

## Chapter 1 : Pennhurst State School: an Abandoned Developmental Center in Spring City, PA

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March 23, at 4: Wishing you a very happy Spring Nechama is precious â€¦ I know my Theo is enjoying grass as well â€¦ and is also a catnip addict â€¦ March 23, at How good it is that I can share some flowers with you. My best wishes to Theo. How nice that he enjoys his catnip. Nechama seems very bent on eating what I eatâ€¦ even though I can offer her better stuff. May we all have a very good spring. March 23, at Memories might be similar to that snapdragon shooting out from a wall that would suddenly appear out of nowhere. Unfortunately, our memories are not as perennial as the grass. Like you, I know I have a photo of our parliament building taken at night but for the life of me, I cannot find it on my hard drive. There is no reason to stop writing. Better a balanced view of life, with the hardships along with the heights. Thanks for your sympathy. Ironically, I went through old photos with her, and the exercise evoked some thoughts that had never surfaced before. In short, I think it will be enriching and interesting to reverse the process â€” pictures first. And to me, Shimon, your recall is remarkable, the talent to follow a thread from one passage to the next finely honed. If you have lost anything, my hunch is that you will rediscover it via another path. Be wellâ€¦

March 23, at 1: As long as I was working professionally, I had everything connected to work readily accessible. I think the word you used in discussing memory with your sister was just right, softer. Anne

March 23, at 2: I find that when I am concerned about my heart I feel every little twinge in my chest and jaw. In the past I would have ignored them or not even noticed. Similarly after reading about dementia I get upset when I go upstairs and forget why. Still we do have to face up to the reality and find other ways of dealing with these issues like keeping a diary entry of where we put things when we tidy up or have got a new item The cherry blossom is my favourite. There is a beautiful tree nearby but my neighbour complains the blossom falls on his car and says he wishes the flowers were plastic That makes me realise there are sometimes unbridgeable gaps between people even from those who come from the same background. It took my breath away

March 23, at 4: He said that sometimes a person might think he wants something, and go from one room to another to get it. But since the thought was connected to an experience in the previous room, going from one room to the other might disconnect him from the thought that caused him to go to the second room. There is a remarkable difference, it turns out, between short term memory and the long memory we have. In a way, the computer serves as a model of the mind. The important thing for us is not to fear anything. It is such a miracle that we are alive in this world, and has been for each of us since we came. How wonderful it is, just to appreciate what we are able to perceive and enjoy. Thank you very much for your comment, Anne. How wonderful it is that we are the recipients of this technology that allows us to share in our appreciation of real cherry blossoms.

March 24, at 8: There could be other unfathomable reasons of course. Your white Cherry Blossom is gorgeous, There is also a pink Cherry Blossom, and I wonder if the distant shot of the pink blossom tree you show us, is it. Memory can and does trip us up. I congratulate you for creating sensible catalogues all those years ago. My ideas from way back were not so tangible, it becomes more and more, a hit-and-miss as to whether I find what I can remember tucking away. I too, have been thinking about refining my innumerable collection of pictures. Uninterrupted time is needed to do it and an uninterrupted schedule for doing the job. It would not be something I would easily give up. I believe blogging does have an important place in maintaining cerebral health and flexibility. X

March 26, at 5: We do have the pink cherry blossoms too, that appear at the same time the white flowers adorn our public facilities. But those trees look just as do the trees with the white blossoms. The redbud tree that I captured on the corner past the crosswalk is known as klil hachocheshin Hebrew. I have heard it referred to as the redbud tree in English. It is also called the judas tree. I agree with you menhir, that the best vehicle we have for preserving our strengths is to use them. But blogging is certainly an exercise which keeps us thinking, as walking can keep our muscles in tone. In a recent physical check up, I discovered I had lost 3cm of my height. I was always a tall man, and I remain tall, but shorter than I was once.

**Chapter 2 : Nevada Ghost Town - Spring City**

*Spring and the Forgotten City* by Fernando Alonso, U Wensell (Illustrator) starting at \$ *Spring and the Forgotten City* has 1 available editions to buy at Alibris.

Read more about sharing. A newly-crowned Olympic champion is about to make the life-changing decision to stage a political protest on the podium. Smith used a raised right fist to powerfully make his point. The action was understated. The ramifications were huge, as World Service programme Sporting Witness has discovered through the first-hand account of British gymnast Mary Prestidge. Troubled preparations Prestidge spent time training alongside Caslavka in the build-up to the Mexico Games as part of an exchange programme. The Czech gymnast was already a superstar, having won three gold medals at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964, including the individual all-around title. Her chances of repeating such dominance were dealt a huge blow in the run-up to the Olympics, however, when she was forced into hiding by the Soviet-led invasion of Czechoslovakia in August 1968. The Olympics were just two months away. Rather than prepare for Mexico in a gymnasium, Caslavka was forced to warm up for the defining competition of her life by using a log as a makeshift balance beam and shovelling coal to toughen up her hands for the rigours of the apparatus. The year-old was the dominant force in Mexico - and she knew how to work the crowd. While the gymnasts from the Soviet Union were often booed by the home crowd, Caslavka, with a floor routine set to Mexican hat dance music, captivated them. Vera Caslavka, centre, won three gold medals at the Tokyo Olympics "She had recreated her floor exercises to that piece of music which was obviously a real crowd pleaser, very strategic," remembers Prestidge, who, having finished competing, watched all the finals in Mexico City from the stands. And actually all of her work seemed flawless. Finals day on 25 October brought with it two separate controversies: Caslavka was forced to share floor gold after the original scores were revised, while in the beam she controversially missed out on top spot altogether. In both apparatus, a Soviet athlete benefitted: Natalia Kuchinskaya won gold on the beam and Larisa Petrik shared the floor gold. I am sure the rest of the Czech team were. She, like Tommie Smith nine days earlier, felt compelled to make a statement on the podium to highlight a wider cause. She made a very clear gesture by turning her head away. And then after both anthems and the presentation medals, the shaking of hands takes place. You could see her speaking to Petrik and it was sort of "Ohâ€¦ I wonder what she said? So quite straightforward and to the point actually. While Smith was banned from international competition following his gesture, Caslavka retired after Mexico City but was effectively banned from leading a normal life for much of the next 20 years - forced to spend time working as a cleaner and often barred from coaching children. The Velvet Revolution and fall of communism in 1989 saw Caslavka welcomed back into society - she worked as chair of the national Olympic committee - but her world was turned upside down in 1992. They divorced in 1992, and in a tragedy befell the family when Josef died after a fight with their teenage son Martin in a bar. Caslavka spent much of the rest of her life in a depression. And Prestidge, much to her eternal regret, never got to see her idol again. Caslavka died in 1992 and Prestidge says: That she was a real inspiration not just in her gymnastics but who she was. The fight in her. The amazing strength of character. I would have loved to see her and really said how much I admired her and how much my generation did. She carried that in her performance and who she was as a person. The two were tightly together and she never undermined one for the other. She was going to be champion of the world and not sign away her political allegiance either

*Forgotten New York was the first-ever recipient of Outstanding New York City Website by the Guides Association of New York City in March ! Ebook Spring And The Forgotten City Kindle The Forgotten City of Pompeii ; A First Look Welcome to Pompeii.*

Muslims call it the Harm al-Sharif, the place from which Mohammed went to heaven on his horse named Buraq. Even though the Temple Mount is in the most holy site of the Jews and situated right in the middle of Israel it is also solely in the administrative control of Muslims. Jews desperately want to take control of the place, as well as rebuild their temple there. Muslims on-the-other-hand relay a stern warning that if a Jew ever puts one shovel to their professed holy site a war may follow. It may be surprising to some, but in the fourth century, people were trying to find the lost sites of the former temples of Solomon and Herod. They simply did not know where the temple sites were placed. The temple was eradicated from all recognition, so much so that no one could even tell that the building had ever existed. So, in the next years, with so many Jews having been killed or expelled from the land, people were not sure where the correct location of the temple was so four other sites that were proposed. The temple mount was settled on as the site of the lost temple even though the Bible seems to indicate that it is someplace altogether. Like so many, I have always thought that the location for the temple of Solomon had been proven to be on the traditional Temple Mount in Jerusalem. But, I began to become doubtful of that traditional view of the temple placement after Dr. Paul Feinberg alerted me to the revolutionary work of the late archaeologist and author, Dr. This research effort would not have been possible without his groundbreaking insights. However, I hope that my own personal research presented herein offers a bold new chapter in this potentially history-adjusting subject. Jesus warned His disciples of the coming destruction of the temple and that not one stone of the temple would be left on top of another. Assuredly, I say to you, not one stone shall be left here upon another, that shall not be thrown down. It is interesting to note that there are massive stone blocks by the thousands set in the wall supporting the Temple Mount platform. Was Jesus wrong in His prophesying that not one stone would remain standing? Jesus was walking away when His disciples came up to Him and called His attention to the temple buildings. It was from this space of separation that Christ says that every stone of the temple would be thrown down. He would have been describing the walls, ancillary buildings, and all. Historian Flavius Josephus wrote that the entirety of the temple was indeed in total ruin and destruction after 70 AD. Archaeology and eye-witness evidence suggests that Jerusalem was destroyed so severely that not much of it was left. However, the foundation walls of what we call today the traditional Temple Mount would not, in all likelihood, be included in the manifest of any destroyed edifices because it was Roman-owned and would be considered separate from Jerusalem by Josephus. If found that Jews at the Wailing Wall, when interviewed, said that the huge high walls of stones standing there today gives testimony that Jesus was flat-wrong and that His proclamation that not one Stone of the Temple will remain standing disqualifies Christ as a being completely truthful. I however feel that those high stone walls there today are remnants from a former Roman fort occupied by the mighty Tenth Legion Legio X Fretensis. This would mean that Jesus was correct in His prophetic words and that each and every stone, to the very last was one, was cast down. The garrison of Fort Antonia in Jerusalem was as big as several cities according to Josephus housing approximately 6,000 men plus the needed support staff. All told, as many as 10,000 personnel that served there. But this huge fort has ever been found in Jerusalem by Archaeologists. I feel that archaeologists have not found the mighty Roman fort is because it is the huge temple mount complex and that tradition has concealed it from historical notice. Keep in mind that the pilgrim was looking due east and was staring directly at the traditional Temple Mount area. He said absolutely nothing about it being the temple site, but rather he describes the stone walls as the Roman praetorium. The praetorium there, according to the pilgrim, was the place where Jesus was sentenced to death. So, in effect, if we are to believe the Pilgrim of Bordeaux, the dome over the Dome of the Rock, which is a Muslim shrine, would be the very site where Jesus was sentenced to death by Pontius Pilate. In the sixth century the Piacenza Pilgrim wrote of an oblong stone at the Roman praetorium as well, and described this rock as the place that Pilate heard the case of Christ.

Eleazar Bin Jari commander of the Jewish rebels at Masada in 73 AD encouraged those in the high mountain fortress that suicide was the only answer rather than surrendering. This same Eleazar memorialized the following about the destruction in Jerusalem: It can be surmised that years later, when the Roman fort was mostly still standing and subsequent conquerors came to the place of those high stone block walls, they must have believed that the magnificent fortress had to be something of major importance. The fort was there to protect the temple by the Romans and also allow them to keep a watch over the often insubordinate and rebellious Jews. It is a finger of land just south of the present traditional Temple Mount. As a former policeman, I would like at this point to lay out a linear case for the City of David as the one and only place for the temple, but first a brief history. The Jebusite fortification was a fortress, albeit a small one, but it had what David wanted. It was strategically situated, had a high walled castle-looking complex rising majestically from the Kidron Valley. A spring flowed abundantly inside with clear pure water which made it even more desirable. The Bible tells us that while David and his army were outside looking up at the Jebusite stronghold, there, standing defiant on the top of the walls were men hollering down mockingly. These last two locales Stronghold of Zion and the City of David are the huge keys to solving the riddle as to where the true temple is located. After he was in his newly taken fortress, David was visited by an angel of the Lord that pointed out the desired patch of real estate within the city walls that David was to purchase from Araunah Ornan the Jebusite 2 Samuel This land purchase was for a threshing floor—usually comprised of a level area paved with flat stones where grain is tossed in the air and the wind carries away the lighter chaff worthless husks of broken straw and leaves the heavier kernel of wheat to fall on the threshing floor. It is interesting that David had captured the acre fortress by force, yet God was now ordering David to pay money to the Jebusite owner for a threshing floor. But this comment in Scripture is a huge clue for the temple location. In 2 Chronicles 3: That can only be in the City of David and this makes it impossible for the Temples to have been on the Temple mount. As time passed, no one knew where it really was. The City of David was gone; its walls were no more—and the huge clue for the temple being located by the threshing floor was erased from history as well. And when something has vanished that held such huge importance, people will stick a flag of indelible proclamation in the ground and make said declaration purely out of need. For almost two millennia, Zion and the City of David laid silently together, buried in a forgotten tomb of earth. Zion was forgotten, that is, until explorers came to Jerusalem with a pick in one hand and a Bible in the other. These explorers found the forgotten city with its ancient gurgling Gihon Spring. This hidden subterranean world would cry out that the City of David has been found and Zion was once more known. To illustrate that Zion, the City of David, and the temple all intersect as one, I offer the following synopsis from Scripture: After all, it was the most impressive structure that was still standing in Jerusalem, so some assumed it must have certain historical prominence—and that prominence was considered to be the temple itself. Tudela made this pronouncement with such surety and vigor that it was dogmatically adopted and is fervently accepted as uncontested fact to this day. Eusebius, from the third and fourth century was curator of the Library at Caesarea. He was a renowned scholar both then and today. To the house of the God of Jacob—For out of Zion shall go forth the law We shall be satisfied with the goodness of Your house, of Your holy temple. The temple is self-evident as being in Zion. Zion is the place which links everything together. It is the flaming arrow of all clues that flies directly at the heart of the City of David and the true temple location. Then Zadok, the priest took a horn of oil from the tabernacle and anointed Solomon This event happened at the same Gihon Spring where David set the tent tabernacle most assuredly in very close proximity to the threshing floor area. Aristeas, a visitor from Egypt who recorded a description of the temple and Jerusalem about fifty years after Alexander the Great. Tacitus, the Roman historian, years after Aristeas and recorded that the temple at Jerusalem had a natural spring of water that welled from its interior. Again, these references could only be describing the Gihon Spring. It is located close to what is referred to as the Ophel, which is a bulge of the earth abutting the City of David Zion laying just to the south, and roughly about 1, feet, from the Temple Mount. There is no other such spring s anywhere else in Jerusalem. However, there is a place called the En-Rogel which is situated about a third of a mile southeast of the City of David, but this is not a spring at all, rather a well. The spring connection, especially a robust gushing spring, seems to be like a laser pointer aimed at the City of David and

not at the Temple Mount as the temple site. This verse is more solidly dogmatic in its pronouncements because it says unequivocally that a spring flows from the temple. The temple would logically need a prodigious amount of water Gihon Spring for cleaning up after all the animal blood sacrifices. Gihon Spring is the only spot that has enough water for the temple sacrifices in all of Jerusalem. It appears that the Roman garrison could not obtain water from this spring because it was holy water for temple usage. If the Romans even tried to take one drop, it would result in violent rioting, so they were forced to bring water from south of Bethlehem, as they did via aqueducts that fed the many underground cisterns storage at the purported fort. There is yet another verse containing Zion in connection with a spring and the ark as well. This verse has the words singers and players on instruments which is associated in the Bible with a processional carrying the ark Psalm The words springs are within you would be consistent with the Gihon Spring as well as the word Zion, which is connected with both the temple and the City of David. He brought me out by way of the north gate, and led me around on the outside to the outer gateway that faces east; and there was water running out on the right side. The special place was called the Bath of Ishmael and it was used for purification by the high priest on the Day of Atonement. People go down to it by stairs. It is full of pure water, and there is a tradition that it is the ritual bath of Rabbi Yshmael the High Priest. If this were the case, then a huge question begs asking: It would be like a doctor scrubbing up for surgery and then walking a quarter of a mile on dusty streets as well as coming in contact with unwashed contaminants along the way. Doctors would not do this and priests, in their holy duties at the temple, would not be purified in the waters of the Gihon only to later come in contact with potential sullyng elements. Even as far back as Moses and the time of the tabernacle, spring water was essential in the purification ceremony for priests. Josephus writes in Jewish Antiquities Book 3,8. The only running water in the desert that was available to Moses was the water from the split rock and the only spring water available in Jerusalem was the Gihon Spring, which was in the City of David, within the stone wall boundaries of the stronghold of Zion. In Acts 21, he is the focus of the story once again: Once inside, the irate throng grabbed Paul and dragged him out of the gate, beating him with the intent to kill.

**Chapter 4 : Mexico Beach, Florida | The Unforgettable Coast®**

*Residents call the camp "The Wall of Forgotten Natives" - what started out last spring as a few campers with sleeping bags has gradually grown to a tent city, three rows deep, on a quarter.*

Today, when a New Yorker wants a glass of water, feels like a shower or needs to wash the dishes; the act is as easy as turning on a tap. Gathering even a pail full of water was a laborious task and typically involved a walk to the nearest spring or well. Luckily, for early residents, Inwood was blessed with some of the freshest and coolest drinking water Mother Nature could provide—and for early settlers, those water sources were plentiful. But, as time marched on, most of these naturally occurring water supplies were plugged up, paved over and simply forgotten. If not for the writings and photographs of an obscure author named James Reuel Smith, even the memory of these springs and wells might have been forever lost. Beginning in 1890, Smith began bicycling around the then rural areas of northern Manhattan and the Bronx, with a camera and a notebook in hand, interviewing old timers about ancient drinking holes and taking snapshots whenever possible. Born in Skaneateles, New York, Smith understood, as the dawn of a new century approached, that he would likely be the last person to photograph the bubbling springs before they disappeared completely—as had already happened in lower Manhattan. While the image of a grown man on a bicycle photographing water sources, some no larger than a puddle, might seem eccentric, especially for a married man, Smith offered no apologies. He had no children and a considerable amount of family money, so why not indulge in a hobby? And write he did. Sometimes he would spend an entire afternoon in the shade of a dying cherry tree writing about the sweet taste of the fruit while speculating about its origin. Was it once part of a larger orchard? Like so many amateur historians, his curiosity was as much endearing as informative. While Smith would never live to see his work published—he died in 1901—he left his notes and photographs to the New York Historical Society, which, in turn, published his papers in a rare book aptly titled *The Springs and Wells of Manhattan and the Bronx, New York City, at the End of the Nineteenth Century*. Some three hundred feet north of Dyckman Street, there is a spring at the base of a vertical of rocky ground covered with a thick clump of trees. Dyckman Street was formerly called Inwood Lane. At a point about three hundred feet northeast of the intersection of F Street and Dyckman Street is located what is probably the most generally known spring in the city. Its water has been demonstrated by numerous analyses to be the purest on Manhattan Island. It is situated at the base of a perpendicular wall of rock sixty feet in height and as many in width. A little brick coping has been built out from the face of the rock, making a basin some five feet long and two feet wide. The water is about fifteen inches deep. Some three hundred feet west of the intersection of F Street and Cooper Street were built up some twenty feet above the natural level of the land with many pieces of white marble from the quarry. Cooper Street runs over the original site of this spring, but the owner of the ground insisted on having the spring preserved, so a semi-circular well of marble was built around the western half of the spring. The water is very cool, although the sun, during the first half of the day, shines down full upon it. They disconnect the pipe in the winter to prevent freezing. To the right of the pipe is a culvert through which a brook runs through the meadows farther west, and joins the water flowing from the spring. The two streams, united, run under the little dark red house below. The Drennans never had a well built but used this spring when it stood in front of the French-roof house now facing Cooper Street and not far from it. They still keep milk in the little house over the brook, in a large box through which the water runs. They have Croton water at the house. Cooper Street is about two hundred and fifty feet west of, and parallel to, the Kingsbridge Road, from which the spring and the little house over the brook are plainly visible. In the photograph plate 48 the red wooden milk house may be seen in the lower left corner; in the center and left of the center are two houses on Cooper Street, and above, along the heights of Inwood, are several homes along Prescott Payson Avenue. In John Nagle built him a stone dwelling on the banks of the Harlem River at what is now 100th Street and he built so well that the house is standing and occupied today. It is now resplendent in a new red roof and suit of clapboards given it by its owner. The house is at present occupied by a man named White. The water is about six feet below the

level of the ground and is three feet deep and not very clear. There is no cover over the well, which is curved with loose stones at the top. Down below it is some five feet across. The pail is one of tin; it is well rusted and leaks. West of the well is an old graveyard with some forty graves in it. The oldest decipherable date is and some of the names are Vermilye, Harris, Lockwood, and Smith. Near the graveyard is an old orchard of considerable extent, with apple, plum, and other fruit trees. It is the largest orchard left on Manhattan Island.

Plate 50a June 9, Along the easterly border of a marshy meadow, which stretches to the Harlem Ship Canal, there is a fence on the Isham property, near the stable. Twelve feet east of the fence, sixty feet east of the back part of the meadow, and about feet from the Canal, there is a spring. It is at the foot of one of four little fruit trees, which, with two others a short distance away, are all that is left of what was perhaps long ago a flourishing orchard. The tree behind the spring looks like a peach tree. Buttercups grow around it. Wild birds sing in the four fruit trees and drink at the spring. Their piping song mingles with the whistling tugs on the Canal. The spring rises at the base of a small rock. It is eighteen inches deep and about twenty inches across. Natural rock forms the back of its basin, and in the front a piece of white Kingsbridge marble, which has become slimy and yellowish-brown. Bubbles rise from the bottom, which is somewhat sandy and over which a conical fungus grows. The water is not cold but cool. Although exposed to the direct rays of the sun. I drank from it, and found it a trifle salty. The overflow runs into the marsh.

Plate 50b June 29, About twenty-five feet southeast of the Isham stable spring, and on the other or west side of the fence, there is a spring. It bubbles up freely like champagne at the southwestern end of a small ledge of rock that crops out from nearly the lowest level of the marshy meadow by the Spuyten Duyvil Creek. The rocky ledge forms one third of the basin, the rest being made of bricks laid in mortar. The spring is about three feet from side to side and two feet from back to front. The water is about two feet deep; although the outlet pipes still projecting up, and some pieces of brickwork, show that it was once a foot deeper. The curbing has probably been trampled down by the cows that pasture in this meadow. The bottom is sandy, and the same brown fungus that grows in the stable spring grows in this one. The water is cold and nice, although it is completely open to the sun. There is a frog in the spring. The pipe perhaps follows the path of least resistance in the ground and supplies a pump in the barn, for there is no house on the meadow, nor would its boggy condition lead one to suppose that there was ever a house there. The overflow from this spring runs away into the marsh, as does that of the stable spring. It is not only pretty in itself, but is picturesquely located. From it there is a view across the meadow, through the opening where the Spuyten Duyvil Creek empties into the Hudson, of the Palisades on the opposite side of the River. The surrounding scenery is dominated on the west by the towering cliff of Inwood, and enclosed on the south and east by the rolling slopes that run back to the Kingsbridge Road Broadway.

Plates 51 and 52 June 29, The property contains twenty-six acres, and as formerly owned by Valentine Seaman. This arch has for half a century challenged the admiring observation of every traveler entering or leaving New York City by the Hudson River Railroad. The grounds are a specimen of old-time gardening, laid out in the Italian style with statues, walks and driveways. Scattered about are small pieces of marble statuary on pedestals, representing Europa, Euterpe, and other classical characters. Where the walks lead down a slope there are marble steps, with figures of lions at the sides. The dwelling itself is of marble and has ampelopsis vines trailed over its south side. From it there is a fine view of Spuyten Duyvil Creek towards the Hudson on the north and of the Harlem River towards the south. The chief man now in charge has been there only eighteen months but the man under him has been there or in the immediate neighborhood some thirty years. He lived near the Inwood Cold Spring sixteen years and built the basin for it. Near and north of the marble entrance arch there was a fishpond, fed by a spring, which within the last month has been filled in by Mr. White who occupies the Nagle House. Some of the gold and silver fish that used to be in it were eight or ten inches long, the caretaker says. So many fish were taken from it that the neighborhood still smells of their decayed bodies. At this point, about three-eighths of a mile in, there is a well with a lattice arbor, south of the mansion. The well is eighty-five feet deep, four and one half feet across, and curbed with stones. It is latticed over, and is in good preservation. It is fitted with a pump, of which the sucker was too dry to work, when I first visited the well, in May of this year. The pump was not used while the estate was leased by the driving club which was until about a year ago. The caretaker has since, however, poured water down the tube and got it working, and now, in June, he drinks

nothing but this water. He even carried it with him, for I found him making hay with a jug of this water carefully placed near him in the shadow of a haycock. There are large trees about its eastern front and ampelopsis vines growing over the wall at the back. It has a one story extension with a roof shingled with wide cut slates.

Chapter 5 : spring and forgotten memories | the human picture

*I have been looking for a book, and I searched everywhere in the city, the bookstore owners say that there wasn't anymore of this book. I was so sad. And I started to search in second hand stores.*

View full size photo Pennhurst State School History Pennhurst State School was a hospital dedicated to treat people with mental and physical disabilities; their ailments were most often the result of a genetic disorder, rather than psychiatric illnesses. The dire need for an institution for the developmentally disabled at the time had overcrowded the institution from the start, and the mixing of epileptics of normal mental capacity worsened the situation. It was soon realized that the epileptic patients should be treated in elsewhere, but the admission rates kept well above the number of discharges. The patients at Pennhurst were mostly young and were often collectively called "children," however the age of the residents ranged from infants to people over 70 years old. They were generally separated by their IQ level, which was categorized into three main groups: Morons , Imbeciles , and Idiots below These medical terms were antiquated before they became popular in common slang, and were replaced with the terms Mild, Moderate, Severe, and Profound Mental Retardation. The lowest functioning patients were mostly bed-ridden in cribs, unable to bathe or feed themselves. The amount of care needed for the patients here to attempt any kind of rehabilitation was quite a formidable task. Daily physical tasks such as changing diapers, showers, and assistance with walking were needed, as well as educational programs, but the overcrowded atmosphere and lack of trained staff made both types of activities take a back seat. As with most mental and developmental institutions run by the states in the U. Low wages, long hours, and the overcrowded workplace kept many skilled doctors and nurses from applying for jobs, creating an even more difficult situation. In , there were only seven physicians serving over 2, patients at Pennhurst, with no room for the 1, still on the waiting list for admission; the patient census peaked at 3, in Therapeutic facilities were constructed, but sat disused due to lack of trained staff. The funding problem also put a stranglehold on the maintenance of the buildings, and the daily budget for each patient sunk so low that some basic needs could not be met. District Judge Raymond J. Reports of beatings by staff and other patients, assault, and extended periods of isolation were uncovered, causing residents to regress farther and farther into a mentally disturbed state of mind, instead of becoming bettered by the school. An ex-patient, Roland Johnson, writes about his experiences at Pennhurst in his autobiography, *Lost in a Desert World* Eventually the entire facility closed in after a de-institutionalization process, which moved the residents to other facilities and group homes. Portions of the campus were re-purposed into a home for veterans, and the PA National Guard found a few buildings to use as an armory, however most of the campus was shuttered and forgotten about. In , the administration building was renovated to become the "Pennhurst Asylum," a Halloween attraction; the rest of the campus is used for composting by Penn Organic Recycling LLC.

Chapter 6 : Syracuse China and the Forgotten City | HuffPost Life

*Cruise the Florida Panhandle with us and discover the Forgotten Coast, a place you'll never forget. Capture a glimpse of our newest Spring collections in one of the South's best kept secrets. Combining beautiful leather with minimalist design, the Emerson Collection is the epitome of modern chic.*

Will our new president be able to stimulate the economy enough to make us memorable again? Contributors control their own work and posted freely to our site. If you need to flag this entry as abusive, send us an email. Last semester I took a position at the S. Newhouse School of Public Communications. In certain seasons it is quite glorious. We are a month into winter and have already become the frontrunner in the New York State Golden Snowball Award Contest with record-snowfall of over inches, or nearly 50 inches more than this time last season [http:](http://) The winner receives a trophy, not condolences. Actually if you love winter sports, this is a Winter Wonderland. All of this is just an informational aside to a city that is not just being dumped on by snow but also by missed economic opportunities. My American craftsman, which I love like a person, is located just a few blocks from Erie Boulevard. Erie is the picture of a boulevard of broken dreams. It is a depressing layout of empty storefronts and fast food joints with a plaque in the middle of the devastation that says at one time this was the actual location of the Erie Canal, that significant waterway that connected downstate to the Great Lakes. There are still bits and pieces of the Erie Canal around but nothing to compare with a San Antonio Riverfront tourist destination that would have done this city some good. The canal was covered over decades ago to serve as a metaphor for a city that once was vibrant with economic activity and trade. When my brother Steve heard that I was moving to Syracuse, he hunted around some thrift stores and found some Syracuse China to commemorate my new hometown. He told me the story of how Syracuse China was still used the world over and was the last remaining American manufacturer of ceramic flatware. At one point one could turn over a plate at many points in the world and see the Syracuse China name underneath. That was in those bygone days. Syracuse China will soon close its doors. Steve also gave me a funky book about New York State that he bought for 50 cents somewhere. It had a publication date of It was designed for a kid in fifth grade and I turned to the index for the mentions of Syracuse. To my astonishment, four decades ago Syracuse was home to over manufacturing companies. I doubt one could count on one hand the number of major companies left here today. This is an American manufacturing ghost town. If we had the will and resources to turn this region around, we could. Yes, there are four seasons, and one especially brutal one known as winter, but it makes people quite resilient. A lot of people work very hard for the fruits of their labor. The housing is very affordable. Right now the university and the upstate hospital center and medical school are the largest employers. This forgotten city of Syracuse is America, which has its own mass of forgotten men and women.

Chapter 7 : List of defunct amusement parks - Wikipedia

*"A note from SPRING CITY says the great world has been shut out from that camp during the winter and little occurs to break the monotony. A dog fight for \$50 a side. Quiet now but will be livelier this season as the mines are looking well."*

Pinterest Graffiti at the camp. Heidi Inman Last summer, Morris and her boyfriend, Joachim McCarty, moved into a one-bedroom apartment about a minute bus ride from the Phillips community. At 36 years old, it was his first apartment. His mother proudly fussed over furniture and future plans. The couple, unemployed but motivated by their new stability, set their sights on finding good jobs. McCarty was a bit surprised the landlord let them move in at all. Then, days after they had settled in, the landlord asked them to fill out rental applications. But what really stood in the way of securing shelter was the proof-of-income required to rent even the most affordable spaces – often double or triple the rental rate. He wanted verification that the couple could pay the rent. It needed to be twice that amount. They had five days to move out. The landlord threatened to call the cops. Morris said she remembered the cockroaches and mice most from the few days she lived at the apartment. McCarty recalled that many of his neighbors struggled to understand English. Both suspected that the landlord had a history of preying on people like them – financially and socially vulnerable adults. Social workers blamed her for his death. And they reminded her of this when they took her next baby and the one after that. She delivered seven children but lost custody of every one. Over the course of this steady loss, Morris said that what she wished for most out of life was to die. A native of Minneapolis, he grew up without his father but lived with a man who beat his mother. At nearly 40, he has been in and out of prison seven times, mostly for theft. His latest release was last year, one day after Christmas. His voice cracked as he held back tears.

Chapter 8 : Spring City, Utah - Wikipedia

*Syracuse China and the Forgotten City. This forgotten city of Syracuse is America, which has its own mass of forgotten men and women. but there are still two months to go before I see spring.*

Winnemucca Blvd for 0. The mines were active from to There was a revival of interest from to , and again from to , when small amounts of silver ore were mined. Paher describes it as a " From Winnemucca to Paradise Village and mines! Rickard and Morse, proprietors. Carrying mail, express and freight. Agents in Winnemucca and Paradise. Now compares with any hotel in the mountains. About men are now employed in the mines. The town contains several businesses and growing steadily. Announcing to Drinkologers and Sportologists keep wines, liquors, cigars. Cards and card tables as any other Barologist in the State. Burns now keeping a first class lodging house. Says snow is three feet deep in town. At any rate whether they fell from the skies or came out of the ground, there were millions of them. Bell and Burns have opened a restaurant and saloon at SPRING CITY which is again showing signs of activity and is expected to be as lively as it ever was next summer as it is in the immediate vicinity of the Paradise mines. One mare and six mules. There is some suspicion that his death did not result from natural causes. The Coroner was informed that the belief was prevalent that Tex was poisoned. The deceased had been addicted to drinking to excess. He had been drinking very hard for the last six weeks and his death is attributed to that fact. Deceased was about 50 years of age and believed leaves no relatives. Quiet now but will be livelier this season as the mines are looking well. Organized December 9th, out of the northern mountainous portions of Paradise School District it is 10 miles to the north from Paradise. It owns no house but lease a small building which serves the present needs of the town. Miners supplies, groceries and provisions. General notion and variety store. There were some sixty ladies in attendance and about twice that number of gentlemen. Not much left besides the remains of the old mill and-- further up the canyon- the townsite itself. Some large cottonwoods planted in a straight row, one completely collapsed building, and some foundations mark the site.

Chapter 9 : Download Spring And The Forgotten City read id:lp6q8yx

*About this mod. The Forgotten City is the first mod in history to win a national Writers' Guild award with its script. It is a critically acclaimed expansion mod offering a unique 6 - 8 hour experience: a murder mystery investigation set in an ancient underground city.*

Read on for the top facts pertinent to tourists. An estimated 1 million laborers worked to complete the structure. It has more than 90 palace quarters and courtyards, buildings and over 8, rooms. A common myth states that there are 9, For a size comparison, the Vatican measures , square meters, and the Kremlin measures , square meters. The impressiveness of the size and scale of this ancient fortified palace is not to be missed. You will be unable to appreciate all the palace quarters even you spend a full day there. The Forbidden City is a masterpiece of Chinese architecture. Apart from the magnitude of the complex, the detail of the architecture is also astounding. Every detail reflects features of traditional Chinese architecture and rich Chinese culture. Nine implies supremacy and eternity in Chinese culture. Rows of auspicious animal statues, such as dragons, phoenixes, and lions, were placed along roof ridges of the important halls to invoke prosperity and good fortune. The majestic Outer Court has no trees. You can find no trees in the Outer Court. You can find many trees in the Inner Court, but no trees in the Outer Court. There is no universal conclusion as to why there are no trees in the Outer Court. However, there are two main theories: A lack of vegetation would give assassins nowhere to hide, and clear lines of sight for defensive purposes. The Forbidden City was home to 24 Chinese emperors. Emperor Yongle, third of the Ming Dynasty , began its construction in and the complex was completed in The Forbidden City, a. Visitors can see a stunning array of ancient treasures and buildings while touring the complex. Ancient porcelain and jade, gardens, courtyards, and relics of historic significance for China and the world feature prominently. In , some national treasures in the Forbidden City were evacuated to preserve them from the threat of Japanese invasion. Travel with us and our guide will help you to avoid the crowds. Due to its cultural significance and unique beauty, the Forbidden City is extremely popular with both Chinese and foreign tourists. The palace museum boasts 14 million visitors annually, more than any single section of the Great Wall. These overwhelming numbers often make for extensive lines, particularly on national holidays and weekends. The Chinese government is working hard to ensure the constant flow of visitors is well-regulated, and to prevent harm to the ancient buildings by the large crowds. The palace is considered a must-see for everyone lucky enough to visit Beijing. The Palace Museum is already large enough for you to spend over a day exploring. An overall repair of the Forbidden City is underway and planned to finish by A Forbidden City trip is not complete without a visit to Jingshan Park. You can enjoy a hilltop view of the whole complex. If you want to see how large the Forbidden City is, pay a visit to nearby Jingshan Park, where you can enjoy a hilltop view of the whole complex. You can visit the Forbidden City without a visa! The Beijing area became hour visa-free in , and many tourists have taken advantage of this opportunity. Seeing the Forbidden City is a perfect way to spend one of your six visa-free days in the capital. To learn if you qualify. The Forbidden City is a complex attraction, rich in history and culture. It is advisable to travel with a knowledgeable guide, who can bring the background to life and help you to avoid the crowds. Here are two recommended itineraries, including the Forbidden City, for your inspiration: