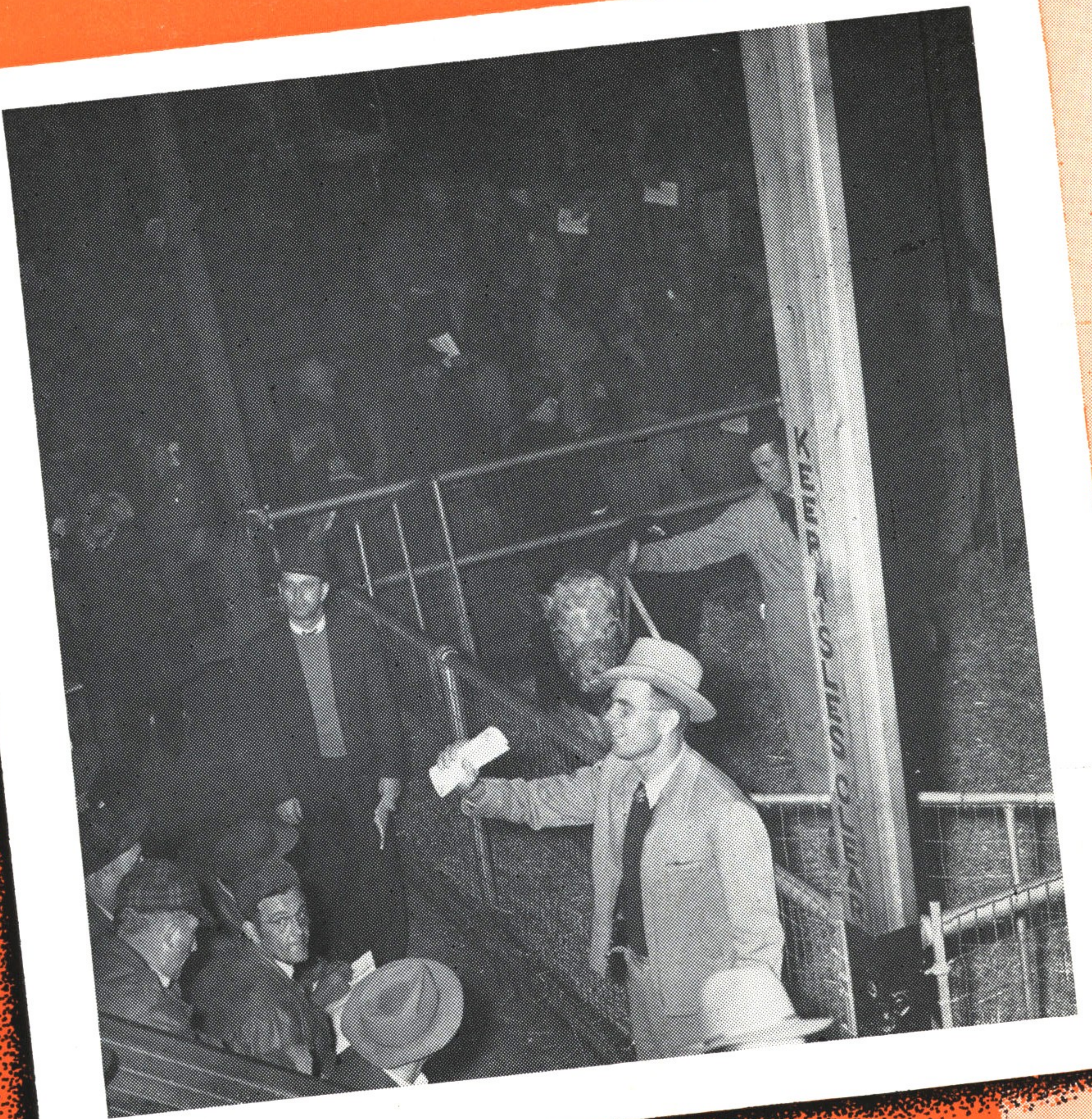


the AUCTIONEER



NOVEMBER
VOL. VI

1955
No. 10

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The YES MEN -- Important Cogs In Auction Sale MACHINES

By BOBBY VINCENT

Reprinted from "The Ranchman"

This is a yarn about "ring-men" — the boys who represent various livestock publications and assist with conducting purebred livestock auctions by hustling bids around the focus-points of these affairs. Nothing sounds more encouraging to the owner who is staging an auction nor to the auctioneer that is on the block, than a good loud "YES!" that a ringman calls in to affirmatively punctuate the auctioneer's chanted request for a raise in bidding. Indeed, the ring-men are "Yes Men" of the first water!

Everyone, they say, knows a ring man, a Negro porter and a prize fighter by his first name and the poor, confused ring-man who has written so many names in his sale catalogs, called them in to sale clerks and written about them in his sale reports, doesn't know anybody's name. You can take it from us, however, that if that ring-man is regularly representing some reliable livestock publication at the better purebred auctions, he does know a few things or has at least led someone to believe that he knows a thing or two!

Among these pages we have, in the past, published several articles which exposed the procedures and private lives of various auctioneers. We have been requested to give our "No. 1 treatment" to the fellows that help the Colonels put on the shows that help draw the crowds to purebred auctions. In that this writer is one of the veteran livestock publication fieldmen (most of the other old-timers have been advanced to better jobs) and in that he hesitates to write in the first person and is reluctant to hold up himself as a creditable example among a fine bunch of fellows, he has selected that sort of an example from among his contemporaries.

It was in the fall of 1942 when the livestock industry of the Southwest began to get acquainted with Claude Willett, then a gawking sort of a bespectacled, 20 some-year-oldster that had gone on the pay-roll of the Corn Belt Dailies. In October of that year, he first experienced my inspection when he came with the now retired Frank Dawson of the Kansas City Drovers Telegram, to a sale at Miami, Okla. I had been working with THE RANCHMAN for over a year then, and still wasn't so sure that I was going to make a ring-man that breeders wanted to have at their auctions. It helped my self-confidence when I saw Willett — I told myself, "I can make it if he can. . . ."

Claude admits that he had never attended but two registered livestock sales before he went to his first one which had happened the day previous to our first meeting and was a Polled Hereford auction for Happy Williams at Master Key Place, Fulton, Mo. He is still in demand at many of the sales where he made his inaugural appearances. Today he is still on the payroll of the Kansas City Drovers division of the Corn Belt Dailies.

In the meantime he has done a stretch as fieldman for THE CATTLEMAN at Fort Worth, Tex., has married his girlhood sweetheart Jean Colley, another Missourian (his consistent perseverance is one of his chief virtues). They have become the parents of a winsome 5-year-old daughter, Martha Jean. Willett has been at the ringside when most of the World Record cattle sales were staged. Though many were not in his Southwestern territory, those "big wheels" that buy a lot of space in livestock publications, have ways (and means) of getting the ring representatives they want at their sales. He was at Sunbeam Farms, Baca Grant, Honey Creek, Turner Ranch, Circle M Ranch and other big money events.

"Honest John" is another of Claude's

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

monickers often used by his close acquaintances. Willett once admitted that he was "no ball of fire" when he attended his second sale which I worked with him at Miami. No one would call him that now but his conscientious association with breeders, owners, bidders and buyers at auction sales everywhere, has generated confidence in him among most of his acquaintances (and among those who are acquainted with him and many of whose names he can't call).

"What," a prominent cattle breeder recently asked, "does one have to pay ring-men to have them help at his sale?"

"Not a cent," was the rather confusing answer. The catch in said answer was the fact that most livestock publications require a certain minimum of advertising be placed with them by sale sponsors before a representative will be furnished. And publications must adhere closely to this rule. If a page ad in a magazine (which is THE RANCH-MAN'S requirement before furnishing a ring-man) is that minimum, a representative can't do a special favor for an "old friend" and go to a sale for a half-page . . . because "old-friends" will immediately become exceedingly numerous and the argument that "You did it for him — you gotta do it for me . . ." will become prevalent.

The "Yes Men" are "service-men" for livestock publications and generally speaking are a peculiar lot in their field. In no other advertising line, within our knowledge, is so much service given with what is purchased.

The publisher of a leading breed publication recently reported that the expense accounts of each of that journal's fieldmen ran in excess of \$6,000 per year. Some "Yes Men" earn approximately twice that in additional salaries.

To quote the hero of this yarn : ". . . it is a business that has been very good and pleasant to me. Whatever success I have had, I am sure, has been aided by being fair, straight forward and courteous to people with whom I am dealing. Our work is one that offers a great opportunity for young men that like good people and good livestock."

"The ring-men and the auctioneer," they say, "are the only friends the fellow has on the day that he is staging his own

sale." Everyone else is there to buy as cheaply as possible.

A ring-man often has to "carry water on both shoulders" that day, as it is often the case that he may have several orders to buy whatever is being sold for those who could not come to sales. In that case he can show no partiality between the buyer and seller. He can get his job done ONLY by being fair and straight forward.

That rather, should we say, glamorous experience of getting up before a crowd and "working the ring" at a sale is only a small segment of the duties of field representatives. The advertising must first be sold (which often requires a trip to an owner's ranch or farm; there the advertising information must be gathered and drawn up in attractive layouts (some leading journals have art departments that are of great assistance to fieldmen, but mostly the boys not in the office draw up most of the advertising). And those publication offices that do have expert ad layout artists must have field-men who furnish them with accurate information before they can start their fancy layouts.

"Get your ad copy when you go see a prospective advertiser . . ." is the boss' first instruction to his field representatives. "Get the breeding of his herd sires; get the information complete about the 'where, when and what' of the sale or whatever the advertiser wants to publicize." And the field representative that can't go out to and visit a herd,

Our Cover

When the editor uses his own picture on the cover it is an indication of one of two things. He is starved for publicity or he is hard up for cover pictures. I am making no comment on the first reason but I do know the second reason is a good one. However, this picture does tie in with Bobby Vincent's article about the "YES MEN." Taken in 1948, this picture shows ye ed trying to coax another \$5 from a bidder while Col. Tom Sherlock of Iowa, at that time field representative for the Chicago Daily Drivers Journal, looks on.

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH



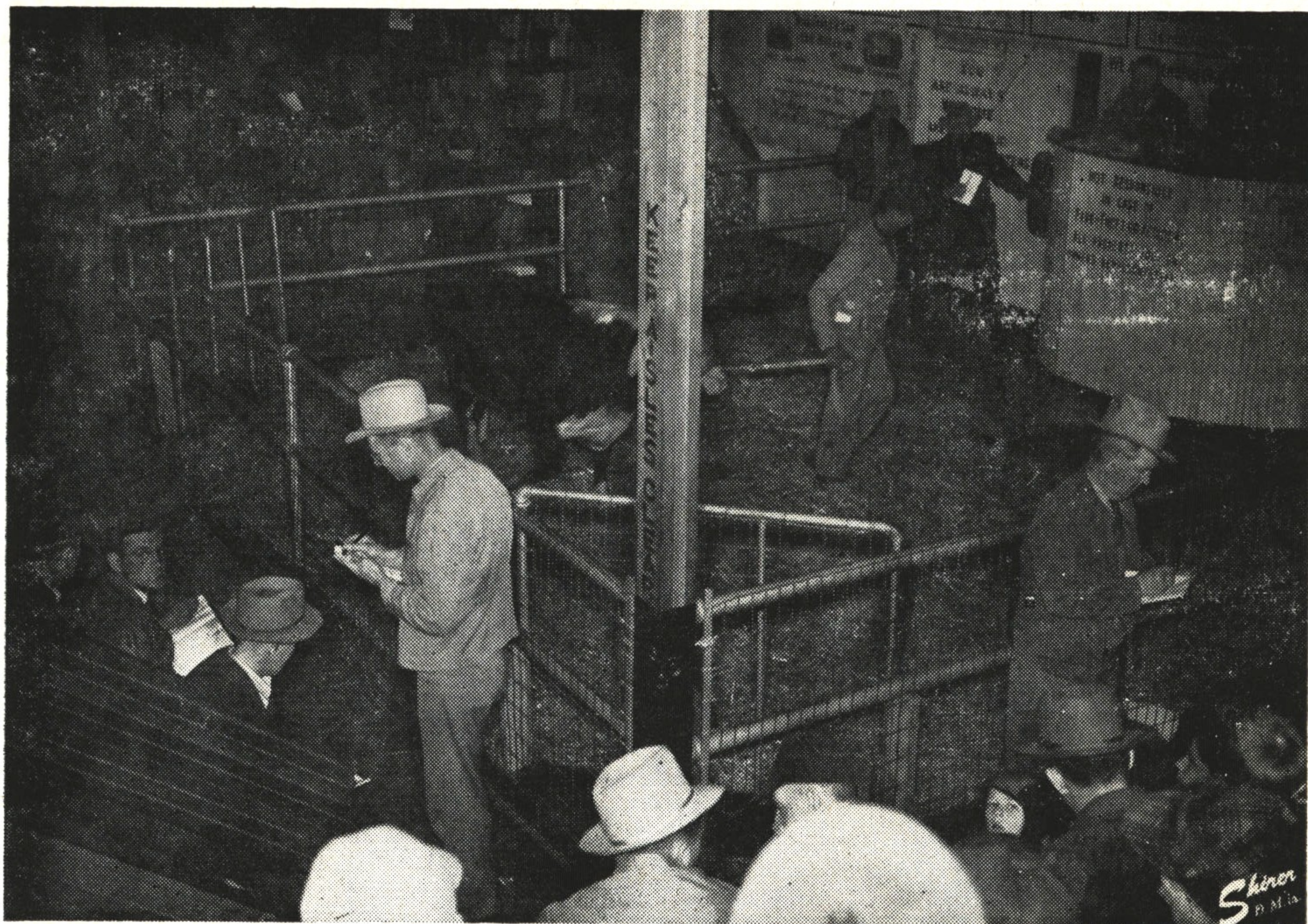
It's serious business for these men who have come to the sale to buy seedstock for their breeding herds. They look to the fieldman for guidance and advice for they will be expecting him to help sell their cattle at a later date.

assist the would-be advertiser with making plans for a sale or compiling advertising copy for a "Herd Bull" herd promotion, or advertisement for what he has for sale at private treaty, will not be long on an expense account. Neither will be long on an expense account. Neither will be long among those who ob-rings. Raucous-voiced show-off type ring-men are a dime a dozen at public auctions. We are certain that by calling for volunteers, a sale sponsor could get plenty of ring-men that would sure enough cost him nothing . . . nothing in salary, that is, but plenty in the difference he would get for his cattle if an experienced, smoothly organized selling crew was in charge of the selling.

Soft-spoken, confidence-inspiring Claude Willett is in demand around sale rings because he's alert (more so than he looked in October, '42). He knows, through keeping his eyes on bidders and prospective bidders, who is, or may be

interested in certain animals of certain quality, type and/or breeding; he keeps his ear tuned to the auctioneer's chant—he impresses and repeats the bid to prospective buyers and contending bidders; he does a lot of private selling — explaining pedigrees, performances of noted kinsmen of the animals selling. A good ring-man can put up a lot of impressive argument while a good auctioneer's chant is furnishing him with a background of accompanying optimism . . . he gets the bidder's confidence . . . he assures that bidder that he (the ring-man) is trying to help buy the animal as reasonably as possible . . . do you wonder why they call Claude Willett "Honest John"?

Often, at large sales, when there is confusion and difficulty in determining whose bid was highest and turned in first, an alert ring-man is invaluable to the auctioneer in charge . . . he knows what and whence came the last bid and



An illustration of what Bobby Vincent means when he states that “working the ring” is not the only duty of the press representative. At the extreme right is Ed Kennedy, veteran Hereford Journal fieldman, recording the buyers name and address and the price paid in order that he may write an interesting sale report when he has a few minutes spare time. Ringman at left is Bernard Hart, then with The Polled Hereford Magazine and in the dark overcoat on the far side is the late Matt White of Wallace’s Farmer and Iowa Homestead. At the time of his retirement a few years ago, Mr. White was the dean of all livestock publication fieldmen. Col. Jack Halsey of Iowa is on the block. Photo taken in 1948.

immediately points-out that significant fact to the auctioneer (most of whom are not immune to confusion).

That previously referred-to matter of getting your copy when you go see the customer is well illustrated by a reported experience that Claude Willett can tell about:

“There was the time when I had ‘sold’ the man an ad in one of our special issues but got so busy visiting with him, and enjoyed it so much I didn’t insist on his being late to supper just to give me the information for his advertising copy — I was sure he would, as promised, mail it in to the office . . . (I hadn’t learned then that there is something about the cattle business that makes a

man completely divorce the idea of ever writing letters).

“After he didn’t write, I went back to the farm and he insisted on showing me his cow herd. A severe thunder storm caught us in the pasture . . . but there I was . . . and there the cows were, right under a grove of big trees . . . and he’d drive right up for a close look . . . I suggested more distance and we took a circle about as the lightning popped . . . as we turned back for another close-up there were two dead cows laying right where we had just been. . . . When we got back to the headquarters, he had decided against the ad.”

Claude can tell you about a lot of other sure enough tough experiences we have

Bids Against Wife

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M. — One of New Mexico's top ring-men got trapped in his own business recently. Parley Jensen, New Mexico Stockman Magazine editor and a recognized ring expert at cattle auctions, took the wife to a furniture auction.

He lost out on his first bid and told his wife he would go no higher on the next item than \$20. The bidding shot quickly to \$20, and kept rising. Jensen finally got the furniture for \$24.

He discovered later he had been bidding against his wife, who figured he had stopped at \$20 and decided on her own to go higher.

had separately and jointly in getting from down in Texas to "way up in Kansas" or Oklahoma to sales on consecutive days; there was the big flood in Wichita . . . when American Hereford Ass'n and other publication field men got on flooded US Highway 81 and ended up with a drowned-out automobile and water running through the car (in one door and out the other) . . . There was the Stonewall, Okla., trip when we fought mud all night, pushed and towed one another out of the gullies, slept two hours, got to a northeast Oklahoma sale the next day — in Hereford Heaven we fought snow banks . . . pulled a preacher, his wife and baby out of a snow drift . . . got them back to town but still made the sale that was coming up the next day . . . in most cases we had the entire sale crew with us during our travail and disagreeable trails — we couldn't be too late for the sales . . . we were like the man who was to be hanged. When people rushed by him on the way to the hanging he admonished them, "Needn't hurry folks, there won't be any show, till I get there. . . ."

Advertising Pays Dividends

Submitted by Col. Walter Carlson

The American economy is based on initiative, enterprise and faith of the people of this nation in their country, and its institutions. This faith is promoted by advertising to sell the products of the farm, the mines and the manufacturing plants.

Every institution which wants to move forward (and no business can stand still or it will go backward) must use advertising if it is to succeed. This is an axiom accepted by business, small and large. It is required by such firms as Duncan Hines, the automobiles, the grocery stores and other retail firms.

The next question is what kind of advertising promotion best fits each individual need. In the small towns and cities of this great nation the newspapers rank as the foremost means of media to carry this advertising message. No other form will produce so many results in such a short space of time after the placing of this advertising.

Retail business sends from 1 to 2 per cent of its gross in newspaper advertising if it's fair to the business and management. There are some forms of business which spend much more. Added to this 1 to 2 per cent for newspaper space, are the other types of advertising, direct mail, radio and TV. But the newspaper space is the base on which other forms are built.

To be effective advertising and bring results:

1. Newspaper advertising is a MUST.
2. Direct mail may tie in with newspaper space and be sent to the recognized customers of the store.
3. Omission of newspaper advertising for any length of time is followed by a drop in sales.
4. 6% of gross sales is the recognized figure which will pay the largest dividend in profits and business expansion.
5. Newspaper advertising must be REGULAR. Hit and miss use of newspaper space is not effective and requires a far larger expenditure than regular week by week use of space.

The President's Message

By COL. C. B. DRAKE

Are we doing our best? Are we concentrating our efforts to the utmost of our ability? Auctioneering is not easy. Yes, we can loaf on the job, coast along for a spell, and think we are still getting the job done. But when this happens we are guilty of selling our profession "down the river."

When we are engaged to conduct an auction for a client this same client is entrusting us with a great responsibility. If it were a task that anyone could perform he would be doing it himself. Yet, because we are experts in this field, trained to conduct an auction in the best manner known, he solicits our services.

Do you as an auctioneer realize at all times that in most cases you are converting someone's life work into cash? If you keep this in mind you will not loaf, you will not coast—but you will be using all your talents from the auction's opening until the last item is sold.

Seriously, I don't believe that any of you are guilty of what I have mentioned above. I am sure that you are well aware of your responsibility to your clients and act accordingly. **However, I do believe that you are guilty of the coasting and loafing in regard to your National Auctioneers Association.**

At Indianapolis, last July, we had a great Convention. Not all of you were there but of you that were, how many have written those responsible for this convention? How many of you have advised those who did not attend of what a great meeting they missed?

Those of us who have been connected with this organization since it started probably hold the feeling that we have done our part. We have nursed it through the coddling stage, we have contributed our time, our talents—and also from our pocket-books. At Indianapolis, we heard our Treasurer make a most cheerful report, we saw the money raised from our last desperate effort returned to the donors in full. We thought our



Col. C. B. Drake

baby had grown to where it could walk alone. We thought that since our membership had grown so far from the few we had in the early years that there would surely be those of the newer members that would carry the ball from now on.

An organization is no better than its members whether they number ten or ten thousand. When we were few in numbers we had 100% enthusiasm. That is what has brought us so far. Today, we need more enthusiasm among our membership. We need to sell and **SELL** the National Auctioneers Association. We need to support the only publication that is published in the interests of the auctioneer and his profession as we have never done before.

Last year, our secretary reported that 29 members of the NAA were responsible for bringing 163 new members into the National Auctioneers Association. If only 500 of our members had done as well it would have meant 2,500 new members in less than 12 months' time. The field is open—aren't we as capable as those 29 of getting new members?

The auction business is good today.

It is growing and spreading into new fields. The larger it becomes the more we are going to need the National Auctioneers Association. We have already encountered resistance from retail sales organizations. It takes organization to compete with organization.

Let us stop coasting and begin pushing — **PUSHING THE NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION** and **"THE AUCTIONEER"**.

Minnesota Auction Featured In News

In The Minneapolis (Minn.) Star, dated Oct. 6, 1955, nearly a full page was devoted to a farm auction sale. Eight pictures were used in the feature. The following is quoted from the "Star":

"Distinctive feature of the American rural scene is the farm auction, when stock, machinery and household goods go under the auctioneer's hammer to the familiar monotone chant of "going, going, gone." Neighbors come from miles to buy a hay rack or trusty sewing machine at a bargain.

Wednesday, Minneapolis Star photographer William Seaman visited the auction at the Lyle G. Nichols farm, three miles southeast of Delano.

On the auction block were 37 head of Holstein cattle, including "nine cows that were fresh in August and September and 11 heifers from first and second generations of artificial breeding"; 1,500 bales of alfalfa; 125 Leghorn 1-year-old hens; a 1940 pickup truck; a play pen and refrigerator; single bottom McD 16-inch tractor plow on rubber, and assorted dishes, pots and pans.

Auctioneers Fred, Skip and Stan Radde of Watertown and Waconia, kept the sale moving."

We are happy to report that the auctioneers mentioned are members of the National Auctioneers Association.

UNBALANCED

We are a nation of nuclear giants and spiritual infants. — Rev. Sherman L. Lyon, Christian Advocate.

National Shetland Sale To New High

Shetland ponies sold at new high figures in the 10th Annual National Breed Promotion Sale at Springfield, Ill., Sept. 16 and 17. Seventy-three of the 107 ponies in the sale sold for \$1,000 or more. This year's average price of \$1,301 was \$330 per head above 1954 and \$516 above the 1953 event.

Following is a breakdown of prices paid:

| | Total | Average |
|--------------------------|-----------|------------|
| 9 Weanling Fillies | \$ 8,390 | \$ 932.22 |
| 34 Yearling Fillies | 51,480 | 1,514.11 |
| 11 Two-year-old Fillies | 14,435 | 1,312.27 |
| 10 Three-year-old Mares | 14,940 | 1,494.00 |
| 31 Mature Brood Mares | 44,680 | 1,441.49 |
| 3 Mares, over 20 years | 1,390 | 496.66 |
| 9 Stallions, all ages .. | 3,920 | 435.55 |
| 107 Head—Gross | \$139,240 | \$1,301.31 |
| Top | \$4,500 | |
| Top 10, average | 2,872 | |

Col. William A. Porter, Alexis, Ill., and Col. Roy Chaney, Morrilton, Ark., were the auctioneers. The former is a member of the NAA.

TO LIVE AS BROTHERS

Give us, Lord, a bit o' sun,
A bit o' work, an' a bit o' fun.
Give us all in th' struggle an' sputter
Our daily bread an' a bit o' butter.
Give us health our keep to make,
An' a bit to spare for our folks' sake.
Give us sense, for we're some of us
duffers,
An' a heart to feel for all that suffers.

Give us, too, a bit o' song,
An' a tale, an' a book, to help us along.
An' give us our share o' sorrow's lesson,
That we may prove how grief's a blessin'.
Give us, Lord, a change to be
Our goodly best, brave, wise and free;
Our goodly best to ourselves, and others,
Till all men learn to live as brothers.

Although they are usually composed of stupid husbands, smug wives and ill-mannered children, there is one thing you have to admire about the families in the TV serials—they don't waste their time watching TV.

The What and When of Whatnots

By FELICE DAVIS

"Oh, those Victorian monstrosities!" people are likely to say of whatnots, quite ignoring some facts about them. For instance, the earliest predate Victorian by about 30 years. And even the Victorian species includes some attractive examples.

In spite of unkind remarks, whatnots stand ready to perform their traditional services, which are very acceptable in our space-conscious rooms. Their shelves will hold all the small objects—old china and glass ornaments, heirloom trifles and so on—that, when scattered over tables, give a room a cluttered look.

Grouping such bibelots also adds to their interest and importance.

Created for Bibelots

Earliest ancestors of whatnots were French etageres. Through the 18th century the French feverishly collected porcelains, enamels and other bibelots, then looked around for a place to put them. At first cabinets, table tops and even shelves built around fireplaces answered this need. But late in Louis XVI's reign, a new furniture form, the etagere, was created with bibelots in mind.

Although Louis XVI etageres were made in a variety of designs, open shelves were always an important feature. One familiar style has a cabinet flanked by shelves on a table base.

English Copied Idea

The English, also with bibelots to dispose of, took note of what was going on in France. By 1800 they were producing their own versions of etageres. The design most favored at this date was a rosewood mahogany stand with turned uprights and several shelves. A drawer might be added under one or more shelves.

Some of these stands show Empire influence in details such as brass-galleried marble tops, small brass classic medallions and paw feet. Others, in Sheraton style, were decorated only with string inlay or painted black with gilded rings on the uprights to simulate bam-

boo. Shelves sometimes were given a slight saddle dip from front to back to accommodate the portfolios of engravings and stacks of sheet music found in every drawing room.

According to Percy Macquoid, noted authority on English furniture, the first published reference to these stands as whatnots occurred in the 1808 correspondence of Sarah, Lady Lyttleton. The word suits them well since its meanings include "a miscellany" or "a nondescript object," such as a glass or china whatnot.

As whatnots proved their usefulness, they were produced in many styles. Their boundless popularity in Queen Victoria's day has made them, along with antimacassars, familiar symbols of Victorian life. Simple, elaborate or fantastic in shape, they reflect in their decoration every style, from Rococo and Renaissance to Japanese, adapted by the Victorians to their own uses.

A church had burned down and the only available room in the community large enough to handle Sunday services was a roadhouse near town. Trustees leased the building, stipulating that the bar be screened off and as many reminders as possible of week-day business be removed.

All was well done except that the proprietor forgot to remove a parrot normally perched near the bar. As it kept quiet during the seating of the congregation, no one paid any attention to him until the minister took his place on the platform. The parrot came to life and squawked, "Hey, look, we gotta new bartender."

When the choir filed in, and in the silence following their opening number the parrot spoke again, "Pipe the new chorus line." He observed the audience and then sadly shook his head. "But the same old customers."

Never judge a man by the company he keeps. They may be his wives folks.

Patterned Glass Is Choice Item

By SYLVIA ZARRA

For many years now, patterned glass has been a favorite pastime of collectors, both as a hobby for collecting and as a subject for discussion. An antique lover may have a passion for old furniture, brass pewter or any other old item, yet sometime, somehow his or her path is bound to be crossed by the attraction of old glass. Perhaps this is true because old glass just seems to "go" with the other old things.

The early Americana pressed glass is a perfect companion of the pine and straight lines of the furniture of the colonial days, while the ornate, colorful Victorian glass items of that same period are fitting companions for that more elaborate era. In any instance a home devoted in any way to the collecting of antiques, with very few exceptions, does have some form of old glass. In some homes, the old glass appears sparingly for its decorative value, while other antique collectors gather large quantities to be used both decoratively and practically.

To be sure, this is not the first article to appear in this column on glass, and I'm sure it certainly will not be the last, for this is one topic that seems never to be exhausted. One good reason for this is the genuine interest shown by our readers, who from time to time call to inquire about a certain phase related to the collecting of old glass. And, I repeat again, this always pleases me because not only does it show the apparent interest in antiques in our area and in our column, but it sometimes provides me with a good topic to write about. I was especially thankful this week (my body being here but my spirit still wandering in Florida) when a reader called to ask me just what is meant in the glass world by the word, "variants." It implies of course variations in a particular pattern. For example, let us say that an original pressed glass pattern of the early period was called the "block with thumbprint." I choose this for my example because it is listed in Ruth

Webb Lee's book and she is apt to deal only with the older glass patterns. We can assume that it was a popular pattern that was well accepted and one that lived on to be made by many factories. The later glass factories, realizing this pattern remained in demand used it as a basis for similar patterns.

In one of my glass pattern books of later designs, written by Minnie Watson Kampm, there are illustrations and descriptions of 11 variations of the block pattern. They are as follows: Diamond block, frosted block, swirled block, variant block, block and cat's eye, block and coarse cut, block and fine cut, block and star, block and sunburst, block with prism and block with stars. Some of these naturally are older than others, but the fact remains that all are related and in the block family.

This is true of so many more patterns where there is a resemblance in pattern but classed as a "variant." We find it true of the diamond and the thumbprint, to mention a few of the better known patterns. Do not get the impression that only the original of the variant patterns are the only ones with value for collecting. Many of the variations are just as beautiful (some more so) than the early ones and what is more important, are more apt to be found.

When starting a collection of old glass, it is important to discover just how many items were made in the pattern and how available it is in order to be worth your while. This applies to the people who insist upon a collection of one particular pattern. However, many new collectors (and some of the old, myself included) like most of the old glass patterns and do not restrict themselves to one pattern. Of course, their serving glass will not "match" but they are provided with a greater quantity from which to choose and certainly a good variety.

Personally, I think the variety in a glass collection make it far more interesting and naturally provides for more "conversation pieces." When

serving my guests from my footed goblets, each one different from the other, the effect is always of great interest and actual comparison. It is good for at least a full hour of conversation. I know other collectors who are following the same practice now, especially with drinking glasses.

The Shade at The End of The Row

By GUY SIMMONS

Sprawled in the shade at the end of the row

Beside the deep-green corn,
With an eye on Dad and the afternoon sun

A thousand dreams were born.

I dreamed I'd be important—

A man of great affairs!
I'd dwell in a city mansion
Tall! With winding stairs!

Maybe I'd be a lawyer

And, perhaps, a banker, too!
Might even be the MAYOR
If all my dreams came true.

Could even be the GOVERNOR!

(Someone has to be.)
And where, Oh where, could they ever find
A greater man than ME?

Just then, "old Charlie" stomped his foot

And vanished all my dreams.
The thriving cities disappeared
Into the corn so green.

Once more I saw the heat-waves dance
Across the dusty plain,
And, as Father reached for the water-jug,

A PLOW-BOY I became.

Since then, I've managed great affairs;
I've roamed the great white way;
I've dwelt in city mansions,
Where only rich men stay.

One by one, from day to day
I've lived my dreams, in truth

Trial Date Set

Re: Harry L. Hoffman vs The State of Virginia and the City of Norfolk, Va., at 10:00 a. m., Wednesday, November 23.

More details on this case can be found on page 16 of the October issue of "The Auctioneer".

Yet, somewhere in the past, I've lost
The happiness of youth.

If only I could sprawl again
With Dad beside the corn,
And rest once more at the end of the row
Where all my dreams were born!

For after all, there is no place
No matter where you go
So like an earthly heaven as
The shade at the end of the row!

A woman was testifying of her conversion at a revival meeting. "I was very foolish and vain," she said. "Wordly pleasures, and especially the fashions were my only thought. I was fond of silks, satins, ribbons and laces. But, my friends, when I saw they were dragging me down to perdition, I gave them all to my sister."

It had rained hard. The windshield was sprayed with muddied water and the car had narrowly escaped several collisions.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to wipe off the windshield?" asked the anxious passenger. "Not worth the bother," cheerfully replied the driver. "I left my glasses at home."

Looking coldly at the man who had just given him a nickel for carrying his bags 12 blocks, the little boy said, "I know something about you."

"What?" asked the man.

"You're a bachelor."

"That's right. Know anything else about me?"

"Yeah. So was your father."



Annual Luncheon and business meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary to the National Auctioneers Association at Indianapolis, 1955.

To All Members Of Ladies Auxiliary

Hello! Girls:

First, to the mothers who have just finished sending their first child to college, are you as tired and lost as I am?

We returned from Columbia, Mo., on Monday, September the twelfth, after getting our daughter, Joy, settled at Stephens for her first year. She is very happy with her selection of schools.

I'm hoping all of your daughters and sons are as pleased with their selections. Are you finding it hard to wait for the postman, I am!

Mothers, once more the familiar routine of the school year has begun, isn't it remarkable what we can accomplish when we have a deadline to meet. Rush, Rush, but really isn't it our privilege to see our families moving along smoothly together. The greatest gift we will ever receive is motherhood. May we always cherish and keep it as our highest goal in life.

To the mothers who have now graduated into the revered class of grandmother, how does it feel to sit back and smugly think, "Well done" and prepare to spoil your grandchildren. Isn't it going to be fun?

I would be delighted to hear from all of you and will do my best to answer your letters. Your thoughts and suggestions during the year will be appreciated.

In closing I would like to send this quotation to all of you, entitled "A Smile:"

A SMILE costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive, without making poorer those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich or so mighty that he can get along without it, and none so poor that he cannot be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the counter-sign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and is Nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is of no value to

anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none needs a smile as he who has no more to give.

—Annon.

Will be looking for your letters!

Sincerely,

Gertrude Darbyshire, Pres.

Welcome To All

By Betty Steiner

Historian and Parliamentarian
Ladies Auxiliary

First I would like to extend many thanks to all the Ladies of Indiana for the wonderful co-operation and planning they did to make the convention so very successful — both for the Ladies Auxiliary as well as the men of the National Association.

We want to welcome all the new members to the Ladies Auxiliary and hope you felt the sincerity we extended to all.

For those of you who couldn't attend this year, we missed you and hope you can plan to be with us next year. We are growing by leaps and bounds and the amazing part of it all is that we still have a family atmosphere within our Auxiliary.

Spoiling the Joke

One Saturday night a woman rushed into a butcher shop and asked for a chicken. The butcher showed her the last one he had and hopefully awaited an immediate sale. The woman thumped, plumped, scrutinized and turned the bird, then decided it was just a little bit too small! The butcher put the chicken under the counter and said I have just one other. Carefully taking out the same chicken, he reweighed it and added 25 cents to its price. The woman, after scanning it with the same precise care as before startled the butcher by saying, "You know, I guess I'll just have to take both of them."

She: "Do you believe that tight clothes stop circulation?"

He: "Certainly not. The tighter a woman's clothing, the more she's in circulation."

Two Members A Day During Past Month

At the rate of two a day were new and renewal memberships issued during the 30 day period ending October 15. Sixty-one memberships from 27 states and the District of Columbia were received. Nebraska led with six, closely followed by New York, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Iowa and Maine.

Following is a list of those received. The asterisk denotes renewal:

Col. Gordon Hannagan, Illinois
Col. Richard C. Wright, Virginia
Col. Gus B. Foster, Tennessee
Col. J. Lloyd Reasoner, Indiana
Col. Norman C. Prior, New York
Col. Dean H. Parker, Utah
*Col. Richard K. Mather, Connecticut
Col. Gerard F. Murray, Illinois
*Col. Charles Adams, California
Col. George E. Collins, Georgia
*Col. Charles M. Woolley, New Jersey
Col. Jacob C. Finer, New York
*Col. Harry Sanders, Michigan
Col. Harold B. Robinson, Pennsylvania
*Col. Harry Van Buskirk, Ohio
*Col. James W. Martin, Nebraska
Col. Robert D. Hayes, Indiana
*Col. Carl Tucci, Nebraska
*Col. Ben Bielenberg, Iowa
Col. Jim M. Merrigan, Missouri
*Col. L. E. "Gene" Watson, Kansas
*Col. H. F. Stevens, Maine
*Col. Lyle Erickson, Iowa
*Col. C. B. Smith, Michigan
*Col. Russell Franko, Minnesota
*Col. Charles W. Taylor, Nebraska
*Col. John R. Martin, Nebraska
*Col. Newton Dilgard, Ohio
*Col. C. W. "Pete" Slater, Illinois
*Col. John M. Miller, Maryland
*Col. Earl Penfield, South Dakota
*Col. Charles C. Boles, Oklahoma
*Col. Orville M. Schroeder, Minnesota
*Col. David L. Green, Iowa
*Col. Donald V. Cady, Kentucky
*Col. Marley E. Neal, Indiana
*Col. Ernest H. Robertson, Maine
*Col. L. B. Fuqua, Tennessee
*Col. Fred W. Radde, Jr., Minnesota
*Col. J. L. Todd, Georgia
*Col. Morris Weinstein, New York
*Col. Robert Mendenhall, North Carolina

*Col. Earl Shields, Iowa
*Col. Stanley Solon, New York
Col. Ralph A. Weschler, D. of C.
*Col. Irvin Schultis, Nebraska
*Col. Roy I. Ebersole, Pennsylvania
Col. Shay Hinton, Kentucky
*Col. C. H. Shaw, Maine
*Col. Frank K. Taylor, New York
*Col. Fred A. Perino, Wyoming
*Col. Edward F. Harrington, Mass.
*Col. Jacob A. Gilbert, Pennsylvania
Col. Vernell Johnson, South Dakota
*Col. Carson E. Hansen, Kansas
*Col. Nelson A. Rondeau, Maine
*Col. F. T. Mathews, North Carolina
*Col. George W. Fox, Sr., Pennsylvania
Col. Charles C. Sutherlin, Indiana
*Col. Wayne Cook, Texas
*Col. Robert B. West, Ohio

Alden Home Furnishings Auctioned

HANOVER, Mass.—All the furnishings of the historic home of John and Priscilla Alden went on the auction block recently.

Each item came from the Alden home in Duxbury, built in 1653 and maintained as an historical shrine in memory of the Pilgrim couple who arrived here on the Mayflower.

The auction was held to settle the estate of Charles Alden, seventh generation member of the family, who bought the house more than 30 years ago and turned it over in 1930 to Alden Kindred of America, Inc., a family society of descendants throughout the Americas.

But Charles Alden, who was then vice president of the society, did not give the furnishings of the home. He died in 1937. His wife, Bessie, died in 1950.

Their heirs offered the furnishings of the house to the society for \$5,000, but the offer was refused.

PROBLEM

A gal elevator operator, exposed for the umteenth time to the remark, "I suppose you have your ups and downs," snapped back, "It's not the ups and downs that bother me. It's the jerks!"

Business Good For This Auctioneer

How's business? If you ask that familiar question of Col. Otto Rohleder, Kansas, he could be one that would give you a very cheerful answer. Col. Rohleder has only recently conducted four real estate auctions with the over-all gross being \$185,000 as well as a couple of farm sales of approximately \$20,000. Who says the auction business isn't good?

Why She Borrowed

In a monthly called Gracious Living sent out by the A. F. Much Wine Company of Paw Paw, Michigan, Edward Dreier tells about a secretary who aims to rid herself of even the slightest habit of making mistakes.

"When she came to me a year ago," writes Ed, "she did a very peculiar thing. She went into the outer office,

borrowed a stenographer's eraser, came back to her desk and made a correction . . . then took the eraser back to the girl. About ten days later she did the same thing and I suggested that she go to the stock room and get an eraser of her own.

" 'I'd rather not, if you don't mind,' she said, 'I found that when I had an eraser on my desk I made more mistakes . . . because I could erase them. I made up my mind that most mistakes are unnecessary, so I did away with the eraser. The other girl in our office was across the room and I had to walk all the way over and back twice to get and return her eraser and then get back to my desk. That took time and it slowed up my work, and I had to work overtime to get it finished. I soon cured myself of making so many mistakes. Now I make very few typographicals.'"

"No wonder I don't have to worry about my work being done right."

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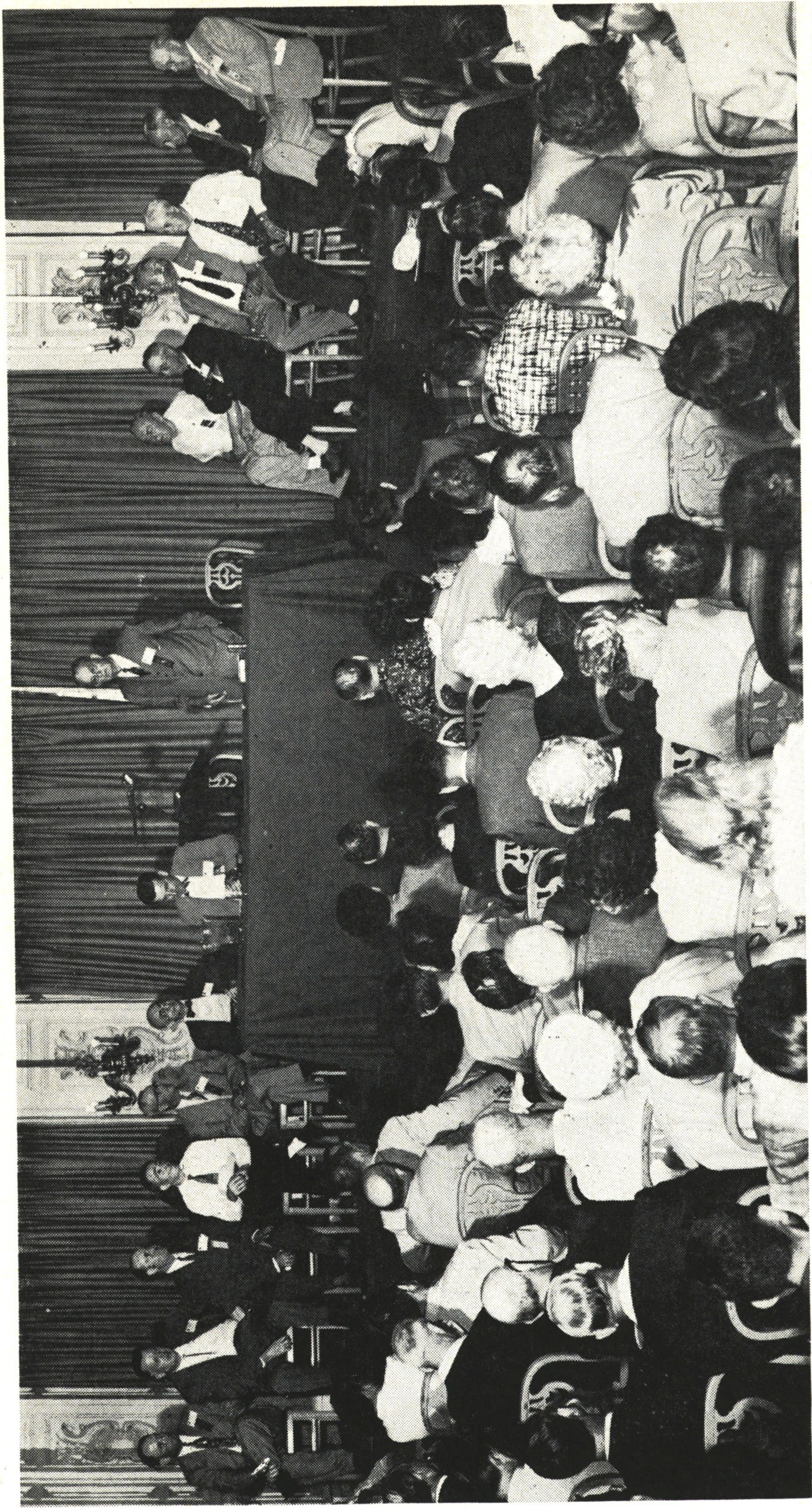
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See Col. "Mike" Gordon

TOWELS, RADIOS, RUGS, DINETTE SETS, VACUUM SWEEPERS, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS, REMINGTON, DOMINION, CONTINENTAL, TRAVELERS, DOUGLAS, MARCO, REGALWARE,

HOLLYWOOD, CASCA, WM. A. ROGERS, CORTINENTAL, OSTER, TOYS, BLANKETS, FURNITURE, PREMIUMS, LIGHTERS, PAINT.

DORMEYER, UNIVERSAL, CANNON, PEPPERELL, DOMINION, CLOCKS, ALUMINUM WARE, SOFT GOODS, VACUUM SWEEPERS,



Col. Carey Jones addressing the 1955 National Convention. Seated at the speakers table is Convention Chairman, Col. Ray Elliott. The other twelve gentlemen seated on the speaker's platform are graduates of the Carey Jones Auction School.

The Carey Jones Hour

At The 1955 National Convention
By COL. CAREY JONES

Introductory comments by Chairman Ray Elliott:

Col. Jones migrated from Illinois to Iowa. Carey's father founded the auction school methods used by all auction schools. Col. Jones is a leading auctioneer, recognized among students of all schools and other auctioneers as the Dean of Auctioneers. Twelve students of the Carey Jones Auction School who graduated from 1906 to 1923 were located on the stage.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, Graduates from all schools, all interested Auctioneers and all home-grown Auctioneers like myself; there is an oriental custom and proverb that when a child is born, they can shape the entire future of the child with a kiss. If they want it to be a great singer, they kiss it on the throat. If they want it to be a great musician, they kiss it on the forehead. Col. Elliott makes a fine chairman."

There may be another reason I am here. Some fool said, "If a man is fool enough to make a speech, let him."

There has been a good deal said about when the school was opened in 1904, in Davenport, Iowa. I remember one of the first students who made his living polishing harness for a fine driving team. Times have changed. There was one time when a man talked about his family he was talking about his daughter and wife. Now, I don't know what changes have been made since then.

Today 60% of the items sold were not invented or made at that time and of the 40% we had then, I think at this time, 90% of them are obsolete and not on the market. So you have that kind of changed condition that has taken place during all this time. To be of any value, every new invention must show some improvement over those in current use. I think Auctioneers are going to have to show some improvement if they are going to take the business away from the Auctioneers we have now. Much credit has been given in

elevating the auction to the Jones School. We are very happy and proud that it has been that way on through the years. I want to call attention to another thing. It is not the worthlessness of all the criminals that makes them notorious. It is the outstanding Auctioneers that dominate all of the auction profession, who uses methods that attract other students who want to attend the school. There is many young men who do not realize the importance of school and education.

They used to tell about a lawyer who was going to practice law for a couple of years and if he liked it, then he would study. If the Auctioneer wanted to try the profession, he had to practice.

There was a time, and it has been mentioned here today, when the Auctioneer did not have too high a rating and we can't help but look back to this time when teacher had class in school and on the first day she would ask each student what their fathers did. She asked Johnny what his father did and Johnny replied, "My father is a policeman brave and true, he carries a club and a pistol, too." She asked Willie what his father did and Willie replied that his father played a piano. She told him he must stay after school. When all of the children were gone, the teacher turned to Willie and asked why he had fibbed that way about what his father did. Willie said, "Well, I wasn't gonna tell all those kids that my father was an Auctioneer!" There is just that much difference. If Willie was called on today, he would jump up and say, "My father is a cryer, who sells things higher."

IN MEMORIAM

Col. Harvey H. Tucker, Iowa
Col. Gus L. Day, New Jersey

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

In addition to auction schools, the greatest help has come from the Ladies—wives, mothers and sweethearts, and this audience bears it out. They have been the greatest helping factor and as long as they are sitting by you and standing up for the profession, I know that there will never be a time when the profession will stop growing.

“Here’s to the Wives of Auctioneers
What beauties from far and near.
The best of Wives,
The best of Mothers,
God Bless them All and God Bless
the Others.”

On my trip here I sat down with a fella who had been raised in the country. He got up and said he loved them all. He met a nice looking girl, they fell in love and were married. He was blissfully happy because she loved him so much and he loved her so much. They were married about three months and she passed away. He was broken up and just didn’t have anything to live for. He’d never find another girl who would love him as much as the first one. Then he met another nice girl, they fell in love and were married. Again he was very happy, but again God saw fit to take her. So he was alone again and with nothing to live for. But again he met another and they were married, but he told me this, “If the Lord wants this one, He is welcome to her.” Watch out, you girls!

There is one thing that an Auctioneer should never do. It doesn’t matter what kind of a guy he is, but how mad he gets. I think that is the last thing a man should do, is to get mad and think he has got to run things. There was a man in a maternity ward. The nurse came to him and told him that his wife had just given him an 8 lb. boy. So he just turned and started to leave. She called him and told him that his wife wanted to talk to him. He said, “I’m mad at her. I haven’t even spoken to her in the last two years.” The nurse said, “Well, you’re not going to deny parentage of this child, are you?” “Oh, no, I was never that mad at her,” replied the man.

There are a lot of conditions that we have to consider. Conditions and sale barns have improved. A hump back

“First of all, we want to thank the members of the Indiana Auctioneers Association for the enjoyment during our stay in Indianapolis at the National Auctioneers Association Convention.”

“We enjoy reading ‘The Auctioneer’ and look forward to getting it every month. In the September issue we read about Col. Sylvester Wallace of New Rockford, N. D., being elected President of the North Dakota Auctioneers Association. My wife and I took a trip to North Dakota and Canada the latter part of August. While in Towner, N. D., we had the opportunity to meet Col. Wallace at one of his auctions. We had a very enjoyable visit with him after the sale.”

“We also attended a farm auction near Deering, N. D., and we conducted an auction for my Aunt during our stay in North Dakota.”

Col. Virgil F. Scarbrough
Quincy, Illinois

negro died and it took the undertaker half a day to straighten him out. During the service, the lid raised and the negro sat right up. One sister turned to the other and said, “I don’t think our Minister is as religious as he should be.” “Why?” asked the other. “Well, when he went running up the aisle, I heard him say ‘God Damn a church with only one door’.”

I had the pleasure of attending a convention in this city in this hotel in 1909. I’m just going to ask out of curiosity how many of you Auctioneers were here at that convention. You were? It was an interesting convention. I don’t want to appear small, but I wrote the hotel that I had been to a convention here in 1909 and that there has been a small change in their rates.

You had a very interesting debate on license laws last night. An auctioneer who was doing this kind of work was complaining about some of the laws, so the convention suggested to him ‘Why don’t you run for Mayor and you can run the license bureau.’ Shank went out,

made his campaign and was elected Mayor and he became one of the outstanding officials as far as running a city under changes we all needed up at home.

Real Estate License. I think that every Auctioneer that is in any location that they use a brokers license, you had difficulty getting through the channels to get your license, so don't think they are going to hand you the brokers license. Some states require that you have a brokers license. I think that you book sales a good deal easier if you have a license. I think it is so important that if I was a younger auctioneer, I would take out a brokers license so I could sell real estate. Locations mean a lot. In some locations, it is easier to get your license and it is easier to do business.

I am going to be a little broader about location. There was this circumstance in the last war. A boy from Vermont was drafted and stationed in Mississippi for his basic training. While he was in Mississippi, he met and fell in love with the most athletic, outstanding girl

in the neighborhood. Then the time came and he was shipped overseas. A little while after he was overseas he received a letter from his girl friend saying she was going to have a baby and should she stay in Mississippi or go to Vermont after the baby was born. He wrote back, "I think a bastard would have a better show in Vermont, than a Yankee would in Mississippi." Location means a lot.

There is another thing that I just want to call to your attention and it is that there is so many things you must know to be an auctioneer. One of the things is, I think, a knowledge of values. I don't think there is anything more pathetic than to go see an auctioneer selling out a household that can't tell the difference between a sugar bowl and a chamber pot. You've gotta watch that. No Auctioneer can remember everything and acquire all of the knowledge about everything, no matter how much he studies. No teacher knows it all. One school teacher sent a note home with Willie. The note read: Give Willie a bath, he smells bad. So Momma wrote

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a note back to the teacher which read: That is the trouble with you old-maid school teachers, you don't know how a man should smell.

Ladies and Gentlemen, this is a serious hour and a pleasant one for me and I want to share it with every auctioneer that has come up the hard way. As an auctioneer, I have had much pleasure in the work, but I hope we will never see the time that the auctioneering profession will rate above medicine and the ministry. I don't want to take any

more of your time. Keep these things in mind and I know you will never regret having become an auctioneer. There is one thing that we think about more than anything else, commissions and fees. They will be what you make them. Someone rated the services of an auctioneer as that of a bull, it is the good he does and not the time he spends on the service.

I would like to leave this word with you—"Guard your handle and report all of your income taxes."

Biggest Auction In Beloit History

(From the Beloit (Kas.) Gazette,
Aug. 25, 1955)

More than 2700 head of livestock went through the auction ring at the Hansen-Kirkeminde Livestock Auction sales pavilion here on Tuesday, constituting the largest livestock auction sale ever held in this territory.

The three auctioneers started promptly at 11 a. m. Tuesday and, in relays worked continuously until Col. Carson Hansen called out at 5:52 Wednesday morning, "Sold to No. 104 — and, boys, that's the baby we've been waiting for. Now I suggest that you good buyers that have stuck through the day and all night with us go to town and have breakfast on the house."

The thirty-five yard men as well as Gene Johnson were derved near "pooped out" but, just because the sale was over, that was no sign they could slow down. The consignors had to be paid; the various buyers had to have their purchases totaled so they could pay the auction company; and then the yard men had to get busy to "load out" the scores of big trucks as well as the many smaller farm trucks from this territory. Vincent Engelbert, who works in the yards, told the writer as the sale closed, "Well, I've been working here for 17 years, and I've never seen anything to compare to this."

Messers Hansen and Kirkeminde recently completed a large number of additional pens, but Tuesday's deluge found the greatly expanded yards unequal to meet the demand. Many cattle

had to be kept in the trucks late Tuesday forenoon and early in the afternoon until some of the cattle were sold and loaded out. The first batch of cattle for Tuesday's sale arrived last Thursday; quite a number of batches came in Sunday and lots more on Monday and Monday night.

The bulk of the consignments came from Mitchell, Osborne, Lincoln, Jewell, Smith, Cloud, Ottawa and Republic counties with some consignments from scattering counties.

We visited the sales company office yesterday afternoon in an endeavor to get a tally on the huge sale, but found Carson riding herd on the office alone. Gene Johnson had, strangely, gotten sleepy and had gone home to take a nap. Jim, who had been working on the job of writing the Market Report, had taken time out for a bite to eat. The yard men were still on the job trying to get the cattle loaded out but still had several hundred head to go. However, Carson rubbed his eyes, got out Gene's books and the adding machine, and, after some 15 minutes work, came up with the totals: Cattle, 2170; Hogs 397; Sheep 175. He commented, "Now, I'm not going on the witness stand and swear that those figures are absolutely right. I think the hogs and sheep are pretty accurate, and I heard the boys say we had well over 2,000 head of cattle. Before we got through, Jim and I and Long thought we had sold a heck of a lot more than that. By the way, Long is crying a sale over by Concordia

this afternoon, and I'm supposed to get over there and help."

Anyway, it was a whale of a sale — the result of hard work on the part of Hansen and Kirkeminde in building up a feeling of confidence in the stockmen

over Northcentral Kansas that they will get a square deal at Beloit and that there always will be some good buyers on hand for all the livestock they bring or send to Beloit.

Andirons -- There's A Style For Your Favorite Period

Andirons are the most important part of fireplace equipment and the fireplace, since primitive times, has been a room's center of interest. Now, increasingly aware of these facts, more and more people want beautiful and appropriate andirons.

George B. Jackson, president of Edwin Jackson, the long-established fireplace firm at 159 E. 54th St., has an encyclopedic knowledge of andirons. Part of it concerns what andirons to use with various period furnishings. Here are his suggestions:

If you have American country furniture, 17th century pieces of a room with simple paneling or a large kitchen-type fireplace, the earliest wrought iron andirons forged in the Colonies are the ones for you. They are sturdy with hoop-shaped legs and low to save space in the big fireplaces for cooking utensils. You may have to take reproductions for originals are rare.

In 18th Century Designs

Your American Queen Anne and other early 18th century cabinetwork will be well matched with the then fashionable knife-blade andirons, a more delicate version of the preceding style and usually with "penny" feet. They, too, are wrought iron but brass finials in the form of urns, lemons, or ribbed balls or occasionally in diamond-and-flame pattern, give them a slight formality.

Chippendale and other sophisticated furniture made here from about 1750 to late in the century, finds suitable andirons in the period's all-brass types. The earliest have a diamond-and-flame finial, plain or twisted baluster and claw-and-ball feet. Finials on later ones take many shapes, including acorn, ball-and-steeple, lemond and double urn.

Should your American furniture be

Adam or some other late 18th century style with classic details, look for brass andirons of that day with similar ornament. One popular type has a simple column supporting an urn.

Natural choices for American Empire cabinetwork are the much-turned brass andirons of that period.

When it comes to selecting andirons for an English 18th century room, Mr. Jackson warns of a slight problem. At this time coal grates were widely used in England because forests were depleted and wood cutting was often forbidden. Consequently, andirons were scarce. Good substitutes are American andirons of the period, which may well have been made in England for export.

French Provincial

Last on our furniture list is French provincial, in recent years so well known here. Less familiar to us are the charming, small andirons used with it in France. Made of wrought iron with a polished steel finish that matches the furniture's hardware, they might almost pass for refined versions of American knife-blade styles.

And now for a little miscellaneous information from Mr. Jackson. If you can do without the subtle beauty of age, you can usually buy good reproductions of the foregoing American andirons for about half the price originals bring.

But if you do shop for antique brass andirons, heed this advice: Examine the sides for seams where the two halves were joined. If there are seams, the andirons are probably antique. About 100 years ago brass workers learned to cast andirons all in one piece, using a sand core. Brass andirons, including reproductions, made since that date are seamless.

BOOSTERS FOR "THE AUCTIONEER"

The members whose names appear under their respective states have each given \$5.00 for their names to appear for one year in support of their magazine. Is your name among them? Watch this list of names grow.

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Col. R. A. Waldrep—Birmingham

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Col. Robert W. Butler, Daytona Beach

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Col. Harold Cohn—Columbus

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ELSEWHERE

The Ladies Auxiliary to the
National Auctioneers Association

Married Moments

The trouble with a husband who works like a horse is that all he wants to do in the evening is hit the hay.

When it comes to taking care of money, most husbands have to hand it to their wives.

A clever wife is not the one who sees the point of her husband's jokes, but one who can laugh without seeing the point.

Nothing is more gratifying to a wife than to see a double chin on her husband's old flame.

Taxpayers: Those who don't have to pass a civil service exam to work for the government.

When you buy things for a song, watch out for the accompaniment.

Sale Barn Manager Receives \$1000 Fine

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. — Alvin Hari, manager of the Kankakee sale barn, Kankakee, Ill., pleaded guilty to a charge of importing cattle without health certificates and was fined \$1,000 and costs in the county court of Kankakee county.

The charge was filed by representatives of the Illinois department of agriculture on instructions from Director Stillman J. Stanard.

The department is making every effort to stamp out brucellosis which might occur from animals imported without health certificates, Stanard said.

Half Million Refused For \$450 Antique

A Chicago art collector said today he has turned down a \$500,000 offer for a Leonardo da Vinci original he bought for \$450 while browsing in a New York antique shop.

The painting has been identified by experts as Da Vinci's "Madonna and Child."

"I will never sell it," said Hanns R. Teichert. "I will keep it and enjoy it a while. Sooner or later I will donate it to an American museum."

MISSING?

THE AUCTIONEER cannot follow you if your new address is missing from our files. If you plan to move soon, send your change of address today!

They'll Lead Illinois "Colonels" For Year



New officers of the Illinois Auctioneers Association. Seated are retiring President, Col. A. C. Dunning; newly elected President, Col. Carman Potter; Col. Virgil Scarbrough, Secretary-Treasurer; and Col. Lewis Marks, Vice-President. Standing, front row, left to right: Col. T. J. Moll, Director; Col. Vern Dragoo, retiring Director; Col. Edward Ahrens, Director; Col. William Porter, Director; and Col. J. E. Russell, Director. Back row, left to right: Col. Walter Holford, Chairman of the Nominating Committee and retiring Director; Col. Wayne Coffey, Director; Col. Ray Hudson, Director; and Col. J. C. Boyd, Director. Directors Dwight Knollenberg, C. W. Slater, J. Hughey Martin and John Norris were not present for the picture.

Carman Potter Heads Illinois Association

Members of the Illinois Auctioneers Association held their annual meeting and election of officers at the Leland Hotel, Springfield, Ill., Sunday, September 18. A large turnout was recorded and an interesting program was presented.

Col. Carman Y. Potter, Jacksonville, was elected President for the ensuing year. New vice-president is Col. Lewis G. Marks, Abingdon and Col. Virgil F. Scarbrough, Quincy, was elected secretary-treasurer. Col. Wayne Coffey, Kansas; Col. J. C. Boyd, Morrisonville; and Col. William A. Porter, Alexis, were elected to three year terms on the Board of Directors. Col. J. E. Russell, Peoria, was named to complete the unexpired term of Col. Marks.

"I personally believe that our last National Convention was the most outstanding that we have had. I have attended six and I believe the Indiana State Auctioneers did a marvelous job. It is going to be a hard one to out do."

A. C. Dunning
Elgin, Ill.

"Enclosed you will find my check for renewal of my membership in the National Auctioneers Association. I also want to take this opportunity to tell you how much we enjoy "The Auctioneer." We of the Minnesota Association really appreciate it."

Col. Orville M. Schroeder
Vice-President Minnesota
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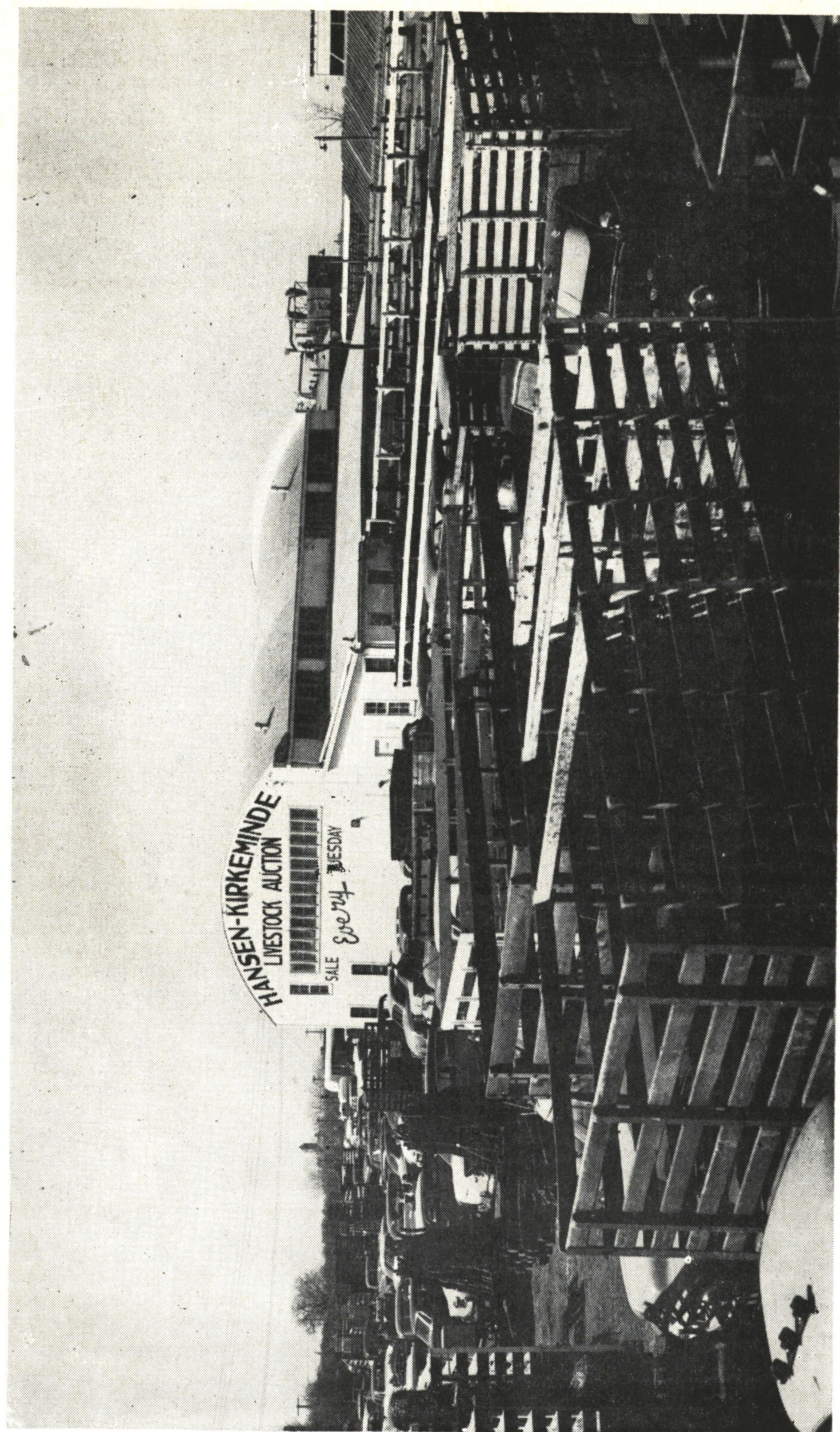
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First Anniversary For Hansen--Kirkeminde

Reprinted from the Beloit (Kas.) Gazette

(Editor's Note: A local church group that has received appreciated favors from the Hansen-Kirkeminde Livestock Auction firm of Beloit appointed a committee to "do something nice" for the firm. The committee decided upon "publicity as a suitable means of showing their appreciation. The committee chairman submits the following well-written article.)

Tuesday, September 6, 1955, marks the first anniversary for the Hansen-Kirkeminde Livestock Auction of Beloit, and the owners are to be commended on the extent and rapid growth of patronage they have built and acquired in these past 12 months. To glance back and note the steady progress of their business is most interesting.

When Carson Hansen and Jim Kirkeminde formed their partnership, it was with one definite goal in mind—that of promoting good business, not only for themselves, but for the city of Beloit and the surrounding communities as well. With this goal always in mind, they have steadily acquired the confidence and high regard of their rural neighbors and their local business associates. The confidence of their many consignors and the strict execution of the rules for fair operation at the auction block has brought many out of state livestock buyers to the weekly livestock sales, as well as buyers from points covering Kansas.

To the local citizens, Carson Hansen is indeed no stranger, since this is his home community. His experience in community sales is varied and extensive, and he takes pride in doing his job. To Carson "Fair Play" is the "Only Way" and anyone enlisting his services need have no worries as to a fair and correct "tallying" of the score.

Jim Kirkeminde was a stranger to all but a few in this community when he

decided Beloit was the "spot" for him. Jim comes from Morris county, and in one short year he has not only made a host of friends but also won a popular place for himself in the community's civic activities. His is a most outstanding personality; and to meet Jim and talk with him, one is immediately impressed with his direct and straight forward manner and, like Carson, he believes in dealing only "Square Deals."

With the Hansen-Kirkeminde Livestock Auction also is an attractive young auctioneer from Ottawa county known as Ivan Long. Ivan might impress you as being almost too young for his chosen profession as he takes his place behind the microphone at the auction block and begins to work in his quiet and unassuming manner, but when one takes count of his auctioneering, it is quite a different impression Ivan leaves with you. He took his auctioneer training at the Auction School in Mason City, Iowa, and for one of his age and abilities, Ivan's friends predict a very bright future.

The local merchants are grateful to Carson, Jim, and Ivan. Having scheduled their Livestock Sales Day to correspond with Cash Day, they are helping make Tuesdays in Beloit as memorable as the Saturdays of yesterday. To an old timer touched with nostalgia, it is a good feeling to see the friendly groupings on these days as the patrons await the "Drawing Hour" and to be able to listen to the chattings of the rural folk as they meander from store to store on their return to or from the sales pavilion. To say this is a boost to our "Shopping Center" would be an understatement.

The rural folk are most appreciative of these three partners, too. The Auction Report, which is compiled for their benefit and mailed weekly as compliments of the Hansen-Kirkeminde Live-

stock Auction to 6500 farmers is enjoyed by each receiver. It not only gives its readers a detailed report of the weekly sales, but also lists a calendar of events for the advance week. The Auction Report carries to the farmers of this area many new ideas and suggestions written in editorial form by our County Farm Agent and other guest writers. The local business men place various advertising in this weekly report, too; because they feel they can make closer contacts with their rural customers. YES, the Hansen-Kirkeminde Livestock Auction really "punches" for the local community. Anyone taking the time for written proof can observe on each issue of their weekly

report printed in bold, black lettering, the following statement: "BELOIT — A GOOD SHOPPING CENTER."

To all civic organizations, schools and churches, Carson, Jim and Ivan offer their services free of charge. They are never too hurried to find time for answering any questions presented them, and they are always very courteous and considerate when one visits their office.

It is with a feeling of sincere appreciation that the many friends and associates of these three live wires of the Hansen - Kirkeminde Livestock Auction take the opportunity to extend to them "Congratulations" and "Many Happy Returns" on their first anniversary.

A Growing Field-- Farm Equipment Auctions

By BERNARD HART

Farm Machinery Auctions could well become the fastest growing field in the auction industry. More and more progressive and successful farm equipment dealers are using established auctions as a means of regulating their inventory of used equipment.

And well they may, too, for if you were to interview all the dealers in your area who have been in business ten years or longer, and they were truthful in their answers, you would find that most of them would admit that all they had to show for their efforts, in addition to operating expenses, would be a pile of scrap iron behind their building. Pieces of farm equipment that had a cash value when they were traded for but were not sold at the time and gradually became obsolete and unwanted.

Those in the farm machinery industry will tell you that they are selling on a replacement market. They have trade-ins on most new machinery sales and trade-ins on the trade-ins. Unless these trade-ins can be turned into cash it spells disaster for the dealer. The auction method offers a quick cash return.

Experts in retailing farm equipment

advise that dealers generally lose money on items held over 60 days. Several reasons can be given for this: A dealer is likely to lose a lot of his enthusiasm for the merchandise in this length of time. Farmers keep pretty good track of the parts of the inventory in which they are interested and they will drive a hard bargain on a piece that has been around for a long time. Lack of local demand can also prevent certain pieces from moving. A centralized auction will take care of this.

Organized and centrally located auctions can provide a market for slow moving equipment, equipment for which there is no local demand and equipment which destroys balance in the used inventory.

Prices received at auction may not be as high as that received from a retail sale, but it is a cash, no-trade sale. A smart dealer can use the auction as both a selling place and a buying place. While moving items he has difficulty in selling he may find items to buy that are needed to round out his used equipment inventory.

Most of us recall the opposition to wholesale automobile auctions when they were just getting started. They were

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

called "war babies" and as soon as inventories built up they would become extinct. However, the opposite has happened and many dealers who criticized them are now making the most profitable use of them.

Farm equipment auctions are here to stay, too, and we can expect them to become larger in numbers and larger in volume in the next few years. The successful farm equipment dealers have a need for these auctions—properly managed and properly conducted.

Initiative Stifled

Under freedom the people of this country have prospered, but let the government take over control of things and it isn't long before initiative and thrift are lost forever until the people regain control. — Pierson (Iowa) Progress.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp

Two dozen boy scouts in Texas took a 160-mile hike, every bit of it on foot. If nothing else, they should have come out of the experience with an increased appreciation for the machine age.—Sioux Falls (S. D.) Argus-Leader.

That's Progress

Progress comes not by some magic word and not by government edict, but from the thoughts, the toil, the tears, the triumphs of individuals who accept the challenge of raw material — and by the grace of God-given talents produce results which satisfy the needs of men. —Dr. Allan A. Stockdale in Recreation.

Bringing It Up-To-Date

A first-grade teacher asked her class why the ugly old troll wouldn't let the three billy goats cross the bridge.

One six-year-old offered this modern explanation: "You have to pay money to cross a troll bridge." — Nation's Schools.

THE DIFFERENCE

If you don't know the difference between a neurotic, a psychotic and a psychiatrist, we'll tell you.

A neurotic is a person who builds castles in the air. A psychotic is someone who lives there. And a psychiatrist is the guy who collects the rent.—Art Ryan in Los Angeles Times.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE . . .

Ready Answer

He had been drinking martinis like he was afraid they were going out of style. When closing hour shut off his supply, the bartender asked:

"How're you going to get home, Mac?"

"Got m' automobile," replied the lush.

"You're not going to drive, are you?"

"What else?"

"But you can't drive, man," protested the barkeep. "You can't see."

The customer lurched to the door. "Okay, Okay," he agreed. "So I'll put on m' glasses."

Problem

A busy auctioneer came out of one of his reveries to find himself sitting on his bed with one shoe on and the other one in his hand.

"I wonder what I'm doing," he muttered, "going to sleep or getting up."

That Oily Tongued Rascal

"You seem to be an able-bodied man. You ought to be strong enough to work."

"I know, mum. And you seem to be beautiful enough to go on the stage, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

"Step into the kitchen, and I'll see if I can't stir up a meal for you."

Traveling by Rail

The Captain of an Atlantic liner approached a miserable looking young woman leaning over the railing.

"Waiting for the moon to come up?" he asked, good naturedly.

"Oh, ye gods!" enjaculated the ill one; "has that got to come up too?"

A gentleman was endeavoring, with earnestness, to impress an argument upon a fellow passenger on a train. The unwilling listener appeared rather dull of comprehension. Slightly irritated, he raised his voice and exclaimed, "It's as plain as ABC!"

"That may be," quietly replied the other, "but I am D E F!"

Quite Apt

Motoring across a dreary stretch of country, a salesman stopped at a run-down gasoline station. A single, dejected-looking attendant stood beside the one gas pump, doing nothing and enjoying it.

The salesman leaned out of the window of his car and called: "Hey, what do you call this doggone, dried-up, broken-down, hole?"

The dejected-looking one pondered the question briefly, then scratched his head and said, "That's near enough."

Practice

Mother—"George, are you spitting in the fish bowl?"

Georgie—"No, Mummy, but I'm coming close."

Defined

A gossip is a person who will never tell a lie if the truth will do as much damage.

How True

A new dish was being tried out on two little children of the house. The girl pushed her plate away, saying, "I don't like it."

"Oh, you mustn't say that," cautioned her brother, "cause the more you don't like something, the gooder it is for you."

Plenty of Room

A magazine salesman was explaining the advantages of being a subscriber. "Why, we carry several articles every month telling you how to do a better job of farming."

"Ain't interested," the farmer told him. "I'm not farming half as well as I know how now."

"What are your prospects for promotion in your present job?" demanded the girl's father.

"Best in the whole office, sir," replied the hopeful suitor. "My job is the lowest one they've got."

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

TWO TIMES TWO EQUALS . . . ?

We understand the federal revenooors picked up a sizable piece of additional change—\$50 million to be exact—merely by checking the addition and subtraction on Mr. John Q's tax returns this year. Of course, John Q is good enough at figures to figure out that he better figure on figuring his figures so as to have something left to figure after Uncle Sam gets through with him. But he finds that it takes quite a bit of figuring these days. Then, like as not, gross minus expenses and Uncle's grab leaves him grossly short of enough net to cover things like errors in arithmetic on his tax return.

WINNIE'S WIT

In the early 1920s when Winston Churchill had offended both his own supporters and the political opposition, the late George Bernard Shaw wrote him: "I enclose two vouchers for the premiere of my new play, for yourself and a friend—if any."

Back to the playwright promptly came the theater checks with this note from "Winnie": "I regret I am unable to attend the premiere of your new play. Please send me two vouchers for the second performance—if any."

NOISY FELLOW

A Texan, hearing that a factory in Ohio was interested in buying bull-frog skins, wrote that he could supply any quantity up to 100,000. Needing the skins badly, the factory wired him to send the entire 100,000.

About ten days later a single dried frog skin arrived with this note: "Gent: I'm sorry, but here's all the frog skins there were. The noise sure fooled me."

In the penmanship class of the graders, the teacher was going to each pupil's desk and examining the handwriting. She paused at little Willie's desk and watched him scribble. Finally she said: "Willie, you certainly are a poor writer. I don't know what I'm going to do to make you write better."

"Don't worry about me," Willie replied. "I'm going to be a doctor, anyway."

RESOURCEFUL

Plumber arriving hours after the call: "How's things, Mr. Brown?"

The happy Mr. Brown: "Not so bad. While we were waiting I taught the maid how to swim."

PRACTICAL

A tourist spotted an Indian sending up smoke signals in the desert with a fire extinguisher strapped to his side. "What's the idea of the fire extinguisher?" asked the tourist.

The rugged redskin explained, "If me misspellum word, me erasum."

IDIOTIC

"Have you been to any doctor before you came to see me?" asked the grouchy doctor.

"No, sir," replied the meek patient. "I went to a druggist."

"That shows how much sense some people have!" growled the doctor. "And what sort of idiotic advice did he give you?"

"He told me to come and see you."

The Sunday school clasas was composed of three-year-olds. The teacher asked:

"Do any of you remember who St. Matthew was?" No answer.

"Well, does anyone remember who St. Mark was?" Still no answer.

"Surely some of you must remember who Peter was?"

The little faces were full of interest, but the room remained quiet. Finally a tiny voice came from the back of the room:

"I fink he was a wabbit!"

A staid gentleman, honorary judge at a horse show, was upset by the dress of some of the girls.

"Just look at that young person with the poodle cut, the cigarette and the blue jeans," he decried to a by-stander. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

"It's a girl. She's my daughter."

"Oh, forgive me, sir," apologized the old fellow. "I never dreamed you were her father."

"I'm not," snapped the other. "I'm her mother."

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RESERVE THESE DATES — JULY 19-20-21, 1956
NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS CONVENTION

ATTENTION

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COL. BERNARD HART,
Secretary

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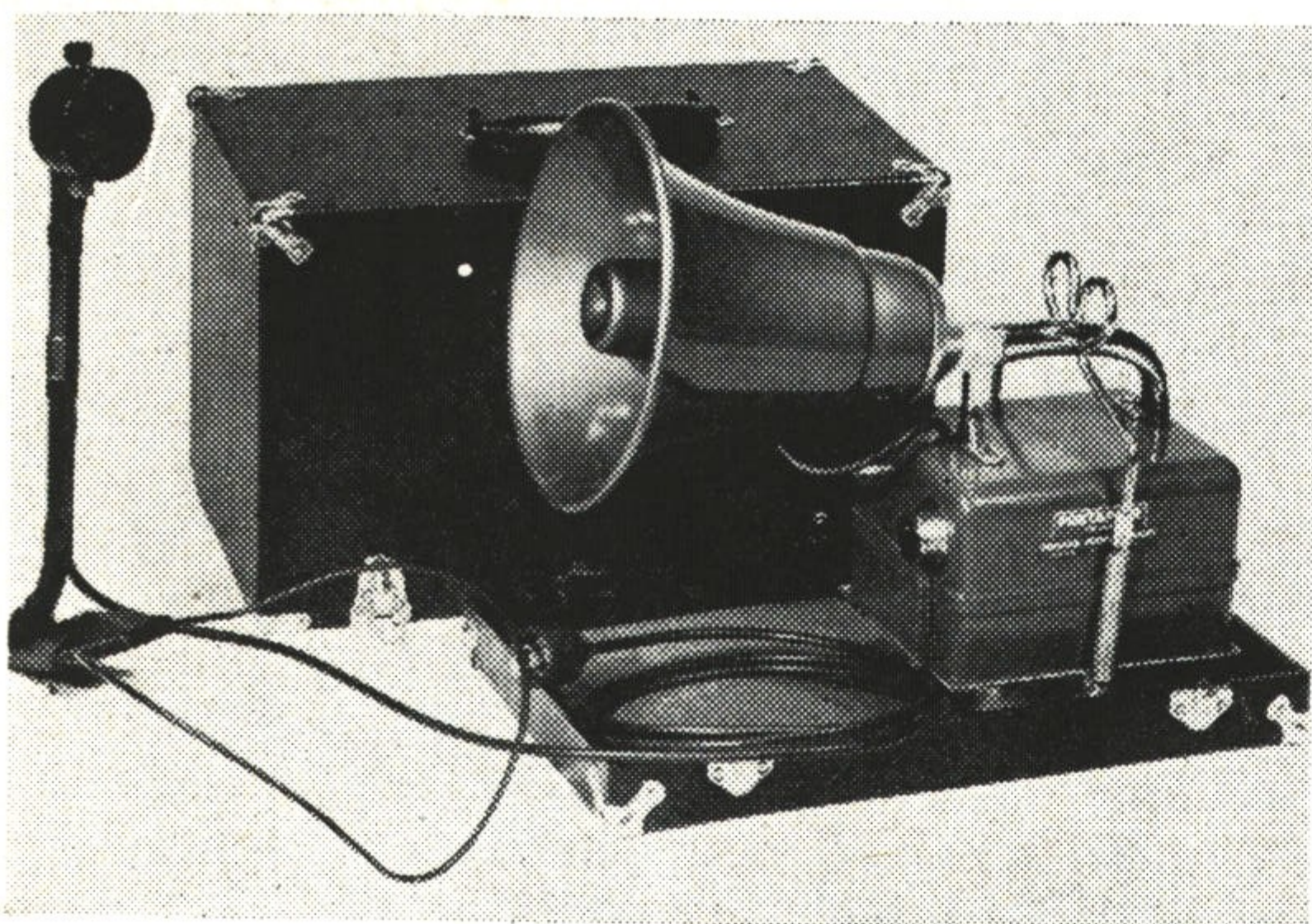
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The Auctioneer

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Frankfort, Indiana

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