

Public Notice

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City to Build \$250,000 Death Trap

by David Stipp

The City of Lawrence, which produced, directed and staged the wreck of the Anderson Building at 600 Mass last December, may be setting the stage for a followup series of wrecks at the same site, according to three University of Kansas professors. Despite the professors' warnings, the city has accepted a bid to build the controversial parking lot as designed.

Following a "must do" order that had the City Engineer's staff burning the midnight oil, the City Manager announced that the plan for the parking lot was complete, and would be ready for a bid date to be set at the March 10 City Commission meeting -- just in time for the city primary election. That morning, John Morris, assistant professor of architecture and urban design, examined the city's plan.

When discussion of the bid date began that Tuesday night, Morris objected to construction of the lot on two general principles. First, that the location was unsuitable because it lacked easy access to either lower Mass or City Hall. Second, that the entire project was economically unfeasible. He pointed out that if all 28 spaces were occupied for nine hours a day, six days a week for 52 weeks, it would still take nearly 32 years for income to match the \$250,000 price tag.

The City Commission pooh-poohed his objections as old hash already settled. When Morris began to attack the plan on the issue of the danger inherent in the specific design, the city staff offered to display its diagram of the parking lot for all to see -- and did so.

There was a moment of confused silence as all those who were



Abandoned cars clot lot at 600 Mass. Owners afraid to leave.

seeing the design for the first time tried to comprehend what was before their eyes. Commissioner Robert Schumm ended the pause by asking, "Where's the exit?" (Ah-Hah!)

The exit, it was explained, was in exactly the same place as the entrance, sharing the common driveway. How then, Morris asked, were vehicles supposed to exit onto Sixth Street without causing a traffic jam or colliding with vehicles trying to enter the lot?

Simple, the staff explained after a little deliberation. This was an "English style" traffic pattern. Vehicles would enter and exit the lot in the left-hand lanes, thus avoiding any crossing of paths.

Even so, nearly everyone agreed the design could use a little refinement; and the commission asked Morris if he would be willing to donate his services in helping the city staff iron out the wrinkles. After some haggling and posturing,

the four city fathers made it clear that they would have a parking lot at that location, regardless, but that Morris was welcome to help make it less dangerous, if he wanted to.

Morris agreed to do what he could. The next afternoon, he and Gaylord Richardson, associate professor of architecture and urban design, met with city planners to discuss the design. The results of this meeting were not to be known until the next Tuesday, March 17.

In the meantime, Public Notice sought the professional opinion of Tom Mulinazzi, who teaches traffic design and safety in the School of Civil Engineering. After examining the design and the site, Mulinazzi admitted it wasn't a very good spot for a parking lot.

However, he said there were several alterations that could be made to the design to reduce the risk factor. The three main ones being: 1. Widen the overall

driveway. 2. Reduce drastically the angle at which vehicles exiting the lot were forced to enter the flow of traffic on Sixth Street. 3. Construct a substantial traffic barrier to protect vehicles exiting the lot from vehicles entering the lot uphill from them.

Next Tuesday morning, March 17, Public Notice called on the City Engineering Department and asked to be shown the changes made in the plan. The City Engineer, Leonard Hoover, pointed out the new location of the handicapped parking spaces, the wider driveway, and the new, six-inch high traffic separator -- complete with a three-foot high "keep right" sign.

Keep right? What happened to the "English style" entrance/exit plan? After a short, but confusing conversation, Hoover was quite plain and emphatic: No plan he had ever seen or worked on regarding the 600 Mass parking lot contained any notion of an "English style" driveway!

The implication of Hoover's remark is clear. Either the City Engineer had slipped a cog or, one week before, the City Manager and the four City Commissioners had been willing and eager to approve a dangerous design without anybody in the room knowing what the real picture was!

The revelation of the true nature of the design had a considerable impact on the question of danger to the patrons of the parking lot and the contiguous traffic on Sixth Street. By moving the exit point even farther south toward the Journal-World building, the already critically deficient visibility was worsened.

(continued on p. 2, col. 3)

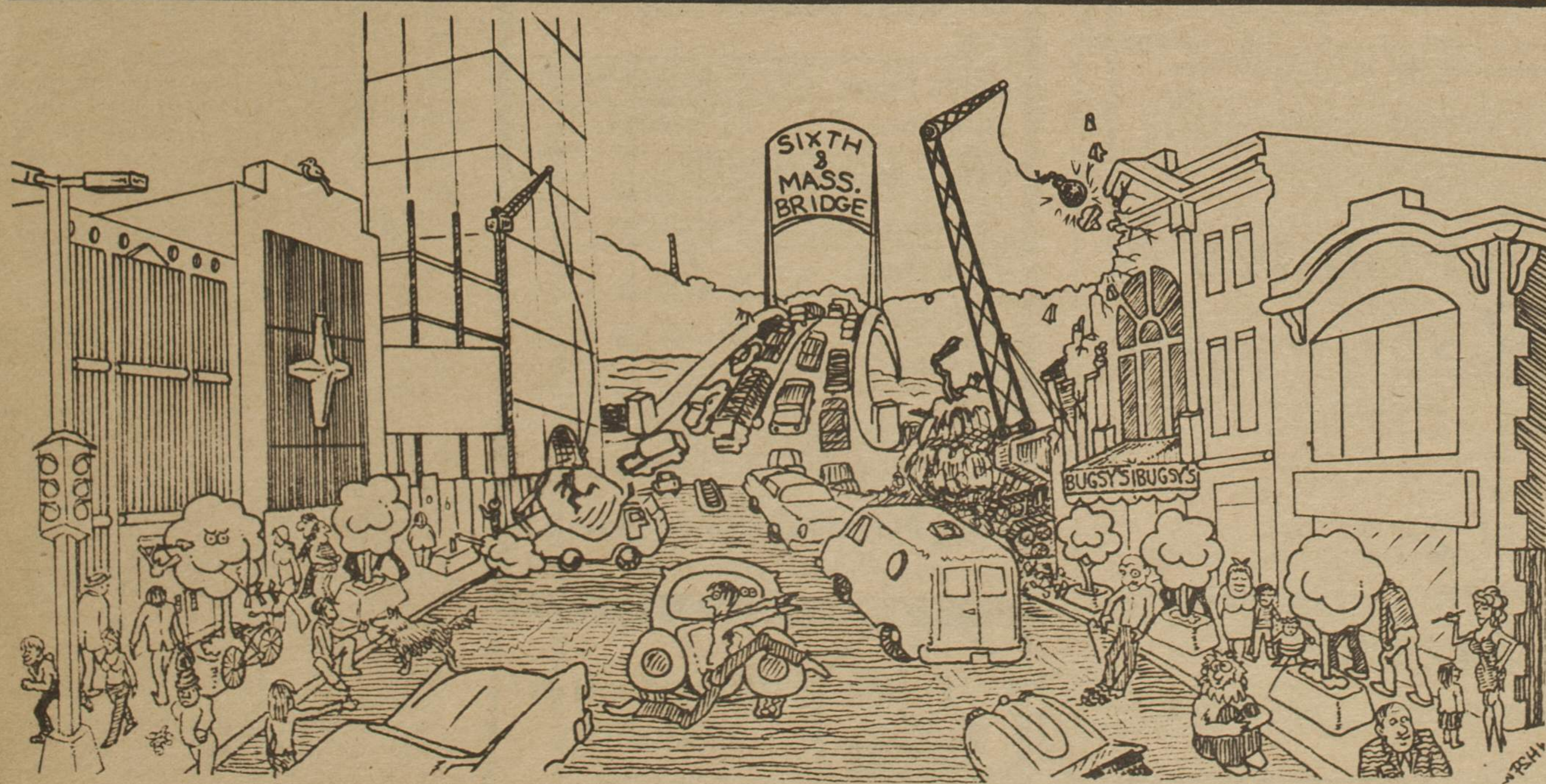
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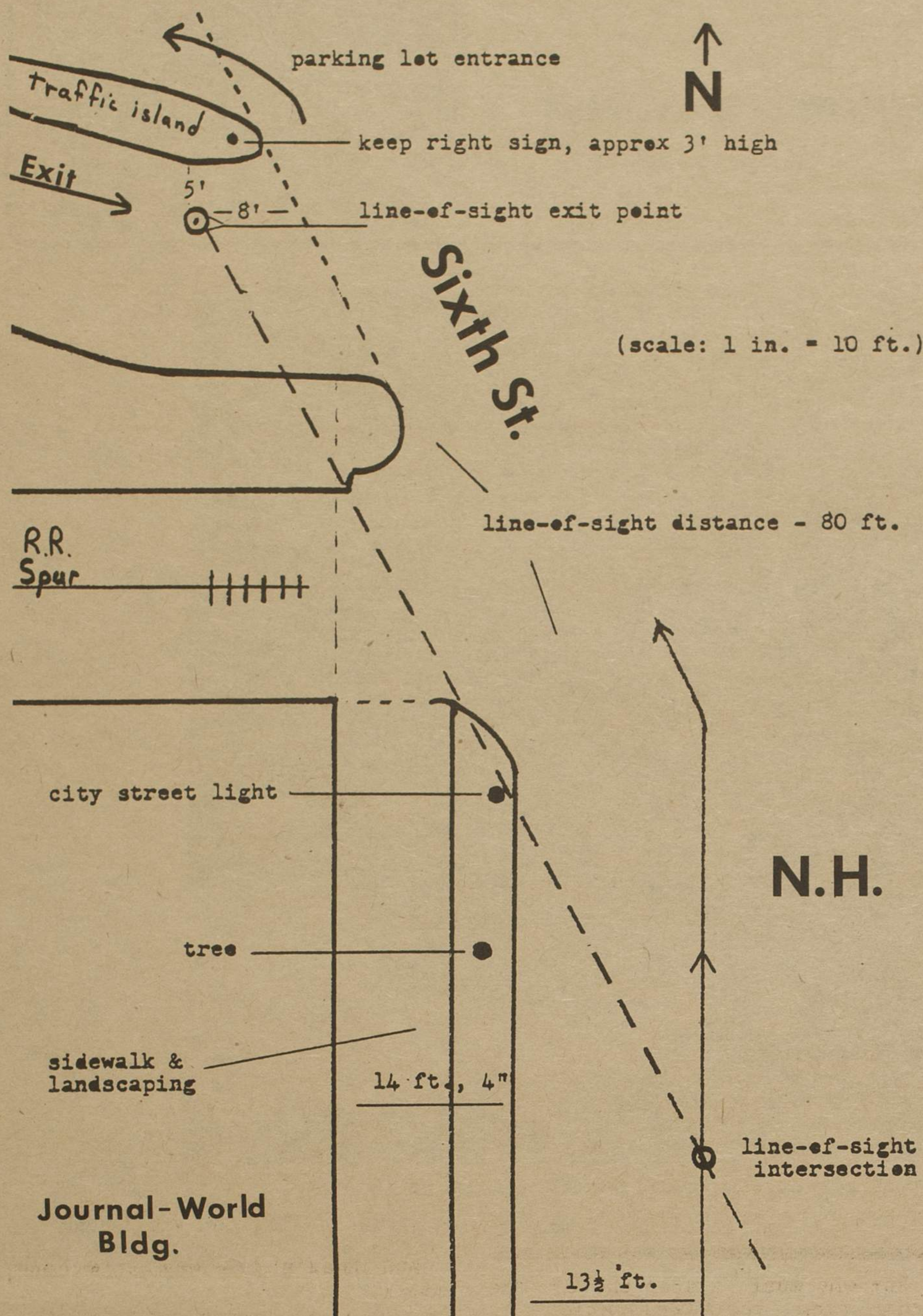
Before you dismiss the photo at the top of this page as being unrealistic, take notice. The drawing to the left appeared on the front page of PUBLIC NOTICE, predicting major changes for the north end of downtown. The crane and wrecking ball are positioned in the rubble of what used to be Bryan Anderson's building.

Vol. 1 No. 4

AUGUST, 1976

25¢





Report on the Safety Hazards of Proposed Parking Lot at 600 Mass

The primary references used in compiling this report are official publications of the American Association of State Highway Engineers and the Institute of Transportation Engineers.

As illustrated in the attached diagram, the unobstructed line-of-sight distance is 80'. Although it is possible to see farther south on New Hampshire Street by peering between the Journal-World building, the tree and the light post: "For sight distance requirements, no object within the area of unobstructed view may protrude more than 3.75 ft. (1.1 m.) above the plane..." Thus, the line of sight must run tangent to the light post on the streetward side.

A vehicle traveling at the posted speed limit of 20 mph is covering 29 1/3 feet per second.

In the accepted time span of 2.5 seconds necessary for a driver to comprehend a danger, react to it and effect braking action, the vehicle will traverse 73 1/3 ft. Braking distance on dry pavement is calculated by the following equation:

$$D = \frac{V^2}{30f}$$
 In which, D is distance, V is velocity and f is the coefficient of friction between tires and pavement.

At 20 mph, the coefficient of friction is .64; thus, the braking distance is 20.83 ft. The total minimum sight stopping distance then is roughly 94 1/3 ft.

On wet pavement, braking distance is calculated by the following equation:

$$D = \frac{V^2}{30(f-G)}$$
 In which all factors are the same and G is the downgrade expressed as a percentile.

(from p. 1, col. 4)

When the proposal to set a bid date came up on the City Commission agenda that evening, a member of the Public Notice staff, Al Wright, read from a prepared report -- the essence of which appears in these pages. The upshot of his statement was that the proposed design provided only 70 to 85 percent of the absolute minimum sight distance dictated by accepted standards of traffic engineering. Wright concluded his statement by asking the commission to postpone setting a bid date until after a safety study could be done by an independent professional consultant.

Richardson followed Wright to the microphone and echoed his warnings. "It's a perfect setup for collisions," he said. "This is a particularly dangerous configuration. John Morris and I made several improvements, but my feeling is that it is still not safe. I think we can say that adherence to good practice in parking design would prevent a lot from being built there."

Noting that Richardson and Morris had worked as paid, professional consultants to Bryan Anderson in September 1980, Commissioner Don Binns questioned Richardson's motives for appearing before the commission. Richardson stated that his professional relationship with Anderson had ended and that he was appearing before them as a taxpayer and a citizen with expertise in the field.

"I see," Binns said derisively. "Before, you were working for Anderson, but now you're just a citizen."

"That's right," Richardson responded. "Just a citizen."

Binns' answer to this forthright response was a snort and a sneer as he settled back in his chair.

Mayor Ed Carter then asked the city staff if they had any comment on the safety questions posed by Richardson and Wright. Public Works Director George Williams admitted there were "some problems

The coefficient of friction on wet pavement is .39 and the grade at site is .03. Thus, the minimum wet sight stopping distance is roughly 110 1/2 ft.

Noting that the above distances reflect the unrealistic traffic speed of 20 mph, it is clear that the line-of-sight distance of barely 80 feet is insufficient to provide safe egress from the parking lot. In addition to the major problem outlined here, the traffic pattern configuration at the exit creates problems, not the least of which is the inability of incoming drivers to see the traffic island and keep right sign if another vehicle is waiting to exit.

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with the design," but said that he "questioned Wright's figures."

(Wright's report and diagram later were submitted to Morris and Mulinazzi independently, and each arrived at the same conclusion: Although not of professional quality, the report was a sufficiently accurate representation of the facts and factors pertinent to the question of safety hazards inherent in the design of the parking lot.)

Carter prefaced the call for a vote to invite bids by saying the time had come to decide whether the "stall tactics" were going to work, or whether the city should proceed with the parking lot as planned. One week earlier, Binns had accused the critics of the lot design of trying "to delay this thing until after the (City Commission) election."

Commissioner Bob Schumm said, "I think it's a great plan. Let's vote on it." The outcome of the vote was a predictable 4-to-1 approval, Marci Francisco dissenting.

Outside the City Commission Room, reporters gathered around Anderson, Richardson and Wright. What was their response to the accusations that the whole protest had been engineered to generate a controversy at election time?

Anderson spoke quickly: "It wasn't us who waited until three weeks before the election to submit a plan. If they were in such a hell-fire big hurry to tear my building down, how come they twiddled their thumbs for three months?"

Had they hoped to delay action on the parking lot until after the April 7th election? "Toward what possible end?" Wright counter-questioned. "Last December, Barkley Clark told everybody that the conditions of the bond sales

tied the city to building a parking lot on that site exactly to the same degree that the city was tied to tearing down the Anderson Building," he observed. "If that's the case," he continued, "what possible difference could it make who is sitting in the commissioners' chairs? We would be fighting this particular design whether it was proposed in January or July."

City officials disagreed with the contention that the lot is unsafe. Garner Stoll, head of the Lawrence-Douglas County Planning Commission, said the city's plan for parking at 600 Mass met line-of-sight distance regulations. Hoover said his parking lot plan is sound.

"I think you'd have to say there's nothing wrong with the parking lot plan there," Hoover insisted. "I think they're just picking on this one spot because it's controversial," he opined. "It's too bad that these people are suddenly interested in one, just one, project."

"That's almost too funny," Richardson said when told of Hoover's remark. "I think of all the praise that the city and county have handed out to people off the hill, such as John and myself, for helping them out on projects through the years," he recollected. "Now, just because we're saying things they don't want to hear, they say we're being petty and prejudiced."

When asked whether the removal of the light post and tree would provide adequate visibility at the exit point, Mulinazzi said, "It would help; but it would not have a significant impact on the overall safety picture."

Would he recommend that an independent safety consultant be brought in? "Let's just say," he responded, "that the situation deserves further study."

What would be the next move for opponents of the parking lot? Wright was asked. "I think about the only thing we can do now is pray that nobody gets killed there," he said, then added: "I think it's criminal for the city to squander a quarter-million dollars on this parking lot, and not be willing to invest another few hundred to make sure it's safe to use."

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"Everybody's guilty,
I'm talking 'bout you and me."

Those words from Sonny Terry and Brownie McGee's blues tune, "Big Wind," echo in my mind every-time I think about the Iranian hostage crisis. You can draw your own conclusions about your guilt, but mine started in the spring of 1973.

In fact, I can pinpoint the exact instant: when I dropped the leaflet an Iranian student had handed to me into the trash can in front of the Kansas Union, giving the matter no further consideration. I can think of several excuses why the leaflet's tale of false imprisonment, torture and summary executions failed to penetrate my conscience: my struggle to survive Spanish II, my disintegrating marriage and my running battle with the Veterans Administration, for examples.

But the underlying reason was I believed the people in Washington whose job it was to keep an eye on such things to be basically decent, honorable people who would be screaming bloody murder if anything like that were really going on in Iran. By my inaction, I violated the first rule of responsible citizenship: Question Authority.

When the U.S. embassy in Tehran was violated and the hostages taken, we were uproariously outraged--and justifiably so. But if Americans had shown one-tenth that outrage over the treatment tens of thousands of Iranian citizens were

LETTERS

Just in case you missed it the first time around, reprinted below is a letter to the editor of the Journal-World which ran on Monday, March 30. It appears herein with the permission of the author, and corrected slightly at his suggestion, with typos removed.

Editor, Journal-World:

Ex-candidate Amyx is to be commended for sounding the alarm, and for so gallantly renouncing his own political aspirations for the salvation of our society.

The stark reality is that the common people might actually win. Pity the poor box-type "housing" contractors. And our own home-grown architectural "firms."

To the polls, all Right-minded citizens!! And help beat back this latest assault by the forces of common sense.

George M. Kaull
105 N. Eighth

To the voters of Lawrence,

As an observer of Lawrence city politics, I agree with Commissioner Barkley Clark that there is a disturbing trend in the current city election campaigns. However, I disagree with Mr. Clark as to the reasons behind this development.

I attribute this trend to recent actions by a City Commission that Clark informally leads. By ignoring general citizen participation and by catering to the financial needs of elite interest groups, Professor Clark has shown a sophisticated disdain for the general public interests.

Now, Barkley Clark is trying to build a straw man to knock down by claiming the neighborhood associations are the bogey men who are polarizing the city. Clark knows that neighborhood associations are prohibited from any partisan activity in a political election.

As a candidate in 1977, Clark's slogan was "I have no ax to grind." His dropping that policy for this campaign shows there is, indeed, a disturbing trend in city politics.

Steven D. Treaster
1029 Delaware

subjected to by minions of the Shah, the hostages might never have been taken and our political and economic ties with Iran might still be intact.

The Shah and his heirs might or might not have remained in power. In either case, could they have been any worse off than they are now?

There is no way to justify the militants' takeover of our embassy and the subsequent imprisonment of our diplomatic personnel; but neither is there any way to justify the use of American tax dollars to train and equip the Shah's secret police and military, whose primary function was to suppress those political and civil rights we hold so dear. But it was all necessary, the State Department says, to maintain political stability in Iran and preserve the flow of oil into our energy-greedy society.

Oh, really? Well, how politically stable is Iran today? And how much oil is Iran sending our way now? And answer me this, all of you: For how many barrels of oil would we have allowed the 53 American hostages to remain in Iran to face trial and imprisonment?

The principles underpinning our democracy are good ones. For proof, just count the number of people trying to make their way into the USA, and contrast that to the number of Americans seeking refuge behind the Iron Curtain. (There are a few headed the other direction, but not too many we're sorry to see go.)

The core of these principles is to be found in our Declaration of Independence, which holds that all men are created equal, endowed with unalienable rights and, most important, that the main purpose for the institution of government is to secure those rights. These are worthwhile principles, and every time we act contrary to them we run into trouble, as individuals and as a nation.

"...all men are created equal..."

A simple enough phrase; yet, in the 200 years since it was penned, the United States of America has suffered a bloody Civil War, martyred her most courageous political leaders and fought bitter battles in her classrooms and courts to determine the degree of that equality and the scope of its application. To this point, we have determined that equality to be complete: that each American has the same right to access to the true riches of life, regardless of sex, age, race, religion or degree of education.

Getting the Most

From Your Vote

Several attempts have been made to explain the principle of selective voting, or why a voter might want to vote for fewer than the maximum number allowed in a multiple election. Most have failed because they tried to teach the principle directly.

Once, long ago, a person suspected of being a philosopher said, "Live by principle, teach by example." So, let's look at a "for example" ballot, listing the six finalists for the three vacant city commission chairs by order of their finish in the primary. Here's how the selective voting principle might be applied.

First, the ballot instructions say you can mark up to three boxes, and you can. If you see three people you like, each of whom would do things the way you like to see them done, then you should quickly mark those three boxes and go grab a cup of coffee before you go back to work. Let the chips fall where they may.

Let's say that, after studying the record and the qualifications of the candidates, you decide that Nancy Shontz is the one candidate who would best represent you on the city commission, so you fill in her box. With that decision tucked under your belt, you look for someone else who you might like to see win a seat.

The next four picks don't impress you, but at the bottom of the ballot you see Mike Amyx, that clean-cut young man you heard at the Oread Neighborhood Association forum before the primary. You haven't heard much from him lately.

But why must it stop there? The words from the Declaration of Independence read, "all men," not "all Americans." Our nation was inspired by and founded upon these words. It is entirely fitting that part of our national policy and purpose should be to secure for all humans the same rights we demand for ourselves.

History seems to indicate that each expansion of these liberties cannot be accomplished without sacrifice, bitterness and bloodshed. If this is true, then let's consider the war already fought. And let our casualty list read: eight dead, 53 taken prisoner and returned to freedom.

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ly, but you liked the way he combs his hair so you think you might like to vote for him. But is there any reason you shouldn't?

Well, if there were any possibility that Nancy Shontz, your first choice, would be bumped out of a seat by Mr. Amyx, then you should not mark a second box. However, the results of the primary election indicate that it is quite unlikely anyone will finish ahead of Shontz. In fact, you know Mike would be surprised to finish in the money; so it's safe to mark two boxes.

But suppose you don't agree with the majority of the voters in the primary, and decide that Nancy isn't for you. In the second and third spots on the ballot, you see the name of two men who are known attorneys. Normally, you might not vote for either; but it's apparent that at least one of them is going to win a seat, so you decide to vote for both and get two opinions for the price of one.

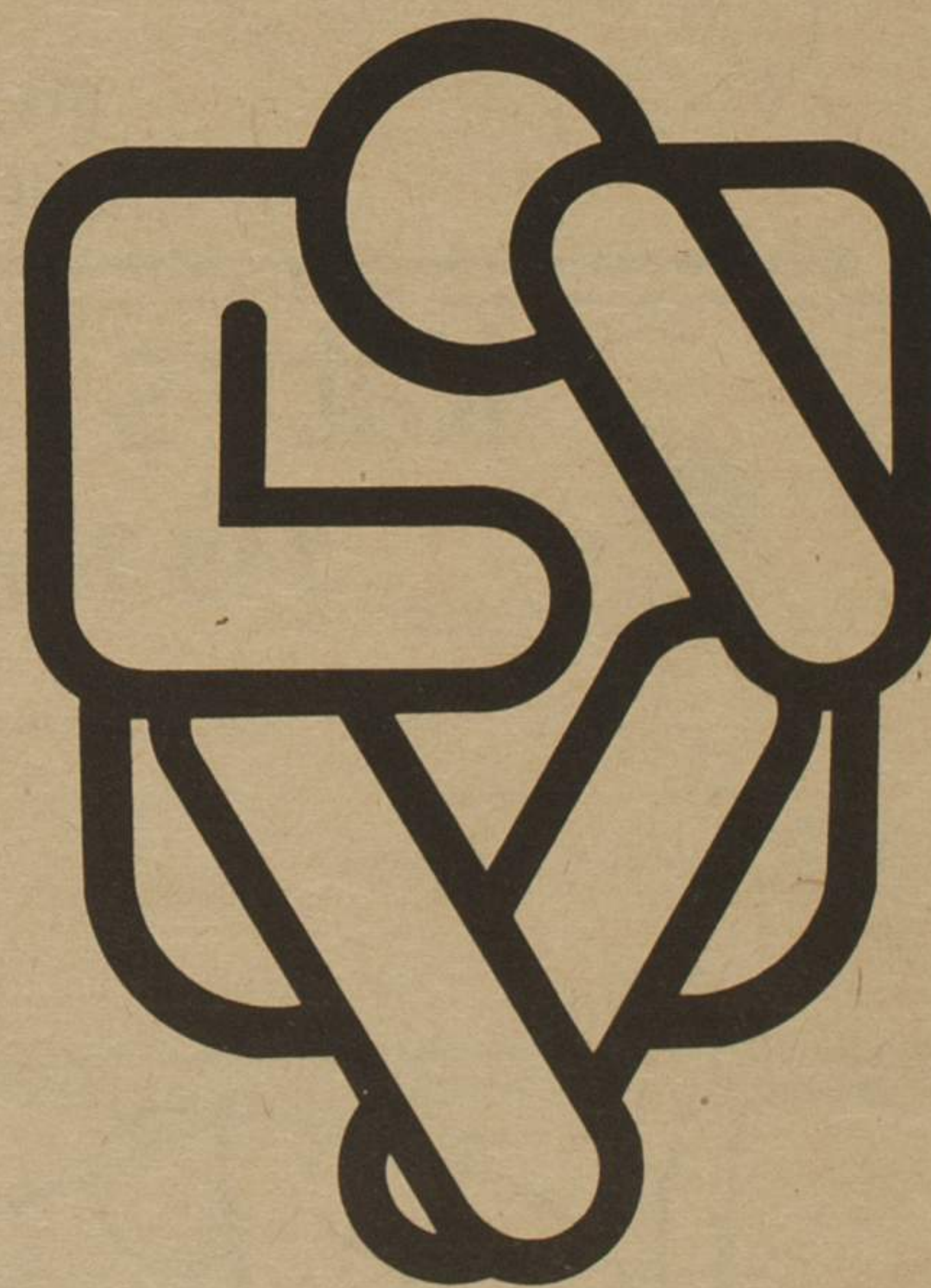
What about marking a third choice now? Nope. Just because you didn't vote for her doesn't make it any less likely that Nancy Shontz will finish on top. So any seat your third pick might win would be at the expense of Tom Gleason or Barkley Clark, your two preferred candidates.

Rumors of alliances between candidates persist; but if you follow the principle of selective voting, that shouldn't bother you at all. Let's say that you vote for Schumm and Hambleton (just to mention all six candidates). It shouldn't matter to you one iota if collusion between them and their supporters is going on. If your special interests would be served by either of them, you should welcome any plot that puts both of them on the commission.

Selective voting isn't a gimmick or a ploy or anything unusual at all. It's a tool every voter can use to insure that his true intent is reflected accurately by his ballot.

And that's the way it's done, Junior.

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"You Underestimate Us, Barkley" :

Thanks, Shelley Miller, for the tagline at the top of the page. It's a concise summation of the entire Bryan Anderson Building episode.

The conflict began quietly on Sept. 19, 1979, with one public notice in the Journal-World classified section.

Anderson maintained that his due process rights under the Sixth Amendment had been violated because the city never attempted to notify him personally. He filed suit against the city in Douglas County District Court in early 1980. Anderson's attorney, Robert Kroeker, compared the statute allowing condemnation without notification to "a time bomb in the basement, which an owner has no way of knowing is ticking."

The neighborly thing to do, of course, would be to budget 80 cents into the \$260,000 for a certified letter to the property owner notifying him of the condemnation action. But doing the decent thing would occur to few politicians and to even fewer lawyers, most of whom hope to become judges some day.

The condemnation action couldn't have come at a worse time for Bryan Anderson. While the city was claiming his business, cancer was claiming his father some 700 miles away. Bryan admitted he was aware of the condemnation action, but he was unaware of the brief period in which the law says any appeal must be filed. Distracted by the strain of his father's death, Bryan let the 30 days slip by.

It was a mistake that proved fatal to the Fat City Toy Company and the five other businesses housed by the Anderson Building.

Each appeal met with the same response from the bench: the city had complied with the specifications of the law, the plaintiff hadn't. Next case.

Still struck by the unfairness of the procedure, Anderson went after the statute itself. The law was unconstitutional, his attorney claimed, because it placed an unreasonable onus on the property owner. That appeal was waiting for the filing of final briefs when it was put in limbo by the destruction of the building.

Throughout the controversy, one nagging question kept cropping up. The city claims that Anderson knew his building had been earmarked for demolition before he bought it, but Bryan says he didn't. How is one to determine which party is telling the truth, short of asking everybody to take polygraph tests?

We could consider which party has shown the greater propensity to lie, but that might be too subjective. Or we could apply a little logic to the known facts and draw a conclusion, if possible.

Fact: When a speculator buys a building on credit, knowing that the city wants it, he maybe cleans it up, makes the minimum repairs to pass inspection then uses it for storage or warehouses it out. If he can pull in enough to make the bank payments while he's waiting for the trick to turn, he's happy.

Fact: Bryan Anderson spent a year of his life refurbishing the interior of his building; and he spent \$45,000 on improvements to the structure, such as new heating, lighting and plumbing systems. Commissioner Don Binns complained in the Journal-World that not much had been done to beautify

the exterior of the building. Fortunately for Mr. Binns, the building wasn't given equal space to reply.

Fact: When a speculator unloads property on the city, he pats the commissioners on the back, takes the money and runs.

Fact: Bryan fought the condemnation every step of the way, after that first misstep. In doing so, he expended more in legal fees than he possibly could have recovered from the sale of the building. "By the time I paid off all the loans and mortgages," says he, "I had to borrow \$20,000 to pay the lawyers."

Conclusion: Draw your own.

The cost of the protracted legal battle, loss of income and a growing debt left him spiritually and financially depleted. The hardest part to stomach was having to pay rent to the city while he was moving out. "The city really kicked me while I was down," Anderson says.

About the time he was ready to throw in the towel, his plight came to the attention of some of the more active citizens in town. Bolstered by their support, Bryan climbed back into the ring and served notice he was going the distance. He's still going.

The clamor of the ensuing fray attracted the attention of nearly every television and radio station in the region, as well as all the important newspapers. The Los Angeles Times News Service sent Larry Green down from its Chicago bureau to find out what the fuss was about, and his account ran nationwide.

In Lawrence, the word spread, "This guy's gettin' screwed." And Anderson's cadre of supporters became a phalanx. Yardsigns went up, letters were written, peti-

tions circulated and buttons appeared on lapels everywhere, all carrying the common plea: Save 600 Mass.

But the pleas were falling on deaf ears--the ears that mattered, that is. When Bryan and about 60 supporters went to a city commission meeting to discuss the fate of the building, they were treated quite rudely. About midnight, when the item finally came up on the agenda, the city fathers turned their backs on the citizens and strolled off into "executive session."

Commissioner Marci Francisco--the city mother--was caught in a dilemma. Not wanting to take part in such a crude insult, yet not wanting to deprive the public of their only set of ears, she stood by her post with her palms turned up. "What shall I do?" she asked the assemblage.

"Go on in," came the reply. "Do your best."

The next morning, Mayor Ed Carter told the KLWN radio audience that looking at the city commission room gallery had been like "looking at a zoo." Not overly burdened by tact or good manners, our mayor.

The citizens responded with a petition calling for a moratorium on condemnation and demolition until a comprehensive downtown development plan could be implemented. To kick off the petition drive, 50 local artists staged an exhibit supporting Anderson's struggle to save 600 Mass.

The petition drive sputtered at first, then caught hold as the public began to recognize the obvious injustice of the situation. True to form, the City Fathers insulted the intelligence of the 2,400 people who signed the petition by telling them they

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The Mess at 600 Mass

didn't know what they had signed. As the confrontation developed, a curious pattern began to emerge. On one side, there was the Anderson crowd calling public meetings, inviting citizen involvement and saying to the media, "Come, look. See for yourselves." On the other side were the city fathers, speaking only when spoken to, and then saying little more than "We have ordained the Anderson Building must go, and it shall be so."

Ironically, to say the least, that "The Zoo" was conducting their campaign to save the building in the best tradition of democratic principles and procedures, while the elected representatives were doing their best to circumvent them. About the only communication volunteered by the city fathers was a letter to the editor of the Journal-World that ran in its December 16 edition, Monday.

Although the letter was billed as a response by the city, it was signed only by Don Binns, the only member of the Gang of Four whose term of office does not expire April 7. Coincidence, of course. The letter was no response at all. It was a ridiculous, yet vicious attack on the character of Bryan Anderson, questioning his motives and branding him as a "shrewd speculator." Bryan?

Not satisfied with taking one cheap shot, Binns made a low-brow attempt to impugn the reputations of the citizens who were supporting Anderson's efforts to save his business. Public nuisances and sponges, they were called, eager "to feed at the public trough." (Tell us, Mr. Binns, whose money backs the checks that pay for that portable larder hanging over your belt?)

In short, the city's answer answered nothing--except to show clearly the disdain they felt for those who disagreed with them, and

the arrogance with which they intended to carry out the destruction of 600 Mass. At a time when intelligent men would have sought understanding and compromise, all they could think of were insults and their misplaced pride.

The effect of the Binns letter was evident in the mood of Anderson's mob at next evening's city commission meeting. As the commissioners squirmed through the agenda toward the crucial downtown development item, they frequently cast uneasy glances at a packed gallery in which four of five wore big pink "stop the wrecking ball" buttons. And dozens more had gathered outside, waiting for the action to start.

The commission tried to pull the fuse by quickly voting four to one to refer the downtown proposal to the planning commission without any discussion. But the audience was having none of it, and the commission found it impossible to slip on to the next item. As the din grew, somebody moved for a recess, and chairs and feet shuffled as three or four commissioners stood up.

"Go ahead and recess all you want," came a challenge from the gallery. "We'll be here when you get back." Recognizing the truth of the statement, the commissioners decided to sit back down and push on, regardless. That's when Bryan Anderson strode to the center of the room and demanded to know, "Why won't you guys talk about this? What are you afraid of?"

That started it. Voices rose and tempers with them. Commissioner Binns adjourned three times and Major Carter did his imitation of a pomegranate. Some flunky scurried out the side door and, minutes later, police cars appeared in the alleyways surrounding City Hall.

Somehow, local attorney Jack

Klinknett surfaced in the middle of the melee and made an impromptu, but effective plea for a civilized discussion. A tense truce shrouded the room as both sides prepared to explain their views.

Klinknett and Anderson went first. They talked mainly about the injustice to Bryan, the obvious unsuitability of the space for a parking lot and the gross extravagance of it all. Their final plea was on behalf of the 60-year-old building itself. Let the city keep Anderson's building and use it for any purpose, they said, but don't tear it down. Spare 600 Mass.

Then the commissioners spoke. Marci Francisco started by pointing out the absence of any comprehensive plan indicating the need for a parking lot at that location and the extraordinarily high cost of the project. She concluded by suggesting the building be used by the city for much-needed warehouse space. Applause from the gallery.

The next three speakers offered arguments of varying inanity, the most honest of which was Mayor Ed's, "It's ugly." The honor of delivering the death blow passed into the eager hands of Barkley Clark, and he was equal to the task.

Barkley talked about the city's obligation to the out-of-town investors who bought the parking bonds; explaining that the presence of a thoroughly renovated, fireproof steel-and-concrete building on the site would cheapen their investment. He also pointed out that any unusual behavior on the part of the city might affect its standing in the municipal bond market. Just the sort of arguments one expects from such a humanitarian.

But the general theme of his points followed a line that has been heard all too often: It might

have been a bad decision but we're duty-bound to stick by it because we're stuck with it. This is the same pitch Clark used in trying to force the Haskell Loop down the throats of East Lawrence residents five years ago.

Having pushed this line of reasoning as far as he dared, Barkley concluded by telling the Anderson supporters how happy he was to see so many people getting involved in community affairs, how gratified he was that they had seen the need for a downtown plan, and how hopeful he was that they all would continue to participate in the important decisions yet to be made.

It was a brazen-faced affront of the highest order, and everyone in the audience was stunned silent. Except one. With an accusing finger poised just inches above her lap, Shelley Miller spoke clearly: "You underestimate us, Barkley."

And that is the answer to how the Anderson Affair came about. In their concerted assault on Bryan Anderson's rights and property, the City Fathers, the City Manipulator and the money-maddened minority they serve, all completely misread the intent of the citizenry and underestimated the strength of their resolve.

None of the above will ever admit they erred in their decision to destroy 600 Mass, but none of the above ever dreamed that an "eyesore" could become such a pain in the ass.



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446 Locust

Spring Weather, Local Cyclists Warming Up

by Karl Gridley
Co-editor, Mid America Cyclist

Once again it's that time of year when the thought of being outdoors seem to counter all notions of industry. From villages in the French Alps to towns on the Kansas prairie, people are pulling out their bicycles and planning rides through the newly greened countryside.

For many years the bicycle in the United States was considered not much more than a toy—something the kids could ride around on until they discovered the joys of the automobile. Today, however, there is a bicycling renaissance in this country; and people are buying ten-speeds in numbers only dreamed of a short decade ago.

Spurred by sky-high gasoline prices and an increasing awareness of personal health, the bicycle is achieving a status in the American life-style that rivals the role it plays in Europe.

Perhaps you are one who is all in favor of bicycling but are confronted continually with mechanical troubles that demand more patience than you have. If so, don't leave that bicycle sitting in the middle of the garage. The following hints may help get you rolling again.

Tires: Having lots of flats? Check to see if you've got geriatric tires. Is the rubber peeling off the sides? Is the tread worn off or the rubber hard as concrete? If so, invest in new tires with "gummed" sidewalls. You'll have fewer flats and a lot less headaches.

Derailleurs: Does the rear derailleur on your ten-speed constantly slip from cog to cog on the back wheel? If so, you probably need to tighten the shift levers on the bicycle's down tube or handlebar stem. You should be able to easily shift the chain in-

to all cogs on the freewheel. If not, adjust the two screws on the rear derailleur until you are able to "reach" each cog without difficulty.

Brakes: If the brake pads on your brakes hang more than a quarter of an inch from the wheel rim on either side, they should be tightened for greater stopping efficiency. It would be wise to purchase a "third-hand tool" before attempting to make this adjustment. This tool holds the brake pads to the rim while you adjust the cable to the right length.

Seats: Like to ride but always end up with a sore rear or knees? More than likely the seat is poorly adjusted. The seat is at its correct height if you can pedal backwards with your heels on the pedals without your hips swaying. Most factory ten-speeds come with very poorly anatomically designed saddles. Though plastic padding looks comfortable, it is painfully deceptive. A firm saddle such as those made by Avocet or Brooks is well worth the investment for the discomfort it will alleviate.

Bearings: There are six separate sets of bearings in your bicycle: the front and rear hubs of the wheels; the two pedals; the bottom bracket (or crank); and the headset. If you hear grinding noises in any of these places, the bearings need to be overhauled. To do this, special tools are required, as well as a good supply of solvent and grease. Inquire at your local bicycle shop for the tools you will need.

If you desire further information on bicycle maintenance and repair, I recommend Richard's Bicycle Book (published by Ballentine) for expert advice. It

is a well-written, illustrated, informative and funny book that is reasonably priced.

Once you've got your bicycle in top mechanical condition you'll find it a much greater pleasure to ride. If you haven't done a lot of riding before, be sure you don't over-do it. You can tear up your knees, hyperventilate or get severe leg cramps if you push yourself too hard. Stay in the low-to-medium gear range to start with, especially on the hills. It will be far better for your cardio-vascular system if you do more spinning in low gears than grinding in the high ones.

If you don't already have toe clips, get them. You will increase your pedaling efficiency by 40 percent, guaranteed. With them, your feet will stay in one place on the pedal instead of sliding all over, wasting energy. Don't worry about being helplessly strapped to your bike in a crash. You will become used to your toe clips in no time and able to pull out of them reflexively.

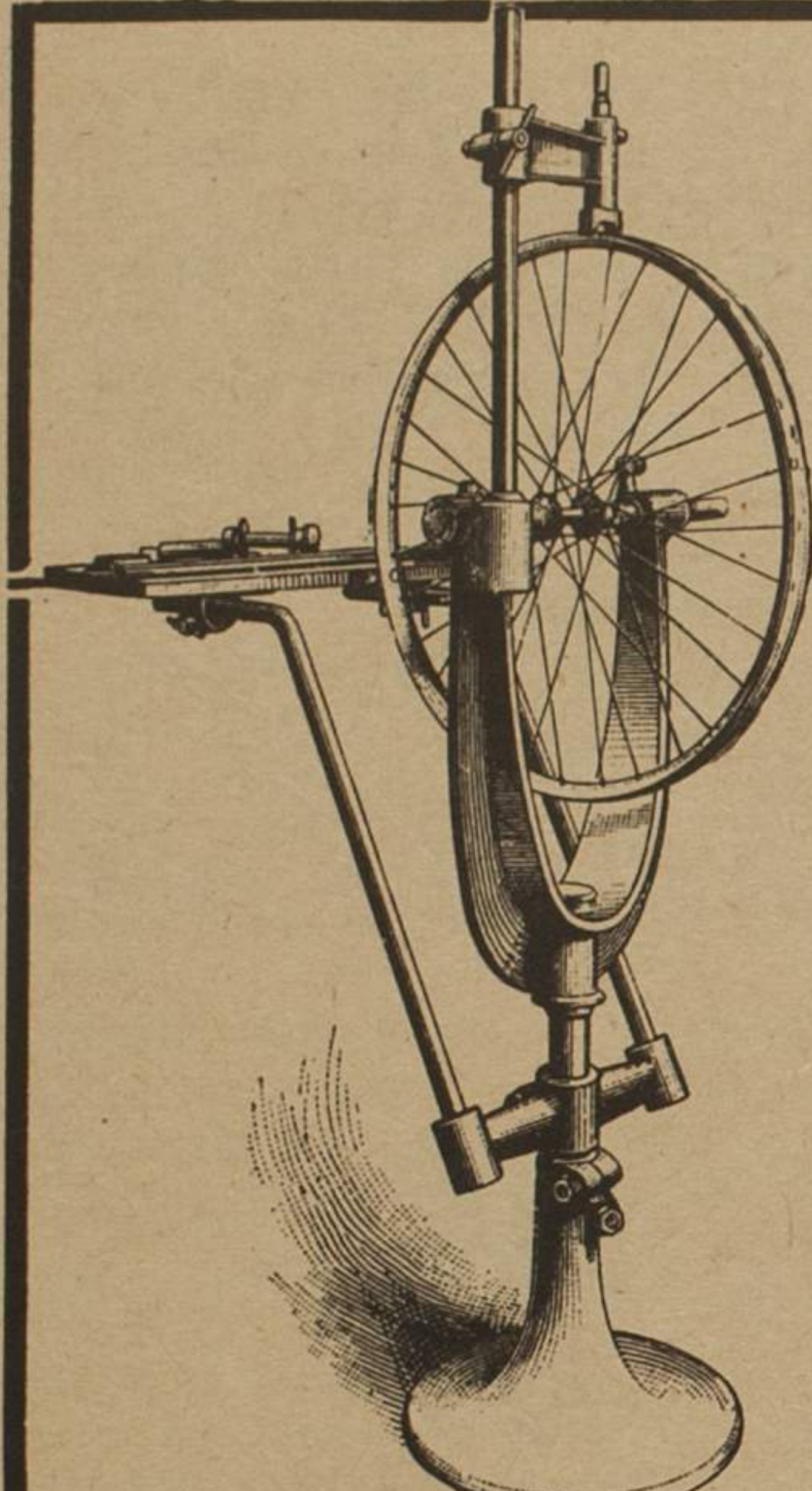
Always be sure that you have eaten enough to keep your energy up for the duration of the trip you have planned. Nothing is more agonizing than finding yourself 30 miles from town with all your calories spent. It is called "the bonk," and it can make an hour on a bicycle seem like a day. Guard against the bonk by storing quick-energy food such as granola or chocolate bars in your handlebar bag or day pack.

A water bottle also should be carried if you plan to ride more than ten miles—especially if we're slapped with a summer that sizzles like last year.

Now that you are all set up and eager to start pedaling, the Mt. Oread Bicycle Club hopes you will participate in the many tours taking place this spring and summer. Starting April 4, "Leisure Tours" will be leaving from the South Park gazebo each Saturday at 1 p.m. Distance usually will be from 10 to 15 miles, at an accommodating pace with an experienced tour leader.

For advanced riders, the "Sho and Go" tours depart the same place each Sunday at 1 p.m. The pace will be determined by those who show, and the ride will usually cover 40 to 60 miles.

On May 17, the club will sponsor a Century Tour, a 100-mile Tour of the Lakes. Participants will have the option of riding 25, 60 or 100 miles, with full sag vehicle service provided. For more information, call 864-3477.




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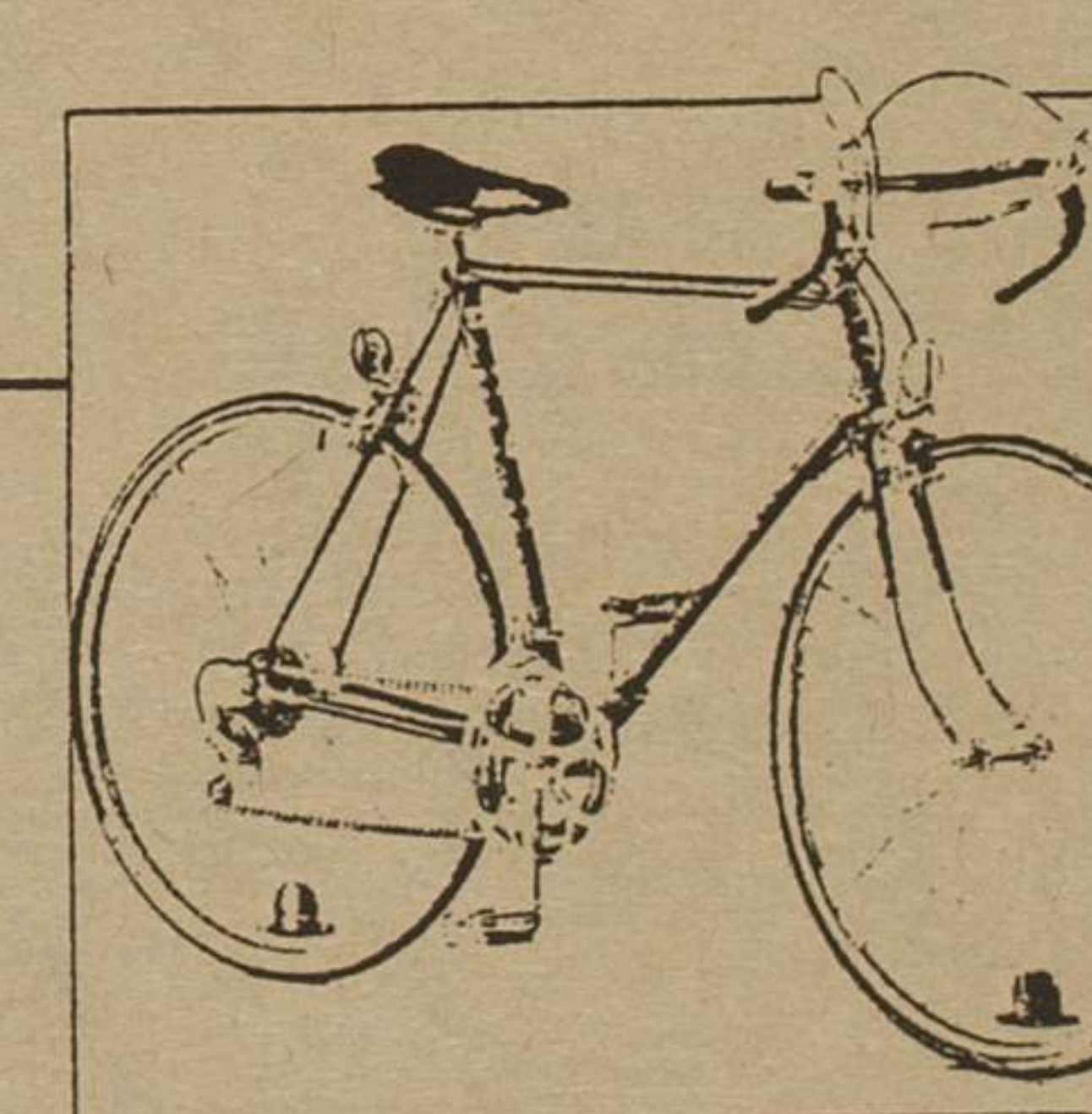
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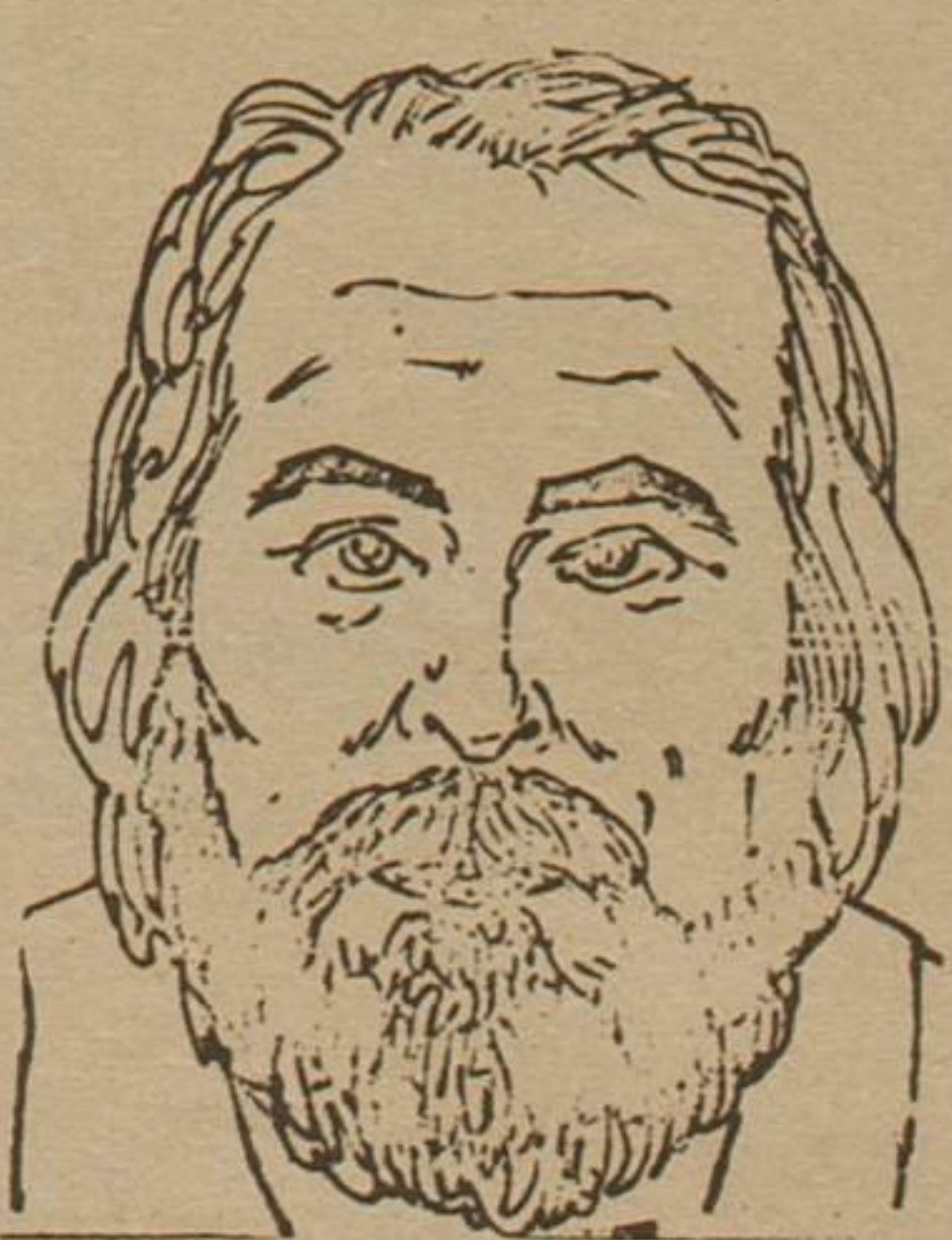
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