Lancaster Farming, Saturday, June 28, 1996-R5

# UNCLAIMED FREIGHTCO. <br> \& LIQUIDATION SALES, INC. 

STORE HOURS:
Mon. thru Fri.
9 a.m. to 9 p.m
Saturday 9 a m. to 5 p.m.

LANCASTER
19 Hempland R
Lancaster, PA
$\mathbf{7 1 7 - 3 9 7 - 6 2 4 1}$ CLOSED JULY 4th

CARLISLE
1880 Harrisburg
Carlisle, PA Carlisie, PA
$717-249-5718$ (Carlisle Pike)

3PC. LIVING ROOM SUITE SOFA, LOVESEAT \& RECLINER Dealer
 5 PIECE DINING ROOM SUITES


Upholstered Seats and Cane Backs, Octagonal Table with Beveled Glass \& Oak finished Reg. Ret. $\$ 639.95$


100 SWIVEL ROCKERS
10 Different Colors Reg. Ret. $\$ 369.95$ OUR CASH PRICE

YORK
4585 West Market S York, PA
17.792-3502


LIBRARY AND DESK CHAIRS
Oak And Maple Vood: Reg. Ret. $\$ 109.95$

OUR CASH
PRICE . .
Upholstered:
Reg. Ret. \$129.95
OUR CASH PRICE. . . . $\$ 39.95$
303 PC. LIVING ROOM SUITES Sofa, Chair, Loveseat 100\% Antron Nylon Prints Reg. Ret. our cish
PRICE . . .
PRICE...... $\$ 489$
Dealer Refusal
3 PC. END TABLE SETS
Big Set!
Solid Pine
w/Formica
Top
Reg. Ret. $\$ 299.95$
ORICE....... $\$ 98.95$ Cocktail \& (2) End Tables

1,250 LANE RECLINERS
Liquidating for manufacturer Refused from dealers and cancellations

40\%-75\% OFF RETAIL

Reg. Ret. $\$ 600.00$ to $\$ 1,500.00$

BUNK BEDSw/Safety Rails, Ladders and Bunkies.


Also Breaks Down Reg. Retail Price $\$ 609.95$ OUR CASH PRICE $\$ 175.00$

## 6 PC. PINE GROUPS

With Party Ottoman In Antron Nylon
Reg. Ret. \$1099.95 OUR
CASH PRICE... $\$ 299.95$
Full Size (Almost Identical)
Matching pair of lamps and shades
3 Pc. END TABLE SETS

ENTERTAINMENT CENTERS

Reg. Retail $\$ 239.95$
OUR CASH PRICE $\$ 99.95$
Reg. Retail $\$ 179.95$
OUR CASH PRICE $\mathbf{\$ 6 9 . 9 5}$
\$35 CASH PRICE


5DRAWER CHESTS
Reg. Ret. $\$ 159.95$ OUR CASH PRICE \$65.95


## 4 DRAWER CHESTS

Reg. Ret. $\$ 209.95$
OUR CASH PRICE
$\$ 59.95$

60-4 pc. Garden sets by Shear Magic...Reg. Ret. $\$ 11.95$
OUR CASH PRICE
69-EKCO 5 pc. Cutlery Sets...Reg. Ret. $\$ 29.95$
3.00

70-TOTES UMBRELLAS...Reg Ret. $\$ 18.00$ to $\$ 20.00$
147 - TIMEX ANALOG ALARM CLOCKS...Reg. Ret. $\$ 7.95$.
24-TIMEX DIGITAL ALARM CLOCKS...Reg. Ret. $\$ 24.00$
22 -MAGNAVOX Clock Radios...Reg. Ret. $\$ 39.95$
71 - MAGNAVOX Clock Radios...Reg. Ret. $\$ 39.95$.
...Reg. Ret. $\$ 6.95$
174-ALL WEATHER Floating LANTERNS...with batteries...Reg. Ret. $\$ 10.95$



No Refunds...No Exchanges...Cash \& Carry...DUE TO A RASH OF BAD CHECKS WE NOW
ONLY ACCEPT, VISA CHOICE MASTERCARD \& DISCOVERY, OR CASH, CERTIFIED CHECKS, MONEY ORDERS, CASHIERS CHECKS!! Due to the FACT THAT WE SAVE THE BUYER SO MUCH MONEY WE CAN NOT AFFORD THESE LOSSES!!

Greenery. Thick. Tangled. Here and there, patches of feathery fern bask in dappled sunlight. At other spots, briars cluster in nearly impenetrable, fortressed thickets, ringed by moats of poison ivy and ringed by moats of poison ivy and
guarded by fierce front lines of guarded by fie
jagged thorns.
jagged thorns.
Vines weave unseen traps, camouflaging logs fallen at random across the heavily-shaded woodland floor. Crackling sounds echo in the distance. Squinting to see through the gnats and tangled undergrowth, we check one another's locations. A navy tee shirt moves slightly, way off to my left, but to the right the obscure patch of white has vanished.
A guerilla jungle army of sorts, we are. Fifteen or so of us, stalking this hundred-acre battleground of blackberry brambles and land mines of matted grape vines.
Hasitly assembled, our neighborhood brigade mustered this first afternoon of summer to meet common enemy in alien territory; 27 Charolais feeder steers barely off the rolling beefcountry of Virginia. Semi-wild, skittish as deer, they flattened the owner's gate to roam at large over a wide expanse of hay and corn fields, and the undergrown woodlands of June.
After escaping the evening before, they have hours of freedom ahead of us. A couple tame heifers have been tied in their home barn as "bait," and the blue-jean-clad batallion, wooded-branch weapons in hand, are on the move.
Flanking the outer edge is our eldest on horseback. We remainding foot soldiers are hoofing it across the wooded rural ridge.
The spirit of country neighborliness invades these proceedings. Most sweaty faces are familiar ones.
I remember how the owners of the escapees were fast on the scene last fall, after a truckload of our corn overturned on a rural road. Their front end loaders scooped up the golden mess, and dumped in onto the waiting replacement
truck. That truck, too, belonged to another face in our woodland army. Our neighbors are one of the nicest benefits of our rural area.
An hour of steady searching the heavy woods finally brings shouts of a find: four steers. (Good grief where are the rest??) About eight of us jog uphill through a kneehigh cornfield, hoping to turn the four in their escape path from brushy undergrowth, out through a just harvested hayfield, and toward home
Scared, confused, and headed back for woodland cover, these fleet-footed-fellows make fools of us pursuers. They easily outdistance us, fly directly past the startled horseperson, green vines dangling from their shaggy heads, and disappear into the woods from which we have just emerged.
"Geez, they weren't even in second gear," wryly observes one panting posse member
We have succeeded only in further splitting one more steer away from the pack of four.
Their owner calls of the chase, and we all scatter for home in frustration, having been precious little help - save maybe for moral support.
Twenty-four hours later, eleven of the escapees have been corralled. Ten cozied up to a beef herd a whole valley and ridge away. One straggler (our split off?) jumped a fence to take refuge with a herd close to the wooded ridge we'd searched.
And 48 hours later, we were astonished when six trotted up to the barn during milking with our heifer herd. A quick check of the far meadow turned up five more, which were baited back to the barn again with heifers.
As I write this, five of these sturdy fellows remain at large. We can only hope that, within one more day, our neighborhood adventure will have ended.
But the farmer figures it marks a new trend for this farmstead.
Indeed, the concept of animals breaking INTO our pastures is almost more than the mind can handle.


