

Chapter 1 : As I remember them Books (Eddie Cantor - ) (ID) | eBay

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Railroad Photography and Commentary by Paul Walters pwalters sbcglobal. Louis area in Belleville, Illinois, on the east side of the Mississippi River from through During those six years, I was able to photograph railroads all over the St. Louis metropolitan area -- and beyond. This post is a photo-essay of images taken within about a one hundred miles radius of downtown St. Although I left St. Louis twenty years ago, I still have fond memories of one of the most unique American cities -- one in which the French influence is muted but still present. This post does not purport to be a thorough survey of all the rail lines in and about St. Instead, it is a collage of photographs taken over six years, during good weather and bad, during sickness and health. I hope you find the images interesting. The football team has now moved to Los Angeles, and the stadium is now called the "Edward Jones Dome," even though no team plays in it. The Alton and Southern is the connecting switching railroad on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. Most of the lines coming into St. Here a short transfer freight rolls south toward East St. Its iconic white office tower was an art-deco twin of the original Southwestern Bell Telephone Company fortress which stood across the street from the newer tower in which I worked for six years. For six months, before my family could join me, I lived in a downtown apartment building next to a former Katy employee who daily bemoaned the fate of his beloved railroad. This image was taken shortly before the Union Pacific purchased the Southern Pacific. My son went to primary school with a young man from East St. Louis who was extremely bright and went on to graduate from the University of Illinois. My son would often go to East St. Louis after school to play with his friend, and just as often his friend came to Belleville to play with my son. Both those "boys" are now over 30 years old. Immediately behind the engines is the Illinois flood wall. In the short time I lived in this area, the flood walls on both sides of the river saved metropolitan St. Louis from massive flooding and property loss. Louis to Kansas City. Louis, the other line running west to Kanas City. The Gateway Western only ran the line from St. Louis to Kansas City via Roodhouse -- an extremely circuitous route. Above is an image of a Gateway Western freight pulling into the yard in East St. Above, the daily eastbound merchandise freight is leaving the yard and preparing to climb the grade out of the Mississippi River valley. In the background is the St. Louis skyline and the Gateway Arch. Several of the crews on these freights were among the friendliest I have ever met. I would sometime chase an eastbound 15 or 20 miles past Belleville and then wait to meet a westbound. The crews would often climb down and chat with me. Most of them were nearing retirement and lived in Belleville. One crew even offered to let me ride with them to the junction with the mainline at Duquoin, Illinois. I declined, because my lawyer brain could not avoid thinking of what would happen if we were involved in an accident. Photography here is extremely tight. This image was taken with a 28 mm lens. Few people realize that trains pass daily almost directly beneath the arch. Fewer still attempt photographs. In the several times I came to this location, I never saw another photographer. As you can see, the tunnel is wide enough for two tracks. This image was taken in July I have no idea what this location looks like today. During this transition, it was not uncommon to see motive power mixes like this on the K line. The photographer is standing atop the flood wall on the Illinois side of the Mississippi River. The image gives some indication of the strength of the current. A private ferry runs downriver from St. Whenever I took the small boat across the river, the captain would approach the opposite shore at about a sixty degrees angle against the current. In that fashion the ferry would cross the river in more or less a straight line. The office building in which I worked is framed under the left side of the Arch. In front of that building is the "Old Courthouse," which is now a museum. The photographer is standing on the right-of-way of the elevated portion of Interstates 55 and At least, that was the method I employed. The swing span bridge -- the pivot of which is on the Missouri side -- opens frequently to allow barges to pass in both directions on the busy shipping channel. To see a grand overhead view of the bridge, use the following coordinates on Google Earth: Louisiana, Missouri is a marvelous location for viewing trains along the big river. When I lived in the St. Louis area, the daily St. On

this morning, however, heavy flooding downriver had closed the line to Arkansas and Texas, so the Eagle ran a short section north across the elevated TRRA -- after picking up passengers bussed from Little Rock. This was the only time I photographed Amtrak on this line. During my six years in this area, flooding on the Mississippi was frequent and spectacular, creating some amazing railroad images, a few of which I was fortunate enough to capture. Here is a northbound empty coal train on the K Line, creeping through floodwaters toward Hannibal, Missouri. The Mississippi had been flooding for weeks and had almost breached the flood wall in St. At lunch, I would walk to the Gateway Arch and watch the incredible amount of water racing past. At various times, I saw wrecked boats, houses, dead cattle, refrigerators and hundred of trees floating downstream. Somehow, the K Line remained open, and I took this image from a Hannibal city park. I climbed a small fence to reach the edge of the bluffs and was soon stopped by a local policeman who told me that about three weeks previously, a man had committed suicide, jumping off the limestone cliffs. I assured him I was not going to commit suicide and he good-naturedly allowed me to stay as long as I wanted. I can attest, from personal experience, that the officers in St. Louis are not as friendly. Here is a loaded coal train at the same location on the same day. Trains were literally creeping through this area -- no more than five miles per hour. To the right of the image lay several more miles of track inches above the flood waters. It is about miles from Hannibal to St. It must have taken these trains many hours to travel that distance. It occurs to me that some crews might have gone "on the law" in the middle of the flood. I wonder if replacement crews came in by boat. Here are more flood waters downriver. Some of the worse flooding has begun to recede. The photographer has climbed to the top of a tree-covered hill to find this vantage point. I was chasing this train from St. Louis and was given a ticket in a "speed trap" in some little burg along the Mississippi River. I no longer remember the name of the town. Once the train reached the flood waters, it slowed to a crawl, so I was able to take this image even after my run-in with the local authorities. A northbound Union Pacific merchandise freight rolls slowly through Chester, Illinois. This image was taken during the worst days of flooding on the Mississippi. North of Chester about 30 miles, a few days after this photo was taken, the east side levee breached and water poured into the flood plain. The small village of Valmeyer, as well as the UP tracks running through it, were covered under about twenty feet of water, which did not recede for almost a month. When roads into the valley were finally reopened, I drove to the location of the town to discover almost nothing left. Most of the buildings had floated off their foundations. Looking up, I saw a wooden house chair dangling from telephone lines where it had been snagged during the flooding. A few years later, the village was rebuilt on the bluffs above the river. The image above was taken from the highway bridge crossing the river at Chester, the first bridge south of metropolitan St. Louis, about 60 miles away. The Illinois maximum security state penitentiary is located in Chester, and the UP line runs within about a half mile of it.

Chapter 2 : As I Remember Them | Wild Dog Books

*As I Remember Them [Eddie Cantor] on theinnatdunvilla.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers. Dust jacket notes: A 'Golden Age' of show business? If there ever was one, the fifty memorable years of Eddie Cantor's career are its heart and soul.*

Replacing a half-century-old British Leyland four-cylinder engine, in the form of MGB, with a modern turbo six BMW i for the Spring Thaw meant more than triple the horsepower and torque. Doing so felt like entering the cheat codes into a video game. The MGB smells like an old car, all oil and metal and occasional worrisome whiffs of eau de coolant. As in more than triple the horsepower and torque. Further, BMW tends to underrate its engine outputs. Have I mentioned the nearkg curb weight yet? Story continues below advertisement At first, the Mi is hard to love. It feels heavy rather than delicate. The driving position seems high, like the difference between sitting on top of a kayak or down in it. Also, automated rev-matching is to driving a manual as a microwave oven is to cooking dinner. The mountain passes of the Kootenays drop into river valleys, the tarmac lolloping over hills, slithering quickly beside the water, then winding out into the open ranch land of the Thompson-Nicola district. Gradually the little Bimmer sets into a rhythm to match its way, the confines of its tiny cabin adding an intimacy to three generations out on an adventure together. What more could you wish from a BMW? Perhaps their shortcomings were masked by the golden glow you get from looking back over your shoulder. So I look forward instead. This is 5A, one of our favourite roads. I contemplate my father and daughter watching the path unfurl before them. Last leg of the trip, the rain holding off for now. A moment so perfect, you could forgive a car anything. We always were a BMW family. Shopping for a new car? [Click here to get your price.](#) Sign up for the weekly Drive newsletter , delivered to your inbox for free. Follow us on Instagram, [globedrive](#).

Chapter 3 : "Facts as I remember them" | Open Library

*As I Remember Them has 3 ratings and 1 review: Goodreads helps you keep track of books you want to read.*

I wore a lavender dress with four tiers of ruffles and large, round glasses that my straight bangs rested directly on top of. I was more awkward than adorable. My brother, who is three years younger, wore a little khaki businessman suit and was adorable. Later that night when my parents came in she told us her boyfriend Jim had asked to marry her, and I jumped on the bed and cheered. I was approximately nine years old. There was the wedding I attended as an awkward teen. He was handsome in a rangy, slightly scary way, and I was 13 or so and tried to imagine what it would be like if he were my boyfriend. We arrived at the wedding spot, which was outdoors and covered in a large, white tent; the guests were wearing galoshes, as it had rained the entire day and mud was everywhere. My mom was a bit drunk, and I told her so, which she has never let me forget. I might have been wearing jeans. There was that first wedding out of college, the couple who married early and are still very much together. It was at a resort in the Dominican Republic and the ride on the little plane that carried us there was very bumpy. At the end of the trip he presented me with his email address, which was an AOL account. I wore a pink dress with one sleeve and a floral pattern. I wore black, strapless. Their wedding was in Vermont, and we stayed at an old country inn, and everything was very green. There was a glassblowing factory nearby, and my boyfriend at the time went with me and we picked out some sort of gift from there, I think. We stayed at the inn and we did not have sex, partly because the walls were thin and you could hear everything, but also because we were falling out of love. Hot water was in short supply. I wore the same blue strapless J. Crew dress that all the bridesmaids wore. On the night of the wedding the bride, who was violently allergic to peanuts, ate a piece of pie not knowing it had peanuts in the crust, and had to be rushed to the hospital. It was the wedding of a high school friend and another high school friend went with me. We waited for our bus at the appointed spot on the Upper East Side, but it got later and later and it never came. It was very hot. We slept for a few hours after the wedding and then left very early, our hair smelling of Marlboros and mildew, to return to New York. Or maybe we left right after the wedding. I put on my best face at the wedding, which took place on the beach at precisely the moment tide started to rise, and to which an ex a friend of the groom had brought a date in a tacky neon green Marilyn Monroe-type dress. Ocean water submerged our feet, but we smiled and laughed and moved our folding chairs to higher ground, and later we went to the country club and the single women were forced into a line for the ritualistic bouquet toss. When the flowers "hydrangeas, I think" plunked down in front of my feet, I did not pick them up. White sundress with floral embroidery and a lavender belt. There was the one in New Orleans, to which I wore a silky purple dress and a large black belt, topped with a black jacket with a fur collar. We sat at a rotating bar and drank adult Shirley Temples before the wedding, which took place at the St. The friends I was sharing the hotel room returned and took pictures of me, which they thought were pretty hilarious, though I did not agree. I brought a date, my boyfriend of going-on two years, a man with whom I was finally working up the courage to break up. He was miserable the entire time. At the rehearsal dinner I gave a toast, and the bride and I wept joyful tears, and then I did Jack Daniels shots with her father, who counseled me that I should dump the mopey boyfriend, who was hiding in the corner. We got on the bus that drove us back to the hotel, and I yelled something jokey about the bride being a bitch, and most people laughed, but my boyfriend shushed me and looked mortified. There was another boy there, a blonde guy who lived in Providence who wanted to hang out after the after party. It was not to be. I wore a flowered Tracey Reese halter dress. There was the wedding in Jamaica, where I went for a week despite being unemployed. There was a tequila bar, and after my second shot I puked on the cliffs that overlooked the ocean neatly, elegantly and later went back to the straw-hutted villa of my onetime debate competitor, who handed me a toothbrush and toothpaste. There was the one on the Jersey Shore, in early May, when it was still cold and rainy. I proceeded to make out with two different men in three nights: The second is now married, which I know from Facebook. I wore a magenta-colored silk wrap dress, and vintage earrings, which I lost, I believe in the hotel room of the second man. There was the one in L. It was at the top of a building downtown and we were almost late, being fairly clueless about L. There was

a cute bartender who kept refilling my wineglass, and we all danced madly in the out of doors to amazing views. I wore a black wool minidress with buttons down the back and felt very chic. Something we all went in on together. There was the wedding of the couple that met after she and I helped paint a school for charity. Later, when he called, she thought he might be short and Asian he was neither. They had a wedding on the Lower East Side, and I brought a date who did not own a suit and instead wore black jeans, which I was somewhat embarrassed about, even though what I should have been embarrassed about was the PDA we exposed everyone to at the table. I wore a Diane Von Furstenberg dress, and we left before the after-party. There was the one in Connecticut that my friend and I arrived at, through a torrential downpour, in a red Mini. In response I got drunk and kissed, one at a time: Days later I found a Missed Connection posted by my final liaison at the bar, who compared me, perhaps not unfairly, to Amy Winehouse. This is not something I am proud of. There was the one I worked, when Mayor Bloomberg officiated the ceremony of two of his male staffers at Gracie Mansion. It took place on the first Sunday that gay marriage had been legalized in New York City. The grooms had two little girls, each dressed in white lacy dresses and gold ballet flats. I confess I got a bit weepy when they all hugged after their two fathers were pronounced married. Matthew Broderick was there, too, in khakis. I wore a sleeveless blue dress with darker blue horizontal stripes, and I carried a phone and a notepad and tweeted incessantly. I was kicked out before the reception began, with the rest of the press, and so never got to partake of the ice cream truck, though I ended the evening at an Italian restaurant with a cold glass of wine. There was the one in Brooklyn, at a restaurant with views of the Brooklyn Bridge. I wore a steely purple dress with cutouts at the shoulders that my dry cleaner has since ruined and shiny patent leather Mary Janes. There was one single man there, and I was seated next to him purposely, says the bride, even though she had told me beforehand that I would fight incessantly with him.

#### Chapter 4 : The s as I Remember Them Quiz | 10 Questions

*When we have joys we yearn to share, we remember them. From those times of celebration, love, and happiness, I remember them. So long as they live, we, too, shall live, for they are now a part of us, as we remember them.*

#### Chapter 5 : Sheer Tights, Or as I remember them, Nylons - YouLookFab Forum

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#### Chapter 6 : As I Remember Them by Eddie Cantor

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#### Chapter 7 : We Remember Them

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#### Chapter 8 : WaltersRail : St. Louis Railroads -- as I Remember Them

*by Jen Doll. There was the one when I was a little girl. It was the wedding of relatives, people I'm not sure I knew then and certainly don't know now.*

#### Chapter 9 : The s as I Remember Them Trivia Quiz | s Nostalgia | FunTrivia

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