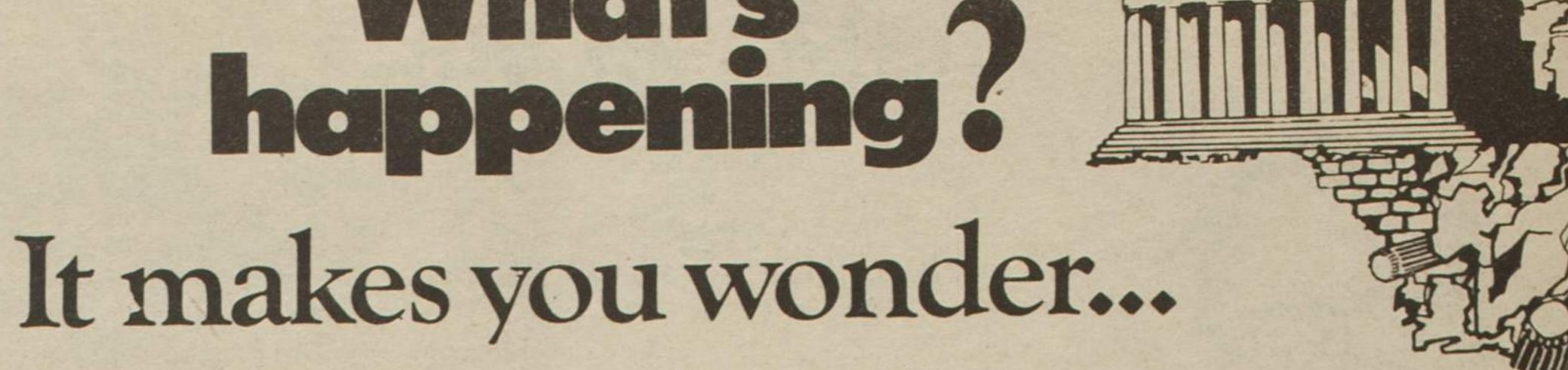


TRAVEL STORIES

This is a feature column on travel experences 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 inight. 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 pickpockets 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 pickpocket 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 everthing, even though you are awake. The Indians are a bit mellower in their thievery. I have never had anything stolen. This kind if 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



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.



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. Bow-

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," sava Mr. Bowman.

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

Clark, after a tour of the old building, characterized it as "crummy." Argers in ger 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, 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.) Be sides, 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!

THIEF NICE

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

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

without end.

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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