topeka's door.

But now it is night. The last few East Lawrence

survivors, Harry Puckett, George Elston, Tom Patchen, Ed Down, Mark "The Clown" Kaplan, and others are standing around, smiling.



Harry Puckett, long time lover of life says, "Well, the road took everything. I built these houses with my own hand, and now they're all gone. I told Mayor Clark it was wrong. In 1987 I put a new roof over that house. He's in Washington now. I put 280 roofs on over here. So I know what I mean. In 1932 I put plumbing in this place. Last year the last few places went, now mine. It's no good this way. I told Clark, I know what I mean."

We all smile, remembering. Harry is passed a toast-ed dog cooked in a no. 10 can over the flames.

George asked, "Why in the heck did they let Turkey Tims chain in here?" (They line the Loop access roads now).

No one had the answer. We turned to Tom, recently arrived, who's now a giant supplier to International Business Machines, still at the corner of 9th and Haskell Loop. "It's a mystery to me," Tom said good-naturedly. "This was all zoned residential at one time, you know."

Mark walked up griping in a clownish way then, Wozzie Suzie was combing her hair over in the dark. Kirshenbaum called to say he wasn't coming--that he wanted to watch the all new Fred Pence address the five-county area.

We were all really waiting for Buford, humbled now. Then we saw him twist his body out of a coffee-colored Lincoln. We passed him a dog.

These reunions are getting slimmer now, as the years roll by, as townspeople begin, once again, to lose interest in the East Side. We'll be here again next year though. We invite everyone to come out. We need fresh blood. WRITE BOX 114.



HOW DO PEOPLE REACT?

That's what we'd like to know. A community paper can't function for long without response from the community. These two pages begin a regular feature section on EAST LAWRENCE. Got neighborhood news? Send any and all to BOX 114.

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Handwritten notes: Fungus, Turkey Red, Plum Pudding, Pipes!, ben franklin, oops, Gee Whiz... golly!

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