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LIFESTYLE

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LYNDSEY HEWITT/Sun-Gazette

Pajama Design Lab offers classes, workshops for aspiring clothing designers

By **LYNDSEY HEWITT**
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At the Pajama Factory in Studio 17, among the sewing machines, stacks of fashion magazines, hand-drawn design mock ups and limbless mannequins bearing unfinished designs — a stark contrast to the cutthroat-fashion-industry stereotype exists — one where diversity and imagination are encouraged, patience a virtue.

That place is the Pajama Design Lab, which claims to be “reinvigorating that history of connecting sewing machines and fabric with stitchers producing pajamas for the first time since the 1970s,” when the factory still produced pajamas.

But there’s a lot more creating going on in the lab outside of pajama creations. Pajamas are just a “good place to start with design because it’s such a basic thing,” according to Valerie Beggs, creator of the Pajama Design Lab.

Beggs, who was a clothing designer at Woolrich for 12 years prior to starting the Pajama Design Lab in 2012, said her vision is to encourage the human drive to create, specifically clothing. So the lab offers workshops and independent “design coaching” classes for those interested in the woven thread.

And the woven thread is something Beggs knows a little bit about.

Aside from the time she spent as a clothing designer at Woolrich, if years were stitches, her clothing design experience

At top are the sketches and a first prototype for a design coaching project called Divo Star, by Tristan Lee. Below is Pajama Design Lab founder Valerie Beggs preparing to cut sequin fabric for a jump suit before the Pajama Factory Mayfest that was held May 10. Beggs and several students participated in STRUT, a fashion runway event at Mayfest.

could probably make a cozy scarf.

When asked for the total years that she has been working in the industry, Beggs laughed: “I don’t know, my whole life.” But after a moment of thoughtful calculation, but no absolute certainty, she came up with about 42 years.

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My love-hate relationship with pregnancy



Moments of Motherhood
with Regan Long

Day after day, week after week, month after month — and yes, pound after pound — this pregnancy journey continues.

It seems as soon as I’m able to cross one hurdle, a new one surfaces.

It is safe to say I have made it out of the several months of headaches that turned into migraines.

I should be thanking my lucky stars that I am not spending my days thinking that I need to have a garbage can or bathroom within arm’s reach.

However, the baby is now finding herself lying on my sciatic nerve, which at

times, leaves me paralyzed in pain.

My breathing is heavier, as I have put on a decent amount of weight and the baby is pressing up against my lungs. There are days I feel I should be at least a decade older than I actually am.

I look at myself in the mirror and at times all I see is everything too big and out of place.

As pregnancy is a growing process, it seems that every other inch of me seems to try to be keeping up with this continual development.

I receive concerned comments daily, like “Oh you poor thing. You look terrible — just exhausted. How are you feeling?” Or one of my favorites that I receive in public, “Oh my, look at you! You must due any day now, right?”

I prepare myself for the jaw dropping

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‘Heads in Beds’ gives eye-opening account of life in the hotel industry

By **DANA BRIGANDI**
Sun-Gazette Correspondent

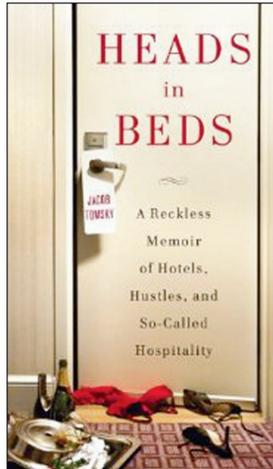
As a fan of “Kitchen Confidential,” by Anthony Bourdain, “Waiter Rant,” by Steve Dublanica, and “The Tender Bar,” by J.R. Moehringer, I was anxious to read another memoir about life in the service industry.

And Jacob Tomsky’s “Heads in Beds: A Reckless Memoir of Hotels, Hustles, and So-Called Hospitality,” did not disappoint. After

graduating from college with a philosophy degree, Tomsky never intended to work in the hotel business.

But with no real career goals or a plan, he ended up becoming a valet parker for a luxury hotel in the South. He quickly realized that standing outside in the hot sun was not his idea of a dream job, so when he was presented with an opportunity to move inside — to the air-condi-

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What’s small and round, has eight legs and sucks blood?

It’s that time of year, again — tick season. (Groans heard all around.) While emergency calls about ticks and their removal are essentially a thing of the past, these little critters still manage to freak out some of the most stoic folks around. So, best to be prepared and know thy enemy!

For those of you who are thinking, “What’s a tick?” this article is especially for you.

Ticks are small, flat, round, leathery blood-sucking parasites. Like their cousins — spiders — they are eight-legged as adults. Ticks live in areas with tall grass, shrubs and low brush, and either fall from branches of bushes onto their intended victims or crawl onto them while they are bedded down in their resting spots.

There are all sorts of ticks, big and small. Just about any animal that has blood can be a host for ticks. Dogs, cats, horses, cattle, rodents, rabbits, birds, even reptiles can have ticks. Proper tick removal is the same, no matter how big the tick or how small the animal.

Removing a tick from your dog can be accomplished in roughly two seconds, provided you have the right tools and your dog will hold still that long. If you have a Jack Russell, forget the second part — you’ll need an assistant, a bag of treats and a trained monkey. The trained monkey is probably the only thing that will cause a Jack Russell to hold still, but only for about one second (while he calculates the quickest way to close the distance between him and the trained monkey) so use that time wisely.

OK, so here’s the deal: When you find a tick on

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You might be a new parent if ...

While flipping through some late-night TV during one of Parker’s early morning feedings, I came across a stand-up routine by comedian Jeff Foxworthy. Although I’ve never been a big fan of the whole “You might be a redneck if ...” infinite series of jokes, about halfway through his routine the light bulb of inspiration clicked on inside my head.

I realized that not unlike Foxworthy’s “red-necks” — his term, of course, not mine — new parents do a lot of stupid and silly things, too, which are just as funny and nonsensical. Panic, anxiety and overreaction seem to come hand-in-hand with the job; add in the sleep deprivation and the scenario is ripe with comedic possibility.

So, in the spirit of Foxworthy, I bring you some examples of “You might be a new parent if ...”

- You’re so tired that you leave the room to accomplish a goal but consistently forget what you wanted to do once you get there.
- The first time you hurt your baby is the most traumatic experience ever (for you, not the baby).
- There’s an unspoken rivalry with your significant other regarding who has taken care of the baby more that day, which quickly resonates with a spoken rivalry that night regarding whose turn it is to get up with the baby.
- You constantly think you smell your baby’s poop in random places. Like in the car. Even when he’s not in the car. Or in the common kitchen area at work. Or at the grocery store. Where is that smell coming from, anyway?

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