

Along the Way

by Alice Poling Good

Before open heart surgery in 1978 forced auctioneer Paul Good to slow down, he covered thousands and thousands of miles—often with his wife Alice in tow—going about the business of selling purebred livestock. Here Alice recalls some of those trips and what it's like to be married to a dyed-in-the-wool, dedicated livestock man. Many women will surely appreciate her story.

Since Paul's retirement from auctioneering the Goods spend their winters in Florida, their summers on ArtAnna Farm, Van Wert, Ohio.

There he sits, leafing through that old dog-eared herd bull issue again! I see it's the ANGUS JOURNAL tonight. Last night it was the SHORTHORN WORLD, the night before the AMERICAN HEREFORD JOURNAL. I know he's gone through those identical magazines a dozen times and he keeps looking at the same old pictures. And we haven't even been married six months!

"Alice, look at this bull bred by J. Garret Tolan! Now we saw him when I was on the university judging team. He's really improved since then! See how straight that back is and look at that deep hindquarter!" He was speaking of the bull—not the man.

"Yes, he's a great bull!"

SO WHAT? . . . I should have known it would be this way.

Oh, I recall those weekends in his home when we dated. After church, his dad would say, "Well, come on boys, let's go out and check the cattle while the women prepare dinner."

When they returned from the barn, he would report, "Byron thinks that little roan bull is the best we've ever had!" A second trek in the same direction and much bull talk would complete the day.

Oh yes, and on my isolated trips to visit him in college, he was either fitting, feeding or showing PIGS. I'd sit on a bale of straw and watch while he'd scrub, powder and shine.

Daisy Jordan, wife of the university herdsman, and I fanned our programs as we held down the dusty bleachers and watched all of Ohio State's swine classes show at the state fair.

With three quarters of school to finish when we married, Art and Daisy knew we planned no wedding trip. They suggested to Paul, "Why don't you and Alice go with us to fish in Minnesota this summer?"

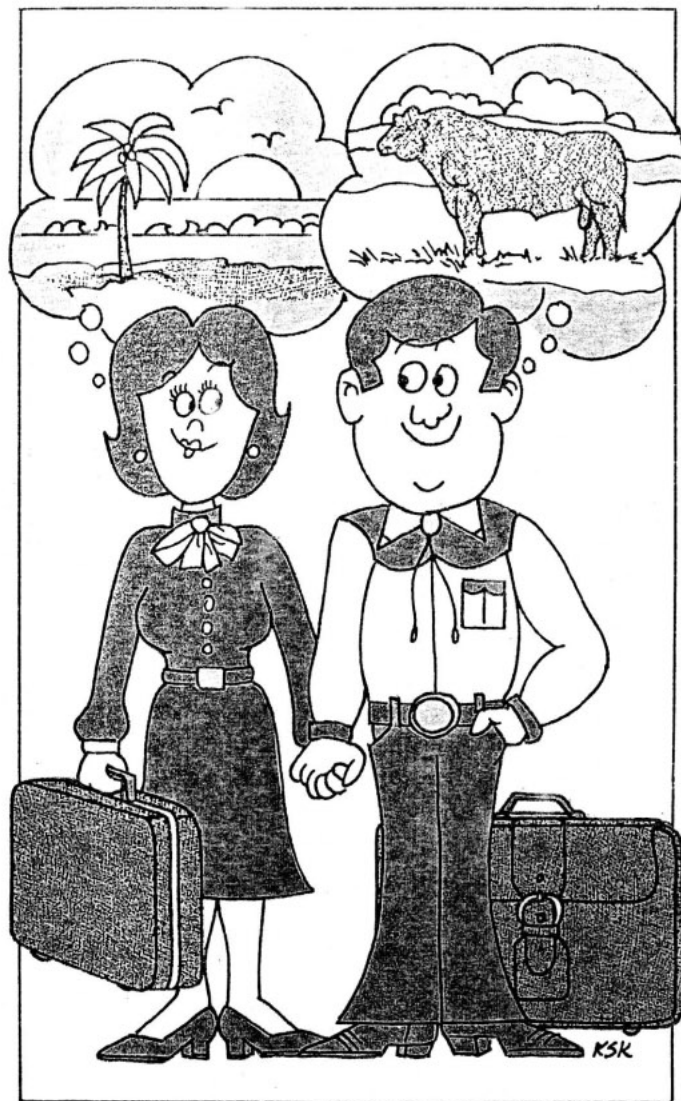
I'd never fished. We called it our wedding trip. "Ah, no livestock for two weeks!" I thought.

Wrong again. During our first break in the trip—at Conner Prairie Farms owned by Eli Lilly at Carmel, Ind.—we checked and rechecked every one of the Hampshire hogs plus all the Shorthorns. Down the road at Lynnwood Farms, we had an extra treat, three breeding herds: Percheron horses, Polled Shorthorn cattle and Berkshire hogs.

As we drove along, Paul called to Art, "Which place do you really think has the best breeding establishment? Look at that good Angus bull in that field, Art! Do you think we can get Art Tomson's Chester Whites and those at Purdue in today, too? Gee, we'll have only one more herd left, the state university's at Madison!"

I glanced back at a sign pointing to a famous Indian battle ground. Not even Daisy noticed it!

Within three years of our marriage we returned to Van Wert, Ohio, to live. Now we will be able to include friends with



other interests, I thought. Fortunately cousin Ken Haines managed nearby Meadow Lane Farm and later Jim Keene lived there. Then in succession Dale Runnion returned to Van Wert and Ray Roth came there to live.

When we moved to the farm in 1951 many friends in the livestock business stopped by. We always had Angus and at various times Shetland ponies and Suffolk sheep.

Our holidays were patterned after the wedding trip. A drive to an Angus sale in Montreal and then to another, straight south to Sharon, Conn. As I looked at the map—"Oh Paul, I've always wanted to tour Vermont!" We DID! North to south in one day with pit stops. Once, I walked around in a little mountain village as they repaired a tire.

And another time, "Alice, plan to go with me on this 3-day fall sale circuit in Dutchess County. The leaves are beautiful at this time of year!"

We planned a 3-week trip to Guatemala and El Salvador to visit an exchange student who had lived a school term with us. I wondered if Rosa knew any Angus breeders in El Salvador. We didn't. This trip would be an exception! But, I didn't know about the names in Paul's letter holder. We flew with one rancher in his Cessna over a puffing volcano to his coastal estancia, saw many cattle and had tea in the treetops in his home on stilts.

And so it went. There were lots of trips. Each time I knew many bulls would be at the end of the line. But somewhere over the years I realized I no longer cared! In fact—I THINK I ENJOY BUSMAN'S HOLIDAYS.