

way he acted. I said, “Hey, no worries” and went on my way.

People are angry and frustrated at most things now and it won’t get better. Be nice, be polite and stay safe.

Kim Kelly
Eugene

The Final Word on the Stadium

A final word on the multi-use stadium, or as I will call it, the “Field of Dreams” that will not be in Eugene.

It was not the cost, \$22 a year for 20 years. It was the need to boost the winter economy. A covered convention center and an indoor sports facility, was the main opposition. Each would fill hotel rooms,

which the Ems were not doing, and would bring more money through the hotel tax.

“Friends,” or should I say “wolves in sheep’s clothing,” will tell you they are friends of Allan Benavides, even today. They threw Benavides under the bus to promote their wants. The sports facility is Travel Lane County.

The convention center is for the hotels, and the billboard says it will cost taxpayers \$100 million (not true). These friends rented rooms to the Ems.

Affordable Family Entertainment, an organization that supported the community year-round, was turned on by their “friends” because money was now available to address their needs to boost the winter economy.

This did not affect Kidsports, and this would not affect the Keefer Center. They fill a need, and the Ems fill a need.

The Register-Guard, after the election, quoted me as saying that the public was misled. I tried before but the Guard would not run, nor the local news channels.

A city councilor thanked the people who voted against the bond was in the paper. He should thank the “wolves in sheep’s clothing” also.

Now you know.

Steven Hunnicutt
Eugene

Shred the Shredfest

I want to double down on the fine letter you previously got from Anya Drawbowski

about Shredfest, June 28 and 29, at the Fairgrounds. She emphasized her displeasure with the horrendous noise pollution. It also destroyed our ability to enjoy meals or gatherings on our deck, half a mile away.

I would like to know if anyone attempted to calculate how many tons of green-house gasses were released into the atmosphere from that one event, knowing that transportation is the major local contributor to global warming. I understand that we have jobs and schools to get to and to provide for the vital delivery of goods and services. But must we add to that number to entertain a few?

Roy Mitchell
Eugene

Local & Vocal Viewpoint by Doyle Srader

Rules of the Road

Advice for foot travelers from an experienced pedestrian

So I’ve lived in Eugene for 17 years. The entire time, I’ve commuted to work on foot, two miles in the morning and two miles home in the evening. In my seventh year here, I chose to get rid of my car, so now I walk nearly everywhere. I still use Zipcar for monthly grocery shopping, and LTD about once a week for cross-town trips, but as a public service I have five tips for being a power user of Eugene’s sidewalks and shared bike paths.

1. Practice good manners.

Eugene does not have a jaywalking crime on its books. You can cross the street almost anywhere you like, so long as you respect three limits. First, you are expected to make a right angle, which means you cross to the closest spot on the opposite side; you don’t wander around in the street. Second, you are expected not to disrupt traffic when you cross. Third, there is a crime on the books for disobeying a signal, so you actually can get cited if you cross in the crosswalk when it says don’t.

But that second expectation is really what it’s all about. When you cross a street, check very carefully in all possible directions for oncoming traffic. If there is not a blasted thing headed your way, then walk. Do it if you’re mid-block, do it if you’re in the crosswalk. If you see cars coming, make a reasoned decision whether stepping into the street will force them to slow down. If they just have to get off the gas and coast for a second, then maybe, but if you make them stomp on the brakes, you’re an idiot and need a pipe wrench upside your head.

Assuming you’re considerate of what your choices might make drivers do, you can cross when you like. I disobey crosswalks all the time if nothing’s coming, because I do not let motionless inanimate objects tell me my business. In 17 years, only once have I had one of Eugene’s finest read me the riot act, and she was clearly having a bad day.

2. You have eye beams.

When you cross parking lot exits, driveways, spots

where your path goes through someone’s right turn, do one simple thing: look directly into the driver’s eyes. You don’t even have to be able to see them clearly; just stare at the spot on the windshield behind which you know the driver is sitting. It turns you into Cyclops from the X-Men.

I teach nonverbal communication, among other things, and we talk quite a bit about eye contact. Ever been in public and noticed someone looking at you? We are hard-wired to lock on to direct eye contact from other people, so it’s a very effective way to get a driver to notice you.

From time to time I walk someplace with a student, and I get a chance to demonstrate the superpower to them: a car comes barreling up to the intersection, and I look directly at the driver, and my student sees the car slow down. Boom, my eye beams stopped a car. The raw, cosmic power is intoxicating.

From time to time I walk someplace with a student, and I get a chance to demonstrate the superpower to them: a car comes barreling up to the intersection, and I look directly at the driver, and my student sees the car slow down. Boom, my eye beams stopped a car. The raw, cosmic power is intoxicating.

3. Walk behind them.

If your path goes directly in front of an idling car, and you’re not sure if the driver sees you, swerve a little and walk behind them. This can be a pretty cool town for bumper sticker-reading, so stop and smell the slogans.

And if it’s a Trump-Vance sticker, whisper to yourself that they’re driving away from you and out of your life forever.

4. Bike paths are freeways.

You are the slow traffic, so stay in the right lane. Back when Barack Obama was still a senator, I trained myself to walk very close to the edge of the Ruth Bascom bike path; since then, tens of thousands of bikes have gone whizzing past me with room to spare. That choice is now etched into muscle memory, and in 17 years of twice-daily walks through Alton Baker Park, I have been in zero collisions and not more than a handful of near misses.

If you do need to move in from the edge of the bike path, make like you’re changing lanes and look over your shoulder. If nothing’s coming, you’re good. If someone is living out a Tour de France fantasy, give them a second to win the yellow jersey before you make your move.

5. Stand up to the rain like you would any other bully.

Every time I tell someone I walk nearly everywhere, they ask, “Even in the rain?” I am dumbfounded at that kind of pusillanimity. It’s Oregon. If you let rain confine you to a building or a car, you’re just paying attention to its tantrum. This town taught me that if it’s just drizzling, go get a little damp. You could probably use some rinsing anyway. For times when it’s more like a Bambi Bucket, I own a good raincoat and pair of rain pants. In fact, I am now on my third raincoat. Back in my home state of Texas, we didn’t know raincoats could wear out. As for hair, I shave my head, so raindrops feel really good on it.

Carless by choice is the way to go. I have the advantage of also being spouseless and childless by choice, and I live in a helpful neighborhood, but it really seems like too many people are missing out on the possibilities: I ignore gas prices, never hunt for a parking space, and enjoy droll conversations with people concerned about my car’s extended warranty. Walking is great for physical and mental health, and Eugene is a great town for it.

Doyle Srader lives in Eugene.