

Chapter 1 : Ranger Dave Blog - Yosemite

This is the biography of the man who built the Yellow Point lodge, a log-house resort that is in harmony with its natural surroundings. The book recounts his time as a POW in the First World War, his rum-running activities during Prohibition, and his work as a conservationist.

All sorts of graphical and textual modifiers may surround them, specifying categories, quantities, dates, direction of movement, etc. Tactical graphics represent operational information that cannot be presented via icon-based symbols alone: There are point, line and area symbols in this category. Symbol composition[edit] Most of the symbols designate specific points, and consist of a frame a geometric border , a fill, a constituent icon, and optional symbol modifiers. The latter are optional text fields or graphic indicators that provide additional information. The frame provides a visual indication of the affiliation, battle dimension, and status of an operational object. Nearly all symbols are highly stylised and can be drawn by persons almost entirely lacking in artistic skill; this allows one to draw a symbolic representation a GRAPHREP, Graphical report using tools as rudimentary as plain paper and pencil. The frame serves as the base to which other symbol components and modifiers are added. In most cases a frame surrounds an icon. One major exception is equipment, which may be represented by icons alone in which case the icons are coloured as the frame would be. The fill is the area within a symbol. If the fill is assigned a colour, it provides an enhanced redundant presentation of information about the affiliation of the object. If colour is not used, the fill is transparent. A very few icons have fills of their own, which are not affected by affiliation. The icons themselves, finally, can be understood as combinations of elementary glyphs that use simple composition rules, in a manner reminiscent of some ideographic writing systems such as Chinese. The standard, however, still attempts to provide an "exhaustive" listing of possible icons instead of laying out a dictionary of component glyphs. This causes operational problems when the need for an unforeseen symbol arises particularly in MOOTW , a problem exacerbated by the administratively centralised maintenance of the symbology sets. When rendering symbols with the fill on, APP-6A calls for the frame and icon to be black or white as appropriate for the display. When rendering symbols with the fill off, APP-6A calls for a monochrome frame and icon usually black or in accordance with the affiliation colour. NATO symbols can also be rendered with fill off using a frame coloured according to affiliation and a black icon, [2] though this is not defined in any APP-6 standard. Friendly Mechanized Infantry with fill on Friendly Mechanized Infantry with fill off and monochrome colour frame and icon Friendly Mechanized Infantry with fill off and monochrome frame and icon Friendly Mechanized Infantry with fill off and bichrome frame and icon Affiliation[edit] Affiliation refers to the relationship of the tracker to the operational object being represented. The basic affiliation categories are Unknown, Friend, Neutral , and Hostile. In the ground unit domain, a yellow quatrefoil frame is used to denote unknown affiliation, a blue rectangle frame to denote friendly affiliation, a green square frame to denote neutral affiliation, and a red diamond frame to denote hostile affiliation.

Chapter 2 : Custodian Stock Photos - Royalty Free Images

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The Bistromathic Drive is a starship propulsion system introduced in the novel *Life, the Universe and Everything*, the third book of the series. Bistromathics itself is simply a revolutionary new way of understanding the behaviour of numbers. Further explanation of the theory behind bistromathics: The first nonabsolute number is the number of people for whom the table is reserved. The second nonabsolute number is the given time of arrival, which is now known to be one of those most bizarre mathematical concepts, a reciprivertexclusion, a number whose existence can only be defined as being anything other than itself. In other words, the given time of arrival is the one moment of time at which it is impossible that any member of the party will arrive. The third and most mysterious piece of nonabsoluteness of all lies in the relationship between the number of items on the bill, the cost of each item, the number of people at the table and what they are each prepared to pay for. The number of people who have actually brought any money is only a sub-phenomenon in this field. The bridge instruments of the Starship Bistromath are ensconced in fake wine bottles. The central computational area is a fake Italian restaurant table with seating for twelve encased in a glass cage. The table is decked with a faded red and white check tablecloth with mathematically positioned cigarette burns. A group of robot customers sit round the table, attended by robot waiters. The mathematics play themselves out in the complex interplay between continuously circulating keys, menus, watches, cheque books, credit cards, bill pads and scribblings on paper napkins. Reality and unreality collide on such a fundamental level that each becomes the other and anything is possible. Eventually, the equation balances, and the customers become polite and civil once more. The more heated the argument, the more complex the equation, and the farther the ship may travel. Effectively, the ship takes advantage of the strange rules that only restaurants operate under by turning itself into a controlled, artificial restaurant. This allows a ship equipped with a bistromathic drive to accomplish feats quite outside the normal capabilities of spacecraft, such as travelling two thirds across the galactic disk in a matter of seconds. The drive is notably more controllable than the Infinite Improbability Drive. It is also said to "make the Heart of Gold seem like an electric pram. They also destroy Earth to make way for a hyperspace bypass. Ford Prefect describes going into hyperspace as "rather unpleasantly like being drunk". The most prominent usage of the drive is in the starship Heart of Gold. It is based on a particular perception of quantum theory: Thus, a body could travel from place to place without passing through the intervening space or hyperspace, for that matter, if you had sufficient control of probability. In the film, for instance, the first time the Improbability Drive is used, the entire ship ends up as a giant ball of yarn for a few seconds, and the main characters are rendered as animated yarn dolls. Incidentally, Adams explained in the annotated volume of the original radio scripts that it was the eviction of Arthur and Ford out the spacelock of the Vogon ship that led to his own "invention" of the Infinite Improbability Drive. Adams realised that he had worked the story into a dead end, thinking in frustration that the only solutions would be "infinitely improbable. It is stolen by the white Krikkit robots; however, it was returned and the Heart of Gold returned to operational status. Adams developed the notion of the improbability drive having greater causal and narrative effects in later books. Karey Kirkpatrick, who with Adams adapted the novel for the screen in, described the improbability drive as a "plot contrivance machine", allowing Adams to construct elaborate plotlines based on coincidences that would, in other narratives, be considered too improbable to be believed. The drive allows, in an emergency, a ship to be ejected suddenly through the fabric of space time and come to rest far from the starting point, with the pilot rarely having time to plot where the ship will end up. Ford and Arthur use this drive to escape from the Haggunenons. It is discussed briefly in the first book after an episode about the Infinite Improbability Drive, where it states that "The Heart of Gold fled on silently through the night of space, now on conventional photon drive". It is referenced throughout the series in the role of a standard and widespread brand of raygun. In the novel *The Restaurant at the End of the Universe* it is described in more detail: The designer of the gun had clearly not been instructed to beat about

the bush. Make it totally clear to anyone standing at the wrong end that things are going badly for them. If that means sticking all sort of spikes and prongs and blackened bits all over it then so be it. This is not a gun for hanging over the fireplace or sticking in the umbrella stand, it is a gun for going out and making people miserable with. Arthur "fumbled to release the safety catch and engage the extreme danger catch as Ford had shown him. It is more of a white sphere that covers the hand and has a trigger on the inside. This version is wielded by Marvin. When used on someone, it will cause them to see things from the point of view of the firer the Guide says that it "conveniently, does precisely as its name suggests". Humma Kavula wants to obtain the gun in order to expand the influence of the religion he heads. Near the end of the film, Marvin the Paranoid Android uses the gun to save the crew of the Heart of Gold from hundreds of Vogons. The rest of the holsters are empty. At the end of the movie Arthur Dent possesses the gun, and Zaphod has not yet turned the gun over to Humma Kavula. The Vogons bought the device from Zaphod, who reveals that he installed a lawnmower engine on it in a scheme to defraud them. Supernova bomb[edit] Featured in Life, the Universe and Everything , the supernova bomb is "a very very small bomb" that resembles a cricket ball , and is the greatest weapon of mass destruction ever created in the history of the universe. Initially designed by the supercomputer Hactar for the Silastic Armourfiends of Striterax , who had demanded that it create an " Ultimate Weapon " but forgot that computers take instructions literally, the bomb creates a path through hyperspace that connects all major suns together into one gigantic supernova, effectively destroying the entire universe. Hactar deliberately designed the bomb with a flaw that rendered it useless; when the Silastic Armourfiends discovered this, they smashed the computer into dust and then destroyed themselves through constant warfare. The Krikkiters were defeated in the Krikkit Wars, racial memories of which would lead to the invention of the game cricket on Earth. Trillian noted that it was impossible for the Krikkiters to be smart enough to build this weapon on their own, yet stupid enough not to grasp that it would destroy them if they used it. Hactar created a fully functional duplicate of the bomb and hid it in a travel bag belonging to Arthur Dent , who very nearly caused it to explode before stopping it by accident at the last second. Crisis Inducer[edit] A watch-like device that can create an artificial crisis situation of selectable severity, in order to sharpen the wits of the user. Carried by Lintilla in Fit the Eleventh of the radio series. Hyperintelligent pan-dimensional beings built the supercomputer Deep Thought in part to comprehend why people spend so much of their lives wearing digital watches. In the s, when the series was first composed, digital watches were the height of techno-fashion. Appeared in episode 3 of the TV series and in chapters 5 and 6 of the novel The Restaurant at the End of the Universe. Thinking Cap[edit] A special helmet that Zaphod Beeblebrox uses in the film adaptation. It is possibly an old-fashioned device, as stated by Ford Prefect that it was used when ship captains needed to concentrate. It is basically a helmet with a trigger device on top that resembles an automatic citrus juicer , which is why it is powered by common lemon juice. It describes the towel as a multipurpose tool which can be converted into such things as a sail for a makeshift raft, a gas mask, a blindfold and a weapon for hand-to-hand combat. Resourceful hitchhikers have enhanced their towels in highly exotic ways, including embedding complex circuitry; Roosta , who Ford Prefect says "really knows where his towel is", fortified his towel with yellow stripes high in protein, green stripes with vitamin supplements, pink flowers of wheatgerm extract, and other areas containing barbecue sauce and anti-depressants. The towel was useful in the film version a handful of times, mainly by Ford. For example, while on the homeworld of the Vogons, he started to wave it around in front of a group of Vogons , who screamed and ran away. He also used it while attempting to cross the beach infested with shovel-like creatures which feed on thought. Another time, he used it to pull the pipe from the Vagon ship, attempting to increase the range of his ring.

Chapter 3 : NATO Joint Military Symbology - Wikipedia

Home > Ergodebooks > Custodian of Yellow Point: A Biography of Gerry Hill Custodian of Yellow Point: A Biography of Gerry Hill by Marilyn McCrimmon Condition: Good.

As I pulled into the center of town in my rental car, the drizzle turned to a violent downpour; the wind tore maple leaves from the trees and they smacked my windshield like desperate hands. I tugged my jacket up over my head and made a run for it, finding shelter at last on the steps of the museum. A filthy glass door proclaimed its name in gilt: The Museum of Near Misses. The place was imposing only in comparison to the buildings that surrounded it; perhaps it was a grange hall once, or seat of government. The structure, two stories high, was of stone; its linteled windows were covered up from the inside. Its entrance was sheltered by the portico I now stood beneath, flanked by stone columns. I peered through the glass and into the murk; the place looked closed. I was startled, however, by the sudden appearance, mere inches from my face, of a pair of rheumy eyes peering out from beneath a peaked cap: The door flew open before me and he welcomed me in. For a moment I failed to comprehend his outstretched hand; I had the strange, passing impulse to kiss it. But then I saw the sign behind him announcing the admission fee. Surprised, I paid it. I might have preferred to tour the museum on my own, but the custodian guided me, his hard-soled shoes scuffing along the gray floor and his threadbare cardigan sweater exuding the scent of naphthalene. Exhibits lay in half shadow beneath cracked glass vitrines, their labels yellowed and peeling; when the custodian used his sleeve to wipe away years of dust, the glass rattled and groaned like a sick old woman roused from sleep. The exhibits were hyperbolic in claim, unimpressive in substance: The taxidermied carcass of a housecat known to have slept every day on the sixth-floor fire escape of a St. Louis tenement without ever falling to its death. Advertisement We stopped before an unmarked bell jar containing an irregular dark mass—“an ossified, fibrous object propped up by what appeared to be a pair of six-sided dice. The sale was not completed. In truth, I owed some measure of my success to Trump. When, in , he lost the presidential election to Hillary Clinton, I was commissioned by an online magazine to write a speculative short story about the ill-fated candidate, one that imagined a world in which, implausibly, he had become president. The story proved unexpectedly popular, and served as a study for the novel that, two years later, propelled me out of the literary backwater I had long inhabited, and onto the best-seller list. My life was transformed; I now wrote mostly sequels and traveled the world promoting them. Trump was largely forgotten now, in the wake of his arrest and death in prison. But then the courts convicted him of fraud, and made him pay compensation to his rape accuser; and Russian compromat surfaced which depicted a naked Trump performing sexual acts upon a bound and quite possibly underaged girl. And then there was the mysterious fire and the suspected poisoning and the tax evasion, and the Trumpist movement faded, embarrassed, back into the flyover wilds of rural America, where I now stood, gazing for the first time in years at the face I once hated with such passion. This painting was famous, in its way; a campaign imbroglio had arisen around the misappropriated funds used to commission it. Advertisement The custodian had noticed my absence and come to stand at my shoulder. A bit of cajoling and the old man folded; the director was a retired bank loan officer, a Mr. Virgil, who lived just a block away and was probably at home right now. I thanked the custodian, turned on my heel, and strode out the door. The rain had stopped and the clouds had parted, revealing a sky of the deepest blue. But for now I watched a young woman crossing the street in a floral dress and jean jacket, her sneakers splashing through the puddles. Headphone cables trailed from her ears and into her pocket. She turned to me and I smiled, and she gave me the finger. I passed through the gate and knocked on a heavy oaken door, which opened to reveal a small, rotund man with the round face, haloed in white hair and whiskers, of a samoyed puppy. I expected to have to bargain, but his answer surprised me. Portrait of Donald J. Trump, by one Havi Schanz. What would be the point? Virgil repeated his denial that the painting existed. We both reasserted both our honesty and sanity, and Mr. Virgil appeared confident that the topic had been closed. If I am right, and the Trump is there, agree that you will sell it to me. Had the custodian phoned him while I was in the street, warning him of my approach? Had Virgil told the custodian to take the Trump down from the wall and hide it away? I began to plot my

escape from the agreement, even as I codified it with my hand, having impulsively flipped the pencil around to the blue point. The agreement clearly delighted him. He signed, too, using the red end of the pencil, and stood up, motioning me to join him. We strode out the door together, and I followed him across the street, first to the gas station next door to the museum, where Virgil bought himself a can of soda and a package of Red Vines. He sipped hungrily from the former, then gestured to me with the can. The Museum had been transformed in our absence. A school bus was parked on the street outside, and the dusty halls were filled with rowdy young men dressed in dirty padded uniforms—a football team, on its way back from a game. Their loud voices echoed in the dusty spaces; every now and then a stooped, vexed-looking man, doubtless their coach, blew ineffectually into a whistle that hung from his neck. One of the young men cawed and flapped his arms, in imitation of a stuffed crow behind glass; another stuck out his behind in front of the horse dropping and grunted, as though he himself were extruding it. Virgil and I, however, were undaunted; I think he was as eager as I to prove his point. I led him to the spot where the painting was displayed; to my relief, it was still there. Virgil stared at it for several long seconds. He moved nimbly and swiftly, and I had to jog to catch up. At one point we pivoted to avoid two football players arranged in a skillful imitation of a nearby bronze statue: I slowed to get a closer look, but an illustrated sign caught my eye instead. It appeared at first to be the same choking-response poster that hung in every restaurant in the state of New York, but, upon closer examination, clearly depicted a man in a suit grabbing a woman by the crotch. How could the little man move so fast? I doubled over, panting. The hall I found myself in was silent and almost completely dark, save for a large object looming deep in the murk, something blue and white and bulbous, like the nose cone of a huge bomb. After a moment, I laughed at my misapprehension: Cold air met my face and I breathed it in—something bracing and dank, urban, with rank notes of subway and the toasted flavors of nuts and salted pretzels. The light intensified, turned golden, and I could make out, not just a door, but a magnificent wall of windows, latticed in gold. Beyond them people moved to and fro in heavy coats, and traffic passed; I knew I had found the exit to the Museum and would soon be sitting in my car, listening to the radio and rehearsing the introduction to my reading. No—overjoyed to see you here. This is so gratifying. No, such an honor. An honor to bask with you, on this rainy night, in our shared love of story. The real world beckoned. Perhaps I could have turned back—retraced my steps, found my way past the jet and the statue and the horseshit and the custodian, and returned to the world from which I came. In any event, I was through the lobby and out the revolving door before I realized what had happened, before the falling snow told me that it was no longer autumn but winter, late January to be precise, and the noise of traffic and the blaze of yellow cabs told me I was not in the village of Alder but in the place where my imagination had resided for so many years, the place that, I now understood, even before the Secret Service agents tackled me to the ground, their radios crackling, I would never be allowed to leave. You have always lived there. I caught a horrifying glimpse of it before my face hit the pavement: I heard them cheering on the agents as they lunged at me, Tasers ablaze. Such things happened every day and were relevant to no one. Perhaps mine will, too, when all is said and done. All I can tell you today is that none of this is my fault. He teaches writing at Cornell University.

Chapter 4 : Custodian Images, Stock Photos & Vectors | Shutterstock

The best spot to launch kayaks is in the bay of Blue Heron Park, which can be found off of Yellow Point road (between Roberts Park and Yellow Point Park). Watch for the 'Beach Access' sign. Watch for the 'Beach Access' sign.

In the Gas-Lit Empire, Rod has built one of the most fascinating alternate historical settings, a world teetering on the edge of technological innovations, running on steam-punk somewhere in an alternate nineteenth century world, where the lines are drawn between the Anglo-Scottish Republic and the Kingdom of England and Southern Wales. I was in love with this character right from book one - and all the hints about how she brought low the Gas-Lit empire, was fuel enough to keep me going from the first book till this dramatic finish to the events by Book three. Enemies on different sides of a war. But hey, am running ahead of myself here. An unlikely savior arises in the form of Fabulo, a dwarf in the traveling circus from the earlier book - who proposes a daring plan of a heist - to rob the very headquarters of the International Patent Office. Elizabeth has nothing to lose - and jumps onto the plan. The only problem being - we are talking about the Patent Office here. Swarming with international guards. Dummy locks that cannot be picked. And on top of all, somebody called the Custodian of Marvels whose only duty is to protect all the marvels stored in that vault under the International Patent Court. Never an easy day in paradise, huh. I have mentioned in my previous books reviews that I was really looking forward to some kind of a showdown between the Duke and Elizabeth. It did happen - and well, I was disappointed to a certain extent. But Rod very cleverly keeps the focus of the book, for large parts on this spectacularly planned and meticulously carried out heist - where a group of the most unlikely robbers hit the International Patent Court. Once the heist is planned, though - reading the book was like watching a trapeze artist in action. Making you gasp and shudder as each plan fails and the next contingency one kicks in. Fleeting highs, thrilling lows when the plan almost fails to get through. Elizabeth is still the focus of the whole narrative - though in addition to her, Fabulo the dwarf credited with the overall plan of the heist and Jeremiah, the talented locksmith around whose skillful hands the whole plan revolved, are the two main characters whom I absolutely loved. Both have their own demons to slay - and with Elizabeth, a pivotal cog in their overall plans to defy their own authorities - they set their plans in motion. Elizabeth still remains the young woman given to selfless brave acts and flashes of absolutely ingenuity and brilliance that saves the day - I would leave you readers to find out more about the love-story of course. Overall, this is a fitting end to the story of plucky Elizabeth Barnabus, the girl who defied the agents of the Patent Office more than once - and gave the slip to the determined soldiers of the duke. Rod Duncan, you made me a happy camper!

Chapter 5 : The Custodian of Marvels by Rod Duncan

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Chapter 7 : - Custodian of Yellow Point The Biography of Gerry Hill by Marilyn McCrimmon

In addition, she has published two books: Custodian of Yellow Point - A Biography of Gerry Hill (Beach Holme Publishers,) and Facing Changes, Finding Freedom - Canadian Women at Midlife (co-authored with Rosemary Neering,

Whitecap Books,).

Chapter 8 : Boulevard Magazine - July Issue by Boulevard Magazine - Issuu

The Mosque of the Custodian of the Two Holy Mosques at Europa Point Gibraltar Gemini Company webpage displayed on the smartphone screen. KYRENIA, CYPRUS - SEPTEMBER 12, Gemini webpage displayed on the smartphone screen.

Chapter 9 : Company-level Change Of Responsibility Ceremony script

A custodian walks towards one of the tombs open to the public in the historic Valley of the Queens in Luxor, Egypt. Ancient Egyptian royalty were buried in this valley in what was the city of Thebes.