

Chapter 1 : Historical Documents on Microfilm & Local Newspapers

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.

The following is one in a series Paris Here above is a photo of my favorite corner of Paris, the parc Nadar with its statue of the Chevalier de la Barre just downhill and west of Sacre-Coeur. There are probably better pictures available on the Internet, and I have taken brighter ones myself with better cameras than the Wal-Mart Smart-Talk Huawei smart-phone camera I had this trip, but this picture shows an early-morning version of the gloom that hangs over Paris from around late October until April. This is the real Paris as we know and love Paris. I have heard that the little stub of street in front of the basilique is officially the rue Chevalier de la Barre, but can find no confirmation on Google maps or my street maps going back to He may have given them the mid-eighteenth century version of the upright middle finger -- the history is murky and confused and complicated by the politics of those recounting it. There had been desecration of a religious statue in the neighborhood, and although the chevalier had an alibi he was clearly a punk and a wise-ass and could have been involved in that crime. It was said that he had sung irreverent songs on occasion, and when the priests searched his chambers they claim to have found a book of pornography and some anti-clerical tracts. The chevalier had at any rate irritated persons with some power, and he was tried and sentenced to death by a court that apparently had no authority to try him, and almost certainly no authority to kill him, under laws that did not apply to his suspected offenses. His hand was first cut off because it had not tipped his hat, and his tongue was cut out because it was reported to have sung scandalous songs, and his body was burned about with "petits-feux" for miscellaneous offenses he may have committed. Sacre-Coeur was built slowly, over about forty years, with funds that the church hierarchy around Paris coaxed out of apparently reluctant or tight-fisted parishioners. Nowadays the placards around Sacre-Coeur tell you that Sacre-Coeur was built to commemorate the war of and bemoan the triumph of Germany over freedom-loving France. When Sacre-Coeur was completed, the libre-penseurs of Paris, supported at least for a while by the mayor and other public weasels, managed to have a statue of the Chevalier de la Barre installed on at the foot of the front steps, where worshipers would have to face his mocking likeness as they emerged. The statue in my photo is supposed to be based on that statue. The chevalier is "narguing" the church. It was just a famous building in Paris, with accommodating stairs and a view. After the French defeat in WWII, which was abetted by some of the same reactionaries who built Sacre-Coeur, the Vichy government decreed that all the statues of France would be melted down into armor and bullets for the new European war industries. But the statues actually melted down were the ones of Jean Jaures and heroes of the Revolution, and the one of the Chevalier de la Barre in front of Sacre-Coeur. So for thirty or forty years we never heard about the Chevalier de la Barre. About ten or fifteen years ago, the free-thinkers of modern Paris managed to get the present statue installed. It is not directly in front of the church, and nobody is forced to look at it. The statue is turned a bit so that he is not narguing the church directly, but is looking off a few degrees to the south-east. But it is in a nice little park, maybe forty feet wide by feet long, and thousands of tourists pass it every day, on their way to and from the big white onion-dome basilica and symbol of Paris. At the east end of the parc Nader, just opposite the statue of the chevalier, there is what is announced to be the only municipal dovecote or pigeonier in France. It is owned and operated by the Paris parks commission, and the sign next to it says that it is carefully maintained with neutered birds to reduce the pigeon nuisance in the voisinage. You may join the Association Chevalier de la Barre without doing anything overt, without signing anything or contributing anything or communicating with anyone but yourself. It is organized under the French law of association, which I believe was written around the turn of the last century to to allow people to do any damn thing they want without consulting bishops. He lives in Trinity Center, California.

Chapter 2 : German addresses are blocked - calendrierdelascience.com

The Hamilton Charivari [microform]: an election fly-sheet, edited on this occasion only, by Canadian sepoy! Item Preview remove-circle Share or Embed This Item.

The noise would end when the couple invited the guests inside for an ample lunch, and more often than not, a rubber of euchre. The charivari, in one form or another, dates back many centuries, to France and other Latin countries. During the summer of a couple of young men showed up in Elora, and ran a series of religious revival meetings. Most people thought there was something phony about the pair. She had a family of six children, aged from 21 down to 10, and worked as a milliner in various stores in Elora, as did her two eldest daughters. Hoffman, and had enjoyed a honeymoon with her youthful spouse. She was then 41 years old 44, according to one newspaper account , and Hoffman only She happily told everyone about her new status. Everyone she spoke to was surprised, to put it mildly. A few were appalled at the disparity in age, and made no secret of their disapproval. Several sections of wooden sidewalk were ripped apart and overturned. Among the activities that night was a charivari in her honour. Both neighbours and the village constable felt too intimidated to intervene. Hoffman remained in the village. Reeve Hugh Hamilton, who lived at the northeast corner of Colborne and Princess Streets, agreed to take her in. News of her relocation quickly spread through the village. With the smashing of two windows in his house, Reeve Hugh Hamilton decided to confront the mob. But when he stepped outside the front door a couple of the ruffians grabbed him by his hair. Fists from every direction pummeled his face and body. Hamilton was a blacksmith by trade, and at 44, was still in excellent physical condition. He was able to land some excellent blows himself before retreating back into his house. Leaders of the mob made known their intention to return again the following night, and every night as long as Mrs. Hoffman remained in Elora. The activities of the night before were the main subject of conversation at church services that morning. Some of the ruffians appeared, but soon slipped away when they saw the men on guard duty milling about, most armed with clubs. On Wednesday morning, Nov. Hoffman boarded a train at the Elora station, bound for Brampton and a rendezvous with her new husband. The fate of the children is not recorded. The four oth-ers, aged between 10 and 15, seem to have slipped from the historical record. That was probably the most dramatic and notable charivari in the history of Elora, but there were others of a similar nature elsewhere in Wellington in the 19th century. It is unlikely that many of the young men who participated in the harassment of Mrs. Hoffman held strong opinions on the suitability of the marriage. Their actions were those of the archetypical mob: Nothing, of course, came of the effort: The Hoffmans, presumably, began a new life after the time endured by Catherine. Their story is one of the lost threads in our local history.

Chapter 3 : The Wellington Advertiser - Elora woman left town after two-day charivari

2. *The Hamilton Charivari: an election fly-sheet, edited on this occasion only, by Canadian sepoys! 2.*

The new Nice tram line runs from a north suburb down past the SNCF station into the center of town, turns east a block and then runs back up toward another northern suburb. You can pretty much walk a block and catch the same car you were just on over most of the route. It was excellent for getting from the train station to my new apartment. I bought a ticket when I first got on but observed myself to be in a car crowded with low-life style-jumpers and scofflaws and only ran it through the machine a week and a half later, just to see how it worked. I think Sir Elton must be getting old and is not cruising the promenade looking for distinguished gents holding unused tramway tickets and wind-proof REI umbrellas This old port is full of tourists, the whole town is full of them even in early April and it must be as bad as Cannes in the summer. Stay away from Cannes, by the way. The guy behind the bar gave me an express and a pint of something in a pint glass instead of the shot of Armagnac I was expecting, so I drank it and it turned out to be Irish apple cider. I asked another bartender what the hell did I just drink, and he said it was apple juice, and laughed, and the bar-fly next to me, an old Irishman, laughed too. The felouque owners were setting up for the season, cleaning up and drinking cheap wine and eating take-out pizza and painting and yelling insults at one another. Then there are also lots of big yachts, with hydraulic gangways on the stern so the people inside can get out and go to the Irish bar and drink 3. The yachts have writings on the stern that say they are from either Valetta, or London, or George Town. Maybe Valetta just grows a lot of billionaires on site. They reportedly have the most hotel space in any place outside of Paris, and there seem to be lots of people who have bought apartments and are desperately trying to rent them out. Nice is many steps above, say, San Francisco, as far as authenticity, ambience true and false, lodging availability, food, public transit, access to fresh bread and groceries, accommodating populace, water sports, scenic splendor, and a chance to see classy dames. There was an ongoing scandal in the papers because there were plans to put up a statue of General DeGaulle in the park, and the pieds-noirs said it would be the final insult. A lot of these pieds-noirs, blackened feet people who got run out of Algeria when the Arab took it back, ended up as my colleagues teaching in Ivory Coast when I was there, and I can report that there is some deep resentment. They expected DeGaulle to come in and give France in Algeria back to them, encouraged by a few subway bombings here and there. But he sold them down the river and machine-gunned them in the streets of Oran, or so they figure. A dark tumultuous history, poorly told from every angle, and nobody will ever figure it out. Hardly anyone has heard that-- Chirac as a young officer lead a transport outfit and when it was ambushed by a bunch of guys on camels he ran forward under fire and pulled one of his wounded men back behind cover. He got some sort of medal, but nobody ever heard of it because he never used it in politics. You have to go really deep into the French Googles to even get a hint. But it was neat to know back when our hard boys were disrespecting the no-balls French and their surrender-monkey president. Of course by then the ranks of anyone who wants to put up a statue of DeGaulle will be pretty thin as well. The actual old city is small enough you can walk from there to any party of it in half an hour. In Nice they shoot off a cannon every day at noon, from the top of the hill dividing the old port from the old town. The hill itself is daunting to the casual eye, but you can walk up it and down the other side in about fifteen minutes, taking it easy. I understand that a lot of American hip-hoppers hang out in Nice. I did go to Monaco, on the cheap bus that stops by the corner of the old port and runs along the low Corniche. I saw a lot of yachts registered in George Town and got on the first train out. The corridor from the free municipal elevator to the train station in Monaco is lined with mirrors, probably installed so you can check yourself to see if you look like enough of an asshole to be in Monaco. But it was raining most of the time, and that cold I picked up in Lyon was a bad one, and I pretty much spent the two weeks downloading and watching all seven seasons of Buffy the Vampire Slayer. Apparently there is a big Matisse museum in Nice, and a Chagall museum. Up the street toward the old town from where I was staying there is a pretty good cous-cous restaurant, and right out the back door there was a classic Lebanese restau, just excellent. That second time, I got to eavesdrop on a couple of one-percenters at the next table, a couple of guys from the George Town

yachts, an American and a Frenchman. Sexism interpretations put to the side, judging from grandpa the poor girl had no more chance of turning out pretty than the bag of hammers that was smarter than both of these guys put together. It was like a television skit unfolding before your eyes in real life. The Lebanese told me that it was just another example of the rich guys fucking the poor guys, and upon reflection I concede that he spoke some sort of truth, maybe. His home base is Trinity Center, California].

Chapter 4 : The Junto: En Route with Andrew Hamilton III

HAMILTON is the story of America's Founding Father Alexander Hamilton, an immigrant from the West Indies who became George Washington's right-hand man during the Revolutionary War and was the new nation's first Treasury Secretary.

Additional Information In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: The architectural analysis, while generally strong, can also run a little thin. Segger does place his buildings in a broad architectural context, but he can also have difficulties with this context. He correctly emphasizes the need to read meaning into nineteenth-century architecture, but at times reads poorly, misinterpreting, for example, the symbolic references of the Gothic style. Such criticisms must be tempered by the fact that the more historical and theoretical the work becomes, the less well it serves its purpose as a guide to the historical architecture of Victoria. There are far too few guides to urban architecture in Canada, and this book provides a good introduction and overview of the architecture of Victoria. With these characteristics at the forefront, Professor Palmer has written a bold book. For those historians uninitiated in recent working-class history, *A Culture in Conflict* contains much of interest. In this goal he has succeeded, for while some readers will argue that he has not proven his case, he does present enough solid evidence that no historians should be able to approach working-class history without an awareness of the need to deal with questions of culture, class, and conflict with this stimulating volume in mind. Of particular importance here is the chapter on working-class culture in Hamilton. There are several other contributions this volume makes to Canadian history in general and working-class history in particular. For all its many merits, however, *A Culture in Conflict* does have problems; several are serious. It is impossible in a short review to deal adequately with all of them but at least two deserve particular attention. This is a laudable goal and few historians, particularly urban historians! Unfortunately, Professor Palmer does not provide a convincing local context. The workers the author deals with are not firmly set in the community of Hamilton; indeed, one is left with a strong impression that the characters of this study could have lived almost anywhere. *A Culture in Conflict* would have been a far stronger and convincing volume had the author more conscientiously followed his own formula. But if labour historians are to understand the complex nature of the working-class they cannot avoid these issues. After all, workers did live in distinct communities and these different environments certainly had an impact on their lives. There are several passages in this volume that are well written but, overall, *A Culture in Conflict* You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

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Thanks to local Historian Brian Henley. A story of a Wentworth County Constable vs a Hamilton Police Constable and a story of disorderly behaviour. Footnote: "Charivari": 1. a discordant mock serenade to newlyweds, made with pans, kettles, etc.

Slipper died on Oct. Standing in the back row are the three brothers who emigrated: Tom, second from left; John, center; Fred, far right. Willie and Katie in the back row stayed in England, as did Mary, Bea and Louise in the front row and Armine, who is seated and became a barrister. According to his March 12, , letter in the Sedro-Woolley Courier-Times, John Slipper dated his arrival in that year, five years after he immigrated from England. That was when the town still hugged the north shore of the Skagit River. What we now think of downtown Hamilton was then just a collection of cedar shacks along Maple avenue. We see on the two original plats of the town that everything centered on four blocks west of Cumberland Street that were unplatted, with the William Hamilton residence and hotel in the center on Water Street, which is now covered by water or sand and weeds. Most residents in Hamilton were not there permanently. John Slipper soon formed the Eagle Shingle Company somewhere close to the river. That was the umbrella company for various businesses that he and his brother Fred G. He was born in in Ludham, a small parish in eastern England that lays thirteen miles northeast of Norwich in Norfolk, and about miles northeast of London. His family had lived there for at least three centuries. His father, Thomas Slipper, first shows up on the census rolls there in as a farmer in the district and eventually became a squire of his estate, which was then called Fritton House. By his father became a very important person in the parish, but John got in trouble at his boys school. As soon as he finished the equivalent of high school that year, he struck out for the United States. Why or how John arrived in Hamilton is unknown, but his nephew Fred W. Slipper [hereafter Fred W. They all worked across the U. Then they went to Oregon and John wound up in Hamilton. Haddon and Thomas possibly stayed there and followed later. In Hamilton, John soon fell in amongst the leading builders of the small village, which included William and Louise Hamilton, the founders, and others such as William and John Baldrige, Charles Richardson, H. One of his uncles was a general practitioner and it was then the custom that if a doctor did not have a son to enter medical school he could sponsor a nephew. So Frederic was sent to Guys Hospital in London. Slipper of his father, "because he literally fainted at the sight of blood. Fred recalls a family story that his father went back to the estate and eventually got in some trouble when he was in a celebratory mood. Staying at an inn, they apparently trashed the place, which embarrassed his father, Thomas. Sometime in the middle part of the decade, Frederic was working on the railway in Winnipeg when John sent him a telegram that urged him to join them in Hamilton: At the time, Frederic was engaged in section work for the Canadian Pacific Railway at Lake of the Woods, near Winnipeg in Canada, "barely subsisting from meal to meal," as Fred recalls. Frederic worked his way out to the coast and immediately went to work for his brother, who assigned him to work with loggers and Indians upriver. They were cutting shingle bolts from the giant cedars around Marblemount and the Cascade River. But the Indians on the river had seen plenty of "Bostons" on the river before. Apparently Frederic soon learned enough Chinook Jargon to efficiently float the bolts down the river where they were caught by a boom. The Slippers become merchants in Hamilton Any time, any amount, please help build our travel and research fund for what promises to be a very busy , traveling to mine resources from California to Washington and maybe beyond. Depth of research determined by the level of aid from readers. Because of our recent illness, our research fund is completely bare. See many examples of how you can aid our project and help us continue for another ten years. And subscriptions to our optional Subscribers Online Magazine launched by donation too. See our Journal feature on this local business and learn more details and how to order items at their website. By the turn of the century, the Slipper brothers came to the same realization of many early loggers on the river: Hamilton was growing and needed more retail stores. And by then, the town had started moving north from the river. The original town, like Sauk upriver and Sedro downriver, had been devastated by a series of floods between Indians came with canoes and helped rescue families from top floors. Around , John moved his Eagle Shingle Company headquarters up to the northwest

corner of Maple and Cumberland and started a hardware business, which took off like wildfire. Frederic was his partner and they became substantial members of the community. Around the same time, another family moved to Hamilton in the s who had a big impact on the Slipper family. Simon Hamilton [nice coincidence] Sprinkle moved to Hamilton in to become principal of the Hamilton schools. Her German immigrant family moved there from Pennsylvania. Simon taught in several states of the Midwest and finally moved to Washington territory in , where he taught at Edmonds. This is the original Fred G. Slipper house when it was located near the river, before it was moved in to where it now stands as the Hamilton Museum. Slipper house, looking towards the southwest, sometime in the s. But one of the many jokes in the family tells that he chose the morning time to avoid the inevitable charivari, or shivaree, a mock serenade that frontier neighbors conducted for newlyweds to interrupt their connubial bliss. The honeymoon was especially long at five months because the trip over and back took several weeks and they toured Europe, especially England, where they visited his relatives. Before they married, John bought a three-story home on the south side of Maple Street, a block or so west of the store. Fred, in turn, bought a house that stood down by the river at the original townsite. When the newlyweds returned that fall, they found two surprises. While they were gone, brother John had put their house on log rollers and moved it up with teams of horses to a spot next to his home to the west, where it still stands as the Hamilton Museum. Their in-laws, the Sprinkles, lived on the north side of Maple, across the street. The second surprise was detailed in a Nov. Frederic and his wife had a rocky start to their honeymoon as they encountered rough weather and the rolling of the ship induced severe seasickness in the groom. While in England he told a doctor about the problem and obtained some pills for motion sickness but there were not enough and he experienced the same problem. The second surprise was that 60 of their neighbors and well wishers were not to be denied; they staged a raucous charivari with "old saws, dish pans, other instruments miserably out of tune. Fred returned the compliment with an invitation to accompany him to the nearest corner, where healths were drunk with musical honors. Herald Editor Hans Bratlie noted that "to be an American is all the introduction one requires to the best families in England. Once satisfied of this, the people there are most cordial and very generous in their entertainment, the American ladies being regarded with undisguised admiration. John and Fred added a fireplace to the home after the honeymooners returned. Fred recalls his father telling him that they stocked every conceivable thing that someone would need, since pack trains only came down river twice a year. An advertisement in the May 31, , Hamilton Herald that featured their wedding on the front page also had an ad for the new store on the other side of the page. New stock, Cutter and Nap-a-Tan shoes and Rubbers," the ad reads. Baby Thomas Armine [another old family name] came along to Fred and Gertrude in and sister Lorna arrived in An article from the Aug. There are now so ternal many Slippers in town that it will be difficult to segregate them when such partition is necessary. There are three Mesdames Slippers, four Messrs. Slippers, three Miss Slippers, and one Master Slipper and one naturally hesitates to say how many more there will be. Children of the Sprinkle and Slipper families soon were the nucleus of local schools. Thomas Slipper died back in England, after marrying for a second time, just a few months before Fred was born. Fred recalls that his grandfather willed each of his grandchildren pounds in English currency and that he just barely qualified. John and Lola had two daughters, Doris and Marianne. In , Doris graduated from Sedro-Woolley High School in the days before Hamilton was named a fully accredited high school. She was well known upriver for her masterful piano playing. She studied classical piano while attending the University of Washington. The Kumtux annual from Sedro-Woolley notes that she had taken a year off for rest from the university. Actually it was foretelling her sad illness. She died in of tuberculosis. Fred Slipper says that the family always attributed her sickness to playing in drafty old performance halls at all hours. Fred and Uncle John looked for new ways to invest the profits from their business. English, Patrick McCoy, J. Smith and Thomas Conboy. The company was formed to purchase, own and acquire all kinds of timber and lands, coal and iron lands and claims, conduct logging camps and build logging railroads, build single mills, conduct mining of coal to make coke, mine and prospect iron ore and manufacture smelters. Slipper was elected secretary-treasurer of the company and retained that position until That building is unpainted, so this photo could have been taken during its construction. Lola and John Slipper are to the right. This is the interior of Fred G. This was taken about , two years before the fire that leveled the building. Click

on these thumbnails for full-sized photos. Both photos courtesy of Fred W. The brothers were leaders in the town business coterie that was reshaping Hamilton to adjust to the collapse after the early boom years.

Chapter 6 : The Junto: En Route with Andrew Hamilton

Crisp And Collectible Hamilton 16s Styled In Steel Late-model Rr Case b b. Collectible Silver Seal Wax Stamp Pendant Fusee Pocket Watch Charivari Fob Key.

Chapter 7 : Category: Charivari - Anita Mae Draper

Hamilton Beach r Owners Manual More references related to hamilton beach r owners manual Punch Or The London Charivari Vol 98 February 15

Chapter 8 : Slippers and Sprinkles in Hamilton, Part 1

- 4 Generations (L to R) Ethel Nelson Draper, Sarah Elizabeth Greenwood Glover holding Ethel's daughter, Mildred "Midge" Draper, and Ida Amelia Glover Nelson, daughter of Sarah and mother of Ethel.

Chapter 9 : sitemap for calendrierdelascience.com

Hamilton Newspapers The Library also has a strong collection of Hamilton newspapers and local periodicals. These are available on microfilm and listed in the Historical Documents on Microfilm document.