Uncle Ab From Abington — October 8, 1975

Used to be that a farm sale in the neighborhood was a good place to spend a day, look over the offering and chat with friends while keeping a wary eye on the auctioneer and try to get a bargin on a used set of hawg ringers.

Time was when this activity was fun. Not any more. Have you been to a farm sale lately? Boy, things has changed. Your neighbors probably won't be there. They can't afford to go. The crowd is made up mostly of city slickers who ran away from the farm years ago, to go to town for the good life, and have now found the countryside was the best place to live. Since they are stuck in town, they flock to the rural auctions to buy up all the stuff they couldn't stand when THEY was on the farm and cart it back to town to stick in their fancy houses. Nostalgia, they sez. Or Grandpaw had one of them and I always wanted one. (When they was on the farm and had to use that thing, they couldn't stand it.)

So what happens? The prices are bid so durn high you can't afford to bid. That set of hawg ringers you wanted gets bid up to four or five times what they cost new and the owner probably don't even know what they are used fer. They'll end up hanging on his wall as a novelty until he gits tired of looking at them and he'll then put them back in another sale in somebody's garage after a few years go by.

Meanwhile, you go home, shaking your head at the foolishness of city people, and then have to fork out cash at inflated prices to buy a new hog ringer.

Same things is true for old dinner bells and other stuff that folks don't use any more. I'm all fer the past, and hope to see that old stuff around for many years yet, but the fun is sure gone out of farm sales. You don't even see your friends and neighbors there any more. They was smart and stayed home.

(By Jim Jones)