

My life passed before my eyes. That statement is often used to describe those mental split seconds of reaction to a near-miss of some potential fatality. Recovering victims of automobile accidents, heart attacks, plane crashes, and falls from high places frequently report early-life flashback incidents.

A family public sale, I've decided, though far less traumatic, creates a similar effect.

Last week, my life passed before my eyes--accompanied by the sing-song chant of a local auctioneer. Pieces of our family history neatly lined the edges of the vard where we four kids played endless round of croquet and badminton, squashed Mom's peonies sliding into third base, and squabbled over inconsequentials in the manner of all siblings.

Actually, it was more a housecleaning than anything else, a ridding of excess miscellaneous items for which my folks have no use in their next house.

Gone away to a new life, for instance, is the old, tall, wooden wardrobe through which I frequently sorted as a teenager. That wardrobe agonized with me many times over what would be appropriate for my wearing to various memorable events.

Another tall storage unit, lined up near the third-base peony bush, was also sorted through periodically during my early childhood. It was a white kitchen cabinet, its shelves were then known to house such delicacies as the jar of forbidden maraschino cherries. Only the cabinet and I knew of the occasional filching of the forbidden fruit. I

think.

Up for bids was the old walkbehind garden tractor with which my dad spent so many hours. It chugged along for many miles in its lifetime, working rows for potatoes, cultivating string beans, turning, smoothing, and readying soil for the vegetable and flower seedlings Mom started at a wide sunsplashed window on our enclosed back porch.

A wooden, flatbed wheelbarrow evoked mixed emotions. Overriding the pleasant memories of an occasional ride on the wheelbarrow was the recollection of its more familiar loads: bags of potatoes we had to help pick up to be stored for the winter in the ground cellar. How I disliked that job! In fact, at about age 11, I equated picking potatoes with slave labor. "Child abuse" was an unknown term then, or I probably would have labeled it that.

One item which held no memory at all for me--I didn't even know what it was--brought laughing groans from my sister, five years my elder.

The large, clear glass, jug-like container, she explained, was a fuel supply tank for a kerosene stove once used in our household. One of her childhood chores was to fill the container with kerosene. When filled, the glass had to be flipped upside down, and the spring-loaded fuel release mechanism on the top inserted into the appropriate spot to drip the fuel to the stove.

She remembered with a grimace that it was impossible to flip the full container of kerosene and attach it to the stove without the smelly, oily kerosene getting all over her hands. Lucky for me, the stove disappeared before I came of kerosene-responsible age.

I offered to buy the thing for herjust for old times' sake. She declined.

Likewise, the farmer offered to buy for me a batch of faintly familiar paint-by-number masterpieces, which he figured would tremendously amuse our offspring. I declined. And I neglected to check if the footprints from the cat walking across the wet oil paints still remained.

As bits and pieces of our early life dispersed throughout a gray, wet, bone-chilling morning, it became obvious that a stack of yesterday's memories was accumulating near a pair of very familiar

male persons. Heads together in studied concentration, they plotted new uses for a collection of motors, pipe, wire and other miscellaneous gimme-a-dollar items intended for transformation in the machinery shop to farm-type gadgetry recycling.

Not only did I see my life flashing by my eyes.

Some of it came along home to haunt me.

## How To Buy A Microwave

YORK — Is a microwave oven or microwave cookware on your holiday shopping list. If so, attend the class "Tips on Buying a Microwave and Accessories" on December 3, 7:00-9:00 p.m. at the Extension Meeting Room, 112 Pleasant Acres Road, York. The cost is \$5.00. You'll get shopping points to help you make the best decision,

ASHLEY

WOOD & COAL STOVES

**SEVERN** 

Excellence

In Iron

Castings

Since 1709

COALBROOKDALE

**NEW & USED FURNITURE** 

FISHER'S FURNITURE, INC.

Bart, Pennsylvania 17503

Rt. 896 at Georgetown - 6 Miles

South of Strasburg

Hours. Mon Thru Thurs.; 8-5, Fri 8-8, Sat 8-12

QUALITY STOVES

2533 Old Phila. Pk., Rt. 340, Smoketown, PA

(717) 397-7539

Unique Fireplace Doors

**DUSSINGER'S** 

PRESENTING THE

WORLD'S FINEST

WOOD & COAL STOVES

learn how a microwave works and different features to examine You'll also see some of the accessories and cookware available and learn to select just the right cookware for your needs.

Advance registration must be made. Call the Penn State Cooperative Extension Service at 757-9657 to register.



See Our Original Line Of Golden Barrel Products Plus Many Other Items We Carry At Reduced Prices



#### **Products Include Household** Molasses, Syrup & Edible Oil \* PEANUT BUTTER

- \* SHOOFLY PIE
- MIX BAKING
- MOLASSES
- **BARBADOS**
- MOLASSES
- **BLACK STRAP**
- MOLASSES
  - PANCAKE SYRUP
- \* SOYBEAN OIL \* PEANUTOIL

**★ CORNOIL** 

\* HONEY

★ CORN SYRUP

\* COCONUT OIL

TABLE SYRUP

If your local store does not have it, CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE **BROCHURE & PRICES** 

— WE UPS DAILY —

## **GOOD FOOD INC.**

(Food Division Of Zook Molasses Co.) West Main St., Box 160 Honey Brook, PA 19344

CALL TOLL FREE: 1-800-327-4406 Mon. thru Fri.: 7 A.M.-5 P.M.

Over 50 Years Of Service

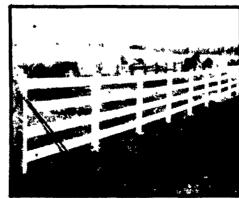


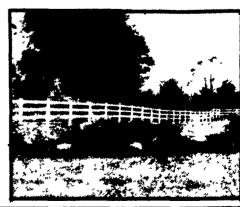
### **G&G INDUSTRIES**

242 Buchanan Drive Ephrata, PA 17522 (717) 733-9396

# **FACTORY REP. - DISTRIBUTOR** P.V.C. "VINYL" PRODUCTS

All Weather - Garden & Yard Fence - Privacy Fence Horse Rail Fence - Square & Round Post - 2-3-4-5 Rail





## **Authorized Dealers**

W.E.B. SYSTEMS P.O. Box 771 Souderton, PA 18964 215/723-3500

AMITY FENCE CO. 9th & Amity Streets P.O. Box 8665 Reading, PA 19603 215/372-3441

B.F. FENCE CO. 2550 Paxton St. Harrisburg, PA 17111 USA - 800/255-8397 PA Only - 800/248-6175 Local -717/564-1972

