

### Chapter 1 : Wrestling Archive Project: Classic 20th Century Mat Memories, volume 1

*Overview The I Kid You Not Road Atlas is a kids' guide to the land of the free and the home of the strange! This atlas covers all 50 states (go ahead, count em), and provides a ton of weird facts, gobs of games, lots of laughs, and is actually MORE fun than going on vacation!*

Unfortunately there was no place to stop to take pictures. At first we thought there were rocks all over the road. Then we noticed they were moving, hundreds if not thousands of them. Then we started looking closer and we could see smashed reddish bug guts all over the road. Lore has it an infestation like that means a big winter. Sun Valley to Bend is too long of a drive for us, so we decided to break it up. We almost stayed in Vale, Oregon. Instead we spent one night in Burns, Oregon. These things never end well. If you are driving through the area and need a full hook spot for one night we highly recommend Burns RV Park. The bikers they are referring to were not us, but we still felt very welcomed. A really nice one night spot, Burns RV Park. Sometimes you have a brief encounter with someone and it just sticks with you. While we were filling up with gas in Susanville there was this old man doing the same. As he was telling me all about his brother you could just see the sadness he was carrying around. I let him ramble on for a few minutes watching him getting misty eyed as he was petting Sara. At first Sara was a little intimidated, but the dog was a gentle giant. They had identical heads with their short muzzles. This guy is a retired fireman. Lassen Peak In celebration of the 50 years of the National Trails System, the visitors center at Lassen was giving away these bandanas if you did three hikes. Amelia really liked it since she turned 50 this year also. We relied heavily on the iPhone maps app for navigation. Smart phones are making us dumb. I bet a percentage of the population would follow her directions even if she said accelerate and drive straight over the cliff. If the Russians hacked into our navigation apps this country would be in big trouble.

## Chapter 2 : American M Corporation | LibraryThing

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Can-style motor, ProtoSound 3. Tens of thousands of steam locomotives were rapidly being replaced, and it was a free-for-all over market share. The RS-2 and RS-3 locomotives and variations produced by Alco were about as close to being a universal locomotive as the Schenectady, N. More than 1, of the 1, horsepower RS-3 diesel switchers were built between and , and the model proved itself capable of freight, passenger, or yard service. This was in spite of the fact that its Alco engine was troublesome and required extensive modification and improvement. Approximately 70 units have survived into the 21st century, a number of which still see service at museums, heritage railways, and other small railroad operations. Opening the box In the model world, my beloved Lionel no. So I do have a reservoir of goodwill toward this pike. Even after learning the Seaboard never used orange and blue for a paint scheme! As is fitting, this O gauge model starts in the long hood forward direction. I like the large cast-in air intake on the end of the long hood. The corners of the body and cab are rounded rather than more of a sharp angle, the exhaust stack is square, and the add-on grab irons run up the left side of the front and rear ends. There are number boards on the top of each corner of the locomotive. Each end has the familiar Cyclops-eye headlight in the center. The roof is pretty Spartan, but it does reflect what was up top. There is cast-in detailing for topside screens, seams, and rivets. The decks have cast-in safety tread, and there are nice handrails on the model as opposed to a stamped-steel set of railings. The fore and aft cab windows are arched to mirror the angle of the roof. The side windows have three panes. If you own a thin figure, you may be able to lift off the shell and squeeze it in. The fuel tank serves as the speaker housing, and it is die-cast metal. There are red accents for the fuel cap and fuel-level sight gauge. The die-cast metal Alco trucks looked great, but there was one hiccup, so to speak, with our sample. When the product photos were set up, one of the trucks seemed to be sitting at an odd angle. It looked like the rear wheel was off the rail. On closer inspection, the wheel was where it was supposed to be, but the side frame was askew. I tugged it a bit, and it seemed to be installed pretty firmly. A few laps around the track showed it had no effect on train operation. The three-color paint scheme was well applied, especially notable since there is a lot of rough terrain to cover raised detailing like louvers. The Seaboard icon on the cab sides is terrific. Once things get going, the sounds are pretty steady and conventional sounding. Smoke output was superb, and output was consistent in all speed ranges. Our speed ranged from 2. Drawbar pull was 1 pound, 4 ounces. The inch-long coupler-to-coupler model looks good and can get through O curves so it will be a good candidate for operators with tight spots on their layout. This is a nifty first-generation diesel that can still be found running today.

**Chapter 3 : Just A Car Guy: I kid you not, the 1st police speed trap caught on film, Glidden Tour**

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Along the Great Ocean Road Mar 20, , I once again obstinately refuse to pay for the use of a baggage trolley and risk all manner of lower back strains and stresses in lugging my bags across the bridge and down the other side to the Avis office, where I encounter my first and only example of Aussie brusqueness. More than a little mischuffed, I drag my bags outside and, there being nowhere else to sit, park myself on the pavement for an interminable 45 minutes, pestered by a particularly persistent fly. Does he think I was born yesterday? Better safe than sorry! Finally, much later than I had anticipated, I head out of the airport on to the freeway towards the city. I have to take the last exit before the toll road, which leads me due east through the suburb of Coburn on a busy road which I know I need to turn off at some point, but where? Well, at least I know where I am now; heading for St Kilda, in really heavy traffic. I make it on to the beachfront road and turn purposefully south towards Frankston, through an interminable series of traffic signals and seemingly endless suburbs and shopping centres. The road becomes steadily more rural as I head down the Mornington Peninsula. Helen, my guest house owner, has by now returned and shows me around her very pretty and traditional house. It will make a nice change tomorrow to have a bit of a lie-in and also to have breakfast made for me. As the light is still good I retrace the walking route and take a few photos before looking for somewhere to eat. I need a beer to slake my thirst; I then go for a Scotch fillet steak and a glass of Shiraz cabernet - all very enjoyable. Of course, the inevitable bowl of tinned peach slices is also there - why is this always such a breakfast staple when you have so much wonderful fresh fruit to choose from? All very civilised and pleasant. In fact, before setting off I fancy another little stroll around Queenscliff. That gives me the opportunity to finish off my photographic walk around the town, during which I inevitably get side-tracked down at the old railway station, where there is some old rolling stock and steam locomotives. Ermmm! Just along the coast is a mecca for all these surfing types - Bells Beach, so I just have to stop off there and spend some time gazing down on to the beach from a couple of the beach overlooks. Good luck chaps, but no thanks! Through Anglesea, and on to Aireys Inlet, where the Split Point lighthouse is a major landmark on this stretch of coast. There are various short walks fanning out from the lighthouse itself, leading to individual viewpoints, but the flies have suddenly come out in force, as they did at Point Lonsdale; the first day they have proved to be a serious nuisance. Nicely refreshed, I press on towards Lorne, before which there is one more essential photo stop; at the memorial arch spanning the road itself. The pier is being well used by the local anglers, which is good to see. When I get back to the town I enjoy a nice barefoot stroll along the beach and get my feet washed by the refreshingly cool waters of the Bass Strait. The lady at the V. Apparently I can get a very reasonably priced meal there. Not, unfortunately, on a Tuesday evening though - the place is totally deserted and locked up. I drive back down into Lorne and settle, with no great enthusiasm, for the Lorne Hotel, from which noisy music is emanating. Their sausages and mash are very cheap, though, so I order them, and have a couple of VB beers to wash it all down. Not bad at all, as it turns out. Back to base for the usual pre-retiring rituals of diary-writing and showering. Maureen serves up a good fry-up, which makes a nice change from my usual breakfast fare. After a quick e-mail check at the V. The falls themselves are accessed by a path which drops down over steps, whereupon you arrive at the base of the falls, with a fine view of the impressive cascade. Then a stiff climb back up to the parking area before the drive back to Lorne and another short drive on a gravel road to the Sheoka picnic ground, which I was encouraged to visit both by Maureen and the lady at the V. Time now to leave Lorne, a most agreeable little town, and head west along what Neville considered to be the finest section of the G. I eventually reach Kennet River, where it seems koalas are to be seen. I buy myself a pie, a cappuccino and a caramel slice for lunch what, me, predictable! I then set off on foot up the gravel road opposite, where the koalas are said to congregate. Those so-and-so flies are out in force, though. After about half a mile I come across a small group of people gazing and pointing cameras up into a gum tree - I think I have found myself a koala. Yes indeed, there he or she is; quite high up actually and not being

particularly obliging, photo-wise. I walk a little further up the road and spot a second one; a bit closer this time. As I just knew would happen, on the walk back I spot a third one, much lower down in another gum tree. Even closer is a gaggle of rosellas and big green parrots pecking away in the roadside grass, so I snap away at my colourful subjects. The sheer exoticness of Australian bird life continues to intrigue and delight, and it seems that some of the commonest species are amongst the most colourful - wonderful! The views, again, are terrific, both over Apollo Bay, and back towards the east. I fancy another paddle in the sea how quaintly British, I hear you say, so walk across the road on to the beach and have a pleasant foot-refreshing stroll towards the town jetty, where a whole clutch of junior surfers are practising their moves in the modest waves. More anglers are trying their luck from the end of the jetty and a group of kids are flinging themselves into the deep water - everyone seems to be thoroughly enjoying themselves, in a laid-back kind of way, which is always nice to see. I like Apollo Bay, with its well-used harbour, complete with piles of lobster pots, and especially at this time of the day, when everything seems to be gently winding down as the light begins to fade. I restock my breakfast and lunch supplies at a small supermarket on the main street before heading back for an early shower. Stumble out of bed; close the window and go back to bed, muttering grumpily to myself. Where did that wind come from, then? Thankfully, I must have managed to go back to sleep pretty much straight away. Is breakfast television cringe-makingly awful all over the world? Off goes the TV and I set to making a vaguely multi-cultural sandwich for lunch; Hungarian salami and Australian camembert - sophisticated, or what? As I head off to the V. I never tire of these walks in amongst the tall trees, the soft green light, and the sense of peacefulness and calm. Next I follow the 12 km. Just for a minute or two I have the odd satisfaction of being the southernmost person on the Australian mainland - something to bore the grandchildren with, eh? Several of the ancillary buildings on the site are open to the public, and have interesting displays and artefacts to view. As well as the undersea telegraphic cable linking the Cape to Tasmania, I learn that a sub-Pacific cable was completed in - how amazing is that? I have my picnic lunch there, relatively untroubled by flies, but with a cacophonous background chorus of kookaburras - it must have been a really good joke, clearly. The road then rejoins the coast and I soon arrive at one of the landscape or seascape highlights of the entire Great Ocean Road; the Twelve Apostles, where visitors are required to leave their vehicles in an enormous car park and walk through an underpass below the road in order to access the cliff-top path. This place inevitably draws very large visitor numbers, but the spectacular sea stacks are well worth braving the crowds for. Only a couple of miles further on is Loch Ard Gorge, named after the ill-fated vessel which foundered on the rocks here, with just two young survivors from the wreck. With lightning flashing not far to the west, I arrive in Port Campbell, where the ever-reliable V. I enjoy my enormous lamb shank and the pleasantly alcoholic evening, rounded off with a bottle or two of wine back at the house which we all agree would be a good way to end the day. Andrew and I watch a bit of TV; by now feeling a bit fuddled, before hitting the sack. A slightly strange evening, all in all, but pleasantly sociable. Mark must be extremely trusting, leaving two complete strangers in his house overnight! Like well-brought up lads we wash up our breakfast things; then Andrew heads off back to Melbourne while I start packing all my things up. I think, though, I am starting to suffer from sensory overload - just how many more amazing, fantastic natural spectacles can I take in and commit to the old memory bank? I discover that this car also takes forever to fill up - what am I doing wrong? In the end I find the V. I consult the large map outside the V. In fact, my roast pork roll with gravy! I complete a couple of pleasant walks, but on the third the path becomes almost completely overgrown, so I backtrack and follow another trail which leads me up on to the crater rim of the ancient volcano around which the reserve is spread. I now press on towards Port Fairy, my chosen overnight stop, and have a bit of a drive around before calling in at the Caledonian Hotel, a reassuringly traditional-looking place, very centrally located. I park up; unload all my stuff, then set off to have a good look around Port Fairy, which strikes me straight away as much more appealing than Warrnambool. Both in the town centre and in the streets surrounding it there are a lot of Victorian buildings; however, the focal point of most of the activity hereabouts is the Wharf, which is actually a riverfront, where both fishing boats and pleasure craft are moored, against a backcloth of Norfolk Pine trees and some rather desirable waterfront properties. A causeway leads across to Griffiths Island, where a circular walking trail meanders to the ocean

beach and then on to the old lighthouse, before turning back along the estuary. A lovely, tranquil walk, this; and the flies seem to have turned in early, fortunately. I do, though, notice a very large number of muttonbird corpses strewn around, in amongst the undergrowth. I wonder what has caused such a large-scale demise? I complete my gentle circumnavigation of the island and, happy to stay out longer on such a beautiful evening, extend my walk by retracing my route back along the Wharf, before crossing the river for a different perspective on this very agreeable waterside scene. This is definitely my kind of food; unpretentious, gutsy, and very tasty. In fact, recalling this meal is making me feel quite hungry right now! I just have to have another beer - well, it is a seriously big plate of food. The rain holds off, so I arrive back at my room nicely dry and not feeling quite so full as I was an hour or so ago.

### Chapter 4 : Railroad Line Forums - I kid you not

*I kid-you-not road atlas: a kids' guide to the land of the free and the home of the strange! American Map Corporation United States road atlas.*

Step 2 Like I said, within a week, we went from 16 dudes who happen to be in community college, just hanging out, to bus owners. Eight months later, we will have put racks on the top, a ladder on the back, we would gut out the bench seats inside and put in carpeting and a couch. And got it ready for the road. Step 3 Thirty days on the road, traveling basically the perimeter of the United States, going everywhere from Albuquerque to Baton Rouge, all the way down to Miami, we shot all the way North on the I, to Boston, and then came back down to Philadelphia, then headed back West. Once we got to the east coast, and after several pairs in Florida, Virginia, Massachusetts, transmission, starter, an alternator, brake pads, oil changes, after all that, we would be traveling back at, I kid you not, a trifling, a miraculous 30 MPH tops. I am talking downhill even. Step 5 This was the vacation to end all vacations. We were rear ended outside of Ellensburg, Washington about miles outside of Seattle, on our 30th day on the road. Whether it was the street parties in Memphis during the summer, or it was skateboarding in legendary skateboarding parks in Philadelphia, Boston Red Socks game at Wrigley Field, at Fenway, excuse me, or going through the Mall of America, in Minnesota, the trip was, like I said, the trip to end all trips. Step 6 The bus probably broke down, I would say, four times. Once we drove it into Florida, after about five days straight on the road, the transmission was shot. Step 7 Shortly after, though, we had to get a new starter in Virginia. That was another breakdown. We slept on the Massachusetts Turnpike after this Red Socks game we went to because the alternator was gone. Not worried about tomorrow, not worrying what we had done, not worried about the money that we had left. It was always times that was just really, really, like, just enlightening. You really got to think, "Wow, I have the greatest friends that I could ever ask for. To say I have the best friends would be an understatement. I think I have dozens of best friends, and I mean that. Special Attention Difficulties people often experience or parts that need special attention to do it right.

**Chapter 5 : Why the obsessive need to control gyms? : TheSilphRoad**

*This is the only stat-by-state kids' road atlas, complete with cities and highways, lakes and rivers, and national parks and monuments. Kids can follow the maps and play their way across the U.S.A. with puzzles, maps and brain teasers.*

Sat Nov 24, Tue Oct 06, 5: My "biggest" issue is not with any of the machines. I had a "rabbit" RTC that was throwing the rabbit and breaking it on the ground. Rather than move the adjustments many times, I called and got first hand help. Some one had pushed the carousel upright too much and it was throwing the rabbit hard into the ground. I had an AT that kept breaking the bird when the arm was released. Removed that "chip," problem solved! They were always shipped ASAP. The machines have always come to us "ready". I just happen to be the one at our club that handles it. One has "standard" targets, the other has "midi" targets. We place them for our "fun shoots" where we can just add more birds as we walk by them. Our "wiring" set up is unique; we have all of our machines controlled with "wired" throw buttons. We do not have any "wireless" controlled machines. We do not have any "wobble" machines and all of our machines are on 12 volt batteries. We have ac run throughout our entire course and each battery is on a "trickle" charger. We never worry about our batteries. Well I would love to have all AT machines because of the speed and adjustability of the machine itself. But, we are a small club and we only buy what we can pay for at the moment! We have two 4-H clubs and a Boy Scout troop that we help every year. It takes a lot of cooperation from lots of folks to keep us going. I appreciate the fact that I can get on the phone with a problem or need for a part and know that I am going to be helped by one of three men that know these machines inside and out. Their goal has always been to get every machine back in service ASAP. I promise you this, in nearly four years of dealing with Atlas Trap Company, I have never been misled!

### Chapter 6 : best I Kid You Not images on Pinterest | Graphics, Calendar and Data visualization

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So, to appease the Icelanders who are trying to get used to the invasion, please act like a decent human being and avoid doing the following 10 things or you may not be invited back. Shit on things “ literally. I kid you not. Though Iceland is known for its vast, untouched land, it is also known as a country whose seemingly endless stretches of service-barren roadways prompt, eh, a different kind of natural wonder. Ask where you can try fermented shark. Many places keep a helping of it in the back for tourists to try. Crash their rental car while trying to find the Northern Lights. It is not like America or any other country in Europe. You came here to experience something new, after all! Take pictures of everything. First, they took pictures of the mountains. Then they took pictures of the water. Then the rows of shoes outside a local swimming pool. But then again, what do I know? Not showering without a bathing suit before going swimming. In every pool in Iceland, there are signs everywhere that clearly illustrate that all guests must shower without their swimsuit meaning naked prior to entering the water. Icelanders take cleanliness very seriously, and no one hesitates to tell a swim-suited showerer to strip before they dip. You have no excuse “ the signs are in about five languages! Act like Iceland is the moon and Icelanders are extraterrestrials. Do you have Aadvil? Complain about the weather. Welcome to Iceland, and deal with it. Rave about the landscape and the light. Complain about how expensive everything is. An expensive economy means usually wonderful social services, education, and healthcare; Iceland is fortunate enough to have all of these things.



## Chapter 7 : How To Take A Bus Road Trip

*American Map United States Road Atlas Large Scale (American Map Road Atlas) American Map Corporation. from: N/A. I Kid-You-Not Road Atlas: A Kids' Guide to.*

Lyle Pearson Acura Service. The one who encouraged me to not only to start the blog, but to keep it up these last few years. Without him, my readers would likely never have seen the wonders of Japanese guys in white lab coats rolling tires down an Olympic Ski Jump on YouTube. Which brings me to a dedication. My First Road Trip: This all started with my cousin Benny. When we were teenagers, everything was black or white with Benny. If you got in an argument with Benny, it was like arguing with a brick wall. As long as the brick was painted black, or white. So when he first approached me about going on a road trip when we lived in Southern California, I was a little hesitant, maybe even a little scared of what he had in mind. Turns out my gut was right. He wanted to do 4-corners. Home being Murrieta, CA at the time. Remember, 30 black, 30 white. This proposal was made when he was 16 years old! Obviously his parents were not cool with this. So we put it off. I was 19 years old. Benny was 18 years old. In ANY kind of cell phone was pretty rare, much less a smart phone. The internet was still in its primordial stages. Unnecessary drag, Rain-Ex Dude! Benny needed more info. After Benny finished questioning the officer on the possible perks of being arrested, he agreed to follow the kind officer back to the station after all. Reluctantly, Benny made the U-turn. My cousin is stubborn, but not a moron. Benny refused to drive not 1 mile an hour over the posted speed limit after that night for the remainder of the trip. Remember, no internet for research, ratings, nothing. Everywhere we went, we were totally winging it. So we snuck into one of the fancy hotels nearby and enjoyed the swimming pool and spa for a while discussing a plan B. Then enjoying the much clearer view from the then called Sears Tower in Chicago. You could actually feel the building swaying in the wind. I remember the nonstop drive from Chicago, to Bellingham, WA. Stopping in the middle of the night somewhere in North Dakota to marvel at the band of the Milky Way in the sky. Not because we were mad at each other. We just had our fill for a while. Sadly, a few years later, this was the fate of The Red Baronâ€¦ A noble steed, sent to pasture. Once upon a time, I had lots of pictures from this trip. I spent 2 hours scouring the house trying to find them. The pictures above are all I could find. So what does the future hold for tsxtravels? It deserves something a little special. This sweet etched glass plaqueâ€¦ I put my mouse pad behind it to make it easier to read Tyson was able to actually hand this to me when he just happen to be blowing thru town for the big event! Tyson was buying yet another Acura for his collection.

**Chapter 8 : calendrierdelascience.com â€¢ Atlas AT50 AT question**

*For generations, Rand McNally has been compiling accurate, detailed maps and travel information into the ultimate road trip accessory. Celebrating the 95th edition of America's most trusted travel companion, the Road Atlas line features fully updated maps, mileage charts, road construction and tourism information, along with more city detail maps.*

The man was tall Or was he floating a foot or two above our hunter green carpet? Most of his face was hidden by a shaggy black beard and handlebar mustache. They were two glowing coals, each one orange, shimmering and radiating from a deep black socket, almost like the craters of two recently-active volcanoes. Or it occurred to me later two glowing embers of anthracite coal in some 19th century fireplace. It was open about half way and what I could see of the inside was bright and bloody red. The body, which walked or floated slowly toward the foot of the bed, was dressed in a black, funereal suit of rough wool. Except for the eyes and mouth, the face, which had an exceptionally high forehead crowned by a thinning crop of ill-cut black hair, was so white that I could have believed it had been dusted with flour. The specter did not so much speak as moan its message, which sounded to me like "Juice dish. I tried to kick off the covers, intending to leap out of the bed and run for it. In my panic, as I was a little ashamed to recall later, I gave no thought to Judy, asleep beside me in our queen-sized bed. The apparition was hovering directly above me, still moaning "Juice dish, Juice dish," while I too moaned and wailed like some Irish banshee in a fairy tale, when I heard a third voice in my right ear. It was a soft and gentle female voice amidst all the male caterwauling that seemed to fill up the small dark space of the bedroom. At first I hardly heard it. But, accompanied by a gentle yet firm shaking of my trembling right shoulder, it persisted until it got through to the agitated recesses of my frantic brain. Ned, wake up," it insisted. I discovered that I could sit upright. And so, I did. I sat bolt upright in bed and the blanket and sheet fell down into my lap. The rescuing female voice, I was happy to hear, was still there in my right ear, which seemed the only sane part of my head. Just wake up now. The two big tears, one dangling precariously from the corner of each of those warm, reassuring eyes, looked to me like tiny crystal balls. They caught the light coming in from the electric candle on the table in the hallway. I felt relief flood over and down through me. My whole tense, stiffened body relaxed. Then I remembered my ghastly visitor. I snapped my head back toward the ceiling. There was nothing there, except our ceiling fan, rotating slowly, creating shimmering shadows as its blades alternately reflected the soft, yellowish light from the hall. As if I had told her that Archie had just called, she asked in matter-of-fact tones, "What did he want, honey? Something about juice, I think. Or was she amused and just pretending to be interested, as she did sometimes when I tried to tell her about some of my cases? I checked the clock on my night stand: Maybe he was thirsty. Let him pass you. Is that a motorcycle I see ahead there? Your father says motorcycles are liability lightning rods. I give up trying to ignore the two females in my life. The Old Man, however, is having no such problem. The case involved AIDS discrimination in employment Always a solo practitioner, Archie had experienced a steady stream of new clients, including a labor union which had obtained his continuing counsel on employment law issues in return for a fairly handsome monthly retainer. So busy had he become that he had hired a part-time law clerk, a third year student from nearby Widener Law School, whom he had high hopes of being able to hire on a full-time basis after she graduated and passed the Pennsylvania bar. In short, the "long green", as Archie had taken to calling it, was rolling in. And, so, my Dad had decided it was time for the famiglia McAdoo to take a "real vacation. The more affluent your folks, the closer to the beach was your rented house. The McAdoos usually had a pretty long walk to the shoreline. Only in the past four or five years and then only because Mom had been promoted in from head bookkeeper to controller at REF Group did Katy and I discover how awesome it is to have a door that opens right out onto the dunes, the beach and the breaking waves. But, Mom, ever the frugal faction in her sometimes fractious marriage to my Dad, had continued to insist that a substantial portion of her salary be socked away for our college educations and their retirement at some indeterminate time beyond that. I think it was in mid-January that she approached Pop about representing her. Since the beginning of the New Year, Archie occupied a four-room office suite in a reconditioned old house, just a few blocks from our home. Something Singh, occupied the two other, somewhat-larger suites in the

building. Flaming red hair, which was either naturally curly or permed into the most romantic mane of bouncing ringlets my teenaged eyes had ever seen, topped a flawlessly smooth, white complexion. A prominent nose flanked by two big, radiant blue eyes, and underlined by full, pouting lips came together to create an effect far greater than the mere sum of the parts. Maybe much of the beauty came from within. I know now that can sometimes be the case. Maggie Mulhearn was one of those Irish women who freckled, rather than tanned, in the summer, and then held onto some of those freckles on her nose and high cheekbones all year long. Maggie Mulhearn, as Archie recalls vividly her telling him during their first consultation, was a direct descendant of Black Jack Kehoe. His political organization was gaining too much influence in the mine patches. To me it sounds as if you have the material here for a very good book, Ms Mulhearn. Perhaps you should take a stab at writing it. Or maybe you could find a journalist, or maybe an historian at one of the local universities, who would have an interest in writing all this up. Maggie Mulhearn at this point in the consultation became perhaps a little impatient with what was, however unintended by my Father, a rather patronizing statement of the obvious. McAdoo," she pressed on. I want him pardoned. He turned so abruptly toward her that his reward was a face full of exhaled cigarette smoke. Made out in large green letters, the draft was for ten thousand dollars on the First Pennsylvania Bank. The boxes, when Archie opened them after his new client had departed, were stuffed with books, articles and notes written in a neat, rather large penmanship that matched the handwriting on the green and beige check. Selecting a battered paperback, "The Molly Maguires" by a college professor named Wayne Broehl, he began reading. Sometimes archaically called "the Molly Maguire Riots" there were no riots as we understand that word today, this protracted conflict accounted for 16 murders, followed by 20 hangings. Since the days when 20 so-called Molly Maguires were marched to the gallows in Pottsville, Hazleton and Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania between and, historians and writers have quarreled vehemently over whether these men were organized terrorists or innocent victims ala Sacco and Vanzetti. Detractors point to a long tradition in the west of Ireland of Whiteboys, Ribbonmen and other vigilante groups, which tradition is said to have spawned the killings, beatings and arsons in the anthracite coal fields after these self-same nightriders, or their progeny, immigrated to the U. Conversely, left-leaning commentators have contended that the hanged Irishmen were labor leaders and politicians targeted by the mining interests for liquidation. Let us assume for the sake of argument that the Molly Maguires really were what the Pinkerton detectives and the county prosecutors claimed they were: If all of that were true, would it not also have been justified? No American ever raises doubts about the justice of the Boston Tea Party. If those Boston patriots were morally entitled to dump the private property of English merchants into the ocean, then the equally-aggrieved Irish coal miners of a century later surely were entitled to rip up railroad tracks and burn down an occasional colliery. Arguably the early Christian church was a band of conspirators striving to displace the state religion and the official gods of the Roman Empire, as well as the Jewish faith from which their cabalistic schism had sprung. So was the Church not hypocritical in condemning the Mollies? And is not even homicide sometimes justifiable? The law has always recognized my right to defend my home against intruders, even to the point of using deadly force. And if a man may fire his gun to protect his family from another who is intent on entering his home and wreaking deadly harm, he ought to be able to fire that same gun at the man who is intent on slowly murdering his family by means of starvation wages. No less a legal mind than the great Clarence Darrow made similar arguments in defense of violent union behavior a little later in the last century. The second kind is anthracite, or The mashed potatoes on their way to my mouth stopped in mid air. The gravy dribbled from them back down onto my plate. Not so common, and today not very significant. But in the second half of the 19th century big money was being made in hard coal. By railroads such as the Reading, and by the people who owned and ran them. Naturally," he continued, "like almost everyone else on the planet at that time, the hard coal miners were exploited. The work was exceptionally dangerous, even for a time when thousands of railroad and industrial workers were killed and injured every year. But it was a no win situation. Do you recall it, Karen? The rest of Pennsylvania was an unknown wilderness to her, except for a couple of favorite Pocono resorts, which were the "known wilderness" in her mind. The history of the hard coal region was of no moment to her. Connery was still a big star in the s and on into the nineties. In the next instant he was pushing himself ponderously back from the

table. Directed by Martin Ritt, a film maker with a reputation for making "message films," the movie captures the legend well enough: Under the alias of Jamie McKenna, McParlan takes a job down in the mines, meanwhile spreading around the local pub crowd the largess he attributes to "passing the queer" fencing counterfeit money. But the Old Man was entranced. In fairness to my Dad, I note here that his concession to a healthier lifestyle that evening, as almost always, was decaf coffee sweetened artificially.

**Chapter 9 : Tom's "Life-Cycle" " (Motorcycle thoughts and meanderings)**

*This road atlas with popular lie-flat spiral binding features clear, detailed road mapping, at a scale of miles to 1 inch for England, Wales, and Southern Scotland, and at miles to 1 inch in Northern Scotland.*

The wisdom goddess herself looked completely in distraught, deep in shock by what she had just done. The blade slid out of her with a sickening squelch. The young daughter of Hades had seized firing her shots at the titan army " which was fast approach up the steps. Within mere minutes they could be surrounded. The young huntress instead was stunned and appalled by the events that had just occurred. Her dark glossy hair now contained an easily defined gray lining at their roots " which clashed horribly against the sweat of her coppery skin. It could be seen that Zoe Nightshade was losing her battle with the sky. The titan Atlas watched in amusement as his eldest daughter suffered under the strain. About half the distance between her and the titan, Thalia settled her sights upon Percy. The son of Poseidon laid, kneeling against a tall pile of rubble; his twitching head bowed low " facing the ground. Thalia made out the rearing red streaks that marked his face. At first, she assumed it was grief, but his pained yell said otherwise. His eyes reflected an incredible amount of pain. Even just watching him, somehow an echo " a fraction of what he must have been feeling began to fall on her too. Then, the blood came. Invisible cuts and gashes began to tear across his skin. Blood from all over his form began to spew out. Percy let out another wail of agony, [Also, this detail might work. His form flattened and curbed into a fetal position. Somehow, Thalia broke away from the scene and came back to watching her best friend having a long bronze sword straight through her gut. For months, she had ignored agonizing truths that had welcomed her the moment she had awake from her seven-year slumber. At that moment " it was true. She was gone for good. The cause of all this pain. The daughter of Zeus began to crackle with electricity. Luke had betrayed her. He had betrayed all of them. He had betrayed Annabeth. Her vision tunneled into a mad red rage. She could only see the smirking form of Luke Castellan. And with that, she lost control. Before Luke could respond, Thalia charged at the son of Hermes. One moment she was standing yards away from the blond demigod. The next instant, she was right on him. Luke anticipated her motions and countered her attacks " but was still caught off guard. Thalia growled in frustration and fought with an undying vigor. She pressed further with force. Luke sidestepped and struck her with backbiter. Thalia kicked him in the chest. He felt as heavy as building " but somehow he fell over. Thalia ignored the searing pain and thrustured with all her might when the boy tried to regain his footing. The skewer had missed his heart by a mere inch. The blue streak that had followed her earlier movements faded to a dim glow. Her eyes cackled with pure fury and energy. His mouth began to bubble with his own blood. Luke stared down at his stomach. Thalia closed her eyes. His words meant nothing to her but pain. She focused all of the strength she had and focused her powers on her spear. With one final grunt of exertion, Thalia willed everything she had into her spear as she twisted her weapon. Her senses came back to her, and with a heavy gasp, she stared at what she had done. The past few seconds were a blur to her. Her tunnel vision cleared. She looked down at her own trembling hands; and the long five-foot spear that they had held. Her gaze filtered to the pointed end of her weapon. There was no doubt about that. His body had been burnt to a crisp. The body was barely recognizable. The only reason Thalia knew who the corpse belonged to, was because she had actually killed him. She had killed him. She killed Luke Castellan. The same boy who took her in when she ran away. The boy who always watched her back. The boy that took Annabeth in. The boy that taught her to survive. The boy that she had grown to love. The boy that betrayed her trust. The boy that tried to kill her. The boy that had taken Annabeth away from the world. Thalia felt the bile raise to her throat, and fell back; frightened at what she had just done. Stumbling away from her spear and the charred remains of Luck Castellan, Thalia threw up " her body not being able to handle the events of the day. Thalia heard the panicked squealing of the monsters underneath. With renewed vigor, Bianca began to make quick work of the stragglers that remained. His voice was harsh, yet lined with wild amusement. But as she launched herself at the titan, she discovered her spear back in her hands. Her spear still remained in the charred remains of Luke Castellan. Her new weapon was made of pure electrifying voltage. She managed to catch the Titan by surprise and landed a good

hit on the general, forcing him to grunt and be step back. Atlas growled at her and narrowed his eyes. His spear re-materialized in his calloused palms. It was then, that Athena finally broke away from her shock. Atlas growled in frustration, regretting not having taken the advantage earlier. With one swoop, he kicked Thalia in the knee. With a loud yell of pain Thalia fell to the ground, her leg twisted. Her knee was shattered. She tried to stand up but endless pain instantly spike from her leg when doing so. Athena seemed to regain her senses. She readied her stance. Atlas advanced, pressing Athena. She was fast, but his strength was unstoppable. His javelin slammed into the earth where the goddess had been a split second before, and a fissure opened in the rocks. He leaped over it and kept pursuing her. What Atlas did not realize was that she was leading him back toward Zoe. Thalia could only watch in morbid fascination. Thalia saw the trick coming. She fell, and Atlas brought up his javelin tip for the kill. One Olympian down, eleven to go," Atlas gloated. And he stabbed downward. As fast as thought, Athena grabbed his javelin shaft.