

**Chapter 1 : Our Place in History Ormond Beach, Florida | Open Library**

*Re: Hauling Lifted carts in the bed of a pickup? My cart fits in my Chevy 8' bed with the tailgate closed but I had to modify the rear foot rest to fold up. Even with a 6" lift the tailgate still hits the floorboard fits now with floorboard folded up.*

Arborio rice 3 Cups Peas 1 Cup In a medium pot over a low flame sweat leeks, shallots, and garlic in olive oil until translucent, about three minutes. Add stock, four ounces at a time, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon to develop starches. When a ladle of stock is absorbed, and the bottom of the pan is easily visible, add another ladle. Continue until all stock is used or until risotto is just cooked with a small bit of al-dente texture left. Stir in peas and finish with cashew cream and salt to taste. Top with roasted carrots, tomatoes, and mushrooms as well as arugula salad dressed with lemon vinaigrette. Find the best tables and private rooms in the region. BISTRO 82 One of the only destination dining locations in downtown Royal Oak, their menu features French onion soup dumplings, steak frites, daily selection of oysters and cinnamon sugar coated beignet. Table seven, a round table that seats up to eight people. Window tables with a scenic view of the train tracks. The menu also boasts variety, offering dishes such as duck ravioli and barbequed ribs, flavored with orange molasses and vinegar. Entrees include roasted semi-boneless Cornish chicken. Originally located in Detroit. Eight seats at the bar. Located in a high-profile part of the restaurant, these tables are highly requested. Under the outdoor gazebo or, if you are looking to see or be seen, table 30 or 31 in the center of the dining room. Both tables seat five to six people. The Chestnut Farms rotisserie chicken is a house favorite. If you are looking for privacy ask for the Stave Cave, which seats up to 20 and has curtains that can be closed. The Sonoma and Napa rooms, which hold 25 and 15 people, are the most requested part of the steakhouse. The chef emphasizes fresh, local ingredients. The plush red Gotti booth is a customer favorite, but for more privacy the board rooms seats Other popular areas of the restaurant include six rooms for private dining, serving and glass-stained Room 11, which includes a flat screen TV and a fireplace. Owner Sameer Eid selects the finest cuts each morning, using them in specialty dishes such as the baba ghanoush and hashwi with lamb confit. Booths 1, 2, and 21 are popular for meetings. The two most private booths can seat up to six people and are located beside the wine cellar. If you are looking to maximize privacy, the Paul Smith room has its own private entrance. Located in the center of the restaurant, this table seats up to eight people and offers views of the entire restaurant and the wine wall. Table is also highly requested for a more private setting. Table 40 is at the center of the restaurant near a fireplace. With a low wall to one side and a high wall to the other, this secluded table offers ample privacy for a group of eight. Tables on the patio are the most requested. Table 14 is tucked away and by a window. A corner table by the patio that seats up to eight people and offers plenty of privacy. The Michigan Room can seat up to 20 people, is very private, and can accommodate computer, television, or other media use. It has all the ambiance of an upscale steakhouse. Table 36 is nestled in the corner next to the fireplace and with a view of the woods. A round table in the center of the room. Pair their fresh gnocchi with the house special pancetta and mushroom sauce. Accommodating up to 90 guests, the elegant Galleria offers plenty of privacy for meetings both small and large. Meals are prepared in a wood-fire oven and served small plates-style in shareable portions. The eatery offers meals such as seasonal flatbread, grilled trout, and charred octopus, as well as local brews and craft cocktails. B, L, D Sat. The restaurant offers contemporary American food, small-plates style, along with craft cocktails. The opening menu offers nine plates and three desserts, which change with the seasons. The table seats a minimum of five people and a maximum of eight, comfortably. All ingredients are locally sourced and butchery is done in-house. This allows the chefs to work with different cuts of meat. There are two royal blue celebrity booths that are highly requested. There is also a private table behind the booths, centered around a 3-piece mural of Detroit. The restaurant also prides itself in using as many Michigan products as possible, such as the Michigan rainbow trout in their Detroit fish and chips. A window table overlooking the Ambassador Bridge and the Detroit River. Table 15 or 16 are on the old porch overlooking Lothrop Street. The Sewing Machine Table is in a corner that overlooks the entire restaurant and seats up to four people. A table in the main dining room, next to

floor to ceiling windows with views of the river, the Riverwalk, and Windsor. Also harkening back to the original restaurant, the new establishment serves old favorites like the veal chop Oscar. Booths 1, 2, and Any table along the riverfront provides a wonderful view for guests. For privacy, there are enjoyable booths behind the bar. For a more scenic view, sit next to the windows that look out onto Washington Blvd. Any table that overlooks the front window provides a view of Greektown, as well as a gentle breeze to those dining. Tiered seating on three levels offers the best skyline views. Table 28 sits in the center of the bay window area and overlooks Woodward Ave. The table seats two and is surrounded by a garden and a wrought-iron fence. A garden provides fresh ingredients like arugula, basil, eggplant, peppers, and tomatoes for the Northern Italian cuisine. When weather permits, the ideal table is one by a fireplace, on the patio with a scenic view. Tables in the Red Room or the Champagne Room are fantastic and private. The middle booth 21 is also a great option. Table one and 27 are recommended for business meetings because of their intimate and private ambience. For entertainment, table four offers an up close view of the live music, but for a quieter and secluded setting, the Board Room is a private room with a inch screen and speakers that allow guests to see and hear the band, yet still conduct a private meeting. Table 64 seats up to eight people and is convenient for a private lunch-in. Fireside booths, with their elegant mahogany leather, offer an impressive and an intimate setting. A table in the main dining room, next to the reserve wine room with more than bottles. Seven Mile, Northville, , L Mon. Table seven is located in a second dining room and is near the salad bar. There is also a private dining room that seats up to 30 people. Any of the over-sized luxury booths. The perimeter tables offer the most privacy. D Daily Brunch Sat. A private dining room is available that can extend near the fireplace. With its doors shut, the private dining room holds approximately 26 people. Entree selections include Piedmontese filet mignon, Norwegian salmon, and spring vegetable risotto. A table by the window overlooking the park for a quieter dinner, or a table in the back corner. New York strip and salmon al griglia. All Steak is certified Piedmontese beef. Table 11 and Table 11 is tucked away in the corner of the dining room at an off-beaten path, giving you a full view of the room. Table 22 is more private, placed in an area where diners do not see many others. Glass enclosed conservatory, upstairs corner room, private dining room called The Vault on lower level seats up to eight people. Booths near the fireplace or the half-booths along the back wall are highly requested. Table is highly requested, being in the center of the restaurant. The table is half moon-shaped and near the piano, providing a warm view of the restaurant to guests. Each one seats up to six people. Will accommodate upon request. Table 29 is next to the tranquility pond in the atrium and provides an intimate and relaxed setting for diners. Beef and fish is delivered to the restaurant twice daily, in order to keep meals fresh. Several tables available in the quieter areas of the restaurant. Choose any table with available VIP service. The restaurant boasts an impressive selection of authentic Italian dishes made with fresh ingredients.

**Chapter 2 : 05 Jul - Advertising - Trove**

*Re: Hauling Lifted carts in the bed of a pickup? There is a trick for F HD that people use hauling 5th wheels so their lights don't aim up high with the trailer on. You can get the overload leafs at ford cheap, just add a second set.*

Garden of Troup reel; Dan R. Born on this farm, Alex Francis, with the exception of three years spent in Windsor, Ontario, has lived his whole life there. The beautiful tall trees pictured on the over are Silver Oaks. They are about to spring to life for their 66th year. As a young boy, Alex Francis planted these trees with his father around the same time he started to play the fiddle. Throughout the seasons these trees have matured and have firmly rooted themselves, both in the earth, and as an impression on the minds of the many who have visited this home for music. The same is true of the music of Alex Francis. Deeply rooted in old world tunes, this music was born from a local Gaelic culture, and enriched by countless musicians, both local and itinerant. Through his own enthusiasm to learn and play, his repertoire has grown and matured throughout the seasons to include old world fiddle and pipe tunes as well as tunes from a long line of Scottish and Cape Breton composers including Niel and Nathaniel Gow, Simon Fraser, William Marshall, Alexander Walker, James Scott Skinner, and Dan R. His sound, rich in Gaelic accent, is truly unique in the world of fiddle music. This sound is an expression of an older world - a world of Gaelic language and mouth music; Clydsdale work horses and cows with Gaelic names; itinerant fiddlers and dance pipers; and long hard days of farm work followed by evenings of endless streams of strathspeys and reels. Alex Francis was the youngest of a Gaelic speaking family of By the time of his birth his father Angus, a blacksmith, had established the MacKay property as a busy farm with a forge, along a main road through Inverness County. As the seasons changed so too did the work that accompanied the everyday life around the MacKay farm. Although the long long winters prevented many outdoor chores besides cutting firewood, work around the forge and hauling water for both the farm and forge from the nearby river. As busy as farm life was, though, there was always time for a few tunes, especially if a fiddler or piper was to stop by. In the above picture from , Alex Francis, aged 13, took a break from his days work to learn the reel "Lady Georgina Campbell. When Alex Francis was a young boy starting out on the fiddle, one of the most important goals and values in learning music, as with learning the Gaelic language, was to create an individual style and sound. By the time Alex Francis was in his late teens he had already established his own sound and style as well as a strong repertoire of local tunes. Initially Alex Francis learned to read music from his older brother Jimmy. Various musical influences strengthened his style and through the generosity of visiting musicians his repertoire quickly grew far beyond local proportions. Alex Francis soon gained a reputation as a good player and kept himself busy playing at various picnics, weddings and dances. Although as he often said himself, Alex made very little money at it. The MacKay farm was a stopping point along the road for various people of different backgrounds. They came for the forge, and for the music and friendship. From these musicians he inherited a huge repertoire both by ear and in the form of printed collections. He inherited from Dan R. Dan Hughie MacEachern, who lived in nearby Queensville, made the MacKay farm a regular stopping point on his musical circuit. Gordon was a collector as well and in published the Cape Breton Collection which, besides many of his own compositions, included newly composed tunes from other Inverness County composers. Included in this book were some of the early compositions of Dan R. He worked there at an automotive plant. In fact, the introduction on this recording track 1 I transferred from a rare wire recording made at a house dance in Detroit, You hear Alex Francis playing solo for the first figure of a square set. The occasion is a wedding. Three years later, after a work shortage, Alex Francis moved back home to glendale where he has since lived and worked on the farm. Eventually he took a job at the pulp mill in Port Hawkesbury, but continued to manage the family farm with his older brother Jimmy. Throughout these years Alex Francis kept playing the fiddle and honing his repertoire. As well Alex Francis has continued the old time tradition of stringing tunes together at random. He will rarely play the same tunes in the same set. One of the close musical friendships Alex Francis made in the 70s was with folklorist John Shaw. John cultivated a wonderful musical friendship with alex Francis and eventually included recordings of Alex Francis on his Topic LP compilations of Cape Breton fiddling and

Gaelic singing. Today, many things have changed around the MacKay farm. However, one strong tradition has remained to this day. The MacKay farm is still a stopping point on a musical circuit that since those early days has grown in great proportions! Alex Francis, now in his 74th year is still as eager to play and share his music as he was at age 10. Those sessions are magical memories for me. I remember sitting back and closing my eyes and being overwhelmed by the feelings and images conjured up by his music. Indeed, for me recording Alex Francis has been a special experience. Not only have I made a wonderful friendship, but now since working with Alex Francis and his tapes for several years, that music is inside me! Like my very first experience of music - my grand-aunt Lizzie diddling tunes in my ear. He lived his whole life in Glendale, with his brother Alex, where he helped manage the family farm and kept a small antique shop in the summer months. He had Gaelic names for all the cows and often passed the time while working alone in the barn, gently conversing and singing to the cows in Gaelic. He had a special fondness for antique clocks, photographs, Gaelic poetry and stories; and all things old. The following story is from a recording Jimmy made of himself - in his native language. He then transcribed the recording himself. His recollections contained here reflect the gentle nature of his personality and offer us an insight into the older world of his great-grandfather. Although this story reflects his deep love and his hopes for the Gaelic language and culture, it also reflects his willingness to accept the changes that are inevitable in our world. My ancestors came from Kintail in Scotland. They left the old country in 1848. I understand they left of their own free will. Perhaps they understood this was a very pleasant place. Anyway, this was the nearest land to them. I believe they were getting sick on the ocean. They took up a farm in the rear of St. Peters in Richmond County. My grandfather married a Glendale woman and he bought a farm here. I was born and raised here. I have never lived anywhere else but here. At that time the majority of people were taking their livelihood from the earth. This involved a good deal of work. The land had to be cultivated as Bard MacLean said, " For sure, the neighbors were close to each other. They frequently held ploughing and reaping frolics; they used the sickle and the scythe. There was a bard around here called Allan the son of Hugh MacEachern. He was at a reaping frolic once and he made a verse of a song to taunt the others. It goes like this: I was once reaping with a crew of nimble lads. I threw off my coat and out stripped them. The women used to have spinning frolics and apparently there was a good deal of fun in this. There would be a wee dram among them and a goodly share taking snuff. Everyone had their own living to earn at special times of the year, but despite however busy they were, there would always be time to visit relations and friends at a long distance. The ceilidh was very fashionable. This was a custom that was good for perking folk up. There was always a new or humorous tale. Since doctors were somewhat scarce the first while, they needed a while to make home remedies. They used to boil a spruce herb found in pastures, and juniper tips, and drink it. This was useful to apply to any cuts or wounds. They used to boil it for soup. Its English name is chickweed. Midwives and wet nurses were often available in the neighborhoods. It seems there was some among the first settlers who could play the fiddle. No doubt some of them had fiddles coming to this country; certainly some of these fiddles were excellent. There were many who could play a little that were never heard in public. Some of the churches discouraged fiddle music on the Sabbath. One Sabbath day he was playing and he noticed a neighbor in the doorway. He made an excuse he was playing a psalm. When a couple would marry there used to be a betrothal party. The eight hand reel was very fashionable too. Anytime he would go into the reel the fiddler would play a tune called "Donald Chasing the Goats.

**Chapter 3 : Five MacDonald Fiddlers**

*of results for "hauling cart" Polar Trailer HD Heavy Duty Utility and Hauling Cart, 84 x 45 x Inch Lbs Load Capacity Rugged Wide-Track.*

Photo taken by Laura Wulf. My earliest memory is running away: According to my great-aunt, I was two--placing this experience in This happened when I was five, and again when I was a pre-teen; both of these heart-wrenching attempts failed. I believe I knew immediately that this truth would make it easier for me to escape. My next clear memories of running away were from Suitland, Maryland, where my family moved in December Maybe I was twelve. The second time--taking my younger half-brother with me--I hid in the nearby basement of a school friend. Perhaps I was thirteen. The final time, I fled to the First Baptist Church of Suitland where I was taken in by the pastor, his wife, and their young, adopted daughter. I was fourteen years old when I moved into the parsonage; I lived with this welcoming family for three and a half months. After this pointless meeting, the disempowered social worker a slight man clearly intimidated by my bullying step-father directed me to take enough clothes for a week--but instead I filled the hatchback of his lime green Chevy Vega with everything I cared about. I knew I was never going back to their house, to those people, to that small and terrifying life. I told the judge that my step-father had been abusing me both physically and sexually. Of course he denied beating me, molesting me. As the judge decreed that I would be freed from my family, I recall him saying that I should get counseling once I was in foster care. This did not happen until I sought it out for myself as a young adult five years later. I thought of this courtroom scene both as the worst and best experience of my life for a very long time. I felt angry at and hurt by my mother and half-brother for not telling the truth, for not grabbing at this opportunity to escape the ongoing violence of our lives. How it was that the judge and the social workers decided to leave my fragile, neglected and abused half-brother with a violent father and a schizophrenic mother, I do not know. My first foster parents also lived in Suitland. I stayed with them for sixteen months in a small, two-bedroom apartment: I called my social worker by this time a no-nonsense woman in August and asked to be transferred. I moved into my final foster home when I was sixteen; remaining with this blessedly "normal" family until I was nineteen and left for the University of Maryland in August Twice more I lived inside of a family. In , I was an exchange student in Meppen, Germany, and was housed with two host families. The first family was a poor match, and I again needed to flee. I lived with the first family almost four months, the second for nearly eight. I returned to Maryland from Germany in July ; I was 22 years old. I never again lived within a family. Soon after I left home, my vulnerable sibling began doing drugs--this started with marijuana and soon went to harder substances. Until the middle of 6th grade, I lived in predominately African American neighborhoods. In my primary schools, I was often one of a few white students. I do not recall the ways white privilege played into my childhood this is obviously part of what privilege is , but I do remember being singled out as "poor white trash. I have no memories of racial tension in Palmer Park--even during the tumultuous mids--though we were only a few miles outside of Washington, D. I have sweet memories of being taught lady-like manners by a Black girl who was another of my neighbors. During these childhood years, there were long games of double-dutch, hours of hopscotch, and countless jacks competitions played only with super balls. I also have a sad recollection of a desperately poor African American girl and her younger siblings who were shunned by the other kids at Matthew Henson Elementary. I recall that she talked to me during our long walks home from school--yet she never spoke in class or on the playground. I have no idea why she allowed me to hear her voice. My mother grew up in North Carolina--first in Shelby, then in Thomasville. She lived her childhood years abutted to people of color in a racially segregated time and place. Yet, somehow, she did not subscribe to the pervasive racial negativity of her youth. My step-father was "quietly" racist; he did believe that he--as a white man--was better than any black, brown, yellow, or red man and certainly any woman, regardless of her skin color. Nonetheless, his lack of education did not diminish his belief that he was better than those "lower" than him. In fact, he used male and white privilege to bolster himself, to crudely lift himself above those around him. I could see that their homes were in far less turmoil; I could see that their kids were decently dressed, well fed,

and cared for. The African Americans in our neighborhood could have been described as "upper working class. I have to acknowledge the ways privilege made it possible for me to flee and later to excel. Of course I worked hard to make a full and engaging life for myself. But what about the ways many children are unable to break free from poverty, abuse, and racism--the teenagers who are denied the opportunities which might enable them to move into a productive and satisfying adulthood because the larger culture repeatedly turns a blind eye to their early and ongoing deprivations? I have not wanted to create a nuclear family of my own. Instead, friendship has been at the core of my emotional life beginning in my teens--even as I later savored intimate relationships during my adulthood. A few of these lovers wished for life-partnership or at least long-term commitment, yet this was not something I had to offer--regardless of how much I loved them. I also carried within me deep-seated dread of being saddled with a mentally ill child. I had a tubal ligation when I was 32 years old, nullifying this fear. About my biological father, I know nothing. The only information my mother ever told me was: I had sex with six different men in the spring and summer of . You were my love child. Before you could even talk, I would shake you: I have felt no longing for him although I did pen a poem, "His Unknown Child," in the summer of . I adored this story, and it made me long to be Jewish because it taught me that Jewish children were well-loved, well-fed, well-educated--and not abused. I had no idea, as a child, that Jewish families were more complicated than this. I did not grow up around Jewish people. Even when I went to Germany in , I had only a limited understanding of Judaism and of the Holocaust. In the spring of , I attended my first Liberation Seder. In the decades since, I have celebrated Passover most years and sometimes Rosh Hashanah as well as Hanukkah. While I have never wanted to convert to Judaism, being close to Jewish people has been at the center of my adult relationships--many of my friends and lovers grew up culturally Jewish. But once we started being sexual, I began having searing flashbacks of childhood violation. I recall wrapping myself in his soft, white sheets feeling afraid and tormented. This kind twenty-year-old man bought a clay passage which he hung over his inviting double bed, "Love Grows Here. This was about knowing I had more of myself to uncover, to heal, to open out to. My initial two years at the University of Maryland, , were full of the confusion and internal suffering of young adulthood. I wanted to figure out who I was, but I was shifting quickly in myriad ways. I felt bewildered about my sexuality, uncertain about my educational choices, and distressed about my destructive childhood. Sadly, this painful pattern repeated itself during my adulthood. Men who were--perhaps--able to love me, I shied away from. I feared emotional and sexual entrapment. I had mostly female friends--many of whom lived in the same dorm and hall where I did: I began working with disabled students in the fall of as my work-study income , and became quite close with three of these people. I saw myself moving toward a career of service to others: It took my year in Germany working with cognitively disabled adults to understand that my competence as a caretaker--which had begun so early in my life--was not a career path I could healthily follow. I felt deeply disappointed in myself. I had lost my way, left behind the woman I long assumed I was becoming. I returned from my learning-rich and fittingly varied exchange year in the summer of becoming intensely involved with the radical Food Co-op at the University of Maryland straight away. I felt a part of them immediately. At the Maryland Food Co-op, I felt surrounded by these progressive people and buffered from the larger, mainstream world. I found my personal power during the early s at the Food Co-op: I developed deep and lasting friendships. I had many lovers, both men and women. I started doing political organizing--particularly focused on the far-reaching impact of domestic violence. My writing became more articulate during that time too--principally because of the sage and caring tutelage of two University of Maryland English professors; these women bolstered me, believed in me. The first and longer part of that carefully planned trip was spent visiting Fresno in the Central Valley where three women friends from my ICYE year lived. These two weeks together were lovingly connected and included a lively excursion to Northern California. The second and far shorter part of my trip was to Pomona in western LA county where my half-brother and step-father lived, separately. Much to the consternation of my loved ones back east, I was determined to confront my step-father about his years of abusive behavior, both physical and sexual. He was surprised, but asked me in. His Filipino partner, who had been his mistress during the last five years I lived with my family, respectfully went into their bedroom and shut the door.

**Chapter 4 : Our Place in History Ormond Beach, Florida ( edition) | Open Library**

*This book is a compilation of Ormond Beach, Florida, history presented in pictorial and timeline format. My intent is to provide the reader with an overview of our 16th through 21st century history, identifying early natives and settlers that lived and prospered in an extremely difficult environment.*

The extension to Windsor does not have a viable business plan. There is not a big enough population base in Windsor to make a go of this. The North One May 25, , 4: Detroiters can easily cross the border and board the train from there, Windsor is basically an extension of Detroit anyway. Most complaints are about it not being as efficient as it could be. Daily Detroit points out the big ones. Quite possibly the biggest complaint is how useless the estimated time screen is. The best guess you have is to watch the little dots with the blue tags for where the next train is, because those minute estimations seem to be never right. A possibly good complaint is that the whole system very quickly reaches capacity during peak times. Any future expansions, without a doubt, would need higher capacity trains, dedicated ROWs, and a fixed schedule. There are major challenges in Hamilton to extending Go Service that they currently working on. We will not see more international trains until there is an effective method of dealing with trains at border crossings. Among other changes, it will behave more like a bus and not stop at empty stations. Trains will only drop off riders per request. Anecdotally, there were over , riders during the first month of operation. LMich Jun 23, , 4: I guess I kind of expected them to be a bit more prepared with how to drive ridership than they were. Some of these wait times are unacceptable, but the signal priority should help that. I thought they should have bought more. The QLine should be at least as frequent as the buses. These routes will soon be powered by new, greener, Siemens-built Charger locomotives that can run at speeds of mph. Fast, green locomotives coming to Michigan https: Besides leaving a smaller carbon footprint, the locomotives can get up to speed faster than older models. A mile section of track between Porter, Indiana, and Kalamazoo, Michigan, for example, could see trains flying through at miles per hour without a long acceleration period. On the other hand, whoever is responsible for that awful paint scheme should be scalped. June 23, http: The city wants to move those who live south of I into vacant, renovated homes in other neighborhoods. Meanwhile on the Canadian side, a lot of the pre-construction has been done. Contractors will be chosen by November and construction as well as a finalized design is expected to start early The paint scheme feels very Busy Bee Jun 24, , 8: Hell just a solid color would be better. LMich Jul 9, , 4: These are oriented with the top of the image facing east. This is the as-is option with few improvements. The most notable is a widened off-ramps. Same as 1, but this actually extends the freeway beyond Jefferson with a connector. This one also adds bikelanes to the service drives. This one totally reconstructs the freeway shifting it west south of Lafayette also bringing it at-grade south of Lafayette. It also keeps the riverfront connector in 2 and shifts Jefferson northward opening up new land for development between the avenue and Woodbridge. This option gets to the most radical point of elevating the entire street to a surface street south of Gratiot, shifting the now-street a full block to the east opening up lots of land for redevelopment. This also keeps shifting Jefferson north opening up land to the south. This option would also include a significant non-motorized path running adjacent and east to the new boulevard. This option is the similar to 4, but shifts the new boulevard to the west opening up land to the east. The final option keeps the freeway footprint, but turns it into non-motorized path similiar in function to the Dequindre Cut. The former freeway is instead rerouted onto the service drives. PNG I should mention all options except one include the riverfront connector. Option 1 would remove the left-hand ramps onto Madison and instead add a more traditional interchange with Gratiot. The I Gratiot connector at the south of Eastern Market would be raised to become a surface street and shifted significantly south creating new land to develop on the south side of the market. This option opens up tons of land; apart from the Gratiot connector eliminator, this would also mean significant new land in the southwest quadrant of the freeway interchange. This option is only possible with alternatives 4, 5, and 6. I think my prefered option would be 4. The Holy Family Church would be the only exception and I think it might be better to have a little bit of decorated green space in between the church and the new surface street. It still remains free to ride through Labor Day, and the M-1 Rail has been making

improvements throughout the summer. According to the M-1 Rail, ridership has increased from about 4, trips per day of the week on June 12 to about 6, trips per day the week of July. Five streetcars are now running between 10 a. The wait time for a streetcar, one big complaint that riders had, has decreased during that time from 19 minutes to. Charge times for the streetcar have also been reduced. While these improvements are moving in the right direction, the QLINE did have its first bigger accident this week. On Monday, a driver turned right in front of the streetcar at Ferry Street. The streetcar had minor damages, but was running again shortly thereafter, according to the Detroit News. Rizzo Jul 28, , 6: Kind of like the Congress parkway in Chicago. No matter how many buildings go up alongside it or how much pretty landscaping is done, it still sucks to walk along because wide boulevards in American cities generally suck to walk along. Cars go fast and they take long to cross and new development is usually coarse grain and kind of faceless. LMich Jul 29, , 4: Anyway, maybe not as much of an improvement as totally taking out auto traffic, but that is rarely ever an option in an American city. The North One Jul 29, , 5: Option 4 all the way. Rizzo Jul 29, , This is the problem with this mindset, that simply because there is less traffic, then there should be planning for infrastructure for reduced maintenance. Of the entire count of bridges MDOT maintains, they see a need to remove some in the heart of downtown of their largest city? Does that not seem like a load of BS? The problem I have are these proposals do little to create an actual attractive solution. Either eliminate entirely or partially hide it underground. My approach would be to devise a solution to reduce as much traffic as possible at grade level to create better development opportunities. Most traffic exits at Madison game day traffic and Lafayette Greektown Casino with less than a quarter continuing all the way to Jefferson. So why keep it a freeway if only the first two exits are the ones being used? Plus, at each intersection, there can be dual-turn lanes reducing the need for everyone to merge into a single-lane at the ramps. On paper that seems like better traffic flow. I would agree with this for the bridges they plan on removing in Midtown that cross I If there was ever a stretch of freeway that needed a cap, I through Midtown would be it. LMich Jul 30, , 6: So, not only do you have a freeway dividing the neighborhood, but you have service drives which effectively operate as a divided freeway on city streets. You seem to have very strict notions of what is "attractive. Totally remove an auto route in a city without viable regional mass transit for what? For what would likely end up a dead plaza while the traffic is then funneled elsewhere choking up I and the Lodge? This idea is putting the cart before the horse. It seems this has caused the bidding process to restart and push the estimated start of construction towards the tail end of or even possibly. Completion is now expected by was originally. The tunnel will shut down at 8: About 12, vehicles travel the underwater tube each day, totaling more than 4 million a year, Belitsky said. Belitsky did not disclose its annual revenue. The ceiling renovation was originally scheduled for last year, but was delayed so the project could be re-engineered. But this is really just an update on the fact that issues surrounding the replacement for the old Birmingham Amtrak station have finally come to an end as of two weeks ago, thank god. Naysayers remain but riders say yes. It was extremely difficult and surprisingly costly getting a regional train station built in Oakland County. Last week, two decades of conflict came to a quiet end at a Troy City Council meeting, the site of previous pitched battles over whether this city known for its strong conservative leanings should accept federal funds for mass transit, a concept widely despised in auto-centric Michigan. The next two active proposals for station replacement in Southeast Michigan are Ann Arbor and Detroit, the former far into its final planning stages, and the latter kind of on the back-burner but still planned.

**Chapter 5 : 27 Aug - Advertising - Trove**

*About the Book. This book is a compilation of Ormond Beach, Florida, history presented in pictorial and timeline format. My intent is to provide the reader with an overview of our 16th through 21st century history, identifying early natives and settlers that lived and prospered in an extremely difficult environment, and tracing our progress as a community through the years.*

These papers, begun in the interest of improved husl lbandry, without much method, and without any anticipation of their subsequent popularity, have been continued through twelve volumes of the American Agriculturist, in deference to the wishes of the senior editor and his numerous readers, rather than to the judgment of the writer. For the same reason they are gathered in the more convenient form of this little volume, in the hope that they may be still further useful. They are a humble attempt to represent the average wisdom of the Connecticut farmer, and the steady progress which this class is making in rural improvement and in the comforts and moralities of social life. The teachings are believed to be in harmony with the best authorities in Agriculture and Horticulture, and with the earnest desire that they may cheer the workers upon the farm everywhere, and incite them to the best methods of husbandry and the noblest aims in living, they are submitted to the public. The farm is a good school of economy in many respects. The age of homespun is yet fresh in the memory of many of the living, and its close calculations are yet visible on many a homestead. Time was less valuable in that age than in this, and money far less valuable now than then. We have already begun to divide the labor of the farm, and have reaped very great advantage from it, and this division can be carried to a still greater extent with profit. The horse and the cultivator do a great deal of work once done by the hoe and human hands. No wise man will use the latter When he can avail himself of the former. The mowing machine is doing the work of a dozen men every fine hay day of July. How long will shrewd calculators break their backs over the old-fashioned scythe? They have had their day, like other dogs, and should now be bidden to "get out. The question ought to be asked, how can this or that want of the farmer be met in the cheapest way? If a man wants information in regard to husbandry, he can get the best thoughts of our best cultivators at a much cheaper rate in the columns of our agricultural journals, than by visiting his neighbors to ask questions and make observations. But Tim Bunker never thought of that. He plants, and succeeds. The Deacon sells in the next market town at twenty-five cents a quart-quite as much as he used to get for a bushel of apples. Bunker, " this business pays, and if folks will buy the strawberries at that price, I may as well raise them. One of the coldest days last week Tim drove up to our door, after a long ride, which must have been tedious even with the excitement of fine sleighing and the music of the bells. Not a bit of it. He had heard of our Lawton blackberries through the Deacon, and had come down to take a winter view of the brambles and to find out where they could be purchased. Bunker, and gave him a dissertation on this fruit, relating our experience and mode of culture, and giving him the necessary directions for procuring the plants. Had he taken the American Agriculturist, he would have found in it much more information than we had time to give him, and in the last number no less than four parties advertising the plants for sale. To time and use of horse -. Yet this account, foolish as it looks, is a good illustration of what is going on in many of the farming districts. Intelligent men will give two dollars to save ten cents in paper and type. We think they will do better to take the papers, and buy their information at wholesale price. Our time, however, was not lost with Mr. Bunker; for this article came of his visit, and we trust it will touch some of our readers in the right spot. But the first Deacon loved shade and meditation, if he failed to -appreciate the beautiful in trees, and so planted this elm and the row of maples that adorn the street leading from his house to the meeting-house. The elm now is a very majestic object, and probably no one passes under the shadow of its wide-spreading branches, and looks up into itsleafy arches in summer, without admiring it and blessing the memory of its planter. The offer of so conservative a man as -Mr. Bunker, is a good indication of its value. Even he would shell out the cash if he could rear- such a noble creation in a day, in front of his dwelling. A good many of his neighbors would give half as much for such an elm, but for some strange reason neither Mr. Bunker nor his neighbors plant ornamental trees, though they are plenty enough in the forests, and the nurseries have them in great variety for

a mere trifle. It does not occur to them that time will make of the humblest sapling as lordly a tree and as graceful in its proportions as the big elm. They have only to plant it in good soil, and guard it against injury, and nature will do the rest without come pension. Every year will add to its gracefulness, and to the value of the homestead which it adorns. The time has come when farmers should think more of planting ornamental trees as a matter of economy. They can be planted at the roadside with little disadvantage to the adjacent land. If elms, they will soon tur. It should be a part of the settled policy of every farmer to adorn all the roads leading through his farm in this manner. If he continues in possession, these trees will be objects of interest to make his home attractive as long as he lives. We are sorry to make this latter supposition, but the truth is that a large majority of all the farmers in the East do not feel settled for life. They purpose, if they can ever sell their farms to good advantage, to look up a new home; and this feeling of unrest is the bane of all permanent improvement and ornament on the farm. We heartily wish our farming popwlation, at least the middle-aged portion of them, could feel settled. They would then plant orchards and ornamental trees, and make their homes attractive. Let the good work be commenced this month. This gentleman of the old school, whose name has repeatedly appeared in our pages, has elicited so much interest, that we give a brief sketch of his career, to satisfy the public curiosity. He now holds the office of Justice of the Peace, though he was so late in arriving at this honor, that everybody calls him Tim Bunker, just as they used to. He himself blushes at the title, and perhaps feels insulted if any of his old neighbors call him anything else. It is said, however, that his wife, in speaking of the husband- of her youth to third persons, does sometimes give him the honors, but she is very careful never to call him Esq. Bunker in his presence. He was born and bred in Connecticut, and is a product of her soil and institutions so unique, that it were impossible for Tim Bunker to have grown up anywhere else. He would have been quite another man. He is not himself a member of the church, but his orthodoxy is as vigorous and sturdy as the most devout member of the Puritan church where he worships. He reveres the institutions of religion, and is as punctual at the meeting-house on the Sabbath, as the preacher or the sexton. His model man is Deacon Smith, though he follows him afar of, both in horticulture and in religion. He is as zealous as the Deacon in the defence of the speculative doctrines of the church, and is quite as correct in his moral deportment. By all but his intimate friends, he is supposed to be a member, so correct is he in his opinions and practices. His personal appearance is somewhat striking. He is just about medium size, square built and stout, and though past fifty, can keep up with the smartest of his hands in the field at any kind of work. He has an open, manly face, expressive of benevolence, and his look does not belie his character. He is known far and near as an excellent neighbor, always ready to help at a bad job, to change work, to lend his horse or oxen, even when it is not quite convenient for himself. In dress he is always behind the times. The Sunday hat has been his for five years, and neither rim nor crown has changed with the changing fashions. His dress is of the same age, and the only trouble pertaining to dress that agitates him, is the apprehension that his habiliments will sometimes wear out in spite of his scrupulous care. A change of suit always goes hard with him, and it requires the most adroit management of his good wife to get him safely out of the old into the new. He has been in a condition which she calls "not fit to be seen" for a full year, before she can effect a change of Sunday suit. For his part he cannot see why folks want to keep changing about so, every few years. If the world ever gets finished and adjusted to a given position, he will be a supremely happy man. He has always lived upon the ancestral farm, and by a life of industry has succeeded in buying out the other heirs, and now owns in fee simple all the paternal acres. He is a good sample of the old style farmer, shy of books and papers that treat of husbandry, and a frequent quoter of that old proverb "old birds are not to be caught with chaff. Some five and twenty years ago, there was a Rohan potato fever that infected all Hookertown. Many of his neighbors who read the papers experimented with the article, and among the rest his model man Deacon Smith went into the speculation. Tim Bunker believed in practical farming, and as these potatoes were manifestly a reality, he bought of the Deacon a bushel of Rohans for ten dollars. This was pretty warm in the mouth, but as some sold for fifteen the same season, he was satisfied with his bargain. It was the last year of the speculation, and the fall crop was dull in the market, at a dollar a bushel Tim Bunker rubbed his eyes with both his fore-fingers, when harvest came, and declared that he would never touch another new thing. He is always certain to make the Deacon pay for his own experiments, and only adopts the new fruit or vegetable when he

is certain it will pay. He has lately got wind of the Dioscorea Batatas. His neighbor -lent him the nursery pamphlet in which the wonderful productiveness of that astonishing tuber was duly set forth. Tim digested its contents, and when he returned the pamphlet, very dryly inquired: Conservative as he is, there is manifest progress with Mr. Bunker, and a real improvement is sure to find its way, in due time, to his farm. He has not stopped thinking of it yet, and we hope to record his name, before a great while, upon our list of subscribers. We received the following letter this morning: Jeremiah Sparrowgrass left Hookertown for the commercial metropolis at the tender age of sixteen, thinking that his salvation would be effected and his fortune made forever, if he could find a situation as clerk in a dry good store. He found in the city the object of his lofty ambition, and, after a little roughing it, was duly installed as errand boy and professor of small jobs in a respectable establishment on Broadway. At the age of twenty-one Jeremiah is a clerk with a salary in the establishment where he commenced his mercantile life; a youth of promise in the esteem of his friends, and not slow in his-: In May he took it into his head to visit his country cousins at Hookertown, and to regale himself a little with country sports. Nothing seemed better adapted to his tastes than gunning, and he accordingly brought up from the city a fowling piece, that he might carry out his deadly intent. He had seen certain brave, chivalrous youths returning from the Jerseys, dressed with hunting cap and coat, and ornamented with powder flask, shot-bag and game pouch, the very pictures of genteel recreation. So the first morning after he had surprised Hookertown with his advent, he girded on his shooting toggery and military weaponry, determined to make the birds of his native parish smell gunpowder, and bite the dust. He had some obscure recollections that there was a prejudice against birds among the farmers on account of their pulling up corn, and thought he would be performing a very good deed, as well as exhibiting his own prowess, by destroying them. His whole memory of country life had become exceedingly impaired by his city residence, and he delighted to show his ignorance by asking questions upon topics that he was thoroughly instructed in when a boy of ten on the farm. Beneath, in a fork of the tree,. Bang went the gun of Jeremiah Sparrowgrass, and that morning song was ended.

**Chapter 6 : The Tim Bunker papers;**

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Every few years it is held on my birthday, so of course, the day was all about me. The crowd was mostly well-behaved; the sag stops were full of outstanding food; the route was quiet and scenic. If you like the idea of riding in a huge parade of other cyclists, this ride is fantastic. One thing the organizers do better than anyone is mark the route. Even though my max heart rate had dropped that morning, Don and I still decided to attempt the mile ride. Sue, Ben, Annie and Mark rode a shorter route, and we were able to meet up with them before and during the ride. Sue pulled the Burley. Don and I arrived early, had a filling breakfast at the firehouse, registered and picked up t-shirts for everyone. Don rode strong for the first 30 miles or so. It was crowded on the roads. Some riders dropped all pretense at courtesy and rode in the opposite lane, which complicated on-coming traffic dramatically. The organizers had police stationed at busy intersections, though, so we were waved through many stop signs. It was crowded at the rest stops. At some of them, the food was served inside, and cleats tear up linoleum, so you had to take your shoes off in order to eat. Last year the potato soup was fantastic, but this year it was awful. We met some riders from Chicago who told us how much they liked the South Haven area, and that they had a vacation home in another small town along Lake Michigan. As they left, I thanked them for spending money in Michigan, and I noticed that most of the riders were from Chicago. It was crowded at the bathrooms. There were plenty of bathrooms, but the crowd overwhelmed the capacity. The first rest stop on the mile route was 26 miles away. Fortunately, there were plenty of cornfields, with tall concealment for privacy. The country roads were well chosen. The route was different this year than last because the roads near Three Oaks are in bad shape. Basically, the asphalt is there to connect the potholes. Three Oaks itself is in bad shape -- it went bankrupt from incompetent but apparently not corrupt politicians and was taken over by the state. It was originally settled by hard working German immigrants, and has a long history of conservative, traditional small town values. The main industry died when, sadly, corsets went out of style and the technically dominating Featherbone company went out of business. Artsy-fartsy urban residents moved in and began to try to change the locals, who just want to buy gas and get to work. Despite this conflict, you can still get great lunch meat at Dryers, and great ice cream at Oakers: Our route took us north to Baroda. I know one guy in Baroda, a Mason, and I saw him waiting for a line of us cyclists to pass a stop sign. After the first long set of hills, Don began to tire. After the second set of hills, Don got tired AND discouraged. We had been biking well all year, but today was not going well. Ben was wearing his favorite target jersey. I was wearing a seer-sucker cotton shirt over a wool ibex jersey. This was a little warm on the climbs, but comfortable the whole day. Annie and Mark were lying down just like their uncle Ben. My Uncle is unconscious! Ben was tired from staying up all night looking for ghosts. Annie is tired too. Not really, but Ben made it look so fun. Now THIS is fun, drinking our cider. My favorite part of rides like this is seeing the other bikes. I saw an A. Homer Hilson ridden by someone with a Rivendell jersey, which had to be ironic. There were a couple of Burleys, but none were as used as ours two crossings of Michigan, one circumnavigation of Lake Michigan, and several day rides like this one will add some wear and tear. No bike shop can afford to stock all these different kinds of bikes, so seeing them all in action is a lot of fun. There were plenty of retro-downtubeshifting-ten speeds. Or so it seemed. In town there are cameras everywhere, all channeled to the Government, but in the country we are watched by Cows. Cows have a meeting, dividing the ride watch among themselves. Nothing to see here, mooove along.

**Chapter 7 : Hauling Lifted carts in the bed of a pickup?**

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**Chapter 8 : The Panama American**

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**Chapter 9 : Hauling Lifted carts in the bed of a pickup? - Page 9**

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