

Chapter 1 : Recollections on Independence - Vanguard News Nigeria

*Recollections Of A College Beggar: By One Who Was There [W. P. Burnell] on calendrierdelascience.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. This is a reproduction of a book published before*

The lined truck mattress was filled with pets and different breakables: The solar had softened the vinyl upholstery, and my naked legs caught to my seat. The farther down the street we drove, the extra hysterical I grew to become, swallowing air the best way a drowning swimmer inhales water. I used to be at a loss: In some unspecified time in the future, the tears grew to become so disruptive that it was unattainable for my mom to drive any farther. Even occasions categorically disagreeable appeared comfortingâ€”just like the time my father hitched a trip on my toboggan and knocked his head on the frozen floor after I hit a bump after which staggered residence to nurse a concussion. Trying again, I can diagnose this as my first bout of nostalgia. My reminiscences of residence grew to become preserved as if in amber. It was the place the place we tapped the maple timber for sap to make syrup, the place my brother and I skated on a do-it-yourself ice rink, the place I spent numerous Saturdays hiding beneath my mattress studying books, whether or not or not the solar was shining. Might I, beneath oath and even round a dinner desk with my household, remembering instances previous , wholeheartedly endorse their accuracy? Is nostalgia merely self-deception, filled with tiny lies we inform ourselves to reframe the previous or, worse, put ourselves in one of the best gentle? Did I actually take pleasure in trudging via the yard on a chilly day checking buckets for sap? Was my father secretly indignant once I zoomed down the hill on the toboggan and not using a thought for the way harmful it could be? And simply how hysterical was I throughout that tear-filled drive? Or, as I believe, is that reminiscence formed by what got here after: Recollections, in fact, are changeable issues, topic to the bias of hindsightâ€”we regularly reshape the occasions of the previous to go well with the feelings of the current. Scientists now know that, like DNA, reminiscences could be contaminated. A number of tellings alter them. The primary time an eyewitness remembers a criminal offense, their recollection could also be pure, however grill them earlier than a jury a few times and the story that emerges can change into a blurry facsimile. I had, however he can be high quality. But my story is filled with gaps, like a half-remembered dream. And although the reminiscence is clearly nostalgic and even humorous keep in mind that time I kinda damage Dad? Maybe the simplest individual to deceive is oneself. One researcher put it one other means: Particulars appear to lend my reminiscences a sure verisimilitude. For a very long time, nostalgia was thought of an affliction, even a psychological dysfunction. Derived from the Greek phrases nostos homecoming and algos ache , the time period was coined within the 17th century to explain a fierce homesickness amongst troopers. Again then, those that have been thought of most inclinedâ€”troopers removed from residence, youngsters away from their mother and father for the primary time, younger labourers faraway from their householdsâ€”have been punished with leeching, bullying or worse. One army physician in post-Civil Warfare America proposed public shaming to rid homesick troops of their weak will. Clay Routledge, behavioural scientist and creator, has mentioned. And although loneliness, loss or huge modifications, reminiscent of a long-distance transfer, can put individuals in a wistful way of thinking, reminiscing itself has a surprisingly comforting impact. Constantine Sedikides, a social and persona psychology professor on the College of Southampton in England, has mentioned. The scent of the woods does it for me. Whether or not or not such recollections are based mostly on chilly, onerous truth, nostalgia makes us extra empathic and fewer alienated. It connects us with our household and buddies and, maybe most essential, fosters what psychologists name self-continuity. Tim Wildschut, a Dutch researcher who collaborates with Sedikides, informed The Guardian when their analysis on the advantages of nostalgia made headlines in The story jogs my memory of my childhood and the way a lot I like my father and, in fact, how a lot I miss him. But, in some ways, that first transfer, from the small city the place I used to be born, was essentially the most profound. And so I returned to my childhood residence one August day not way back, this time bringing my digicam. I slowed the rental automotive down as I approached and parked close to the curb. The home, although smaller than I keep in mind itâ€”humorous how reminiscences make a lot of our childhood appear larger than lifeâ€”appeared precisely the identical: There

was one other minivan within the driveway, one other household there now making their very own reminiscences. Both time had pale the ache of leaving or I used to be in a position to acknowledge my affection for what it was: Name these reminiscences lies, name them confabulations, however that can do nothing to discredit their functionâ€™or their energy.

Chapter 2 : About | Recollections

One hundred years ago this month, the guns finally fell silent over Flanders as the exhausted powers of Europe declared an armistice to end the First World War.

Though written by Tolstoy on May 17, , this work was not published until , when Charles Scribner, of New York, published it. But here they are. I am tied down; I want to raise my arms, but I cannot do it, and I wail and weep and my cry is disagreeable to myself; but I cannot stop. And all this takes place in a semi-darkness. But I remember that there are two. My crying has an effect on them, they are alarmed at my cry, but they do not unloose me as I wish, and I cry louder than ever. It seems to them necessary that is, that I be tied down , while I know that it is not necessary, and I want to prove it to them, and I burst out into a cry disgusting to myself but unrestrainable. I am conscious of the injustice and cruelty, not of people, because they pity me, but of fate, and feel pity for myself. I do not know and never shall learn what this was: And it was not my crying or my suffering that I retain in my recollections, but the complication, the contradiction, of the impression. I wanted freedom; it would not disturb any one, and I who needed the strength was weak while they were strong. The second impression was pleasurable. I am sitting in a tub, and I am surrounded by a new and disagreeable odor of some object by which my small body is galled. Apparently this was bran, and apparently in the water and in the trough, but the novelty of the impression made by the bran awakened me, and I for the first time noticed and observed my little body, with the ribs plainly outlined, and the smooth, dark tub, and the nurse with her arms tucked up, and the dark, warm, threatening water, and the swash of it, and especially the feeling of smoothness of the wet edges of the tub when I put my little hands on it. Strange and terrible to think that from my birth up to my third year, all the time while I was nursing, while I was weaned, when I was beginning to creep, to walk, to speak, however I rack my memory, I can find no impression except these two. When did I begin? When did I begin to live? And why is it pleasant to imagine myself as I was then, but it used to be terrible to me, as now it is terrible to many, to imagine myself as I shall be when I again enter into that condition of death from which there will be no recollections expressible in words? I was alive and blissfully alive. Did I not then get all that whereby I live now, and get in such abundance, and so rapidly, that in all the rest of my life I have not got a hundredth part so much? From a five-year-old child to me is only a step. From the new-born baby to the five-year-old child there is a terrible gap. From the embryo to the new-born baby there is an abyss. And from non-existence to the embryo there is not an abyss, but incomprehensibility. Moreover space and time and cause are forms of thought and the existence of life outside of these forms, but all our life is a continually increasing subjection to these forms and then again emancipation from them. The following recollections of mine refer to my fourth and fifth years, but even of these there are very few, and not one of these refers to life outside the walls of my home. Nature up to the age of five does not exist for me. All that I remember refers to bed and chamber. No grass, no leaves, no sky, no sun exist for me. It cannot be that they did not let me play with the flowers and leaves, or see the grass, that they did not protect me from the sun, but up to five years, up to six years, there is not one recollection of what we call Nature. Apparently it is necessary to go away from her in order to see her, and I was Nature! The recollection that comes after that of the tub is that of Yeremeyevna. And apparently they began early to frighten us with it, but my recollection of it is as follows: And I remember that I am not alone, but some one is there with me very much the same as I. This must have been my sister Mashenka, a year younger than I, for our beds stood in one room together. And I remember that there is a canopy over my bed, and my sister and I used to share our pleasures and terrors - whatever unexpected thing happened to us - and I used to hide in the pillow, and I would hide and peek out to look at the door from which I expected anything new and gay. And we used to laugh and hide and be full of expectations. I squeal with terror and delight, and I am terrified, and at the same time delighted because I am terrified, and I wish that the one who frightened me did not know that I know her! We become silent, but soon again we begin to whisper on purpose to bring back Yeremeyevna. Similar to the recollection of Yeremeyevna is another, apparently later in time because it is more distinct, but it always remains incomprehensible to me. And this is my first impression of Feodor Ivanovitch. And it

happens so early that I do not remember any one - my brothers, nor my father, nor any one. If I have an idea of any person whatever besides, it is only of my sister, and solely because she and I were associated in terror of Yeremeyevna. With this recollection is connected also my first conception that our house had an upper story. How I got there, whether I went there by myself or who took me there, I do not remember at all; I only remember that there were several of us, we all took hold of hands in a khorovod; among those holding one another by the hand were several strange women, - because I recollect that these were the laundry girls, - and we all began to turn and spring, and Feodor Ivanovitch capered about, lifting his legs very high and making a terrible noise and thumping, and I had a consciousness that this was not the right thing to do, that it was bad, and I noticed him and I seemed to burst out crying, and it all came to an end. This is all I remember up to my fifth year. I remember nothing of my nurses, my aunties, my brothers, my sisters, or of my father, or my rooms, or my toys - nothing at all. My recollections grow more definite from the time when I was taken down to Feodor Ivanovitch and to the older boys. When I was taken down to Feodor Ivanovitch and the other boys, I experienced for the first time, and therefore more strongly than ever again, the feeling called the sense of duty, called the sense of the cross, which every man is called upon to wear. I felt sorry to leave what I had grown accustomed to - accustomed to from eternity! I tried to find something cheerful in the new life which was before me; I tried to credit the flattering speeches with which Feodor Ivanovitch allured me to himself. I tried not to see the scorn with which the boys received me, their younger brother; I tried to think that it was disgraceful for a big boy to live with girls, and that there was nothing good in the up-stair life with the nurse; but in the depths of my soul I was terribly homesick, and I knew that I had irrevocably lost my innocence and joy, and only a feeling of personal dignity, a consciousness that I was doing my duty, sustained me. Many times since in life it has been my fortune to undergo such moments at the dividing of the ways, where new paths opened out before me. I experienced a gentle grief at the irrevocableness of what was lost. And still I did not believe that it would be. Though they told me that I was to be taken down to the boys, I remember that my khalat with its belt, sewed to the back, which they put on me, seemed to separate me forever from the upper rooms, and I now, for the first time, noticed others besides those with whom I had lived up-stairs, but the chief personage was the one at whose house I was living and whom I do not remember before. This was my Aunt T A [1] , I remember her as short, stout, with black hair, kind, affectionate, gentle. She put on me my khalat, tightened the belt and fastened it, kissed me, and I saw that she was experiencing the same feelings as I was, that she was sorry, awfully sorry, but it had to be. For the first time I realized that life is not play, but hard work. Not otherwise shall I feel when I come to die; I shall discover that death or the future life is not play, but hard work.

Chapter 3 : In The Media | Recollections

Recollections is your connection to history-inspired fashions. What was once a dream on a kitchen table has grown into an e-tail company with a global presence. Recollections was founded in in southern Michigan.

Garment Gossip About Recollections is your connection to history-inspired fashions. What was once a dream on a kitchen table has grown into an e-tail company with a global presence. Recollections was founded in in southern Michigan. It quickly grew into a bricks-and-mortar retailer and mail order company specializing in wedding attire inspired by the Victorian and Edwardian eras. The original line consisted of dresses, skirts, blouses, petticoats, camisoles, and pantaloons. Over the next 18 years, Recollections grew as a cottage industry. Operations moved to Hawks, a tiny picturesque community less than 10 miles from the shore of Lake Huron in Northeast Michigan. The company opened in the former Bismarck Township Hall, where operations continue to this day. Why did Marianne move away from the hustle and bustle of the greater Detroit area to Northern Michigan? I never tire of the beauty and peacefulness of the area. We used to vacation in Rogers City in the summer when I was a teenager, so I was familiar with the area. The online store featured three dozen products when the website was launched. We also feature a line of s retro dresses. We search until we find the quality fabrics, laces, trims, and accessories our customers expect. Marianne is the creative energy behind the company. Her designs are then created, one at a time, by a network of seamstresses who are part of our extended family. Our models are lovely young women born and raised right here in our corner of Northern Michigan, except for Ola. She is from Ukraine and brings a unique perspective and sense of humor to the family. Cheryl from Hats and Accessories by Cheryl designs and creates most of our hats. Cheryl and Marianne often work as a team so our hats perfectly complement our garments. Occasionally, they switch places. They make quite a team, collaborating and inspiring each other to the next level! There are many others in our extended family, too. Sharon Meredith specializes in period appropriate hairstyles. Adkins serves as our photographer and brings a keen sense of composition to each fashion shoot. Sue McDonald and Cheryl design accessories that are in sync our style. Our bloggers, social media, and website specialists, as well as those who provide assistance through customer service and sales are all part of our story. Our talented and highly valued team is the reason we can offer the highest quality in history-inspired garments proudly made in America just for you!

Chapter 4 : Recollections Scrapbooking Stickers for sale | eBay

One of the things I remember about Derrick is that he had the complete Sherlock Holmes that he was reading, something I was unfamiliar with and which I later admired him for reading at that age. He was the most cheerful person I knew there.

Veterans of the premium cigar industry reflect on the changes of the last quarter century David Berkebile, owner of Georgetown Tobacco in Washington, D. But by , it was booming. The next year they grew another 47 percent. Berkebile marvels at the chaos. He got my message. Cigars made up only 25 percent of his business, and until cigar prices were far lower. My humidor was an oversized closet. It was , when our humidor started to grow. Cass now owns six Tinderbox of the Carolinas stores, four in the Charlotte area, two in Myrtle Beach. In the 25 years since Cigar Aficionado was launched, it would be a challenge to come up with people who contributed to the renaissance of cigars more than Edgar Cullman Jr. Consumers went from buying a box, and that was their cigar, to walking in a shop and walking out with a variety of cigars. This has led to the search for new taste profiles through developing new cigar blends and experimenting with new tobaccos. We doubled our business every month. Even though it brought in a new variety of cigar shapes and brands and drastically improved the selection, it also brought in a bunch of newbies. One notable new trend is the way cigars are sold. But his entry into the business was modest, as a retailer operating a square-foot cigar kiosk at the World Trade Center Mall in downtown Manhattan. He started small but always thought big, and three years after selling his first smoke he moved to Nicaragua to complete his evolution from retailer to cigarmaker, making a foothold in a business traditionally dominated by those with Cuban roots. When Carlos Fuente Jr. Fuente saw firsthand how Americans have moved from more mild cigars to ones with fuller flavor, echoing his own personal tastes. Today, Fuente is changing his factory in the Dominican Republic, creating new rolling galleries, gorgeous outdoor spaces and new facilities. He thought he would be shot and killed. Soon afterward Gomez left jewelry behind to forge a new business: He opened his doors in the Dominican Republic in , creating product completely unlike the powerhouses he is known for today. I remember calling, looking for tobacco. Nobody knew who I was. Those leaves expanded his abilities as a blender, as his tastes were changing. While some pine for the good old days, Gomez lives for the here and now. Before he established his popular Tatuaje brand, he worked on the retail side of the business. Before that, he was just another cigar lover. He fondly remembers that Henry Clays retailed for less than a dollar in , and how at that time every shop humidor stocked Jamaican smokes. It looked like a nice way to relax, so I went to the local liquor store and bought a cent cigar. I had no idea what I was buying but I fell in love with that moment, and the peace of mind the cigar gave me. Now, Nicaraguan cigars are leading the pack. It was an industry in decline, without a future. Certainly more than the confidence Kelner had for the future of Cigar Aficionado magazine. When Kelner heard of Marvin R. It was the early days of the cigar boom, and sales soared. By , the factory had doubled production to six million, and a year later it had doubled again to 12 million. Shanken at an early s cigar trade show. It was a time of stronger allegiance to a preferred cigar, and it affected how cigarmakers operated. In my opinion, the cigar lounge has helped bring people in. You can go to a nice cigar lounge anywhere around the country, sit down and have a smoke, maybe a cocktail, and meet new people. Start up a conversation. It really brings people together. Cigars were still being made in the City of Brotherly Love. There was no such thing as Walgreens and CVS. There were few new brands on the market at the time. By it became a million-unit brand. Today, Ashton Distributors Inc. Levin has expanded the business considerably during his tenure, taking it from a shop employing five people back in the s to a multifaceted company that includes retail and wholesale and now employs , including a full-time salesforce. Ashton has a host of other varieties, and the company also has cigars made for it by the Garcia family, including San Cristobal and La Aroma de Cuba. Daniel Marshall Danny Marshall has a gleam in his eye as he shows off the box, a modest wooden humidor he crafted in Humidification has come a long way since So have humidor sales. Marshall remembers how slow his industry was in his first decade of business. When people began buying more cigars, the need for humidors in which to store them boomed as well. Marshall has been there all

along. And while the vial system is now but a relic of times long gone by, he still makes humidors built to last. But he watched the premium cigar industry stagnate for some three decades. It had to start over. There was a little left in Tampa, in Jamaica and the Canary Islands, but only a little bit. It was like the California Gold Rush in where everyone was panning for gold, except this time it was tobacco. They were small 25 years ago and barely developed. I was told many years ago that mass-market, machine-made cigars are for corporations, but premium cigars are a family business. Except for a few big companies, I see today how true that is. From left, Stanford, Eric and Bobby. The Newmans For years, J. Brothers Eric and Bobby, the grandsons of founder Julius Caesar Newman, who now run the maker of Diamond Crown, have also seen their fair share of ups and downs and challenges during their tenure. In a joint statement, the brothers report that industry sales had dropped by 75 percent from to The industry was thought by many to be headed for extinction, until Marvin Shanken appeared on the scene. His magazine brought dignity, status and credibility to the industry for the first time. Overnight, cigar smoking became trendy and stylish. Increased margins for both the grower and the manufacturer, enabled them to dramatically improve their growing and manufacturing processes. Similarly, cigar manufacturers could now afford to properly age their tobaccos and focus more on quality than on quantity, implementing new quality-control measures such as having teams of cigar supervisors oversee and inspect the work of the regular inspectors. The result was a more consistent, better quality cigar, assuring that the premium-cigar industry is here to stay. The Olivas of Tampa, Florida, have been a major cigar tobacco family for three generations. He always told me: Worry about staying flat. Not bad for a guy who never went past fourth grade. When I started we were primarily growing Connecticut, Sumatra, and to a lesser degree Cuban-seed wrappers for natural and candela cigars in Ecuador and Honduras. Two years later, however, an oversaturated market put the young company in peril. His son Jorge had another motivation to enter the family business. In the face of a civil war that would pockmark its factories with bullets, it moved its manufacturing there. But sales remained centered in Miami until , when the company went to its first trade show. Initial results were disappointing. The company has come a long way from cent-cigars. He recalls that in , cigars were not only more openly enjoyed compared with today, but celebrated. Dupont lighter and an Elie Bleu humidor in your house. It showed that you achieved some level of success. Anti-smoking establishment was not around. People would just sit around, socialize and talk about cigars, life, work, politics, sports and moviesâ€”all that fun stuff. We were there almost six nights per week, and it was the place to be. It was a leap of faithâ€”we had no customers. But we believed in tobacco. My dad believed in his heart that there was a future for tobacco. In , I graduated college. I had to make a decision. My dad wanted me to be a lawyer but I decided that I wanted to be part of the family business. Business grew slowly and steadily to where we are todayâ€”with quality tobacco.

Chapter 5 : Recollections - Huyton Hill School

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Scroll down to see more content Richard Carey is an author and philosopher at large in Ashland Oregon today. The Electronic AppWrapper My year of living the life of an unemployed author was up. My career in that field had been successful enough. My main contribution had been in the dual role of project estimator and profit analyst. I was responsible, on a project-by-project basis, for capturing all costs and securing the desired margins for the company. I was good at it and usually exceeded the expected profitability goals. But after seven years of this, I was burnt out. I wanted to follow an old dream. I wanted to take a shot at the Great American Novel. When I first told my wife of this goal in , she made me promise to stay in my job for one more year so that we could save enough money to survive my year of writing without touching our existing savings. And she made it clear that one year was all I was going to get. Our two-year old daughter stayed neutral on this, though in later years she usually sided with my wife in these matters. And now my year was up. An outfit called Paget Press was looking for a full-time marketing manager, offering a rather low rate of pay but with a promise of a share of the business profits, were any to materialize. I decided to go for it. Paget Press was located just north of the Seattle Public Market, in a building called the Triangle Building, which was exactly how the building was shaped. Gary worked days at Boeing, so Peggy pretty much ran the show. Peggy met me in the reception room and led me back to her office. After introductions and pleasantries, she explained to me the nature of the business and its goals. For me, this was all just a formality. Beyond the domestic pressures, I needed to get back to a real job with some kind of income. My impression was that Peggy had also decided to offer me the spot if I wanted it. The software products were advertised via a small catalog, published by Paget, that NeXT developers and computer owners subscribed to. That was the main business at the time. The big adventure, however, was going to be the next dimension in software marketing and distribution. It was going to be released on a CD, released quarterly and available by subscription, and it would enable instant access to demos and software. As Peggy explained all this to me, I nodded as if I understood. I knew how to use a few applicationsâ€”word processing, spreadsheets, data entry applications. But to me, these were just templates on a screen. I was dumb as a post about the operating system and its mysterious powers. They were a relatively new thing then. At home, I had a Gateway, which used only floppies, running Microsoft Windows 3. I used it only for writing and email. Stone Design products on the center page of AppWrapper Catalog Although the ad had described the position as Marketing Manager, my daily duties went beyond that into other administrative areas. My desk was at the office entry and I became the receptionist, greeting visitors and answering calls. I also helped develop the individual contracts with our third-party NeXT developers, and in time, I was doing quality control on their submitted demos. I also made regular phone sales calls to recruit new developers for inclusion in our venture. The customer would check out the demo and, if interested, could hit a buy button, enter a credit card number, and submit the order via email to Paget Press. The credit card number was automatically forwarded to the bank for approval, and then on our end a key was generated and sent back to the customer. The customer used this key to decrypt and install the full version of the software. It was simple, quick, and neat. This all sounds pretty ho-hum now, but no one had ever done this before. We were pioneering a whole new process for buying software. And in the context of the NeXT environment, it was beautiful. Jesse, with the help of some supporting developers, a young and eager crew, were engaged in building the core framework and engine for the EAW. I mainly worked with Peggy on the strategic issues around advertising and pricing, including ad copywriting and ad design. We were a small business with a small crew, so we each wore a number of hats. Peggy wanted to bring a flavor of Seattle, especially of the Seattle Public Market, to the product, broadening the EAW into a sort of an electronic magazine that would include music, art, and literature. The EAW would not just be a software delivery mechanism; it would be a full multimedia experience. It was a fantastic learning experience. One of my early assignments was to assess the market potential to figure out what the bottom- line requirements would be to

make our enterprise profitable. Less than two months after I was hired, I had to go to Peggy with some very bad news. I can still remember the anxiety I felt. We would need about 10 times more customers than we had, and they would all have to reliably spend hundreds of dollars every year to keep us afloat. In its much smaller space, Paget Press was bleeding money that it would never see again. Peggy took the news with a shrug. It was a passion for her and for the other contributors. And no one at Paget better exemplified that passion than Jesse. We were going to do a beautiful thing that no one had done before, and nothing would stop us. We would publish quarterly, and the first two editions were magnificent, featuring music and art from local Public Market musicians and artists. We would publish five editions in all, though the last three were a bit less colorful than the first two. It was an exhilarating moment. Steve rapid-fired questions and Jesse was ready for every single one. Peggy and Gary decided they could not absorb the additional production costs without some help from NeXT, and that was that. And then it ended. Peggy decided to try a new business venture, managing some local musical groups, who you can hear on a couple of the disksâ€”Banana Fish and Oriana. I still have their CDs. A couple years later I landed a gig at Microsoft, where I stayed for 15 years. The knowledge and skills I gained at Paget were a huge benefit to me. I was able to hit the ground running as a technical editor for programming and IT documentation, even in the more primitive world of PC technology. A computer that made history more than it has been part of history. AppStorey brings you the untold Story of the people who were at the crux of computer history and created things billions of people use each and every day.

Chapter 6 : Recollections | Cigar Aficionado

One by the firing of the gun of Sirhan, two, one missing Kennedy, two missing Kennedy, one hitting me. And the six other shots being taken care of. There is no possible way for Sirhan to fire those four shots.

How about seeing your creations shining in live theatre? Recollections is proud to be in the media as a part of television productions as well as having been the subject of a local network spotlight. We support the local arts by providing costumes for community theatre productions. Sharp Objects What do you do when Hollywood comes knocking on your door? You answer the call of Sharp Objects! It is based on the debut novel by Gillian Flynn *Gone Girl*. The series stars Amy Adams Arrival as Camille Parker, a reporter who returns to her hometown to cover the murders of two young girls. She is also dealing with her own demons. The town was founded during the Civil War and the characters dress up for the celebration. These ladies were mostly outfitted by us. We also made a lot of the hats! So how did we come to the attention of the costume supervisor, Shawn? She found us through an online search! Shawn felt that we would be a good match for her needs before we finished our first phone conversation. An initial order for four dresses quickly grew to eight. Over the course of three weeks, a total of three dozen 36 dresses, and a dozen 12 each of crinolines, hats, and boots were ordered. It was a very challenging order with tight deadlines, but we got everything done and delivered to California in time for filming! When Shawn received the dresses, they had to go the "aging and distressing" specialists to make the dresses look as though they were old and worn. We enjoyed the challenge and the experience of supplying costumes for Sharp Objects. Yes, we love to do clothing for TV, theater, films, and of course, we would do it again! We look forward to it. Thank you, Shawn, for sharing these wonderful photos and for allowing us to use them! Each year, True West polls its readers and editors for the best in Western fashions. They were looking for a particular style Victorian blouse for one of their quirkier characters, Elsbeth Tascioni, portrayed by Carrie Preston. They found what they were looking for in our catalog! Everyone was abuzz as sewing machines stitched their way through five identical blouses with one big exception; all but one of the blouses had to have buttons that were only held on by a thread. Speculations were made as to how the blouses would be used. In what kind of situation would Elsbeth find herself? Would she be in dire straits? Well, when the buttons flew off the blouse, there was the scent of Old Spice in the air! The show is set in Newport, Rhode Island around the turn of the 20th century. Take two sisters, a la the Kardashians, follow them around like a reality series and see where Ben Stiller and his team take you. It is also a parody of *Downton Abbey*. The show stars its creators, Natasha Leggero and Riki Lindhome. It is a fish out of water story of a young teacher who moves to the Canadian frontier during the Edwardian era. The show stars Erin Karkow as Elizabeth Thatcher, an independent, strong-willed, passionate and dedicated woman who left a life of privilege behind to educate the children of a small mining town in Western Canada. Also starring is Lori Loughlin as Abigail Stanton, a woman from the town who recently lost her husband and son in a coal mining accident. It is a local public affairs show that airs on Sunday mornings. Alexandra Johnson and her crew came out to the shop then accompanied us on a photo shoot with Jennifer Adkins in Rogers City. We were able to take her on a tour of the shop where all the magic happens, introducing her to some of our seamstresses and other workers. Somewhere in Time Weekend There are many places in the media where you will find Recollections garments. Our customers are easily recognizable and are often approached when touring the island during this celebration. They also do re-enactments. All members compete wearing historically accurate clothing. Recollections is proud to support this group of Wild West preservationists by donating gift certificates. Plantations There are many historical sites to visit in the South, perhaps none prettier than a plantation. Some of them come from Recollections! We are happy to be part of the preservation of the past in the United States. We were very happy to donate our time and talent to our local community theatre troupe to celebrate the 60th anniversary of its debut on Broadway!

Chapter 7 : At a school in North Carolina, he was the only one of students who walked out - CNN

These discourses suggest that all ten recollections function in the same way, for all are described in the same terms: "This is one thing that " when developed & pursued " leads solely to disenchantment, to dispassion, to cessation, to stilling, to direct knowledge, to self-awakening, to Unbinding."

I dare say it would be presumptuous to look ahead to where we will be. But would there be any harm to hazard a guess? President Buhari signs the guest book alongside L-R: Chief of Defence Staff Gen. In other words, I belong to the Independence year school children. I cannot say I have a good recollection of that year. Being so small, I can only remember being walked to the school with my father at my side holding tight to my hand. The primary school I went to was just a shouting distance from our family home in the Fezzan ward of Maiduguri. In fact, the school sat just opposite our family home. Probably because it was so close to home, I became a perennial late comer earning a few lashes from my headmaster, Ubaliyo Yunusa Maihajja, a strict disciplinarian, who later joined the Nigerian Army and rose to the post of Major. What happened to Maiduguri, and us the Independence school children, over those many years is a reflection of what has happened to the country and its citizens in general. In , Maiduguri was a compact town, small and tidy. Actually the town was only settled into in , making it a toddler of sorts when compared to old cities like Benin, Kano and Lagos that had hundreds of years behind them. But there were advantages. Built around the banks of a seasonal river, the streets were wide and straight with angular ends. It was hot but the town was well serviced by thousands of neem trees adorning all the streets and making a dense wall around the town. There were no tarred roads, nor drainages though heavy rains never caused a flood. Even when development crept on the town in when drainages and tarred roads came to be built, we never really adjusted. There were no vehicles to ply on the tarred roads. For some time, the macadamised roads became playing sites for children. There were no taxis, no buses, only hundreds of bicycles and donkeys. Interestingly there was even a street named after horses, Fumari, behind our family house leading to the Dandal Fur is the Kanuri equivalent for horse. However, donkeys were more ubiquitous particularly on Mondays when the market held sway and they came into the town in hundreds as carriers laden with whatever. In many parts of Monday Market there were spaces specifically for donkeys complete with stumps, fodder and water. It was just like the parking spaces we now have for vehicles. The school I attended was one of the four or five junior primary schools class in the town. There were no private schools though there was one primary school run by missionaries. We had a General Hospital, one or two clinics, but definitely no private clinic or hospital. If indices of human development were kept for that period around the independence year they would be pretty dismal. The infrastructure for human development were still coming up. Health and educational facilities were limited. When I went to secondary school and had to travel the long distance to far-away Keffi, the roads were terribly bad. The Maiduguri to Jos single lane highway was only tarred in parts. Maiduguri to Benisheik then called Gangatilo was particularly bad and when it rained the road would be closed for more than 24 hours. The road from Jos to Keffi was one long stretch of a dusty road running over frightening hills and gorges. The vehicles we used, mostly Bolekaja and the like were rickety and made climbing Plateau hills with the risk of falling into those dark gorges a very daunting task. Looking back, however, I realise that there was no incidence of any student dying as a result of accidents on the road. The Nigerian Civil War started when we were in form one and we suffered the deprivations associated with war conditions. Of course, it was nothing compared to the harrowing experience of my age group in the other side of the war curtains. We have a lot to beat our chest for. Maiduguri, the place I started from, is completely transformed from what it was in You can make the same pronouncements on the other Nigerian cities. Wherever you look the majority of Nigerian citizens have access to all modern facilities. Of course, the access can be better managed and the facilities could be better. But that is no reason for the rampant cynicism particularly among the youths who feel, at times, left out and disheartened. We have a very prosperous country with abundant resources that needs a little bit of better management to get us to where we want to be. We should be critical and make efforts at participating in the management of our affairs instead of being laid back and allow despair to guide us. The sorry stories of Nigerian youths leaving the country in

droves, suffering the harsh conditions of the Sahara Desert as well as the Mediterranean Sea for the uncertainties of Europe is rather distressing. For them and many others I close with this story, titled: I picked it from the New Nigerian Newspaper of 2nd September for my readers because it speaks volumes on the situation we find ourselves. Here is how it goes: One day as he went into the freezer compartment to do his routine work, the door accidentally closed and he found himself trapped in the compartment. He shouted for help but no one heard him since it was past midnight. He tried to break down the door but he could not. As he lay in the compartment, he began to feel colder and colder. In the morning when the other workers opened up the compartment they found him dead. The sad twist in the above story is that the freezing compartment had broken down a few days earlier. The poor worker did not know about the damaged freezing apparatus and in his mind the freezing apparatus was working perfectly.

Chapter 8 : Unique Recollections of the Night RFK Was Gunned Down - WhoWhatWhy

There was one little problem that I didn't bring up in the interview. I didn't know a goddamn thing about the software business, knew nothing about NeXT computers and software, and next to nothing about software in general.

Recollections of Deane G. Keller He loved the hell out of drawing, and loved those who felt likewise. January 4, Deane G. Keller and Lyme Academy students preserving the Bridgman scroll. Photo courtesy of Lyme Academy Archive. Deane was a remarkable draftsman, painter and writer, and an immensely popular and effective teacher. Above is a photograph of Deane and his students at the Lyme Academy College of Fine Arts , unraveling a sheet of figure drawings by one of his idols, George Bridgman. Also, he owned vine charcoal. For many years Deane taught figure drawing and anatomy at the Lyme Academy, where I came to know him as a colleague. The first involves a talk we had one day over lunch in Old Lyme. I urged Deane to contact the League. He was teaching there within a year or so, and though he may have had similar discussions with others, I always liked to think I was instrumental in encouraging him to go to New York and fulfill a dream. Although he was steeped in academia, his sympathies were grounded in studio practice. If there was ever anyone whose love of teaching belied this advice, it was Deane. On Monday afternoon, January 3, , I called Deane and broached the subject. We agreed to meet at the Lyme Academy later that week to begin working in one of the empty studios, under the condition that I pose for a drawing in return. What promised to be an extraordinary experience was lost. Deane left a deep impression on me. That Deane freely complimented many artists and students did not dilute the effect, because his intellectual authority made the kindness credible. While his instincts as an instructor were legendarily generous, his sentiments were always genuine. Oh, he loved the hell out of drawing, and loved those who felt likewise.

Chapter 9 : There was only one White House press briefing in the entire month of September - CNN

Recollections Photo: Public Domain This section includes articles written from a variety of points of view, and some personal recollections relevant to the history of American social welfare programs, issues, and personalities.

Their doubts are fuelled by painstaking research, solid reporting, and even cutting-edge science. But nothing compares to talking with people who were there when Kennedy was struck down. This minute conversation offers indispensable insights into the life and legacy of Bobby Kennedy, his murder, and how that tragedy changed history. As a service to our readers, we provide transcripts with our podcasts. We try to ensure that these transcripts do not include errors. However, due to time constraints, we are not always able to proofread them as closely as we would like. First tell us a little bit about your history with Bobby. Well, I was a really great fan of the Kennedy brothers. And they laughed and left. That was our first contact. I was campaigning for Stevenson. And, at some point, it became evident that Stevenson was not going to actively campaign but was sort of waiting for the third round as a candidate and be drafted. And I felt that was not a very good idea because Lyndon Johnson was also in the race. We actually shifted a bunch of Stevenson people over to Jack Kennedy. So that was my first working operation. He was just a wonderful guy to work with, very friendly, delightful, very coordinated and effective in working for his brother. A number of things happened at the convention which really cemented my relationship with Bob. When the vice president of our union, Leonard Woodcock, read that statement, you could just feel the pressure go off. And they decided not to oppose Johnson but sort of vote no one. Anyway that was the kind of thing working with Robert Kennedy. Bob was really in bad shape after that. I spent some time with him in Washington at meetings and he would just sit with his hands clenched, sort of bent over in his chair, and just not talk very much. It took about a year before he actually got out of that serious gloom, that suffering over the loss of his brother. There was a senate committee that Bob was on that was going to investigate this and Bob was not scheduled to come out. So I made a couple of calls. Peter Edelman, who worked for Bob, actually convinced Bob to come to California. Following that, there was a very brief conversation with Cesar and Dolores out front. Bob was not very talkative at some times. So they looked at each other and said a few things. Here, the US senator was walking on the farmworkers picket line of the biggest grape vineyard in California, the DiGeorgio Ranch, which was on strike. This was really a wonderful experience and he really picked up on the movement. When he was asked to do anything, he would always respond. He built this relationship to a point where in or when he started campaigning in California, he was immediately endorsed by Dolores Huerta and Chavez. That became an important part of the campaign. Talk a little bit about that night, 48 years ago. Well, it looked pretty close because there was stand-in for Hubert Humphrey and also Gene McCarthy was on the ballot, but the contest was really between McCarthy and Kennedy. It was very tight. I was doing my job as a union rep at that point, reopening up negotiations with Douglas Aircraft along with president Reuther of my union. So we also flew up north and came back. I actually voted of course early in the morning. It was just a wonderful time because the spirits began lifting as it became closer and closer to his victory in California. At one point we decided to go downstairs and Bob and Fred Dutton and Frank Mankiewicz went into the bedroom and went over his notes and decided to go downstairs. It was just a real sensational time for me because I had some problems with Reuther over my endorsement of Robert Kennedy. That was before Reuther had made up his mind but he totally refused so it was a real moment of joy for me to be there with him and being thanked by him on the platform as the votes came in for him. And talk a little bit about what happened afterwards. I went off the left of the platform through the waiter doors into the kitchen and pantry area and waited for him. Ethel was pregnant at that point with Lori. And Bob then stopped and shook hands with a couple of kitchen workers who I got to know. Then we moved eastward towards the Colonial Room, which was the end of the pantry area where the media was waiting for him. At that point as we turned and walked eastward, the television lights went on and blinded me. And I started shaking. I actually felt I was being electrocuted. Bob got shot in the head and at that point went down. When that happened, you were unconscious at the time, correct? Yes, I was unconscious at the time and for some time I was in and out of consciousnesses and I was being taken care of.

But then he felt a heartbeat and took the hat off and put it under my head. Sirhan got off two shots, missed Robert Kennedy and I was right behind him, about 6 feet behind him at that point, missed Robert Kennedy and hit me in the top of my head and then somebody else behind Robert Kennedy shot him. I found the FBI statement of Dr. I started being interested in all other things he said. The only thing that I knew he said after that got reported was that when Ethel got to him a few minutes afterwards, because she was pushed down, as the bullets started flying, by Rafer, Rosie, and Bill Barry down on the floor. The horrible, horrible night we never did know for some time whether he is going live through it. But within 24 hours he had died. The official version of what happened that night has Sirhan Sirhan as the only shooter. Well, I accepted everything I really was torn apart by this. I was regional director in the autoworkers union for a hundred thousand workers in the state of California. I just felt that I had to get out of it. And I went back to work in the factory, which was a very quiet and organized place where I could suffer through the rest of this. It was just a terrible, terrible time. The important point about that was that I met my wife at a party after that. Monica Weil who became my wife and that was a good decision of going back to work and being married because I have become more settled at that point because it was horrible getting over the loss of Robert Kennedy, what it did to me, but also what it did to the country, to his family and to a lot of other people who were relying on him. So it was a terrible recovery period. He came to me and Monica here in my home in L. They were right here in our neighborhood, four, five blocks away. Actually what they found was that some friends of theirs had a photograph of what they claim were two bullet holes in the doorframe in the pantry area behind us when we were walking through the pantry. They went public with an LA Free Press article and got some attention but not very much. So here again we were supposed to get full disclosure. That was a really hard road to go. And where did the investigation go from there, because it seems like there were quite a number of years where it was really dormant. What I was able to do was file a lawsuit as a victim against Sirhan and any others that might be involved. So our next move was to ask the court to set up a panel of experts and re-fired a set for handguns to see if they match the bullets that were in evidence and we were able to get that. CBS network actually came in on the lawsuit. So we had their attorneys and our attorneys working on this very diligently. I had the right to choose one of the experts. And the other parties did too. So we had seven really great experts to go over the evidence and we were astounded by what we found. They re-fired the gun and tried to match up against three bullets that the district attorney and the police department submitted to the court and to this panel. The three bullets they sent matched each other. One was the Kennedy neck bullet, the only whole bullet extracted from the floor that were shot at Robert Kennedy. And the Weisel bullet, they were able to extract his bullet and one from Ira Goldstein, the other two other victims. Well he filed lawsuits and he filed against our having any further testing. It was a devastating thing because it actually proved there was a second gunman involved. Because of the bullet 47, if it matched the other bullets, then there was something happening. Our theory which is pretty well founded on fact is that they substituted bullets from outside the guns, a gun they took out of a storage in order to have bullets all coming from the same gun to cover up the Kennedy neck bullet, which came from the second gun. Here we were with all this information, and the DA at the time and the Attorney General were opposed to anything further and the judge closed down the case. We began fighting for the files. We also went to the district attorney with documents and all the evidence of the second gunman. He found an audiotape in the files. It shows that the files we actually got the files in About audiotapes, but many of them have been destroyed.