

Kansas

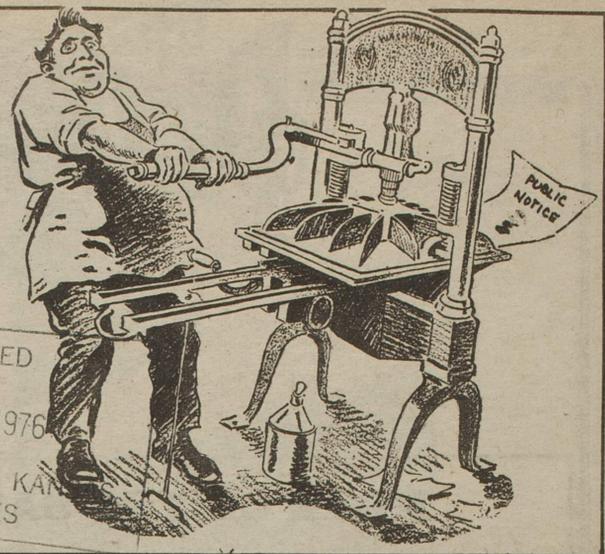
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PUBLIC NOTICE

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

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Vol. 2 No. 1

OCTOBER 1976

25¢

WORKING IN LAWRENCE

By Duffystuds

People have many reasons for working. They work for money. But people work for other less obvious reasons and so we interviewed a few people to see why they work.

I. J. STONEPACK

Mr. Stoneback is the county commissioner for the 3rd district. He lives on a farm a couple miles west of Lawrence. Originally from a farm near Morganville in Clay County Kansas, he moved to the Lawrence area in 1934. He helped organize the National Farmers Organization in Douglas County in 1959 and was a prime force behind the formation of the First Rural Water District. In the early 70's he cochaired the Lawrence Committee for Peace in Vietnam and since then has been pretty busy farming and commissioning.



WE'RE GETTING SHAFTED

I'm certainly not being paid enough in agriculture. That's why I helped organize NFO in this county and helped in others in Northeast Kansas because I didn't think the farmer was getting compensated for the amount of work he does and paid enough for the crops he produces. And with my job as commissioner, I think that's underpaid too. We get a little over \$7,000 now and we commissioners don't get as much as the city manager gets.

IT DON'T MATTER...

I get along very well with the people in the 3rd district. At one time, Buford Watson said to me,

"I. J., how come you stick up for those farmers out there, those rural people didn't vote for you." And I says, "I know, but maybe they will next time..." And it doesn't matter whether they voted for me or not. I'm elected to represent the people. It don't matter whether they voted for me or whether they're long hairs or they're old or Republican or Democrat. It does not matter. I just try and represent the people in my district.

HE'S BORED

Oh, I get kind of bored sometimes sitting down there all day Monday at the county commissioners' because I'm an active person and I just get tired of sittin' and sometimes these conversations get awful boring and I think sometimes we take too long to make up our minds what to do down there. Government works slow and I always worked kind of fast whatever I done. But on the whole, its been rewarding, it's certainly been an educational experience and I've met a lot of people and I think I'm respected more than I used to be, just being a farmer. I know, I had a person ask me that if I didn't think people didn't respect me more now than they used to. And I said, "Yes, I've noticed that. People say hello to me." I've had town people, you know, that would just ignore me--of course, maybe they just didn't know me before. See when you get in the public eye like I have been, why people recognize me and speak to me that didn't used to ever speak to me. I don't know whether they didn't know me or what but...

FARMING IS IN HIS BLOOD

I farm because I like to farm and there's a lot of other farmers, you know, they stay on the farms because well see, it gets in their blood see, and I like livestock and I like to be close to it. Farmers work in town so they can farm. The only way

CONTINUED ON PAGE 13

RESPONSIBILITY

I'm a farmer and a county commissioner. In farming I'm self-employed and responsible to myself and my family. As a county commissioner, I feel like I'm responsible to and represent the people in the 3rd commissioner district. At the present time, I just take care of my cattle and put up hay for them to eat. I don't do any field work anymore. I've rented some of my land on a crop share basis.

LOOKING TO RETIREMENT

No, I don't have any goals in politics in the future. In fact, I didn't even want to run the 2nd term. And I announced once I wouldn't run but the people wanted me to run and I told them I would reconsider and finally I decided to run. With farming, I don't have any big goal for the future. In fact, I'm thinking about the days of retirement.

An interview with JOHN TAYLOR

By MARK KAPLAN

I didn't know John Taylor for very long. I think that the first time I met him was at a speaking engagement for City Commission candidates in late winter of 1975. Many candidates stepped to the podium, making the prospect for the coming elections very confusing. By and by, an aging Black man rose to explain his reasons for running for City office. "My name is John Taylor, and I was born and raised in North Lawrence, and that is my home today." He went on with the usual litany of reasons for running mainly based on a desire to see poorer people get their due.



John was a rare man; filled with integrity and one of the most sincere people I've ever known. When he spoke, he looked you right in the eye. He was a proud man. He respected others, himself and his family. With a shotgun, he once chased off a thoughtless bulldozer operator who was attempting to demolish his sidewalk. His neighbors had just watched helplessly as their easements were broken apart by the street department project.

Last month, John Taylor passed away. For some years, he had been afflicted with cancer and he knew he wouldn't out-live it. I never suspected. He worked steadily into his 77th year, showing few outward signs of slowing down.

Today, I'm very happy that in March of 1975, Don Zavelo and I sat down to talk to John for a few hours to help Don with an oral history project. Don knew so much about early 20th century town folks, that I remember feeling like I was sitting in on a conversation between two old friends... John was 75 and Don was 21.

Beginning on page nine of PUBLIC NOTICE, is most of our conversation from that afternoon. Though it began as an academic exercise, by the end of the afternoon new friendships were made which I came to value greatly. I will miss John Taylor very much. I'm glad that a part of his life can be shared here through photos and essay.



Lawrence soon will boast two McDonald's restaurants. Despite residents' protests, a new McDonald's was approved by the City. It will be a unique McD's... called McDonald's North Lawrence. The only problem is it's not in North Lawrence... page 14.

Roaches and reorientation top the Coop News. While the fiendish roach won't go away, many Coop members vanish in a flash when it's time to work at the store. Find out more on pages 5-8.

Want to let others know how upset you are about rising electric bills? People's Energy Project launches a sticker campaign to Pull the Plug on KP&L... See supplement to the NOTICE.

MORE OF THE SAME WON'T DO

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT...

In Kansas, the Landlord-Tenant Act does not give tenants the right to withhold rent as a way to force landlords to make needed repairs.

But the City of Manhattan, on Oct. 17, 1972 passed a city ordinance which permits tenants to put their rent money into an escrow account until the repairs are completed.

The most commonly used and proposed system, according to Manhattan's Tenants Handbook, allows tenants to cease paying rent to the landlord and begin paying the same rent into an escrow account (often the city treasury) when the local building inspector of health department determines that there are repairs or alterations which need to be made to the dwelling(s) in order to maintain compliance with the building and housing codes. There is almost always a period of grace during which the landlord is given sufficient opportunity to correct the deficiencies, this period usually ranges from thirty to ninety days.

Wouldn't it be great if we could pass such an ordinance here in Lawrence?? The Topeka Housing Complaint Center has already begun to work for its ratification there. Let's get busy by writing and talking to our city commissioners and state legislators to implement an escrow ordinance in Lawrence!

You have a problem.

We have a solution.

On Sept. 2 a group of concerned citizens held its first meeting to discuss and begin to do something about the housing problems of Lawrence. Lack of housing and substandard housing has plagued this community too long! Would you like to help? Our meetings are at 8 p.m. Thursday nights at ECKAN, 1201 E. 13th, or call 841 3357. Won't you join us?

YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW... In Detroit, citizens must obey a new ordinance that requires all houses to be inspected and certified as habitable before they can be sold. The inspection is designed to make sure that houses are structurally sound and that their electrical, heating and plumbing systems are in good repair.

ECKAN, East Central Kansas Community Action Agency has packed its bags and hitched up its truck for 1201 E. 13th Street in Far East Lawrence.

We are a community action program funded by federal, state, county and city funds; and private donations.

We can provide free emergency home repair, such as roofing, heating, plumbing, electrical work, attic insulation, weather stripping and storm windows. You may be eligible for repairs up to \$1,000 from ECKAN, or \$5,000 through the City of Lawrence Community Development Department!

'I did not want to live in a box'



In late September, ECKAN learned that it still had \$40,000 available for rehab. We are also members of the Emergency Service Council, so please call us if a financial crisis occurs to your family. Maybe we can help.

Would you like to earn your high school diploma? Sign up for GED classes held two nights a week, or you can come in the center during the week at any time that fits your schedule.

Need a comfortable place to hold a meeting or some other activity? Call us, Greg, Susie or Helene, at 841-3357.

OVERHEARD IN LAWRENCE

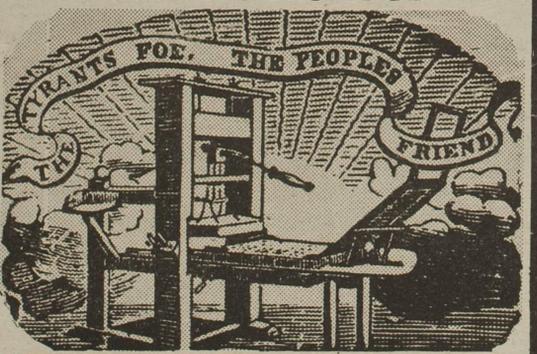
It was a hot, dry day when the local Democrats threw a beer bash in Centennial Park, a reward for those who had registered to vote. Candidates for state office, college Democrats, a large group of College Republicans partaking of the opposition's hospitality, and other thirsty passers-by, drank and talked on the brown slopes of the park.

Two PUBLIC NOTICE writers talked with the candidates. A former Mayor of Lawrence, who is running for state office, made these remarks when asked about changing the form of City government from City-Manager to Mayor-Council, making the Commission seats salaried positions so that working people could afford to devote full time to their office. A Commissioner is now paid \$100 yearly.

"You know that the office will soon pay, I think, about \$900," the candidate said. "I think that's enough so that someone could hire, say, someone to come in and clean and take care of their house. Besides, someone like Barkley Clark, for instance, wouldn't be interested in a salary of nine or ten thousand dollars."

True. Commissioner Clark wouldn't give up his position in the KU School of Law for such a piddling sum. But the person forced to work for a living will still be faced with a governmental system designed for those in a profession, a business, or with excessive leisure time. A mere \$900 might provide a cleaning woman, but it hardly allows someone elected to office to quit their job. And so, working people can afford to devote only part of their time to office. They don't have the time or energy to thoroughly investigate, question or contemplate City issues, but must ask for "expert" advice from paid consultants, city staff, and the city manager; all unelected and therefore, unaccountable and unaffordable positions.

PUBLIC NOTICE



★★ THE LAWRENCE PUBLIC NOTICE ★★

The PUBLIC NOTICE is published on or about the 15th of each month, by the Community Mercantile food cooperative, with main offices located on the top floor of the Stubbs Building, 1101 1/2 Mass. CALL 842-5657

People contributing to this issue: Pat Sullivan, Chuck Magerl, Kate Duffy, Paul Hughes, Mark Kaplan, Susie Hanna, Cleo Sebring, Dick Tater, Richard Kershenbaum, Roger Martin, Helene Pesche, Patti Spencer, Patty Dorian, Dellan Woolpert, Patty Plauman, Larry Bethel, Floyd Cobbler, Boyd Evans, Maura Biesmeyer, Steve Trone, Christine Cider, Clyde Chapman, David Hann, Frank Addington, Christine Leonard, Cathy, Mary Beth Bethel, Don Zavelo, Greg Bashaw, and the People's Energy Project.

Speaking of People

THE POOR

It's the anarchy of poverty that delights me, the old yellow, wooden house indented among the new brick tenements or a cast-iron balcony with panels showing oak branches in full leaf.

It fits the dress of children reflecting every stage and custom of necessity-- chimneys, roofs, fences of wood and metal in an unfenced age and enclosing next to nothing at all.

The old man in a sweater and soft black hat who sweeps the sidewalk--his own ten feet of it in a wind that fitfully turning his corner has overwhelmed the entire city.

--William Carlos Williams

On television, the interviewer asked Albert Shanker, president of United Federation of Teachers, "How can we improve the situation of the poor?"

"GIVE THEM MONEY."

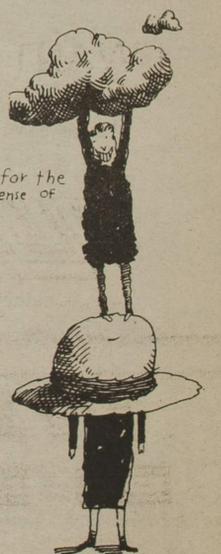
On television, the interviewer asked Dr. Milton Friedman, University of Chicago economist, "How can we improve the incomes of the poor?"

"GIVE THEM MONEY."

"Equal incomes? No. People with beastly jobs-- scavengers and lavatory attendants and the like-- should be paid a great deal more than anyone else."

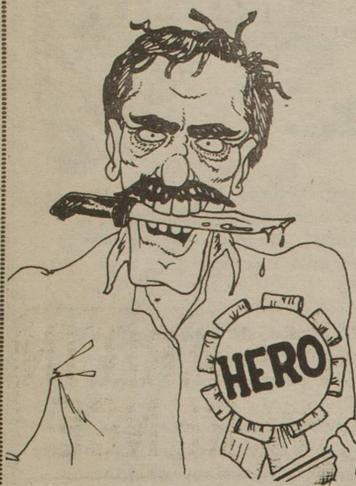
--Sir Victor Gollancz

There is something patently insane about all the typewriters sleeping with the beautiful plumbing in the beautiful office buildings--and all the people sleeping in the slums.



Madman Reaching for the clouds at the expense of another.

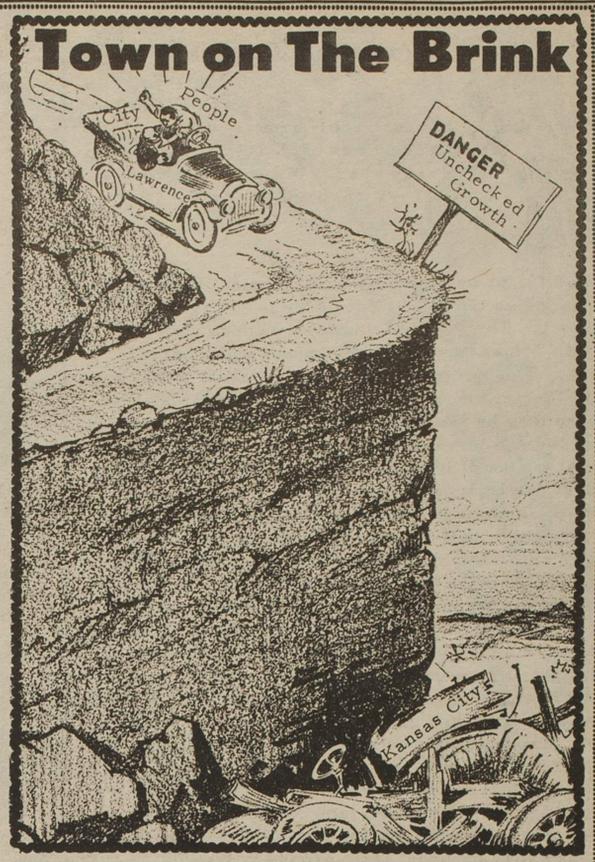
IGNORANCE ISN'T BLISS



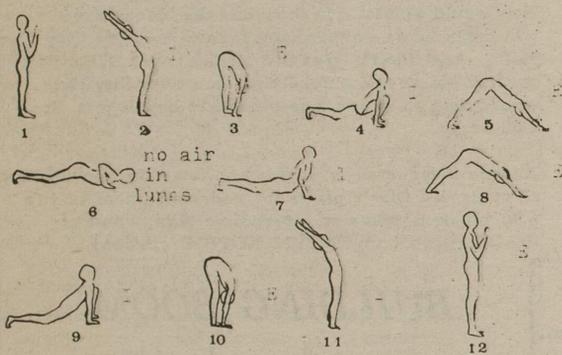
Has William Quantrill become a Lawrence hero? You can now shop for antiques at Quantrill's, sip beer at Quantrill's Saloon, or buy a home in sleepy Quantrill's Acres or Quantrill's Overlook, south of town.

But Quantrill was hardly a hero. He's the scoundrel who led a band of renegades to Lawrence, leveling the town and killing 150 people.

Local history isn't just being revised in the name of Quantrill. The owners of the Eldridge House, 7th and Mass., have opened a new disco called Sheriff Jones. You can boogie and bump till early morning in honor of Sheriff Samuel Jones who burned the original Eldridge in 1856. Salute!



YOUR OWN LITTLE PLACE IN THE SUN



SALUTATION TO THE SUN

1 = inhale

2 = exhale

SOORYA NAMASKAR
(Salutation to the Sun)

- 1) Hands together, fingers beneath lips.
 - 2) Lock thumbs, stretch out, up, bend back.
 - 3) Bend at hips, hands toward toes.
 - 4) Bend knees, place hands beside feet, stretch left leg back, left knee to floor, look up and back.
 - 5) Into triangle position, hips high, knees straight, head between arms.
 - 6) Lower knees, chest, chin, keeping hips slightly raised.
 - 7) Lower hips arching back, roll chest from floor looking up and back.
 - 8) Back into triangle position.
 - 9) Left foot up, right knee to floor, look up and back.
 - 10) Right foot up to join left, straighten knees.
 - 11) Lock thumbs, stretch arms up and back, bend back slightly with head between arms.
 - 12) Back into original position, hands together, fingertips beneath lips. Close the eyes, separate the feet, take a deep cleansing breath, and relax.
- For maximum benefit repeat 2-3 times.

By Maura Biesmeyer

The word yoga comes from the Sanskrit root "yuj" which means "to join." It implies a discipline and its aim is self-knowledge.

There are many different kinds of yoga. Hatha (sun-moon in Sanskrit) yoga works with the body. It differs from Western calisthenics in that it develops flexibility, suppleness and muscle tone rather than strength. It also eases bodily tensions and promotes relaxation and a sense of well being.

A beginner's approach to Hatha Yoga should be one of moderation and sensitivity. The idea is to relax and feel good. Never force your body into a posture for which it isn't ready. It will tell you how far to go. In the repetition of certain exercises your muscles will loosen up of their own accord.

Hatha Yoga has a cumulative effect. With practice on a daily basis (even if for only 10 to 15 min.) you can begin to notice differences... better posture, ability to consciously relax... within a week or two.

When practicing Hatha Yoga, breathe deeply, taking the air into the bottom of your lungs first and then filling them up. Normal breathing is usually quite shallow; we use only one-third to one-half of our lung capacity. Deep breathing is relaxing in itself.

The Salutation to the Sun (Soorya Namaskar) is a very complete combination of bodily postures, which when done rapidly, will bring alertness to the mind, and when done slowly will bring tranquility. Try doing three of these every day (at least three hours after you have taken any food) and see what happens. What have you got to lose? ?

A POEM

By Floyd Cobbler

When the man looks at me and says,
"Boy you had better get back in your place,"
I look at him and answer:
"Since when did God have a face?"
I have known ever since I was born
someday I would die
But I will be damned if everytime you
speak I will hang my head and cry
Because I said or done something you
didn't like.
So if you are looking for an Uncle Tom,
don't look at me but take yourself a hike.
For when the worms get through we will
both look the same, me and you.

LETTERS

Dear Public Notice & Friends,

After reading your last effort I feel compelled to write you a letter concerning certain weird feelings I experienced in my stomach. On the whole I was in agreement with every bit of political advice I read but as I said before, something in your paper started weird feelings agoing in my stomach. To be to the point, anger is what did it. Your paper wants to spread anger? I hope not because anger must by law (First Law of Dog: One dog barks at another dog and that dog must bark back being the dog that he is) it seems bring anger back on the sender. Do we wish to feel anger from the dogs who control our town or would we rather create peace and feelings of brotherhood? So here is my revouition proposition: Let's work on the lines of love not hate.

BARK BARK,
Boyd Evans

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TRAVEL STORIES

This is a feature column on travel experiences of Lawrence residents. We invite you to tell your on-the-road tales in this space.

Indian trains are the best in the world. Upon getting on an Indian train the first order is to have a reserve sleeper. This entitles you to a wooden slab for the night. The car has barred windows and a barred door. This keeps people with no tickets out of your car. Sometimes they try to break in at the station. There may be hundreds outside the car. Old women dressed in scarves with huge bedrolls and large metal trunks of luggage, with lots of children, their oldest son trying to break in too. We took turns with the Indians in the car beating on the knuckles of the hands that reached in from the outside, trying to rattle the bars, open the doors, get in, we hit them to make their hands hurt and force them to pull away. When night comes, you can stretch out on your slab, and get a good comfortable night's sleep. Not like in Java where you have to stand up all night on crowded trains. And in stifling equatorial heat. The second order, always make sure that your pack has an arm draped over it or an eye on it. Especially if you're not a reserved sleeper, but an open second class say. There are pick-pockets who can with a razor slit your pockets open and take everything, and your watches and your rings, and cut into the bottom of your pack, or take your passport from around your neck. When you wake up, it can all be gone. Sometimes, though this is rare, you wake up while the pick-pocket is in action. He has a razor blade, so you don't do anything. But they stop and look at you apologetically and leave. But you stay awake for awhile then. In Thailand in the south, there are armed robbers. With them you must give them everything, even though you are awake. The Indians are a bit mellow in their thievery. I have never had anything stolen. This kind of story is not to scare you away, it probably won't happen to you.

I fell in love after a wedding with the girl who held the flowers for the bride. Weeks after the wedding I hitch-hiked to Lexington, Kentucky to see her. One man took me off the road I should have been on, wanted to be on, and put me on a road where no cars ran. Someone picked me up anyway. I hitch-hiked all night until nine at night. I went to a bar in Lexington and met a man with psoriasis, like me, who ordered two beers at a time and drank from both bottles. I called Cathy's house, and she said she'd be down right away. In the bar she talked about going to Law school. She would stay in Lexington to go to this Law school. Though I had only known her for this night I wanted to marry her. We went to her apartment, we talked an hour and I laid down on the floor and went to sleep. The next morning I got up at six o'clock, I left before she woke up, I walked out of Lexington, I hitch-hiked home.

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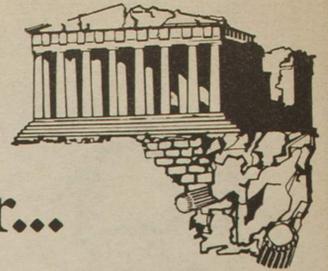
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What's happening?

It makes you wonder...



A new City Hall may be built directly across the street from the Mercantile in the 600 block of Mass.

The city commission voted Sept. 1 to let City Manager Buford Watson hire whatever professional help (at whatever cost) he needs to study the move of City offices.

The City has been thinking about moving from their present location in the First National Bank Tower, 9th and Mass., for quite some time. And it's no wonder; the City pays \$4,998 a month rent for the offices.

The previous City Commission had voted to remodel the police-fire building, 8th and Vermont, with \$600,000 in federal revenue sharing money. The police are moving to the new Judicial Law Enforcement building on East 11th. But, some of the Commissioners now would rather build a shiny new building, and the location mentioned is on the east side of Mass., north of the Opera House.



Mayor Fred Pence and Commissioner Carl Mibeck are wary of plans for a new building and tend to favor the remodeling. But, Commissioners Marnie Argersinger and Barkley Clark want to see a new City Hall.

Clark, after a tour of the old building, characterized it as "crummy." Argersinger says, "I just hate to throw good money after bad."

The main objections to the remodeling are that the old building doesn't have, according to City officials, a adequate parking space, and that even if a quarter of a million dollars were spent on remodeling, the City would still have just an old building. (It's 25 years old.) Besides, they say, the City will probably outgrow the police-fire building in 10 to 15 years.

Former Mayor and Republican candidate for State Rep. Nancy Hambleton says the parking problem for a new City Hall in the 600-block could be solved by building an adjacent stacked parking garage.

How would you like to look out the Mercantile window and see a parking garage and new City Hall? And that's just the beginning. According to City Manager Buford Watson a new City Hall would help to encourage others to develop in the 600 block.

Anyone interested in working on the Coop committee to study the City's plans for redevelopment in the 600 block to make an alternative plan, contact the Mercantile or PUBLIC NOTICE... soon!

KANSAS NOT A PARADISE FOR AGED PEOPLE

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 6.—Kansas is no place for "grandma." At least, in the opinion of H. C. Bowman, chairman of the state board of control, it is a bad place for the aged person to live, for Kansas is sending her aged persons to the state insane hospital. And other states are just as bad, says Mr. Bowman.

Time was when "grandma" sat around the fire and dozed or knitted stockings while her very whim was humored. But those days are gone. Mr. Bowman who has been in a position to observe the matter for six years, declares the aged ones are being sent to the asylums to get rid of them. "In most cases," says Mr. Bowman, "the mother or grandmother is no more insane than the relatives who send them away. But they soon become of unsound mind after a short time spent among so many insane patients."

"What's to be done with grandma is indeed a problem and a serious one," says Mr. Bowman.

NICE THIEF

There's an open look, an understanding glance, a baring of Soul to the dull.

I want to understand you his eyes say, yet it isn't love, or being a friend, it's theft of trust without end.

The eyes have it and it's true, but you feel misused, he's always nice to us mice.

Pinto

BUILDING BOOM

What frantic rush of work is this
In every bush and tree?
What strange excitement going on,
What sudden industry?
For stock in wood and stick and string
And leaf and grass has soared;
The building trend is going up—
Such haste to get aboard.
The market rises to its peak
As each outdoes the rest;
And every feathered songster tells
The latest model nest.

—JULIA C. ARDAYNE



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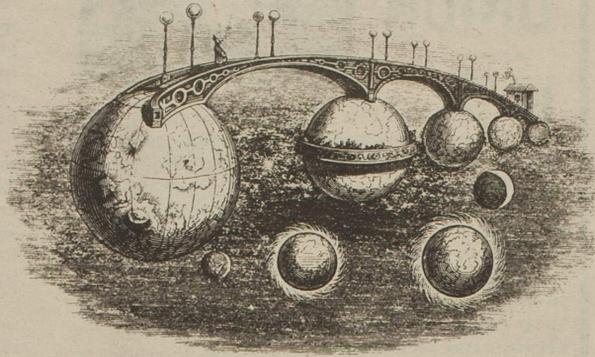
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COOP NEWS

By CHUCK MAGERL ----- FOR THE WORK COLLECTIVE

The early August clean-up and remodeling at the coop never really went as planned and the resulting confusion deserves mention. Using seemingly logical processes, we decided to close the first week of August, traditionally a low sales time, so we thought we wouldn't lose too much income. As it happened, we were closed for two weeks and needed a \$1,000 loan from the credit union to set things on an even keel again. We made some mistakes.

Perhaps we can consider the situation in terms of labor and capital, work and money. In choosing the first week of August to remodel, we were concerned with money. But early August is also a low energy time in terms of labor, and operating on a volunteer basis, that can be a crippler. The members didn't provide the necessary labor; work

wasn't completed. We remained closed an extra week and vital income was lost. The credit union was called on to help us through.

In fact, if it hadn't been for the cooperative concern of several members, the store would still be struggling. In time of need, thanks to Ed Boles, Bob Burford, Larry Mulhern, Dale Nimz, Carol & Leroy Chittenden, Richard Linker, Diane Luber and Paul Johnson. Also, we're very grateful for the show of support from the credit union. (Check them out, they're great folks!)

The error in closing time was aggravated by an ineffective work collective. For the four collective members, the two week remodeling included three vacations, assisting an out-of-town birth, a four-day illness, and emotional fatigue. These represent

both a lack of foresight and incredibly bad luck. Fortunately, several coop members stepped in to guide things through.

The confusion is just now subsiding. Items are getting restocked, inventory control is functioning smoothly, the blanks and no-shows on the work calendar are declining, and our loan is being repaid.

One thing we have learned through this struggle is to value our labor. Cooperative labor is the determining factor of our store and everyone's part is necessary. Cooperative buying may provide cheap food, but cooperative labor provides an active psychological satisfaction without which we couldn't carry on.

By SUSIE HANNA

COOL BREEZE

A cool breeze was blowing through the trees of South Park. The same old group of Coop members who always come to membership meetings began trickling in with covered vegetarian dishes. Seventeen Coopers had attended the steering committee meeting on Sept. 18; a surprisingly large number. Only 14 persons attended the general meeting Sept. 21. Policy decisions were made any way.

The main topic of discussion was reorientation. The membership voted to require one member from each household to attend a reorientation meeting in October. If a member doesn't want to come to reorientation, they can sell their \$5 share in the Coop before Oct. 1. Otherwise, their membership is void on Nov. 1 if they fail to attend reorientation.

The reorientation meetings will be a bit like revival or pep talk meetings to let people know how valuable their participation is.

"We run on volunteer energy," Molly VanHee explained. "That's what keeps us going, or sliding."

Reorientation will educate members about their Coop--why the Coop exists, how it works and will also help to determine how many people are still actively involved.

"We'll assume that those who don't come to orientation aren't interested," Patty Spencer said. "We've been carrying inactive people and their lack of interest as long as we can. Also, to keep active and informed members, we have to inform them."

Ten to twelve meetings are scheduled in October. Only those who joined prior to June 1 are required to go. Members who join after June 1, are already required to attend an orientation session.

The membership also voted to require households of 5 to 10 people to work 4 hours and households of more than 10 to work 6 hours each month. Before, no limit was set on the number in a household. Households of more than five persons will also have to pay a \$10 membership when they join; households with 5 or less will still pay \$5.

The City's plan to redevelop the 600 block of Mass. was discussed and the members voted to form a committee to investigate the city's plans and develop an alternative plan. A general membership meeting will be called by the committee to discuss action by the Coop. Anyone wanting to be a part of the committee, contact one of the work collective.

Ed Boles announced that 200 bushels of organically-grown wheat had been bought with the help of a Credit Union loan, from the Fanshen Farm in Leavenworth County. The farm invited Coop members for a tour this Fall. Details will be announced later. The wheat will be ground at the Naramore farm, Route 3, and will be sold for about 20 cents a pound in the Coop.

The meeting closed shortly after sundown and, full of fine food, we parted and left the park, knowing December weather would force the next quarterly meeting inside.



Announcing . . .

Community Mercantile

STORE 843-8577
HOURS: M-W-F 10-6
T-Th 10-7
SAT. 10-5



Don't forget to attend one of the reorientation meetings in October!

Steering Committee potluck meetings are once a month & are open to all Coopers.

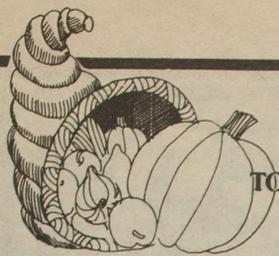
The Community Mercantile Credit Union optimistically announces another general membership meeting. On Thursday, Oct. 28, we will meet at the Public Library at 7 p.m. for policy discussion, officers' election, and criticisms and comments on our nine months of operation.

Attendance at the last meeting in the spring was rather dismal. Hopefully this fall meeting will draw more than 15 people from a membership of over 150. Three officer positions will be up for election by the members, and several policy changes will be considered. Committee and financial reports will top the agenda for the evening so please mark this meeting on your calendar. If you are not yet a member, but are interested in a non-profit, cooperative banking system, visit or phone our office. Remember, we're not in it for the money.

A new person has been selected to join the coop work collective to coordinate the operation of the store and other coop projects. Diane Luber was chosen by the present collective members and approved by the steering committee and general membership at the last meeting.

Diane will replace Sue Fryant. (Sue resigned to devote time to the collectively-owned and operated Sister Kettle Cafe.) Six coop members applied for the position. Diane has spent a couple years doing organizing work with the People's Energy Project, has lived in Lawrence for 7 years and has a concern and enthusiasm to further the work of the coop. Her involvement with the collective is eagerly anticipated to aid the hectic pace of the store's operation.

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WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE ...

By Susie Hanna

After nearly seven months of work, Sister Kettle, Lawrence's only non-profit vegetarian res- cafe, opened its doors for business.

The cafe is open from 7 a.m. to 2 p.m. for break- fast and lunch and from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. for a coffee house featuring live entertainment, desserts and beverages. They're closed on Tuesdays.

Sister Kettle was the dream of four women, Sue Bryant, Val Kelly, Kathy Nemeth and Boo Tate. It's grown from an idea to a reality through volun- teer help, donations and Community Mercantile Credit Union loans. Work began in the summer on the old "Bob's Our Place Cafe" at 14th and Mass.

"People have been real generous," Sue Bryant told PUBLIC NOTICE. "Somebody gave us the stereo and speakers; people made the chairs and tables, built every wall, did the curtains."

About 35 people are cooking, cleaning and waiting tables. Workers are dividing the tip pool for pay-- they hope to average \$1 an hour. After the first month, the cafe hopes to pay minimum wage. Per- haps in a year, workers will receive \$3 an hour.

The food is simple, inexpensive and delicious. Daily specials are posted on a chalkboard. The Pauper's Special is a nutritious meal for about \$1. Opening day, the cafe served savory rye--a dish of rye grain, cheese and tomatoes with salad for \$1. Gaspacho was featured as the soup of the day and it was great!

In the evenings, friends gather to talk and play mus- ic. Desserts and beverages are served. A particu- larly good drink is a yogurt, lime juice and honey shake called "Lhassi." The cafe is open to anyone who wants to play, sing, dance etc.

In a few months, Sue said, the cafe will probably be- gin to serve dinner. Special dinners, Chinese, Poly- nesian, one night a week may begin soon.

"We're trying to keep ourselves real simple right now," Sue said. "That's why we're not serving din- ner. When we feel we're real together, then we'll expand. We want to do what we do real well first."

The cafe seats about 50, and offers three types of seating. A beautiful wooden bar, which the cafe got from First Baptist Church that was razed at 801 Kentucky, is near the entrance. You can eat at a table or go to the upper level in the back and sit on a pillow at a low, round table.

The Arts & Crafts Coop is responsible for art dis- plays. Paintings can be hung near the front. A dis- play case is located in the back of the cafe.

On the north side of the building, some work has been done on a garden. Bob Hatke dug a small pool with his bare hands and plastered the sides. He put tall poles in the ground surrounding the area, intending to have Morning Glories grow up the poles to se- clude the garden spot. The poles are still there, but the pond has been filled in and a flower bed planted. The work collective decided the pool presented too many hazards.

Once the garden is finished, the cafe will serve or- ders to go and people can eat outside. A city ordin- ance prohibits the cafe from serving food outside, so waiters cannot serve in the garden.

Decisions about the cafe are made by the workers. A steering committee, made up of those who work 20 hours or more a week, can make quick decisions and present suggestions to the entire work collective for a vote.

"The food was satisfying and inexpensive," Dick 'Tater' said after finishing a Pauper's Special.

"I think people will look at this as an alternative," Helene Pesche, another satisfied customer said. "There aren't that many ethnic and different types of restaurants in Lawrence. The atmosphere helps a lot. It's a homey place and not sterile like Sambos or J. B. s."

Most of the recipes came from Diet For a Small Planet and Mike Bryant said the cafe would probably remain vegetarian.

"We would have to be going down and under before we'd consider serving meat," Mike said. "People want this kind of food."

"It's not held together with just organization," Sue said. "It's held together with the love and the care more than anything. Without people giving and giv- ing, it wouldn't be here at all."

THE CREDIT UNION



How would you like to have a financial institute in Lawrence that is anti-profit, owned, guided and operated by its members, is built on principles such as economic democracy, alternative growth, thrift, cooperativism... an institution that provides its members with such services as:

- *Passbook savings
- *Flexible hours
- *Complete insured security (\$40,000 per account)
- *Low cost loan service
- *Honest and personal service
- No check-charge, dividend drawing accounts
- Check cashing

Nonstop thoughts reeled uncontrollably

Officers of the Community Mercantile Credit Union approved nine new members at their September meeting. The officers also discussed their approv- al into the Secured Savings Credit Union, the possi- bility of purchasing a safe and a mimeograph mach- ine and the need for a Notary Public.

New members of the Credit Union are Laurie Rupert, Orion Contractors, Christine Leonard, Chris Hol- mer, Alan Gnagy, Dana Clinton, Emily McFarland, Melissa Nolte, and Community Mercantile. The additions bring total membership to 131, share balances of \$29,478.94, loans balance of \$20,613.88 and cash in the bank of \$1,888.72.

The Credit Union was approved for membership in the Secured Savings Credit Union, which is the equiv- alent of the FDIC for credit unions. A monthly finan- cial statement and committee reports of loans made each month along with collateral and payment record must be submitted to maintain membership.

Officers present to discuss business were: Dick Dunhaupt, Chuck Magerl, Mark Maher, Karen Bor- ell, Pat Sullivan, Patty Sullivan, Richard Kershen- baum, Tom Wilson, and Kathy Dugan. Judi Oakley, Bob Burford and Boyd Evans were absent.

Chuck told the officers that the Credit Union needed to locate a safe. Richard said that he knew of one for \$50 and agreed to find out about weight, size, etc and report at the next meeting.

Richard and Kathy offered the use of their mimeo- graph machines so the Credit Union could send out fliers to members. The Credit Union may be able to get bulk postage rate for mailing. Tom said he has access to a bulk mailing machine.

- Money orders
- Travelers cheques
- Low cost member insurance
- Personal financial counseling
- Notary public
- Payroll deduction

In case you hadn't guessed we've been talking about the Community Mercantile Credit Union or at least the capabilities of the Credit Union. Those items marked by asterisks are already being provided by your Credit Union. The three most needed elements for further expansion of services and programs are our needs for more people energy and commitments, better coordination and more share savings. All of our services cost time and money of course; none of them are free. However, by pooling our desires for these services, eliminating the desire for profit and trying to create a more people-oriented structure, we are capable of having these services at much re- duced costs and in a way that demonstrates we're people sharing with other people.

If the interest and commitment of the Credit Union members is strong, eventually the Credit Union could provide all those services listed. It depends on what we would like our Credit Union to be.

Kathy volunteered to find out about becoming a notary public for the Credit Union.

Pat Sullivan, member of the loan committee, re- ported that about \$6,000 was loaned out in August. He also reported on a delinquent loan payment and decided to discuss the matter again with the mem- ber and send a written notice if necessary.



For balance sheets, see page fifteen

Dick announced that he had been approved as a security officer for the Credit Union by the SSCU. He also volunteered to check with the Credit Union Mutual Insurance Society, the insurance co., owned by credit unions, to find out how many of the officers could sign checks.

The officers also signed the Credit Union Report Of Examination, received reports on record keep- ing by Tom and voted to hold the General Meeting Oct. 26. Chuck said he would check with Kansas Central about Vital Record keeping.

The officers agreed to sell Stop the Haskell Loop shirts in the office. Meeting adjourned.

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THE PUBLIC MISINFORMED!

A regular feature from Consumer Affairs

By Judy Kroeger

"How would you like to make a good income STUFFING & MAILING ENVELOPES for me? IMMEDIATE EARNINGS! Receive CASH commissions on a daily basis, or a WEEKLY CHECK from me."

Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? The above quote was taken from a flier sent to persons responding to a classified ad placed by TK Enterprises in the Journal-World.

The flier goes on to say that you must send them cash or money order for \$10 "to cover expenses and handling costs." Luckily, several people in Lawrence became suspicious when asked for money, and called CAA. We in turn contacted the Better Business Bureau in Denver (where TK Enterprises is located) and received the following information.

The company is a solely owned enterprise, owned by a man who has been involved in similar enterprises before. The company sells information on starting your own mail-order business. A kit is sold for \$10 which includes instructions on how to recruit others in the business, a list of merchants who have items for sale by mail, and information about placing ads in newspapers. The worker will have additional costs, including postage and advertising. Profit, if any, is made from commissions on merchandise sold, or on money received from others who buy the same information.

POLITE SMILES, A HOSTILE UNDERCURRENT

Many people have taken time to complain about or mention the roaches at the Coop. We all know we have a problem. So far we have:

- *devised various traps--commercial boric acid or our own Chuck-designed cheese and boric acid specials,
- *systematically raided the worst areas with a vacuum cleaner,
- *been sprayed 5 or 6 times with pyrethrins (no deadly residue) by a commercial sprayer,
- *remodeled the entire store, doing such things as pitching the rug, caulking the cool room, lessening the number of boxes needed in an area,
- *put out fossil flour--harmless to mammals (and probably beneficial) substance that cracks open roach bodies so that they dehydrate,
- *hit nests with a non-Aerosol Real Kill mixture that is mainly pyrethrins and with fly swatters--a current ongoing practice.
- *removed the bins (refuge for many homeless, not to mention wayward roaches), replacing them with buckets and lids.

The Work Collective has invested much time, effort, thought, ingenuity and energy into this problem. While we are always open to suggestions, (the most recent hedge apples) we are most of all open to energy.

If the roaches bother you, come put in an hour at the store devoted to fighting off the creeping peril. We, the work collective, don't have time to cover all our work when we have to be out with our fly-

The flier states that workers will "be paid \$25 per hundred on a flat rate basis, or UP TO \$40 per hundred on a DAILY CASH COMMISSION BASIS." However, the information sent by the BBB does not indicate that such payment is actually made. According to the BBB, you would pay them more than you receive.

CAA would like to investigate this matter, but in order to find out if the claims are actually fraudulent, we need to contact people who have sent in the \$10, received the materials, and stuffed the envelopes. If you did take them up on their offer, or know someone who did, please help us by letting us know what happened.

If you've noticed the food price survey in the Kansan, you might have noticed that the Community Mercantile is not included. The reason is that we had to limit the number of items surveyed to 32 basics each week, plus 10 items from one group which will change each week. The Mercantile does not carry most of the 32 basics, so we won't survey the coop unless it carries most of the in-depth survey items.

I would like to conduct a price survey which would mean more to coop members. Such a survey would be published in PUBLIC NOTICE, and would survey coop basics, comparing prices with other stores that carry the same or similar items. If such a survey is conducted, I will need HELP! If you are interested in helping conduct a coop food price survey, contact the CAA office between 9 and 4, leave a note at the coop, or leave word at PUBLIC NOTICE.

We also need two more volunteers to survey Rusty's Hillcrest and Rusty's North. If interested, give me a call.

swatters. We are confident that our programs have made an incredible dent in the roach population and if we have ongoing help we can keep them down.

We'd like to point out also that most grocery stores have roaches; they spray with heavy chemicals to keep them down, but their back rooms still have them (as you know if you ever taken boxes from a grocery store). As Molly says, our front space is like a grocery's back area. So lend a hand--we'll put a fly swatter in it.



By Patty Spencer

ART

CRAFTS

EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA-EXTRA

On Saturday, October 2, strains of guitar and accordion music wafted to the streets and sidewalks from the second floor of 615 Massachusetts Street. Folks with sandwich boards paraded up and down the block heralding the great event: the opening of the Kaw Valley Craft Exchange, now in business.....

Since early June, local craftspeople have been planning, organizing and renovating space for the Kaw Valley Craft Exchange--a cooperative that would provide an inexpensive means for people in the arts and crafts to exhibit their work for sale. The coop also provides opportunities for purchasing materials and equipment at wholesale prices, and functions as a resource for pooling studio space and equipment with other coop members.

The craft coop structure provides for the work and costs of operation to be shared equally among the members on a monthly basis. With a membership of thirty craftspeople, the individual cost is approximately \$3.50 per month. The craftspeople price their own products and receive full amount of the retail sale. The initial membership fee is \$10 to cover the costs of incorporation and renovation. There are currently 25 paid members.

The Kaw Valley Craft Exchange opened with a fine assortment of beautifully made crafts by local artists. On display are weavings, jewelry (silver and other), crocheted items for adults and children, embroidered shirts, photography, drawings, hand made clothes, and pottery. All items are priced very reasonably.

For more information on membership in the Kaw Valley Craft Exchange, stop by the shop located above the Mercantile, or call Patty at 842-8486. Shop hours are 10:00a.m. to 5:00p.m. Monday through Saturday.

NOTICES

Coop Steering Committee pot-luck dinners will be held monthly on Sundays, with everyone invited. There's pot-luck and hanging out, followed by exciting and informative meetings, which shall guide the ship of state. If, by chance, you're allergic to meetings, you can leave after dinner...

Mark your calendars for these dates:
 October 17..... Diane Luber's, 743 N.H.
 November 14..... " " " " " "
 Both of these dinners start at 6:30 PM

December 2..... Community Bldg., 115 W. 11th
 This is the general membership meeting, lifeblood of the Coop. Pot-luck, followed by meeting. This meeting establishes major policies for the Coop.

Jack gets his candles at WAXMAN CANDLES

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Food Talk



I very much enjoyed Casey's article on Beans in the August issue. However, there was much talk of vitamins but little of good taste. Here are some suggestions for making beans tastier even than they are healthful.

These instructions are not meant for mung, garbanzo, and other odd varieties. Soya beans never get tender and, in my opinion, never get edible. Black beans have a distinctive cooking time and are difficult to mix with other beans. Use a combination: Pinto, northern, navy, red, kidney. AT LEAST 3 or 4 kinds. Wash but never soak the beans; soaking swells the inside, cracking the skins before the interior is tender. The skins then get scaly during cooking. Cook in a n earthenware pan if at all possible.

FIRST DAY: (That's right, if you're in a hurry, eat rice.) Add cold water to the beans, cover them plus add an extra inch of water. DO NOT SALT. Salt, as well as sapping vitamins, tends to crack the skins and make them tough. Put a quarter of an onion in the water. Bring to a boil, simmer, covered for 2 or 3 hours.

NEVER STIR COOKING BEANS! Beans may be stirred before cooking or after the boiling action has stopped. ALWAYS USE A WOODEN SPOON TO STIR OR SERVE BEANS. Metal has a greater potential to break the beans before they are tender. Cool to room temperature and refrigerate overnight. If water

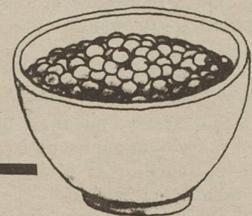
needs to be added, make sure it is the same temperature of the water covering the beans. Sharp changes in temperature confuse the beans, tend to split the skins and scare off the flavor.

SECOND DAY: (They will smell incredible, but they aren't ready yet.) Add cold water to cover plus one inch. DO NOT SALT. Bring to a boil and simmer, covered, for 2 or 3 hours. Cool to room temperature, and refrigerate.

THIRD DAY: (This is it!) Salt, to taste. Cover with cold water. Bring to a boil, simmer uncovered for an hour or so. AH HA, now they are ready to eat.

If beans are cooled to room temperature and refrigerated each night, they will continue to "pick up" flavor for several days. The ticket is make a big pot, a week's worth. Then all you have to do is take it out and heat (15 minutes.) No herbal spices are necessary. I think they are barbaric. If you must, add them with the salt on the third day.

Thank you.
Christine Leonard
(I am not a coop member, just a bean fanatic.)



ONE LOAF COOP ROTTEN BANANA BREAD
Take three of the rottenest coop bananas, peel and mash into puree. Pour 1/4 c. milk or run-off of Continental yogurt onto mashed bananas. In another bowl, cream stick of butter & 1/2 c. honey; beat in an egg. Add 1 1/2 combination whole wheat & white flour according to desired lightness with 1 t. baking soda & 3/4 t. salt. Throw it all together, 350 degrees, 50 minutes. --Ed Masters

SQUASH

It seems that those of us who do any gardening at all seem to end up with an overabundance of squash. It is an easy vegetable to grow and the hardier varieties can be stored through the winter months. There are a variety of ways to prepare squash, and just a few of them are included here.

BAKED SQUASH

Slice unpeeled summer squash and place on baking dish brushed with vegetable oil. Set in preheated oven at 400 degrees and bake 10-15 minutes. May be garnished with butter, salt, cheese, parsley or other favorites.

SUMMER SQUASH SAUTEED WITH ONIONS

Melt 1/4 c. butter in a saucepan. Add 1 c. minced onion and saute until it is light brown. Add 2 c. diced summer squash, along with 2 t. salt and 1/4 t. pepper. Cover the saucepan and cook slowly for 20-30 minutes, stirring frequently. Yummy!

ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 2 T. oleo, melted | 1/2 t. basil |
| 2 T. flour | 1/2 t. oregano |
| 1/8 t. pepper | 1/2 t. thyme |
| 1 t. salt | 1 c. cottage cheese or sour cream |
| 2 T. parsley or chopped onion | 4 sliced zucchini or |
| 1 c. chopped tomato | 4 c. any summer squash |
| | 1 c. grated cheese |

Combine these ingredients and put in 2 quart casserole. Toss 1 c. toasted wheat germ in 2 T. melted oleo and sprinkle on casserole. Bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour. May be served as is, with rice or millet. A delicious meal. --Mary Be th Be the l

SERVICES

By Chuck Magerel

Meat-eaters an oppressed class at the coop? Hmm. Well it seems that the coop's two years of existence have been fed on a vegetarian diet. Those members most active in the coop process are primarily vegetarians concerned about the wastefulness involved in meat production in America. (How many pounds of feed is needed to produce one pound of meat? Seven, fifteen, twenty-one pounds? No one's quite sure.) The coop could not afford the stainless steel equipment required for sanitary meat sales. The members' survey also revealed that meat wasn't a highly desired item in the store.

Since these three objections are still very real, the

coop won't sell meat through the store. But what is available to meat-eating coopers is an opportunity to join together and buy organically-raised beef, pork and poultry from local farmers. Farmers will be contracted for whole animals and members will work out the details among themselves. If you are really interested in this, add your name to the list behind the cheese case.

An interesting note: One farmer has proposed that purchasers assist in the slaughter and butchering to heighten awareness of the real process of meat eating. A little different than plucking plastic-wrapped pieces from Dillon's refrigerators, is it not?

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MY NAME IS *John Taylor*...

and I'm the grandson of Nancy Ann and Jack Taylor on my father's side and my grandfather, Jack Taylor, was a cook at the Eldridge Hotel and my grandmother, Nancy Ann, was freed from slavery. And she was released and on her way to Kansas when she got to Fort Scott, why, she learned that Quantrill had raided Lawrence. And at that time North Lawrence was a wilderness. And the people from South Lawrence and other areas hid in the underbrush there south of the bridge, where it was going up into trees. And my grandmother, Nancy Ann Taylor, on my father's side, when she came to Kansas, she came with two white girls that was fathered by her master and she was seventeen years old when she had her first child.

When she got to Kansas, she met my grandfather Jack Taylor, on my father's side, he was a cook at the Eldridge Hotel and she started working there as a dishwasher in the hotel. And then later on they were married and later on after that he became the head chef and janitor of the Lawrence Plymouth Congregational Church, which he maintained until his death which was in 1917. And to that union of my father's people there was nine children that were born. And they lived in North Lawrence all of that time. Now my mother's people, her father was a mulatto, his father was his master and he was sold at seven years old for seven hundred dollars on the block. And his real father's name was Dyer and he was sold to a man by the name of Logan and that's the name he carried until his death was David Logan. And he ran away from slavery when he was a young man and he came to Lawrence.

And on my mother's side, her mother, her aunts and uncles were born free and they lived in Kansas City, Kansas which was known as Wyandotte. And to that union there was five children born on my mother's side.

According to history on my grandparents when you come to segregation and prejudice, there was a colored man that was arrested and thrown in jail for rape and my grandparents, my grandfathers and a lot of other colored citizens watched over the city jail for a solid month and they thought everything was quiet and so they they pulled away and didn't watch the jail. And that night they didn't go, this man, his name was Pete Vinegar, he was hanged by the neck until dead on the north bank of the Kaw River, which extends into North Lawrence. And later on they found out that it was a white man that had blacked his face and raped this woman instead of Pete Vinegar.

And then I come along to my time of life of prejudice and segregation. North Lawrence had no ghetto, we weren't separated off into one corner of North Lawrence, but there was a problem in our living conditions and where we could live.

And when I had three little boys, I was living in a three-room house owned by my mother and I had to expand. And then I was looking for a house, nobody would rent to me because I had three little boys and I went to some white friends of mine, the Hemphills that had rentals and selling of land and farms and I went to them and asked them if they could help me. And it's the same home where I'm living now and I said, "Thornton, I need a place to live and nobody will rent to me because I'm colored and I have three boys," I said, "Can you help me?" He says, "John, I have one house for sale in North Lawrence, it is 328 Locust Street and it's owned by Roy and Eva Busher. And it's in the hands of the Lawrence Loan Association, but I don't know how you'd get in there to see the house." I said, "Thornton, you leave that with me, I'll find a way."



So I put on--my brother was a painter, my brother Fred was a painter and I put on his white pants and cap and rule. And I went to the residence of 328 Locust Street and knocked on the door and I told the lady that was living there that I was planning on re-

decorating the house, painting outside and inside of the house.

I cashed in some insurance policies and made the down payment on the house. It was a run-down, shabby house at that time. So I worked hard and I paid for it by myself, my wife took care of the children, and then I borrowed money and remodeled it and paid all the money back and the house is free.

But still we had the segregation problem. There wasn't a place in Lawrence where a colored person could get a meal or a drugstore where he could get a soda or an ice cream except one place that was owned by a North Lawrence man named Muzzy. And he had a place on Massachusetts Street, now I believe run by Edith's Cafe, and it was just one little narrow aisle and half of it was divided. The colored people sat halfway back into the building so that they couldn't be seen by the public.

And even up until 1951 that condition still existed. And we had the flood in 1951 and we had to evacuate and go to South Lawrence. Well it was lucky that Mr. A. D. Weaver and his wife Nell invited me and my wife and little girl, she was three years old, and she wanted an ice cream soda and I went into Rankins Drug Store and I went back and asked the manager if my little girl could have an ice cream soda. He said, "Yes, they'll give you an ice cream soda, but you'll have to take it out and drink it on the outside of the building and not inside." I said, "Well, I'm very sorry, I just won't get her a soda." That was in 1951 and that condition still existed until the legislature passed a law that that no longer could happen, that was in the city of Lawrence.

And I attended the University of Kansas in 1921 and I wasn't even allowed to swim in the pool, because of my nationality. So it has been a difficult situation in my life, but still I raised a family and I enjoy Lawrence and I don't intend to live any place else as long as I live, 'cause North Lawrence is my birthplace and I love it.

Zavelo: That's a real interesting story.

T: And my grandfather was David Logan, he was a slave and he couldn't read and he couldn't write, and North Lawrence was divided up into two wards, fifth ward and sixth ward and he lived in the sixth ward. And some of his white friends asked him to run for city councilman and he did and he beat his white opponent in a landslide. And he served on the city staff from 1910 until 1913. And he was instrumental in getting the first street lights in North Lawrence and I'm happy to be a citizen and a taxpayer of North Lawrence.

Z: There was another colored man on the city council around that time, I believe, whose name was Fred West.

T: Yes, Fred West was the principal of Old Lincoln School at Seventh and Lincoln when I attended school. And my aunt, that was my grandmother Nancy Ann Taylor, was her daughter and she was a teacher under Fred West. And my father, her brother was her pupil and she taught there a number of years and then she left and went to Topeka and went to Northwestern University and graduated, she majored in Spanish. And she married a colored man that was identical Spaniard, and they had two children, a boy named Dean and a girl named Coreen. And they left Topeka because of the prejudices and they didn't want their children to come up under those conditions so they went to Buenos Aires, South America to live. And when they got to New York and was chartering a boat to go to South America, it was the Titanic. Now they were white enough that they could pass to be white, but there was just something about her conscience that she couldn't betray her heritage and so she and her husband canceled the trip on the Titanic and they took another boat to go to Europe. And as you know, the Titanic sunk and they were saved. And my aunt and uncle and two children gave up their United States and lived and died in South America.

Z: You were born in Lawrence in 1900, right?

T: In North Lawrence, I was born in 1899.

Z: And, did you have any brothers or sisters?

T: Yes, I had five brothers and one sister.

Z: And what type of work did your father do?

T: Well, at first he did ordinary labor and in some of that labor he would cut across the river and they would saw ice. They had ice houses, they were blocked for summer use and was packed in sawdust. And he did that for years and he did other manual labor and then later on when I was just beginning to

be about ten years old, he took the examination and he was a brakeman on the Union Pacific, on the passenger train, oh, for thirty-some years. And then after that he retired and then he did farming until he was eighty years old. And then after that he just lived a private life.

Z: Where was his farm?

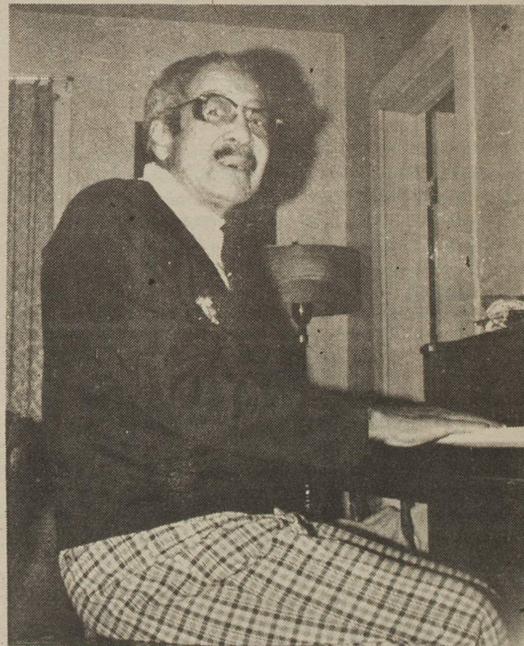
T: It was in North Lawrence here, it was just the end of North Eighth Street, it wasn't a big stretch, but--and then while he did that mostly in order to have something for us three boys to do. He didn't want us to be idle and he laid out a schedule for us to do and he also had hogs, horses, and cows to keep us busy.

Z: What did he grow?

T: Oh, corn, vegetables.

Z: Where was your first house in Lawrence, when you were just a small boy?

T: Well, I was born in a one room house on a two acre plot and my father was gone up at the ice house cutting ice and I was born with my mother alone at eleven o'clock in the morning. And my mother put me in a pillow slip until my father came home at four o'clock. My oldest brother was with my grandmother and just before my grandmother came down to the house, my Uncle Albert said, "Mama, Arabella may be sick, I think we should go up there and see her," and when they got up there they found that I was born and my mother was cold and I was cold. And they built a fire and my mother took over, my grandmother took over and cut the navel cord, she was a midwife and took care of me until my father got home. And in two days I developed pneumonia, I was a very fair child at that time, I sort of looked like a Spanish child. And so my grandmother went to get her neighbor, that they called Granny Delaney and so Granny came over and so my grandfather he gets on his horse and goes to town and gets Dr. E. D. Morris and he lived in the, oh I think the ten hundred block on Tennessee Street, and brought him over. And he said, "Ann," that was my grandmother on my father's side, "the baby has pneumonia and there's nothing that I can do." And so



he left and Granny said to my grandmother, which is Ann, she said, "Ann, this is too fine a baby for us to let him die and we're not going to do it." It seemed like to me that it was an unthinkable thing to do but old people had their ways of treating people with herbs, poultices and everything else. And it's the truth so I'm going to tell you. We had hogs and she went out into the hog pen and took a switch and whipped the hogs until they passed dung, and she came in with a shovel full of dung and they made a plaster from my waist clear up to my neck in hog dung and then wrapped me up in in hot blankets. And now you're looking at me; I'm still here.

Z: That's amazing.

T: Now lots of days they would say that would be a tetanus, but I guess there wasn't any at that time.

Z: Where was this house located again?

T: It was located on North Eighth Street. It was a one room house and then when I was just a small child then my father bought a house at Seventh and... a five room house. He bought that from Louis Minger and then we lived there until after the 1903 flood and then they moved up to what is now in the present

John Taylor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE...

762 Locust Street, up on higher ground. And of course my father remodeled it and that's where he and my mother died. And we sold the family home last fall.

Z: Did your mother ever have a job?

T: No, she never worked out. She stayed home and took care of the children, my father did the work.

Z: Now the neighborhood that you lived in, was it a neighborhood that was mostly lived in by the colored families?

T: No, we never had any special place to live, but it was hard to buy a place that was maybe all white people in that neighborhood like it was when I came here. But after I got here I showed my little boys where our property line was and I said, "Now you must stay here and you must play," and the yard was just filled with white children all the time to play and they had many, many friends. And after I was here a while the white people in the neighborhood, they accepted us and treated us as human beings and I am still respected and we are one of the oldest residents in this block as of this time.

Z: I'd like to talk about the school now. What school did you go to?

T: Well, the first school I went to was Lincoln School. It's abandoned now, it's at Seventh and Lincoln Street and it was built in 1860, I believe. And I went there, they had it divided up into A's and B's, and when I left the fifth B and then I went to Woodlawn School to the fifth A, a white school, which now is the Welfare Department. We were instrumental in getting that building torn down because it was a hazard for children and everything else and it was bought, I believe, by Basil Green and he tore it down and remodeled it. And now the Welfare Department is there and after I finished the sixth grade at Woodlawn School then went across the river to what they called Central School. And that building now is 901 Kentucky Street, where the apartments are, and where the Douglas County Bank is was another building called Manual Training School, which we went to. And just on the south and southeast corner there's a filling station now, that's where the high school was and I graduated from there in 1921 and the next year they built the new high school which is Central Junior High School now.

Z: Over on 19th Street?

T: No.

Z: Oh, 14th and Massachusetts. Who went to the Manual Training School?

T: Well, we went there for woodwork and mechanical arts and I had physics there and botany in that room. And in the grade school, I mean the Central School we had other academics, like reading, writing and spelling until you finished the ninth grade and then we were transferred to the high school, which we finished there.



Z: At Lincoln School were there any white children?

T: Ah, no, it was predominantly colored by choice. And then when it was condemned in the flood area, then the new Lincoln School was built in 1915, which is the Ballard Center now. And at the same time, same year, Cordley and McAllister were built. And of course, McAllister has been demolished and it's not there any more. But Cordley has been built on and is still there. But they were all built in 1915.

Z: At Woodlawn and Central also were the classrooms just black, colored and white students?

T: Yes. There was no segregation at Woodlawn and there was none in Central School. But before the new Lincoln was built, where the community center is was a school by the name of Quincy. And then they had the old Pinckney School and they had one room for colored students taught by colored teachers before 1915. And then when 1915 came and Lincoln School was built, the principal that we had then was a teacher in Pinckney. Her name was Mary Jane Dillars, and she taught there until she retired.

Z: What about school organizations like clubs, athletic teams and the like?

T: Well, in high school we weren't segregated in seating or anything like that, but we had to have our own basketball team and we didn't have any football team, there wasn't enough of us and then we had a club called the High Y, which was colored. And then when it came to any big events, I had quite a number of white friends and where the parking lot is across from the police station on the east was a building there called Jenny Wren, used to be radio broadcasting there and they had rooms and they had a swimming pool. And one of my good friends, his name was Phillip Anderson, he was white, and his father ran a bakery and so he would invite me to their affairs and I was well accepted. But in our high school when we graduated they had the rest of the students their pictures were classified alphabetically, and all the colored children were put on one page in the back of the school annual. And my brother-in-law who was much younger than me that married the only sister that I have, he was a graduate of KU in journalism and before he could get his degree he had to have a year's practice in linotype operation and he tried, but they wouldn't let him practice at the Lawrence Daily Journal-World. And he had to leave Lawrence and go to Kansas City to the Call magazine owned by colored people and then he finished up his degree there and then he came back to Lawrence and he got his diploma. And then he had to leave and go to California, Los Angeles, in order to get a job in linotype operation.



And then I started custodial work in the school and then later on after the 1951 flood and prohibition was lifted then I was hired by Mr. Fry, Red Fry, as a clerk and bookkeeper and then when he folded up and moved to South Lawrence, well then I went in, while he was still there, I went into private duty, as a private nurse for Mr. A. D. Weaver, the owner of the Weaver's department store. And I was with him practically two years and he died in June, just before the 1951 flood. And Dr. Bellott was the doctor at that time and he says, "John, what are you going to do now?" I said, "Well, I have a job under Dr. Houston



OLD LAWRENCE HIGH, 9TH & KENTUCKY--NOW DOWNTOWN MUFFLER
 PHOTO ON LEFT: OLD MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL--9TH & KENTUCKY
 PHOTO ABOVE: OLD CENTRAL SCHOOL--901 KENTUCKY--IN DISGUISE

Z: After you graduated from high school in '21, you went to the University?

T: Yes.

Z: What courses did you take?

T: Education.

Z: Education courses. How long did you attend?

T: It was two years. And then after that I went to the Lawrence Business College and took up secretarial accounting. And the Business College when it first started was where the Lawrence National Bank is and then they moved from there, over to, oh, I believe, Seventh and Mississippi. And Skip Williams bought the building and he remodeled it into a home for himself. And I graduated and I took the examination and passed with good grades for postal clerk, but they wouldn't hire me. That was under Postmaster Hosford, Hosford, I believe.

Then I did custodial work at Lincoln School, Woodlawn School and Central Junior High School. And then the war was going on in 1917 and after that in the Second World War they were asking for people to get in some sort of defense to help out. Well, I went to Topeka at the Veteran's Hospital and went into nurse training as an attendant and I graduated there under Dr. Carl Menninger. And I worked there three years and the war was over and they had a veteran's preference and course I wasn't a veteran, I was too old and too young, too young and too old to be in the service at that time. They were supposed to get a job and well, the only job that came about, the first that came about was they recommended me for a job in surgery at Price Hospital in Topeka, I think which is now-- what is that main hospital there now--Stormont? I think Stormont took that over and I got a letter on Saturday that I was recommended to work in surgery and Monday morning I went there, I got there about 9:30 and I presented my letter and they looked at my letter and then they looked at me and I sat there until 1:30 before the Director of Nurses called me in, it took her all that time to figure out something to tell me that I wasn't wanted and when I got in, she says, "Well, the job that we had open, the girl that had it came back on bended knees and I gave her the job."

and Dr. Lewis in Oskaloosa of managing the rest home there." He said, "Well, I wish you wouldn't take that." He said, "We need you at Lawrence Memorial Hospital." I said, "I had tried and they tell me they don't have an opening." He says, "Maybe they don't, but they're going to make one." And then in a few days I was called and was accepted on the nursing staff and I stayed there until three years ago in December when I retired.

Z: Moving back again into earlier Lawrence, 1910-15, when your family needed groceries, clothing, drugs, where did you buy them in Lawrence?

T: We had a, we could buy drugs and clothing and groceries any place in the city. We had our own drug store in North Lawrence which is at 500 Locust Street run by Mr. Lindley. He was a brother to the Chancellor Lindley at that time at the University, which was chancellor when I went to school there. And there was a grocery store right at Seventh and Locust Street where we could purchase our groceries.

Z: What about the business run by colored men?

T: There were pool halls, barber shops and restaurants and we had one, oh, I wouldn't call it, it probably wasn't a theatre, but it was mostly vaudeville and some theatres that we could go to. And then of course we could go to what's called the Bowersock Theatre which is the Red Dog Inn now, but they had what we called the pigeon roost where we had to sit up in a segregated place in the highest. And the only time that I ever sat down in the front was when we had commencement and I was graduating. They lifted the ban and then we could sit any place in the main lobby.

Z: Where were the black, I mean the colored, barber shops, blacksmith shops?

T: They were in South Lawrence... right along in there where oh, it's Sawyer's Electric shop is where the barber shop was and across the street there was the restaurant and right adjoining it was this here opera house where they had vaudevilles and amusements of that kind. And then later in life where the parking lot of the Lawrence National Bank is there was a building there, a hardware store that was owned by Al Green and we could rent the upstairs for a ball-

room cause it was the only ballroom that had a springing floor. There were springs underneath the floor. When you danced the floor would kind of, you know, sway, go down, you know, with the music.

Z: I'll be darned. Who owned these businesses?

T: Jimmy Jackson owned the barber shop and I just can't recall the man that run the restaurant at that time. And then later on in life when I was going to school there was a barber shop on Ninth Street and a restaurant. There used to be a hotel on that corner that was owned by a colored man he had a restaurant and adjoining it was a cleaning establishment, that was owned by a colored man and then the barber shop.

Z: Who shopped at the colored businesses? Were the customers mostly colored or were there white customers also?

T: It was mixed.

Z: Was there feeling among the colored people that they should support the businesses?

T: They had to, they had no other places of business to trade, you know, when it come to restaurants, amusement, you know, things like that.

Z: What about Jimmy Jackson's barber shop?

T: Well, he was sort of a radical, he wouldn't cater to white people because he said white people wouldn't cater to him. So they would come in for a hair cut and he would refuse them... he was radical in politics, he was deadset Republican regardless and I used to get my hair cut with him all the time and during the Roosevelt administration I turned Democrat and he talked about the Democrats so awfully bad that I just quit going.

Z: What about Pantatorium Brown?

T: Why, he was a fine man and he married a Lawrence woman. Where he came from I don't know, but he was good in the cleaning establishment and then they had an explosion and he caught on fire and he was terribly disfigured.

Z: When was this?

T: Well, that was during the time that he was in the cleaning establishment and he was quite disfigured. But after that he remodeled and continued with his cleaning establishment. He married one of the Gleed girls and the Gleeds were supposed to be one of the higher-ups and the rich. And Mr. Gleed had a feed store out where Twenty-third and Rusty's is now.

Z: You're speaking of a kind of upper class here. Were there any other colored men who fit in this category that you can recall?

T: Yes, we had a colored doctor named William Harvey and a--well, there were several. There was John Clark, justice of the peace and his son is a cousin of mine, Leonard, Jr., who graduated from Washburn and attended KU and he taught history at the high school for one or two years, he was my daughter's teacher. And then he left and went back to the law school and then after that he was connected with a law firm in Kansas City.

Z: What about the Byrds, the Kansas Robe and Rug Tannery?

T: Oh, yes, the Byrds. That's down where Lincoln Park is, you know, south of the hospital, used to be an old brick building in there and the younger girl used to run around with us, her name was Cornelia. And they were very fair people and one of the girls had a boy by--you don't want this in here, do you?

Z: What ever you'd prefer. Doesn't bother me.

T: Well, it doesn't matter to me. Well, the father of this child was a Mr. Perkins and he owned the



Perkins Trust Company and it's that building now that's right across from the Eldridge Hotel on the east side on the corner.

Z: Where Strong Office Supply was?

T: Yes, that's where it was. And then that was turned, after he committed suicide, then that was turned into a bank. Seems to me like he had a part in the bank and he had swindled a lot of money and then where the Medical Arts Building is, that's where he lived, was a great big brick building and the county bought it, why this Mr. Perkins according to history got on top and jumped off and killed himself. So as to keep from being exposed from the swindle and of course, the heirs I guess received the money that he had taken. Now that was all handed down to me, I can't experience that as being the truth myself, that's from my parents.

Z: Can you tell me a little bit about the King Hotel on Vermont Street?

T: Well, it was just an ordinary old wood-frame hotel.

Z: Except that it was run...

T: By a colored man and I just can't recall his name.

Z: It was built around the turn of the century by Lemuel King, then I believe it was run after that by the Scotts, William and Katherine Scott.

T: Well, I think later on that the Scotts had a rooming house and a restaurant just north of the old library where that filling station is (9th and Vermont.) They had a rooming house there and a restaurant.

Z: That's where the King was.

T: Yes. Because I was fry cook there at night when I was there.

Z: When there was a big colored club meeting or a banquet were these usually held in the King Hotel?

T: Yes. That was the only place that they could hold a meeting and Maraian Anderson, you know, the singer, she came to KU for a performance and the hotel wouldn't accept her and she had to go to a colored sorority to live while she did the performance and this was at eleven hundred and something Mississippi and it was owned and operated by Mrs. Marina Landcamp.

Z: Why would the hotel not let her stay?

T: She was colored.

Z: What about the King Hotel, why wouldn't she stay there?

T: Well, I think at that time the King Hotel had been disposed of.

Z: Was there any kind of a club or organization that the colored businessmen had?

T: Well, later on we had a club that both North Lawrence and South Lawrence people belonged to and we met at Lincoln School. It was kind of like the North Lawrence Improvement Association and the East Lawrence Improvement Association and Old West Lawrence trying to better our living and business conditions. The first president was a Mr. Smothers, he was the organizer and he was the president for quite some time. And then it finally faded away.

Z: Did the club make any improvements?

T: Well, yes, when it came to the Welfare Department recognizing the needs of colored people.

Z: You were a friend of Langston Hughes, weren't you?

T: Oh, we were kids together.

Z: Yeah, what was he like when he was a boy?

T: Wonderful, very jovial and pleasant and everybody

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John Taylor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN...

liked him. He was a little frail skinny boy when we went to school. But my mother knew his mother before that and as I said, we didn't go to school, because we didn't have no ride over here.

Z: So really, North Lawrence was kind of a community in itself?



THE GREAT FLOOD OF '03, LEAVING NORTH LAWRENCE DEVASTATED

BELOW RIGHT: THE OLD KAW RIVER BRIDGE TO N. LAWRENCE

T: In its own. In early days it was a city of its own. This old house that's sitting right here next door used to be the old city town hall. And then when the man bought that old building and tore it down then built this here rooming house.

Z: Did Langston Hughes--I bet you followed his career when he went to New York, didn't you? Did you follow his writing?

T: Yes, we corresponded, even I got one letter, I wished I'd kept it, when he was in Japan. And had a little trouble over there, he was wide-spoken and they'd mistaken him to be communist, which he wasn't. And then he finally came back to America and the last time I saw him was about, oh, a year before he died, he came to KU and lectured and I went up there to his lecture and we visited. And he had gained weight then, he was a big robust man then.

Z: We were talking before about a colored upper class. Did all these people kind of go to parties together and kind of a little social circle?

T: Yes.

Z: Did they have more white friends than a lot of other colored people might have had?

T: No, I wouldn't say that. I would say it was just about 50-50.

Z: Did they all go to the same church?

T: No. We had our own colored church, we had, it was a Baptist church which still operates now over

here in the 400-block on Lincoln and the St. James down at Seventh and Maple Street... it's still operating. And then of course we had St. Luke's on Ninth and New York and then where the Ninth Street Baptist Church is that used to be called Warren Street Baptist Church because Ninth Street was Warren Street at that time. And I think that was just about the limit of the churches. And then about thirty years ago, I sent my boys to a Catholic school at Leavenworth and then when their sister was born, the mother of

Little Tiffany there, then she had to be christened and taken into the Catholic Church because they were Catholic. And then my wife and I decided that since our children was in one church that we would join and be as one family in the Catholic Church. So we've been in St. John's Church for about thirty years.

Z: But before that time what church did you go to?

T: We went to the North Lawrence Baptist Church.

Z: Where did you spend your leisure time when you were a teenager?

T: Teenager, well, most of it was working at home. Then on Sundays we went to church and we went to the forum and we had horses and we would go horseback riding, things like that.

Z: Were there any dances or...

T: Well, there wasn't much dancing going on until I was in high school and then we had dances in the high school.

Z: You mentioned colored vaudeville theater. Who was in charge of that? I was reading once about--I don't know if this is the same one--I believe it was called the Palace Theatre, and there was a man named Langford in charge. That's it?

T: That's it. And then on New Hampshire right along there where the Chevrolet is, there was a place there they called Open Air Dome, kind of like what you know, they have in Kansas City.

Z: Starlight?

T: Starlight, well, we had a small one here. And they would put on shows and movies and things there, of course we had our upper section to go to.

Z: Could the colored population go to all the parks?

T: Well, yes, there was no segregation in the parks.

Z: And only colored restaurants, though?

T: Yes, that was the only place you could go to.

Z: Was it Harper's Restaurant?

T: Yeah.

Z: And who else...

T: You could go to Muzzy's and sit on the far end.

Z: Right. And I believe, didn't the Stone family have a restaurant? Curtis Stone or Frederick Stone?

T: Yes, that was a little later on. I knew them when I was going to school over there, they had a restaurant.

Z: They lived over on Mississippi, didn't they? About Sixth and Mississippi.

T: Yes.

Z: Were there any large get-togethers or celebrations of the colored community besides what happened at the Forum?

T: Well, they were mostly confined to--we had a lot of get-togethers, you know.

Z: Someone told me that the colored families would get together on the first of August for a big celebration.



T: Well, part of them did on the fourth of August, but most of my friends celebrated on the Fourth of July.

Z: What was the fourth of August?

T: That was supposed to be Emancipation Day. That's when they were really liberated. Now my wife's people in Missouri, they celebrated the fourth of August, but we here in Lawrence we celebrated the Fourth of July.

Z: What newspapers did you read back in those days?

T: Well, we used to have what they called, the Democrat and then later it was changed and a man by the

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name of Abels operated it. And at that place they're just joining now the white Knights of Templars Hall, you know, at Tenth Street, that big stone building...

Z: Who read the Democratic?

T: Well, it was a weekly paper, most everybody would buy it now and then.

Z: Everybody in Lawrence?

T: Yes, and if I wanted an article really printed sometimes I was turned down by the Journal-World, and then I went to the Democratic paper and the new manager said, "Sure, I'll publish it." And they did.

Z: What organizations did you belong to?

T: Well, yes, I belonged to a benevolent lodge and I was a Grand Master when it failed, I don't know whether I was the cause of it or not, but I was elected over a lawyer by the name of Leroy Harris. He was running for it and they wrote my name in and I was elected.

Z: Is this where you got your life insurance, from that lodge?

T: No, I first was with them and then I changed to the National Life Insurance. I had Metropolitan and the agent and I, we couldn't get along. So then I just changed over to National and I've been with them ever since.

Z: I understand that a lot of the colored families got life insurance from Metropolitan, that was one of the few companies that would sell?

T: Yeah.

Z: Right. I've talked to a real interesting character whose name was Henry Lee Jones. He's a real character.

T: (Laughter) "Real" is right. At that time I operated a liquor store at 518 East Eighth Street and he belonged to one of those, oh, kind of a radical-like groups, not Jehovah's Witness, but Church of God or holy rollers or something of that nature. And he was always coming down in the neighborhood of my store and he would get someone else to come in and buy Mogen David wine for the church sacrament, so that he wouldn't be seen in a liquor store; he was that type of radical.

Z: Yeah. When did you own a liquor store?

T: Oh, it's been oh, about fifteen or eighteen years ago.

Kaplan: John, do you have any records or any of the materials that your grandfather had during those years in city government?

T: No, I don't.

Z: That's too bad that the records are gone, because I know that if they could be put in a library or something a lot of people really could use them and study them, but these things get lost.

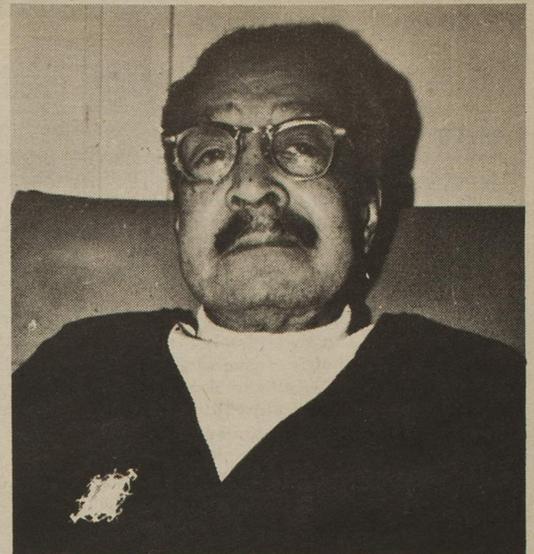
T: Well, I know we had some and my sister destroyed them, she said she didn't want nobody else to see them, it was property that my grandpeople bought back in seventeen hundred and something. I thought they were nice documents to save, but she didn't. She just put them in the wastecan and burned them up, she wanted to have her way.

Z: That's a shame. Was there ever a real active chapter here of the KKK? You know, the Ku Klux Klan?

T: They tried to start here and they were strong in Leavenworth and they burned a cross every Sunday night and there was a few people in Lawrence that belonged to it and I remember, you know the Underwoods?

Z: No.

T: Juni, and I think one of them is in the Lawrence Bank. And the sons operated that old tin building next to Massachusetts and I think they repaired refrigerators and stuff like that. They used to be a big feed store and my father traded there and bought all of his feed for his horses and his cows there. And so he learned the Underwoods used to live in North Lawrence, Seventh and Wedge Street and I lived down at the end of Eighth and Wedge Street. And my father got on to the wind that Juni Underwood, Sr., was a member of the Ku Klux Klan and he hit the ceiling. And he said, "Juni, I always liked you and I thought you was a fine man, but," he said, "I did not think that you would stoop low enough to persecute your own blood." He said, "I haven't forgot about that child you fathered by your maid, your father's maid." And he says, "From now on, I don't intend to spend another penny with you." And he did; he quit and then he went to another feed store that was at the foot of Vermont



Street right along in there where they call it the Independent Laundry now, they had a milling place and a feed store there and that's where he did his shopping, at that one place. And the Ku Klux tried to get a stand in here, but the governor at that time broke it up. He had the militia on guard so that they could not parade in Lawrence, so they never did get no foothold here, but they tried. And my grandmother said the beginning of the Ku Klux Klan when she was in slavery, she said it was known as the powder rollers, that they would ride nights and see if there was any slaves that was running away and all like that. And she said the menfolks would put, there was muddy roads, would put logchains across the road, when they would come romping and running down the road, course the horses would trip and fall and throw them off. And they wouldn't know who did it, sometimes they got hurt badly and the horses got killed. But they had their way of revenging and I would say that slavery has one good point for it and that made the colored people get close to God and that's where the spirituals started.

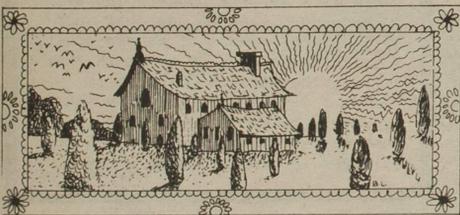
Z: You sure look good. And you've sure been a big help. I really enjoyed talking to you.

T: It's been nice, helped to pass away the afternoon.

Z: It's really important to get this history written down; it really is.

WORKING...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1



the farmer made it is because of inflation; the price of their land has gone up and he is worth more today because of the drastic inflated prices of land and he can borrow more on it to continue raising livestock, which loses you money each year.

JOLENE BABYAK

Jolene Babyak is a 6 year resident of Lawrence and a freelance writer-photographer to boot. She also doubles as a landlady, plumber, electrician and whatever else seems necessary to keep her house on Louisiana going. She has sold articles to the KC Star for several years and is presently finishing up an article to sell to Ms. Magazine. In November she will show her photography at the Lawrence Public Library.

RESPONSIBILITY

As a writer I guess I'm responsible to myself and that's a pretty big responsibility. When I used to do travel stories, the way I made money was by writing a story and if I didn't make money, I didn't get money for another trip, which meant that I would write more articles. In those days I felt more responsibility to be constantly writing. Now it's not as much based on money as it was before. My articles are bigger and farther between. I guess my desire to write is what keeps me writing and the desire to get better and better so that one magical day, I'll be GOOD.....

GOOD MEANS

For fiction, the New Yorker and for Nonfiction, Esquire. That's where I can consider the heights, not books.

COMPETITION

Sometimes I feel it very acutely and sometimes I don't feel it at all. The immediacy of an idea

draws me into worrying about competition. When the ideas are really happening right now, I wonder how many other people are on top of it. And then I'm competing with those people. In fiction, you're competing with quality. When I was in New York and I went to the New Yorker, the secretary there told me they get 60 short stories a day, every day. So you're really competing and you're competing with the likes of John Updike and Jean Keys or whatever that guy's name is and people from all over the world, you know, and the competition is really stiff. I've been writing for 4 years. Some of those people, SJ Perelman or JS Perelman, whatever, he's been writing for 20 or 40 years, and that's you're competing with.

EXPERIENCE

Years has alot to do with writing. Just the day to day ability to sit on your can and write.

INTEREST

Maybe everyone who writes stories thinks that what they're doing is helping out some way. But everything that I write has to have a personal interest for me. When I do find that I have done some good like that metric article---- I wrote an article on the metric system and tried to show where the US was going towards metric. We were doing it in a way that wouldn't cost us money; we weren't committing ourselves to a program that would take 15 or 20 years and cost us 6 million or 300 million or whatever. After that article was in the Star, a local talk show discussed it and the news show "man on the street" interview focused on the metric system in America. So I really feel like it had generated some interest at least. I always feel that whatever I'm doing must have some social good or I won't do it. I guess, I feel very close to my work and I have more control over my writing and I feel pretty in touch with it.

RUTH MACDOWELL

Daughter of Christian missionaries, Ruth lived her first 18 years in Africa. The last several years she has spent in Canada, California and now Lawrence. She likes Lawrence a lot and feels that the community here is pretty tight---"There's more togetherness about the way people come together."

RESPONSIBILITY

My work is really important to me that I enjoy it while I'm doing it. I don't know--- I can't relate to 9 to 5 jobs. Right now I'm doing housecleaning jobs that I can arrange a little bit for the hours that are good for a more relaxed pace of working. I work in about 4 hour shifts and I also like to work with another person sometimes--- that really makes a difference to have someone to talk with and just sit down and have a cup of tea with. I do a

whole lot better work that way. Some days I have 2 jobs, somedays I have just 1 and I'm also filling in spare time working for Sister Kettle, sewing and things like that---- trying to get the restaurant going. I don't feel responsible to anybody except myself. My own self respect is the thing that I have to answer to. I know when I've done a good job or when I've spaced somebody out. But its not like a heavy thing, you know, its more a matter of relaxing. It seems like when you relax and just enjoy life, you do things well. Its not a question of having to force yourself to do it.

ENERGY / MONEY

I don't know. Its hard to say because everything is so relative to the whole culture. It seems some people work way too hard for the money they get and some don't really do anything for the amount of money they get and they get a whole lot more. As far as the culture itself goes and my fitting in,



I feel pretty comfortable as far as making ends meet. I could earn more. But as far as things go, I feel like I'm doing pretty well.

PHILOSOPHY

I like to see both jobs as a service to humanity in a way or another. I think its important to do things for people because people are me, we're all part of an us. Its getting to the point in the world that people have to start doing things for each other and not just for selfish motives. And I find that when I start doing things for people without a selfish motive, although thats always a part of it, it makes me get higher. It raises my consciousness as a human. I see it as a kind of road we can travel on getting higher and higher.....

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