

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 2011 PAGE 4

Keeping the US 36 **Treasure Hunt alive**

If your community jumped on board the U.S. 36 Treasure Hunt on Sept. 16-18, then I'm sure the majority of the folks who had sales are finally recovering from the long weekend and pleased with the event.

If your town has not yet gotten thoroughly involved in the Treasure Hunt, you should consider putting some energy into it. In Washington, this event has been huge and popular, bringing outside dollars in, dispersed into many, many participants' pockets. It has also been a boon for the convenience stores, motels, restaurants and even the grocery and hardware stores because of the outside dealers who set up in town for several days. I encourage you to get your town involved if it isn't already.

How do we keep this event going for the long term? I had an interesting conversation with an antique dealer from McKinney, Texas, who operates three shops in the Dallas area. He's been coming to the Treasure Hunt for three years now and this year used a Ryder moving truck to haul his finds back to Texas.

He complimented Washington for getting outside dealers to come into town to set up and sell and for catering to dealers to shop there. He said he's seen these yard-sale tourist efforts develop over the years since the "World's Longest Yardsale" (which stretches along the U.S. 27 corridor from Michigan to Alabama) made the concept popular.

He said the key to growth is to get outside dealers to come. He said there comes a time in events like this where all the local residents have pretty much emptied out all of their garages and storage rooms and sheds and barns and there will be little left to sell.

If a town does not build up a presence of dealers for the Treasure Hunt, he said, they could be passed up by shoppers for towns that still have plenty of sales to visit. He encouraged the Treasure Hunt communities to do all they could to get antiques dealers to set up and sell now to establish their presence for the future. This will also preserve the opportunity for people to continue to loved our nanny; she was like a part of have big crowds for their sales.

In Washington, we have dealers set up at our fairgrounds, both inside and outside. Besides having a good crowd of shoppers here, we've been told that they like the fact we do not charge them to set up. We do not charge for the spaces unless they use electricity and then it is only \$10 per day, our city park campground rate. We figure having more dealers set up to sell will draw more shoppers to town to spend money. More shoppers means even more dealers and so on.

Thousands and thousands of outside dollars were spent in Washington over the Treasure Hunt weekend and I hope your towns had equal success. If not, it is not too late to grow this event in your area so we can all continue to benefit.

I also want to take this opportunity to publicly thank the members of the Highway 36 Association for creating this event in the first place. It has been a great six years!

Dan Thalmann

Washington coordinator

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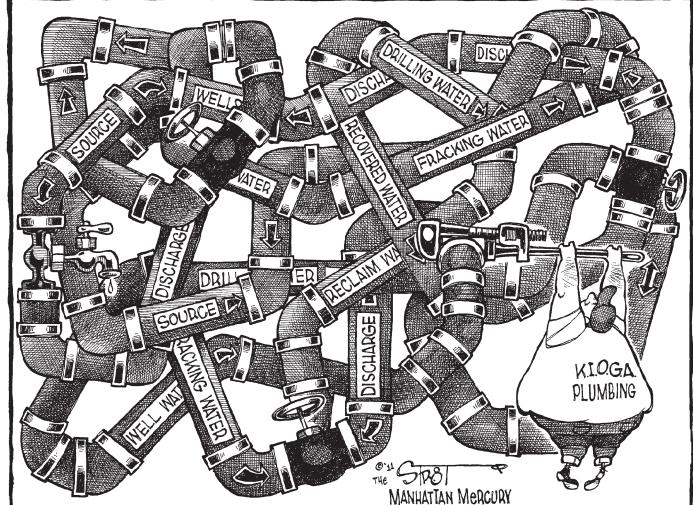
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Ignorance and prejudice are still alive today

I remember the conversation very

The native Southerner said, "We the family."

The man who said it meant no disrespect. In his mind, the "nanny" or 'the help", had no life outside of his family, but for her she worked weekends, nights or holidays because it was

When I told my mother we were moving to Alabama, her response was, "Be careful. They don't know the war, as in Civil, is over." I laughed thinking, of course they do, this is 1985. After only a few days, it became apparent she was right. The years it takes for prejudice to die, were and are still in process. Discrimination against blacks, although less than in earlier years, remained alive and well. I'm sure it Phase II Mary Kay Woodyard



less hurtful. There were still black school buses and white ones, just not as openly announced. Some whites still got out of the swimming pool when a black person entered. I pray things have improved since we left in 1989.

The South wasn't the only part of the country which experienced prejudice. The entire country had its share of racism and bigotry. When a community concert featuring a prominent black group came to Norton to perform they could not spend the night. Prejudice sometimes it results in fear and danger. It is fed throughout the generations and even when dubbed illegal takes many generations to die.

I read the book, The Help, and recently saw the movie. It brought back memories of the civil rights movement during my teens and the time spent later in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. I would say it is a shameful time in our history and it is, but it is also a time in our history when a handful of people stood and denounced the injustice. Because of their actions and beliefs they took this shameful time and produced change.

We are never without our fears and our ignorance, which are the precursors of prejudice. No matter the target of prejudice be it African Americans, Catholics, Muslims, Mormons or others, it's wrong. mail to:mkwoodyard@ ruraltel.net

A stitch in time saves, ten?

The Hubby and I have been battling over the state of his wardrobe. His favorite shirt disappeared! Who knows how that happened? And yet life goes

He needed a new shirt for our anniversary celebration. He thought he had plenty of shirts, or he did until the demise of his favorite.

He still has the shirt he wore at our wedding, tucked away in the cedar chest. So I dug it our and asked if he would consider wearing it. He agreed.

He apparently is as buff as the day we married. It was snug compared to his other shirts but that's mainly because he has reached the "relaxed" fit stage of life.

Having conquered the shirt issue, it was time to move on to jeans. We sorted, discarding some and setting others aside to be mended.

My most hated chore is mending. The hubby doesn't understand how I can own two sewing machines, a serger, spend part of almost every day at one of those machines and yet never progress on mending. I don't understand how he can walk by the trash a dozen times a day and not empty it. After 40 years of marriage it all evens out.

The last time I mended was for the son-in-law before he even was the son-in-law. It caused a minor incident. Even easy going Elizabeth protested, "You threw out my jeans and they were better than that!" It's true. I did. But I was worried Craig was going to have a wardrobe malfunction and he claimed to not have money to buy new jeans!

Rather than mend for the Hubby,

This Too **Shall Pass** Nancy





I went shopping. I got two pair of relaxed fit. They were a different brand than we usually buy. On the tag there is a picture of a rodeo cowboy, who we later discovered was not a roper but the

I removed the tags and put the jeans away. We got a good laugh when he put them on; miles too big. I had the sales receipt but not the tags. And the Hubby had taken the trash out!!! So he wore the one pair, once!

My poor sweet Hubby! He suffers through so much: a wife who is always trying to improve him and purges his closet of his favorite stuff. Through it all he retains his good humor and boyish physique!

I took the other pair and the sales receipt back to the store. They cheerfully let me exchange them. Not only that there was a sale and a \$10 rebate!

I purchased two qualifying pair, filled out the rebate attaching our last three years tax returns, proof of citizenship and a whole bunch of other nonsense. You know the drill. All the time suspecting, no matter how careful I was they would find some reason not to send the money.

The stack of jeans to be mended sat in a dark corner and it grew. Each time I washed there were more! Finally I had to do something because all the Hubby had to wear were the clown pants and the new ones which are reserved for "good" until they are broken in!

So I mended. Did you feel the earth

There were seven pair of jeans in the pile. I eliminated one as they were hopeless. But I was also washing and as I emptied the dryer I added two more. There are no words (at least not printable) to describe how much I hate mending jeans. Let alone eight pair!

As I worked away I thought about the pending rebate. It seemed like it was about due.

\$10 is not enough to compensate for mending eight pair of jeans, but it's something.

The stack of freshly mended jeans provided a momentary feeling of pride. What a good wife I am! What a wonderful, patient man I chose to walk through life with!

I strolled out to get the mail. There was an envelope from the rebate center! My check!!!

Or not. "The items you purchased were not eligible for rebate."

The next day the Hubby wore a pair of the mended jeans. I critically surveyed the un-patched knee and realized it was also ready to fray out! To add to my misery there has been some discussion about ways to possibly alter the clown

NO, no, no no, no no, NO!!!!

They are Wranglers relaxed fit, 36/34. Call me. I'll take \$10!



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