

NUNA

NORTH UNIVERSITY
NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION

Editor's Note

By *Michael J. Gaudini*

Two months ago, I made myself a promise: I told myself that I would start working on the August/September newsletter early and have all my ducks in a row. I think I may have even believed myself, too.

Well, as it turns out, it only took a string of very long workdays, a bit of vacation, and some time hosting a good friend from out of town in order to make me completely forget my promise to myself.

Fortunately for me, our neighborhood is made up of some very talented people. Some of them had written pieces for previous newsletters that I was unable to include (at the time) due to space constraints, and so resolved to place them in a future newsletter. Others caught wind that I was a bit behind and sent me some content out of the kindness of their hearts.

So, I just wanted to take this moment to say a heartfelt 'thank you' to everyone who helped out with this issue. I really appreciate your efforts!

--Michael J. Gaudini



Picture of the Month: Fourth of July Festivities, from Lindsey Smith!

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The August NUNA meeting has been cancelled. We'll see you at the October meeting!

It's that time of year...

by *Brandon Tucker*

Moving trucks, anxious parents and excited students are once again flooding our neighborhood streets. The school season is nearing and with it come many new neighbors. On behalf of NUNA, I'd like to welcome you all, whether you're in one of our apartment buildings, garage apartments, or you and some friends rented out a whole house.

If this is your first year in the neighborhood, I think you'll come to discover all its many charms and wonderfully unique local businesses. I hope you spend plenty of time in our parks, Adams-Hemphill and the newly refurbished Sparky Park. (Though maybe wait until temps cool a little bit). I suspect you already know about legendary Fruth St. home to Spiderhouse and Trudy's among others. And like most places of town you're never more than a sniff away from a great taco or piece of pizza.

Fall is a festive time for sure, perhaps the best time, and on football game days you'll hear faint roars and canons echo through your windows. Perhaps my favorite thing about NUNA since my wife and I moved to 33rd Street in 2013 is

that you'll find all walks of life here, living side-by-side, intermingling and feeding off one another's energy.

You can visit NUNAAustin.org for our official welcome letter and more details about our neighborhood. It's got a very unique history past and present neighbors have worked tirelessly on to compile, and I hope that, between papers and Pokemons, you spend a couple minutes reading it. Throughout the year there will be opportunities to get involved. You'll notice many new trees along Hemphill Park. Those were planted by neighbors and other volunteers just last fall!

I know, many of you just have a one-year lease. But you will likely meet neighbors who, just like you, once thought their time in the neighborhood would be brief, and yet years later they returned. For good!

Have a great year on behalf of all of us at NUNA, and I hope to see you around the neighborhood!

Brandon Tucker--Co-President

Dirty Martin's Place Celebrates Its 90th Anniversary

By Michael J. Gaudini

With the pace at which Austin has been growing, a few years can seem like a generation -- and a generation can seem like an entirely different world.

Indeed, the Austin where Dirty Martin's -- the restaurant that currently sits near the intersection of Guadalupe and Nueces Streets -- originally opened in 1926 was very different from today's Austin in many ways.

That year, the city was in the process of moving from a form of municipal government in which elected commissioners ran the city's departments, to one in which a city council appointed a professional city manager to head the city's executive branch. This new city council, for their part, were only two years away from adopting a disastrous plan with the explicit goal of segregating the city.

At the time, the city itself was home to only about 40,000 people -- which, to put that into perspective, is roughly the amount of people who moved to Austin in the last two years alone. Though it may seem small today, even that size may have seemed large to the residents of Austin in 1926, which had seen a 30 percent increase in population over the course of the previous decade.

These Austin residents also lived in a much smaller city whose boundaries ran from 47th Street down to just above St. Edwards University.

And in the middle of all of this, a man named John Martin opened "Martin's Kum-Bak" in central Austin.

Like Austin, Martin's Kum-Bak has seen its share of

changes over the years, including its name. Early patrons to the small burger and shake business took to calling it "Dirty's" and "Dirty Martin's" due to the establishment's dirt floor. Over the subsequent decades, the business' owners improved the venue, laying down a concrete floor, expanding the dining area, and adding booths and patio space -- but the nickname stuck around.



Dirty Martin's Place celebrates its 90th anniversary this year!

(Image Source: <http://dirtymartins.com/>)

And, if you ask Dirty Martin's current owner Mark Nemir, the spirit of an older Austin has stuck around with it, too. "This is real-deal Austin," Nemir says of his restaurant.

For his part, Nemir ended up an almost accidental owner of this longtime Austin establishment. His grandfather started buying up properties around Martin's Kum-Bak in 1936 and eventually bought the business itself in 1941 from a man who had been drafted into World War II. Nemir's grandfather had not originally intended to run the restaurant, but he ended up doing so until 1954, when he sold it to an Austin resident named Cecil Pickens.

In 1989, Nemir's father let him know that Pickens was planning to retire and would not be renewing Dirty Martin's lease. Nemir, unsatisfied with his work in the corporate world, decided to take a chance by running Dirty Martin's instead. He had never worked in the restaurant business before, but he thought he would give it a try.

Fortunately for Nemir, he has had a good team. "The people are what make this place," Nemir says, describing at length folks like Will Colvin, Val Franco, Zarin Turner, Johnny Gomez, and others who have worked at Dirty Martin's for years (and, in Will's case, almost two decades). Recently, two of Dirty Martin's employees even produced a documentary on the restaurant, titled "The Kum-Bak."

"It makes you want to own a restaurant," Nemir says of the close bond Dirty Martin's employees share, and notes that he "attributes the longevity of this business to its people."

Well, that and to the customers.

Recent years have seen increased competition in the area, as the city booms and larger burger chains move in. Nemir has responded to the pressure, trying out new menu items, planning improvements to the patio area, and applying for a liquor license so they have the option of offering mixed drinks.

But, he says, the spirit of Dirty Martin's remains the same. It is, in many ways, a window into an older Austin -- and Nemir wants to make sure it stays that way. "I would encourage people to embrace it," he says, "so that places like this don't go away."

Fourth of July Recap

Dear Neighbors,

Thank you to everyone who came out to celebrate the Fourth of July in our very own Hemphill Park.

Carole and Jim left big shoes to fill for hosting the parade and I'm so grateful for all the people who pitched in to help and made the rich tradition of the Fourth of July in NUNA a success yet again!

-Huge thank you to Rachel and Andy for managing the water slide, it's no small task as everyone can see, but it sure does add to the fun.

-Thanks Diane and Zack for donating the water for the slide, wouldn't be much of a slide without it.

-Thank you Julie for the table and doughnuts.

-Thank you to Eugene for bringing in a fresh round of world-famous doughnuts just when we needed it.

-Thank you to Natalie for stepping up to the face painting plate with such aplomb -- you made a lot of children very happy.

-Thank you Peter for rolling out your beautiful car and adding some pizzazz to the parade.

-Thank you Rusty for the incredibly pictures.

And finally, thank you to everyone who came and added to our sense of community; especially lately, with all the violence that is going on, I feel that coming together and

sharing each other's presence and kindness is the only option for progress. I really love getting to meet and spend time with you, our neighbors, and it means so much to my kids too.

-Lindsey Smith

2016 NUNA OFFICERS

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Secretary -- Lindsey Heddleston

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NE Quadrant Leader -- Mary Ingle, casamia22@att.net

SW Quadrant Leader -- Jim Crewell

SE Quadrant Leader -- Dick Holland, rh02@txstate.edu

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CANPAC Representatives -- Mary Ingle, J.R. Johnson
(Laurence Miller as alternative)

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My Personal Tribute To Mary Gay Maxwell, a NUNA Resident- 1939-2016

By Mary Ingle

I met Mary Gay Maxwell in the early 2000s; she wanted me to get more involved with the neighborhood association. As a mentor and Co-President of the neighborhood association, she took me under her wing. She introduced me to many people who lived in Aldridge Place and beyond (particularly important because I lived "east of Speedway").

She was a good teacher. Mary Gay knew the importance of conducting a good meeting and facilitating group experiences- in fact, she wrote her dissertation on the topic of "groups!" She gave me the most valuable advice about how to deal with vexing neighborhood and city issues. Mary Gay would say, "if you don't get results with minimal effort, go to the top first." She taught me to cultivate relationships with City officials and staff members. She taught me not to be intimidated by rank. She taught me

to be bold and sniff out the important details.

While working on neighborhood projects, we had some interludes that developed into F-U-N escapades. Most notably was the time that a group of us had a whacky idea about how to prove that a non-alcoholic fraternity (an oxymoronic description, in my opinion) was pulling the “wool over an attorney’s eye” in a property negotiation. It was a Saturday afternoon, when Bill Bednar pulled up his station wagon for Rick Iverson, Mary Gay Maxwell, June Hawley, and me to climb in for the caper. This get-away car was going to drop me off at the dumpster directly behind the fraternity house, so that I could photograph the contents of the dumpster. Dressed in black jeans and a black T-shirt with a red baseball cap, I slunk down the alley behind the fraternity house; I climbed into the dumpster. Low and behold, it was full of alcoholic beverage containers (really?!?), which I proceeded to photograph. We used these photographs one afternoon to quell a conversation about the “non-alcoholic fraternity” with a group of lawyers. Finally the conversation settled down about serious details of our negotiations just because of the photographs. I never would have had this type of neighborhood experience if I hadn’t met Mary Gay Maxwell and the other neighbors!

Mary Gay and I supported each other’s efforts to keep a good quality of life in the ‘hood. We both had experienced noise/music trespass from some of the music clubs on Red River and 8th Streets. We formed a “phone tree” with several other good neighbors, most notably Carol Journeay, Bob Kaler, Douglas Plummer, and Judy Edminston, to call the Austin Police Department when these incidents would occur- usually late at night. The first thing one had to do was figure out the location of the violations before calling 911. Inevitably the phone would ring, and Mary Gay would call me to say, “I’ll pick you up in the alley in 5 minutes.” We would do reconnaissance missions to find out the specific location of the noise violators, so we could alert our “phone tree” into action. Soon, Mary Gay and I became known as the “Nancy Drew” team down at City Council offices. I wouldn’t have ever dreamed of such crazy fun, if I hadn’t met Mary Gay.

So, I will miss her and all of our escapades that we could still be having. But, I guess I need to do what Mary Gay did; I need to find someone else to mentor about future neighborhood activities and fun! Contact me, if you are interested!

Join the Discussion!

Listserves are a great way to become more connected with your community. **The North University Yahoo Group** is a hands-on, public communications resource, helping neighbors inform, communicate, and build a stronger community. The list is inclusive, open to anyone who lives in the North University Neighborhood and to people who have a material interest here, such as operators of a business, non-profit, or civic process. One can subscribe by sending E-mail to:

nuna-residents-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

or by visiting the Yahoo! Groups site at:

groups.yahoo.com/group/nuna-residents

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@crimeatx is a crime watch Twitter feed that promotes crime prevention and public safety awareness in our area. It was established by the Central Austin CDC in January 2012 to help inform and prepare the returning student community in the immediate aftermath of the NYE attacks and murder of Esme Barrera. To sign up or learn more, visit **twitter.com/crimeatx** and tweet with the hashtag **#NORTHUNIVERSITY**.

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Austin Makes Water Restrictions Permanent

By Michael J. Gaudini

In early May, Austin City Council passed an item to make the water restrictions the city has been under for the past five years permanent – albeit, with some tweaks. Since these restrictions determine when and how residents can use water for activities such as car washing and irrigation, it is important that everyone understands them.

The rules require residents to only use hose-end sprinklers two days per week (Thursday and Sunday for even addresses and Wednesday and Saturday for odd addresses) and automatic irrigation one day per week (Thursday for even addresses and Wednesday for odd addresses).

In addition, residents may wash their cars any day of the week with a bucket or a hose with a nozzle that only sprays water when the handle is squeezed. They may also water with drip irrigation, a handheld hose, or a refillable container.

The city first entered a similar level of water restrictions in 2011, during the worst drought to hit the region in living memory – a dubious honor previously held by the 1950s “Drought of Record.”

It was that previous drought that prompted state officials to draw up the first state water plan in 1961 to project the state’s water needs and formulate strategies to meet them. According to a 2013 NPR article (“A Brief History of the Texas Water Plan”), lawmakers funded that 1961 plan in a big way, building about 2,700 dams over the course of a decade to support the state’s water supply – that’s about 4 out of every 10 dams that currently exist in the state.

Of course, Texas in 1961 was very different from Texas today. At that time, less than 10 million people called the Lone Star State home and, according to Andy Sansom, an expert at Texas State University quoted in the NPR article, most of those people lived in small towns: “Texas was a rural state. So, people understood what a drought meant because it affected their daily lives.”

Today, over 27 million people live in Texas – and that number is growing every year.

While that growth might be a boon for the state economically, it also has serious implications for resource management. Each of those new residents needs access to basic human necessities, chief among them: water.

Additionally, the vast majority of Texans today live in large cities or metropolitan areas and may not feel drought conditions as acutely as their predecessors once did – which may make water management issues feel less urgent to some than they might have in past decades.

Even so, state legislators felt enough heat from the most recent drought to pass a constitutional amendment in 2013 creating a “State Water Implementation Fund” to

finance priority water plan projects through the Economic Stabilization Fund (also known as the “Rainey Day Fund” – no pun intended). Voters overwhelmingly approved the amendment later that year.

Austin, too, did its part to conserve water, including implementing a number of watering restrictions that regulated when, how, and on what days residents could irrigate.

These restrictions stayed in place, even after Austin recently encountered heavy rains.

While these rains have helped replenish Austin’s water supply, Austin Water Utility officials are concerned that drought conditions could resume and continue to threaten residents’ access to water, especially as the population grows. This was the case during the 1950s, as well, when heavy rains interrupted the state’s intense drought, only to be followed by roughly five more years of drought.

As a result, Austin Water Utility officials recommended, and Austin City Council approved, taking the city’s watering restrictions and making them permanent.

For more information on what the city’s current watering restrictions require: <http://www.austintexas.gov/department/watering-restrictions>.

Editor’s Note: A version of this article appeared in the June/July NUNA newsletter, though it was abridged due to space constraints. It is reprinted here in full.

GUANAJUATO

By Leoda Anderson

Guanajuato, about 300 miles northwest of Mexico City, is a jewel in a setting of gold and silver mines. Altitude, 6,855 feet. Capital of the state of the same name, it is one of the oldest cities in Mexico. At first it was occupied by the Otomí Indians, who were chased out by the Tarascan Indians and later by the Aztecs.

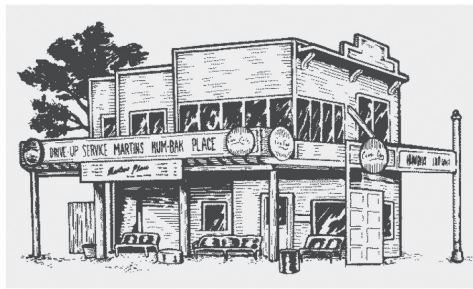
Guanajuato taps into a flow of adjectives: quaint, picturesque, Old World-like, delightful, surprising. People who have traveled widely in Europe liken it to the hill towns of Italy and France.

Guanajuato was once a very wealthy city, due to its mines. The Rayas and Mellado mines were the first to open—in 1558! At the end of the 18th century Guanajuato was the largest exporter of silver in the world. Evidence of that wealth is still there in its elegant architecture, for instance, and the presence of a university. Though small, it is highly rated.

My friend Ruby and I were staying at the Hotel San Diego at a corner of the city’s famous little plaza, Jardín de la

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Union. Small, but visitors say it is one of the prettiest in Mexico. Paved with tiles, it is bordered by Indian Laurel trees, carefully trimmed, with foliage so compact and dense that birds do not rest or nest in it, thereby sparing from doo-doo the people resting on the iron benches below. On many nights the plaza is the scene of band concerts, promenades and such. I would like to see such a plaza in every city and town in our country.

On a hill high above the city, hovering protectively, stands a 30-foot statue of pink sandstone. That's Pípila (PEEP-il-ah), a local hero in Mexico's War of Independence (from Spain). José Barajas is a shortened version of his real name. Pípila was his nickname. The Spanish troops were hiding out in a stout stone building, virtually a fortress. But its invincibility had one flaw—a wooden door. Pípila, a miner, with a long flat stone tied to his back to protect him from the musket-fire of the Spanish, volunteered to approach the wooden door with a flaming torch, burn it down, and, with help, to snuff out the enemy within. However, that victory of September 28, 1810, did not last long.

Though I'd gazed at Pípila from a distance before, I had never met him “close up.” So one morning I crossed the plaza alone and went up the hill to the road that led to Pípila. I had not gone far on the road when I heard and saw a noisy gaggle of kids behind me. They caught up, and I stopped. Always on trips to Mexico I carried things for children: pencils, crayons, tiny notebooks, games. At the moment I had a set of jacks with me. To divert them, I tossed them on the ground and started to explain the game. They weren't listening. Every one

of them dropped to the ground and grabbed and fought for the shiny little metal jacks. “Possession” was their game, not “play.” While they were still engaged in finding and fighting, I flicked a regretful wave in Pípila's direction and made my getaway back to the plaza and my hotel. Had I continued on my solitary way, they might have tried to shake me down for whatever else I had, and I wasn't taking that chance. Those kids were not from the Church of San Diego on the plaza!

There was a festival of some sort going on, and Ruby and I tried to attend as many events as possible. Everywhere we went, there was this tapete vendedor (rug seller). I admired one of his fine-quality rugs in particular but always told him “Ahora no” (not now). I didn't want to drag around a heavy rug. So he knew I was a potential customer and showed up everywhere we went.

One of the events was fun for the city's fire department, who devised it. All of us stood in a very, very large circle. Around us the firemen placed on the ground a very, very long rope that had been soaked in oil, then lit it. And as this flaming snake approached, we were supposed to jump across it, to “safety.” Of course, some of us delayed our jump until the last seconds; just to hear the crowd scream in frenzied anxiety, “Jump! Jump!” The only thing missing from that scene was the sound of Johnny Cash's voice in the background, singing “Ring of Fire.”

The most breathtaking sight in Guanajuato is its Teatro Juárez or opera house. It was constructed over a period of 30 years, 1873-1903. Everybody who was somebody in Mexico attended its dedication in 1903, from the President on down. The most lavish production of the opera “Aida” that Mexico had ever seen was performed on stage. My most vivid memory of the Teatro Juárez is of the eight classical larger-than-life-sized bronze statues, Muses of the Arts, atop the building; silhouetted against the sky. They were made by W. H. Mullen of Salem, Ohio. One needs to know Architecture to adequately describe the Teatro Juárez. I've heard its style termed “Roman Doric with French flavor.” There. Maybe you can figure that out. The columned facade is of attractive local green stone. The dazzling interior, colorful with rich embellishments has been compared to a Persian tapestry. Ruby and I had the good fortune to spend a little time in this palace of the arts when I was invited to escort one of the young ladies up the aisle at an American-like beauty contest, part of the festival.

I don't know why I was asked, whether it was a friendly gesture to a visitor or whether her expected escort didn't show up. Anyway, I was glad I hadn't been asked to be one of the judges. That would have been a hard call! When our time for departure (by train) was a day off, Ruby and I asked our hotel-keeper to tell us directions to the railroad station.

“Oh, I’ll take you,” he said, which surprised us, but “how gracious,” we thought. He set a time, which we thought was somewhat early, but oh, well, better early than late. Came the day, and we three set out from the hotel. After a couple blocks we wondered where he kept his vehicle. After two or three more blocks we realized there was no vehicle. He walked us to the railroad station!

And there he was, our rug-seller, grinning hopefully. I laughed aloud, said “Ahora,” and bought the lovely wool rug I’d admired, 5 feet long and 31 inches wide. Blended red and brown border, and, against a cream-colored background, a tree with bare branches on which perched total of 16 bright birds. It hangs against a white door in my home. The colors, like the memory, have not faded.

Place of Delights

By Leoda Anderson

In the Tarascan Indian language that is what the word Pátzcuaro means — place of delights. Pátzcuaro, altitude 7,180 feet, is located about 41 miles southwest of Morelia, the capital of the state of Michoacán, Mexico. The description “place of delights” could equally well be applied to Michoacán (Mish-wah-KAHN), a state of pine-forested mountains, with lush plains and valleys between.

I was staying at Hotel Los Escudos (The Shields), and sure enough, two sturdy shields flanked the entrance. If someone had said to me, “Those shields are leftovers from Hernán Cortés day, when he and the conquistadores ravaged Mexico,” I would not have scoffed. Why not? Everything else here was centuries old. Then later I learn, through a friend of a friend who owns property in Pátzcuaro, that the original shields are in a museum, and those now on guard are faithful copies. That friend-of-a-friend says that Los Escudos is looking rundown these days.

Los Escudos was built in the late 1500s as a residence for a Spanish nobleman. It’s over 400 years old! “Rundown?” It does well to stand up!

There is Plaza Chica and Plaza Grande, the small and large plazas, elegant and well-used. On Fridays the Indian markets take over. An ancient church is now the Public Library. The patina of age only enhances this place!

Beyond the cobble-stoned streets and plazas there is THE lake, Lake Pátzcuaro, a sizable lake 13 miles long and 30 miles circumference. For a modest fee one can board one of the launches stationed on the lake for the pleasure of visitors. I boarded one and was fascinated by the Oriental appearance of the Tarascan houses around the lake — tiled roofs and long overhang of the roofs. To see a Shinto shrine

or someone wearing a kimono would have seemed natural.

At one point the captain of the launch appeared and announced, cheerfully and pridefully, that his 11-year-old son was steering the launch. Was I shocked? No. In Mexico, children learn and share the tasks of their elders at an early age. “But”, you may ask, “weren’t there safety rules regarding the age and experience of the launch-operator?” The answer to that is Ha-ha.

So you may see small children slapping tortillas into shape alongside their mothers. Once, in Tlaquepaque, at a food stand in the marketplace, I watched a mere boy slice tomatoes with a knife, with the speed and exactitude of a machine. While I watched, mesmerized, he never slowed down, he never misjudged. In 100 years I have never sliced ANYthing with the skill of that boy!

There are several islands on Lake Pátzcuaro where people live pretty much as they did centuries ago — to themselves, not mingling with neighbors, and following the ancient customs. We stopped at Janitzio.

One thing you cannot miss seeing on Janitzio, and that is the statue of Father Morales. It is noted, not for its beauty or artistry, but for its size. It is taller than the Statue of Liberty.

I have been in Mexico during the three day holiday which culminates in The Day of the Dead and have witnessed the (macabre, to us) custom of baking bread, cookies, etc. in the shape of a skull, wearing skeleton costumes and the like. But the Janitzio residents give the occasion full treatment.

Near midnight on the night we call Hallowe’en (hallowed evening) families set out for the cemeteries. There they spread tablecloths on the graves. On the tablecloth they place food, fruit and flowers. Then they sit quietly, waiting for the dead to appear and eat the food offered them. If this does not happen, if the departed do not reappear, I assume that the families have a graveside midnight supper.

On November 2 the scene changes. The hunters of



Janitzio, as many as 50 to 100 men, push off onto the lake in their dugout canoes, 4 to 5 men in a canoe, with their lollipopshaped paddles, their “butterfly nets” (for catching fish, not butterflies), and on this day a pronged device called an “atlatl” which they hurl at the ducks on the lake. I would call this The Day of the Dead Ducks. Glad I missed that!



Back at Hotel Los Escudos I heard about a copper workshop a short bus-ride away. I went to have a look-see, but after a quick look around I found nothing small enough, interesting enough, cheap enough to bother with, so headed back to the bus stop. Among the people waiting there I noticed three elderly ladies, each one clutching what appeared to be bright orange mushrooms, dinner-plate size.

Curious, I planned to sit next to one of the ladies and investigate. I did, then asked in as few words as possible, “Como se prepara?” (How is it prepared?), pointing to the ‘mushroom’, and hoping her response would not be too complicated for me to understand.

She smiled sweetly, then turned her left hand palm upward in a gesture of hopeless futility, but said nothing.

I was puzzled. I knew she was not mute. When approaching the bus I had seen the three of them nattering together. Then I remembered something that explained her silence. Of course!

In some areas of Mexico, especially the highlands

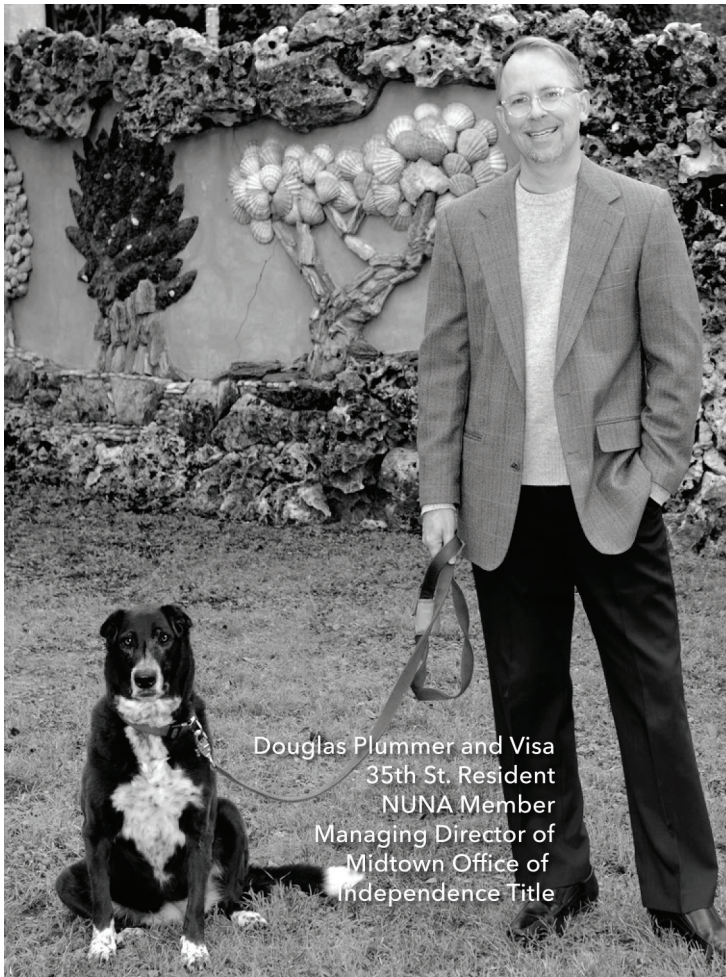
and among the older people, Spanish is neither spoken nor understood. When Cortés and his men were attacking villages and towns, many terrified Indians fled to the mountains and there retained their culture, customs, and their language. Pátzcuaro is the heart of Tarascan country. In fact, this region is the “most Indian” of all Mexico.

More than likely my seatmate spoke only Tarascan. Her demeanor was so warm and friendly, but we could not communicate. We could only exchange smiles. No recipes.

APRIL 12th NUNA Minutes

MINUTES OF THE NUNA GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING 12 APRIL 2016

1. Call to order
2. Approval of minutes of February 2016 General Membership Meeting: Bednar moved, Plummer seconds. Unanimous.
3. Mary Ingle reported several developments with the land development code that might interest NUNA.
4. A proposal to reduce parking requirements in West Campus for new construction. Laurence will send a letter suggesting that construction projects must prove hardship to get variance from parking requirements.
5. Rick Iverson and Roger Binkley reported that the application for Aldridge Place Local Historical District is now submitted with the City of Austin. They will send email with dates for meetings that neighbors should attend. A show of support will be critical to smooth passage of our LHD.
6. It was proposed that we approach Art in Public Places to get support for rehabilitating the Aldridge Place column lights. Michael Riley moved support. Jan Moyle seconded. Unanimous.
7. It was reported that we need volunteers to drive an initiative to provide playground equipment for Adams-Hemphill Park.
8. Mary Ingle proposed NUNA support ANC resolution to oppose a developer’s request for additional height (100 to 185 ft) for a project at the site of the old Safeway store in East Austin. Lew Faiel-Dattilo moves support. Barbara Davis second. Unanimous.
- 9 Meeting adjourned.



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LIN TEAM, OLD AUSTIN REALTOR®



Spring in Austin has been warm and wonderful this year. The real estate market in Central Austin has seemed more tight than I remember spring activity in many years. Although I enjoy working with sellers, I work mostly with buyers, and it has been tough finding things to show them lately. Some transactions never see the light of day because they are under contract without appearing in the multiple listing service.

Even in the best of markets for buyers, searching for a home in Old Austin can be difficult and frustrating—especially without the help of a REALTOR® who knows and appreciates central neighborhoods and old houses. Likewise, selling your older home in Central Austin is best done by someone who understands and believes in the value of these houses and the way of life that is possible in our older neighborhoods. I remember the first time I sold the Oliphant house at 3900 Avenue C a couple came to the first open house and fell in love with the 1894 Victorian. They returned the next day with their agent, who stood in the front yard of that wonderful house with his arms folded across his chest and said "I can't for the life of me understand why anyone would want to live in Hyde Park!" Needless to say, the couple didn't buy the house. (But someone else did — and I sold it for them a few years later.)

Other agents have frightened their buyers about the "handicap" of living in a Local Historic District, not understanding that the designation is an important part of the value of properties in the neighborhood because it is a protection against the neighborhood disappearing around them and being replaced with tacky modern boxes.

I call myself the "Old Austin REALTOR®." Other agents who live and work here may not be "old," but we have a proven commitment and knowledge that can be extremely helpful to a buyer or seller who wants to help save "old Austin."

Office phone 512-472-1930 Cell phone: 512-917-1930 LTeam@austin.rr.com

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HYDE PARK & NORTH UNIVERSITY HOMES GALLERY



102 WEST 32ND STREET

1930s Colonial Revival with guest house and swimming pool. Main house has 3,064 SF with 4 BR, 4 BA, 2 LIV, 2 DIN. Beautifully updated kitchen & baths. 1-car garage.
Listed at \$1,045,000



504 WEST 33RD STREET

Hemphill Park Townhomes. Quiet end unit, approx. 2,750 SF, 3 BR, 3 BA, 2 LIV, updated kitchen, large private courtyard, 2-car garage. No HOA or monthly fees.
Listed at \$650,000



838 EAST 37TH STREET

Spacious 1940s stone house located just south of Hancock Golf Course. 2,271 SF, one-story with 3 BR, 3 BA, 1 LIV, 2 DIN, 2-car garage. Walk to UT and Lee Elementary.
Listed at \$699,000



4605 EILERS AVENUE

Classic Hyde Park bungalow with 2nd story master addition. Open floor plan, approx 2,010 SF with 3 BR, 2 BA, 2 LIV. Also available for lease in July, \$3,200/mo.
Listed at \$675,000



201 WEST 32ND STREET

Available now! Unique 1928 stucco home located in historic Aldridge Place. 3-4 BR, 2 BA, 2 LIV. Hardwoods, beamed ceilings, Weigl ironwork, stained glass windows.
Listed at \$3,200/month



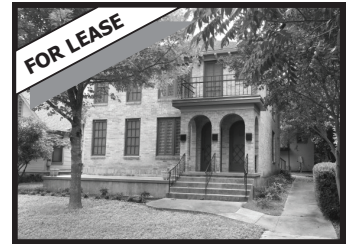
3303 LIBERTY STREET

Beautiful modern Craftsman style home with high-end finish-out. Maple flooring throughout. Gourmet kitchen. 3 BR, 2.5 BA, 2 LIV, 2 car garage.
Listed at \$989,000



821 HARRIS AVENUE

1930s storybook cottage just steps from Lee Elementary. 3 BR, 2 BA, 2 LIV, formal dining. Upstairs master suite. Stone patio, pergola, private gardens. Detached workshop.
Listed at \$650,000



3306 HARRIS PARK AVENUE

Charming renovated 1930s duplex available mid August. Upstairs unit looks out onto treetops. 2 BR, 1 BA, 1 LIV, 1 DIN, screened-in porch. Quiet street six blocks from U.T.
Listed at \$1,995/mo.

The Central Austin real estate market remains strong! Contact your neighborhood expert for a complimentary market analysis and customized marketing plan for your property.

Suzanne Pringle

Broker, REALTOR®

512.217.1047

suzanne.pringle@sothebysrealty.com



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