

Barn-Pick'n Good Deals

*Sometimes the best digging
is above the ground*

By Eddie De Block

It's not every day I say, "Hey, let's go to a yard sale." Actually, I almost never say anything; it's the wife who usually makes the first move on that subject. So, in trying to give a little respect back for her tolerating my passion for glass, I compromise and go driving around the countryside.

Now, some may think I'm not going to waste my time going to yard sales and such to look at baby clothes and household stuff. Well, my friends, I'm sure a lot of you know by now sometimes you can be just going with the flow listening to the wife banter about a pair of shoes for \$3 and all of a sudden, BAM, there it is. Right in front of you is a nice old bottle. Well, yes, it's happened to me, but lately I've been more specific about the sales we go to. The wife too. So far this year I've hit at least a half dozen barn sales and come out shining like a gem on the back end of it all.

John Panella knows what I mean. He sees it first hand as soon as I get home. So, anyway, back in late May we went to an estate sale down in Paramus, N.J., about 90 minutes from me here in Dingmans Ferry, Pa. This was a liquidation sale of 45 years' worth of collectibles from comics

and cards to Hot Wheels and, yes, bottles. I was like a kid in a candy store!

The wife, not knowing much, was just grabbing stuff, while I was being particular. She kept asking, "What about this one?" and I would say yes or no.

At the end of that sale I spent a total of \$90 and walked out with 26 blob tops and about a half dozen Hutchinson soda bottles and a really nice vintage Yuengling tin sign, virtually a New Old Stock sign. Wow! Game on from here on out!

Now, don't think for one minute I've hung up my shovel, but I'm not getting any younger at 56 years old, and I've been riddled with injuries the past five years with two ankle surgeries, a triple hernia surgery and a shoulder surgery and have had a half dozen torn ligaments in said ankle as I write this.

I've learned to ease up a bit and take the easy road once in awhile to search for treasures. So, continuing: On July 24, 2021, we hit up a barn sale not 10 minutes from my house. A mere stone's throw over the Delaware River into the small but very old town of Layton, N.J. The early birds were already rifling through the main barn and small garage out front.



Robinson Ransbottom 4 gallon jug.



Buffalo Lithia Spring Water.



PHOTOS (clockwise, from top left):

The vintage Yuengling tin sign.

Unmarked 8 panel ground lip tobacco jar.

U. Botta & Co. 3 gallon jug.

Mariani 5 gallon wine/liquor jug.

Cilentana Corporation 5 gallon jug.

A group photo of the barn sale finds.



THIS PAGE

PHOTOS (clockwise, from top left):

A John Koenig blob top.

SCA David Boyle blob top (ironically this is a distant relation to my wife!)

Bolen & Byrne blob top.

J.A. GILKA red puce schnapps/bitters.

GEM fruit jar with original closure.

Lash's bitters.

FOLLOWING PAGE

PHOTOS (clockwise, from top left):

Thos. Evan's blob top.

Tiffany & Allen paneled mineral water blob.

Zimmer & Joly tombstone slugplate Hutch.

Masons #9 Patent jar.





I had told the owner, "I'm here to see what old bottles you have." He led me to a shed behind the barn about five feet wide and ten feet long and said: "That whole back corner is boxes of bottles; have at it." And have at it we did.

The wife was pulling out Xerox copy paper boxes all marked on what was inside so it made the picking a bit faster. Again, it was "What about this one?" and again I said yes or no while I looked more carefully and stood guard at the door, while more people were trying to climb into a corner one person could fit into.

"When I'm finished here you can have at it," is all I had to say. So, we continued our search and after going through thirty or so boxes and a few milk crates we pulled it all out onto the lawn away from the hoard of barn-pickin' zombies.

The owner came over and I asked him: "How much for these three boxes?" I was expecting to have to haggle since he took a long pause, which seemed like an eternity, and said: "Forty bucks."

No fighting this deal, I just handed him two \$20 bills and said thank you very much. So I left there with all kinds of jars and extra lids and a nice Lash's Bitters and a nice Buffalo Lithia mineral water bottle and a host of other stuff. Got a nice vintage scale that's on point with the weight and a nice WW2 50-Cal. ammo box to boot. A successful day indeed.

Now it was the wife's turn, so we ventured up to another sale and along the way we saw another sale at a vacant car dealership parking lot. Not much to spark her interest but ...

There on the table was a 4-gallon Robinson Ransbottom whiskey jug. Of course, I had to ask: "How much for the jug?" The woman's reply, \$30. I snatched it up and said, "Have a good day."

On to the next sale. Nothing for me, but the wife got a few things for her venture into jewelry sales and I saw a decent 1960s Topps baseball poster of a Cleveland Indi-



ans player. Not my team, and do not get worried Mr. Panella, as I'm a Yankee fan! I got it for my daughter's boyfriend, who is a Cleveland fan, and that's that.

I think we hit two or three more sales on the big loop back home and I never left my truck for those last few. I was content, to say the least. The wife got what she wanted and I made out like a bandit along with her help, too, so thank you, Annie, for being a team player and getting those hands dirty on my behalf!

A shout out to Jim Eifler for his input on my Paterson, N.J., picks at the Paramus, N.J., sale. Your expertise is well appreciated!



RIGHT: A Millville Atmospheric fruit jar with the original closure.

FAR RIGHT: Mason's CFJ Patent jar.



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