

# *the* AUCTIONEER



*Yours for a Merry Christmas...*

DECEMBER  
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No. 11

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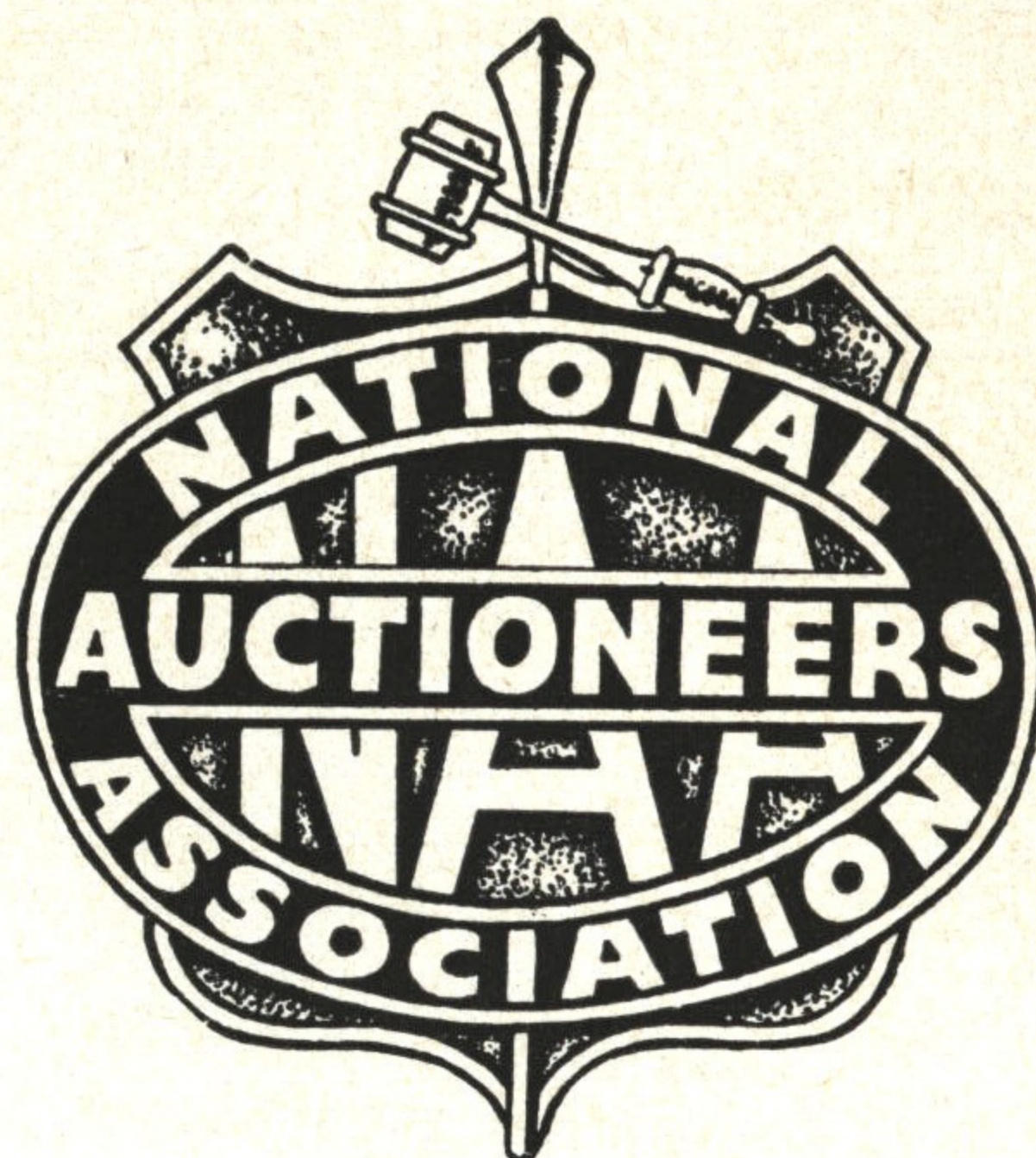
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# 1956 -- A Banner Year!

By COL. E. T. SHERLOCK

1st Vice President, National Auctioneers Association

I am sure we appreciate the significance of the article by our president of the NAA—Col. C. B. Drake, in the November issue of "The Auctioneer" in which he frankly states facts relative to a very important subject which concerns every member of the NAA.

He states — "We have been coasting," and that is possibly a true statement.

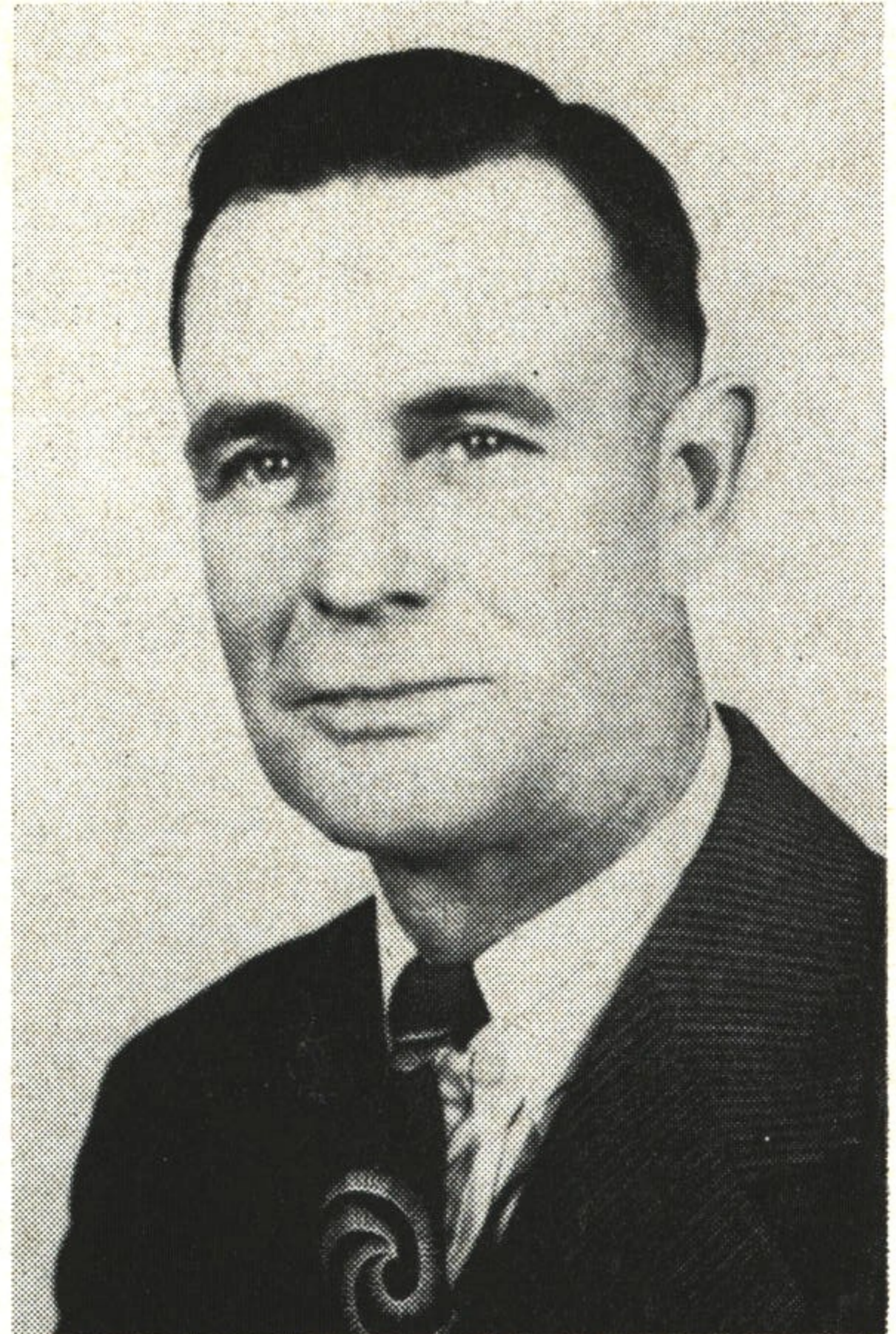
The NAA has prospered during its time of existence (about ten years) and is at the present time, on good solid footing due to most capable leadership in the past, plus the untiring efforts of those members who have continually contributed, one way or the other, toward the prosperity and well being of the organization.

We believe every member of the NAA has the same fervent desire to see the membership doubled, in the not too distant future and "The Auctioneer" with dimensions equivalent to a leading mail-order catalog. This accomplishment is not the concern of just a few, it is a job for every one of us.

The average membership gain of the NAA during its time of existence is about 100 members per year, which is good when we consider the lean years in the beginning; however, this number cannot be accepted as the maximum rate of gain for the future, and that is the problem confronting us today and now is the time to improve the situation.

Increasing the membership of NAA and volume of "The Auctioneer" should be propelled principally through the efforts of our membership, as in all fraternal organizations, which depend entirely upon personal solicitation by members to increase and maintain number and influence.

The idea of each member enlisting at least one member as his bit for the year, is indeed a capital idea, and really doesn't require too much effort in most cases. If every member will do his best to get one new member — now! we can



Col. E. T. Sherlock

double our number in a surprisingly short time.

It is obvious we have reached the point where we must have a working membership system, of one kind or another. We must attract the attention and gain the interest of the prospective member, and keep that interest alive with the feeling that there is definitely a benefit everyday through affiliation with the NAA.

"The Auctioneer" itself is a fine solicitor, when presented to any Auctioneer, but it does much better when accompanied by a NAA member who can sincerely state that he is proud of his membership in the National Auctioneers Association, and that he is getting more than his money's worth every time he picks up "The Auctioneer", to read articles of interest, pertaining to his profession, and articles otherwise from all parts of the nation.

**Auctioneers, are the world's master salesmen.**

Let each of us use some of that prestige and influence now and sell a few new memberships and make 1956 a banner year for membership gain.

## December Meeting Set By Oklahoma Group

Members of the Oklahoma State Auctioneers Association have set December 8 as the date for their next regular meeting which will be held at the Kiwanis building, 29th and S. Hudson, Oklahoma City. The meeting time is 7:00 p. m. with State Senator, George Mishovsky, and State Representative, Richard Romang, as guest speakers.

This same organization met on October 3 at the House of Chan in Oklahoma City. Guest speakers at that meeting were Rep. Richard Romang, Enid; Charles E. Malsom, Norman; and Nick McGown, Editor of the Edmond Sun, Edmond, Okla. A special program was presented under the direction of Lelani from Hawaii featuring Hawaiian dances. Children taking part were Kenna Sue Atkinson, Linda Sue Stratton, La Glenda Benson and Harry Benson.

Officers of the Oklahoma State Auctioneers Association are: Col. V. K. Crowell, Oklahoma City, President; Col. C. L. Everett, El Reno, 1st Vice President; Col. Jim Johnson, El Reno, 2nd Vice President; Col. W. H. Heldenbrand, Oklahoma City; Col. Dale Walker, Mountain View; and Col. W. J. Lauer, Buffalo, Directors. Betty Atkinson, P. O. Box 8804, Oklahoma City, is Secretary and Treasurer.

Although only organized in July of this year, there are already 75 paid up members in the Oklahoma State Auctioneers Association.

### SERVED HIM RIGHT

GOSHEN, Ind.—Attorney Carl Chattin's wave to a friend standing next to an auctioneer netted him 1,300 yards of red and green ribbon. The wave was misinterpreted as a bid and Chattin was declared the winner.

**"I enjoying reading The Auctioneer."**  
—Col. David H. Levine, St. Paul, Minn.

## Now Is The Time To Promote NAA

The 30 day period ending November 15 was one of the shortest in number of memberships received that we have had in some time. Auctioneers are now completing one of the best seasons they have ever had. Now is the time for all auctioneers to pause and look around. The NAA needs you and you need the NAA. Send in your own dues and those of a new member.

Following is a list of memberships received. The asterisk denotes renewal.

- \*Col. Benjamin F. Hayes, New York
- \*Col. Norman Finson, Ohio
- \*Col. Paul W. Calkins, New York
- \*Col. David H. Levine, Minnesota
- \*Col. Paul K. Gilbert, Pennsylvania
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- Col. William Henderson, Indiana
- \*Col. Max Reno, Iowa
- \*Col. Harry Hays, Alberta
- \*Col. Floyd L. Hopkins, Ohio
- Col. Joe Madden, Wyoming
- Col. Marvin Jones, Texas

## Powdered Meat

DETROIT, Mich.—The heads of two sausage firms were fined \$25 each by Recorder's Judge Gerald W. Groat after it was found that they were using excessive milk powder in the meat.

Fined were Theophil J. Hrapkiawecz and Frank Turchan, owners of the City Parking Co., 3257 Michigan, and Robert Kelley, head of the Kelley Sausage Co., of 3449 Michigan.

# “If You Want to Buy You’ve Got to Bid”

**Thus Starts Another Clarence Damron Sale—Canadian Auctioneer  
Has Helped Sell 20,000 Head at Calgary Bull Sales—Vigorous at 77**

Reprinted from “The Hereford Journal”

“If you want to buy bulls at this sale, ladies and gentlemen, there is only one way that I now of to do it, and that is to bid on them—you can’t buy them if you don’t bid on them.”

When these words are used to open a livestock sale in Canada, none of the buyers has to look to know that Clarence F. Damron is on the stand. That bit of advice, coupled with his slogan, “Knows Values—Gets Them.” is as familiar as his voice, which has been crying sales in Alberta for 46 years.

He is still going strong at 77. His auctioneering career has kept him in close touch with the livestock industry in the province. He has sold at the major livestock sales at Calgary, Edmonton, Lacombe, and Red Deer. He has been the auctioneer in charge at the Lacombe Bull sale for more than 30 years and has been one of the auctioneers at the Calgary Spring Bull Sale every year from 1927 through 1955. His most recent performance was at the Commonwealth Jubilee sale, at Regina, Sask.

Today, Clarence Damron rates as the Dean of Alberta Auctioneers. But, while he has enjoyed considerable success in his field, he isn’t taking all the credit. He says that he has made hundreds of friends among the livestock breeders in Western Canada and that it is they who have been responsible for his successes. Fellow auctioneers and sale managers also have contributed much.

## **Credit to Others**

Among those whom he singles out are Frank Collicut former owner of Willow Springs Hereford Ranch, Airdrie, Alta.; the late J. L. Walters, pioneer breeder of Shorthorns; Thomas and Sam Henderson, pioneer breeders of Angus; the late Ernie Richardson, for many years manager of the Calgary sale; Charlie Yule, also manager of the Calgary sale for many years; Maurice Hartnett the pres-

ent manager; and Prof. W. L. Carlyle, long-time manager of the EP Ranch.

Clarence Damron was born at Basco, Hancock County, Ill., in 1878. With his family, he moved to David County, Neb., in 1882, and to Omaha, Neb., in 1886. It was in Omaha that his father, J. S. Damron—better known as “Joe”—opened his own business as a trader in stocker and feeder cattle at the stockyards in 1889.

Clarence attended public school for a few years—but not too many—and had a pony route for delivering the Omaha Daily Bee. He also peddled his mother’s ham sandwiches and popcorn balls around the stockyards, after school and on Saturdays.

The smell of the packing houses, the bawling cattle and squealing pigs all held a fascination that Clarence could not resist. So, in 1891, he quit school and got a job at \$3 a week, carrying messages between the hog yard and the packing plant. Armour & Cudahy owned the packing plant and the late Jim Doud was the hog buyer. It was Mr. Doud who dubbed Clarence, “Mascot” and the name stayed with him all the time he worked at the yards.

## **In Own Business at 14**

It wasn’t long before Clarence had saved enough money to go into business on his own. At the tender age of 14, he was buying crippled hogs from the commission firms and selling them to the packers. From there, it was only a step to the cattle yards where he traded in stocker calves, with his father. He remained at this work until he moved to Canada.

On Sept. 7, 1898, he married Martha Imogene Trobough of Gilmore, Neb. It was about four years later—Feb. 25, 1902—that he left the stockyards in South Omaha. Accompanying him were his wife, 16-month-old son, \$90 in cash, a

# IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

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carload of settler's effects and three registered Shorthorn cows with calves.

A week later, he was in Lacombe, Alta., and on March 8, 1902, he arrived in Bentley, (population 100), which has been his address for 53 years.

With his brother, John, he purchased a section of land from the C. P. Railroad and each of them homesteaded a quarter section, four miles from Bentley. They broke out a little land on which to raise feed. and bought and sold cattle for five years. On Jan. 2, 1907, they opened the first meat market in Bentley. They sold steak at three pounds for a quarter and gave away the livers and hearts. At one time they sold 20 quarters of frozen beef—good, young beef—to a saw mill at three cents a pound for the front quarters and four cents a pound for the hinds.

In looking back now, Mr. Damron says that he could have been a millionaire if he could have sold, at today's prices, all the livers and hearts that they gave away or destroyed.

## His First Farm Sale

It was on Sept. 17, 1909, that Clarence F. Damron sold his first farm auction. It was for Clyde S. Evernden, living eight miles northwest of Bentley. Still in his files is a bill on this sale that says he sold "seven head of horses, 28 head of cattle, a good farm wagon, a good buggy, Bain Bob Sleigh, two sets of work harness, all household effects and other articles too numerous to mention."

Terms of the sale were: "All sums of \$10 and under, cash; over that amount, credit of nine months given on joint notes at 8 percent interest. A discount of 5 percent given on all sums over \$10—"

The sale totaled \$1,658 and the auctioneer got \$16 for his day's work. Of this, he gave the clerk \$3.

That was the beginning of what was destined to be a long and successful career as an Alberta auctioneer.

In looking over some of his old catalogues, Mr. Damron notices that, at the Lacombe Bull Sale on June 3, 1931, he sold 62 bulls of the three beef breeds. There were 10 Angus, 10 Herefords and 42 Shorthorns. Since then, the Lacombe sale has grown to be the second-largest sale of registered bulls in the province.

The 1953 catalogue shows that 1,017 head of the three breeds were consigned. Of these, 649 were Herefords.

## Starts in Calgary in 1927

At his first sale in Calgary—March, 1927—he assisted J. W. (Bill) Durno, Dean of Purebred Livestock Auctioneers in Alberta, and Don Ball, auctioneer of Edmonton, in selling 558 bulls of the three breeds for an average of \$112.50. A lot of the bulls were passed out of the ring, unsold at the upset price of \$50.

The next year, 1928, the same three auctioneers sold 393 bulls for an average of \$297. That was the highest average ever obtained at the Calgary Sale up to that time and held good until 1943, when 625 bulls averaged \$456.63.

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## AIM FOR THE WEST!

## SHOOT FOR THE BEST!

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Since then prices have fluctuated considerably but the highest average ever obtained at the Calgary Sale was in 1951 when 729 bulls of the three breeds rated an all - time record average of \$1,119.86, a total of \$821,919. Five hundred seven of the bulls at this sale were Herefords which averaged \$1,223.42.

Mr. Damron sold the highest-priced Hereford bull ever sold at a Calgary sale. The bull, a two-year-old Hereford (Reserve champion) Lorne Real S. Domino 14D, consigned by Charlie MacDougall of Champion, Alta., sold to Austin C. Taylor, Vancouver, B. C., and the ACT Ranch, of Kelowna, for \$8,200.

But Mr. Damron says that the lion's share of credit for making this the highest-priced Hereford bull ever sold at Calgary should go to the runners up, who bid \$8,100. These were Homer Campbell and M. & A. Simonet, Clandonald, Alta.

Since 1927, at Calgary, alone, Mr. Damron has sold or helped sell (in round figures) 20,000 bulls for a grand total of \$7,750,000.

## Also Sold Horses

Along with the cattle, Mr. Damron has

sold a few horses. He has no idea how many, but he was the auctioneer in charge of the selling for the Lacombe Farmers' Horse Sale Company, which held 26 consecutive horse sales. The first sale was in March, 1925, and grew to be one of the largest sales of its kind in the world. Ninety percent of the horses were sold individually.

At the first Lacombe sale, there were 120 horses entered and in 1939 there were over 1,200. At the 26 sales there were 14,082 horses sold for \$1,000,000. Along with his regular turn in the auctioneer's stand, Clarence Damron sold the first and last horses at every sale.

But times have changed since the good old days, he says, and at the present time, there is practically no demand for farm horses. In his opinion, 50 percent of the farmers in this part of the world haven't a horse on the place, and stud horses are as scarce as dinosaurs around Bentley.

Mr. Damron started his own herd of Herefords in 1933, when he bought 18 yearling heifers. The herd, now handled by his son, Dick, has increased to about 140. The veteran auctioneer has not been active in operating the herd for several years.

## **Auctioneering Easier Now**

Auctioneering now is an easy touch compared to the early days. Mr. Damron feels. Once, during 40 consecutive days, not counting Sundays, he had 42 sales. On two days he "saled" in the morning and in the afternoon.

Once, using teams, he drove 90 miles from the time one sale closed in the afternoon and the time another opened the following morning. He has traveled to sales by every means of locomotion except ox-cart and airplane. Once, he even used a motor boat. Even after he bought his first car in 1913 he refused to have a heater installed for winter use on the theory that stepping from a warm car into a cold winter's day was only inviting sickness.

Mr. Damron's vigorous auctioneering life evidently agrees with him. He's still going strong and, after the 1955 Calgary Sale, last March, Ross Miller of The Hereford Journal wrote, "He's getting younger every day."

Yes, it's always a pleasure to hear

him say, "Come on boys, let's have a bull sale." The result usually is that it becomes a real bull sale.

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## **Don't Discourage**

Over 50 years ago a small boy working in a factory in Naples, Italy, longed to be a singer. But this 10-year-old lad was told by his first voice teacher that he should forget about singing.

"You can't sing," the teacher said. "You haven't any voice at all. It sounds like wind in the shutters."

But the boy's mother, a poor peasant woman, knew better. Putting her arms around the boy, she praised him and told him she was sure he could sing. Not only that, she made all sorts of sacrifices, even going barefoot, in order to pay for his singing lessons.

The result? Her praise and constant encouragement, as well as her practical sacrifices, changed the life of her son. He became one of the the great singers of all time. His name? Enrico Caruso.

One encouraging word from you may make the difference between the success or failure of a potential Christ-bearer. There is little danger in showing confidence even in the least person. Irreparable, far-reaching harm may come from discouraging those who show little promise in the beginning.

**"And we beg of you, brethren, admonish the unruly, encourage the timid, support the weak, be patient toward all." (I Thessalonians 5:14).**

Lord, give me the wisdom to encourage, not discourage.

---

## **American Cotter's Saturday Night**

The roast is in the oven  
Burning to a cinder.  
Baby's in the attic  
Hanging out a winder.  
Sister's in the closet  
Snitching Mama's clothes.  
Junior's in the coal bin—  
Why, the good Lord knows.  
Dad is in the pantry  
Getting rather Scotchy.  
Mama's in the parlor;  
So is Liberace.

Season's Greetings  
To All



And may the new year bring us our  
greatest successes in our own business  
and in our organization.

***COL. C. B. DRAKE, President***  
***National Auctioneers Association***

# Opponents Of Nebraska Auction Law Win First Legal Round

Reprinted from the Omaha (Nebr.) World Herald, Nov. 10, 1955

LINCOLN, Neb. — Opponents of the Nebraska auction licensing law have won the first skirmish in their legal battle against the new law.

District Judge Harry Ankeny of Lincoln has overruled a move to dismiss the lawsuit, which challenges constitutionality of the statute.

The law, LB 498 of the 1955 Legislature, restricts auctioning of new merchandising.

The legislation was supported by some retail merchants. Legislators who backed the law said the merchants felt that certain auctioneers, selling goods below established retail prices, represented unfair competition.

## \$50 Fee

The law requires a license fee of at least \$50 for each day of the auction. The sponsor also is faced with a string of other restrictions, including a requirement that he post a bond twice the value of the merchandise.

Filing the lawsuit challenging the new statute were Leslie L. Blauvelt, Mac Wondra, Clifford E. Anderson, Charles C. Gannett, C. C. Gannett & Company, Inc., and Prima Sales Company.

Messrs. Blauvelt, Wondra and Anderson were identified as auctioneers. The Gannett and Prima companies sell goods at auctions.

Named defendants were Attorney General C. S. Beck, as a representative of State Government, and Lancaster County Attorney Elmer Scheele.

## Caused Arrest

The petition said Mr. Scheele caused the arrest of Messrs. Blauvelt and Gannett for conducting an auction here June 17 allegedly in violation of the new licensing law.

The petition contended that the law is "highly discriminatory and unreasonable" and imposes "confiscatory" license fees and fines.

The Attorney General and County At-

torney filed a demurrer, contending that the plaintiffs had no grounds for a lawsuit. This in effect asked that the suit be dismissed.

Judge Ankeny overruled the demurrer. The suit now can come to trial, he said.

It was suggested that the defendants might save time by appealing directly to the State Supreme Court from Judge Ankeny's order overruling their demurrer.

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## Auctions Of Indiana Farms Is Successful

In one of the largest auctions of farm land in Indiana, recently, two Howard County farms were sold for a total of \$159,700. One farm of 140 acres sold for \$69,700 while another one of 220 acre size brought \$90,000.

Both farms were sold to settle the estate of the late Ed Ortman, both were sold on the same day with Col. Roy Crume and Col. William Henderson the auctioneers. Both men are NAA members.

This sale is an important one to all auctioneers in the Hoosier State as real estate auctions in Indiana are few in comparison with other agricultural states and nearly all estates are liquidated by the attorneys from their comfortable office chairs.

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Mother: "Johnnie, I was hoping you would be unselfish enough to give your little sister the largest piece of candy. Why, even that old hen will give all the biggest worms to her little chicks and take only a tiny one once in while for herself."

Johnnie: "I think I'd do the same thing if it were worms."

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Little boys think that a balanced meal is a cookie in each hand.

## Brass Cuspidor Brings Out Poet In Wisconsin Governor

MADISON, Wis.—The last stand of the ringing brass cuspidor in the Wisconsin Legislature is echoed in an outflowing of verse that claims as its latest contributor Gov. Walter Kohler.

The chief executive answered yesterday the measured plea of Mrs. Raymond Jaeger, Watertown, Wis., by dispatching one of the 40 pound relics to her.

It all started after Mrs. Jaeger learned that the Legislature had voted to dispose of the 167 brass cuspidors locked in a storeroom since the lawmakers turned chewin' tobacco to cigarettes. She wrote Democratic State Sen. Lynn Stalbaum saying:

"It's becoming an obsession,  
This picture that I see,  
That brass in my possession,

Would curb this tensivity . . ."

Mr. Stalbaum replied, in kind:  
"So sorry it can't be done . . .  
For we're limited to one . . ."

Republican Governor Kohler wrote:  
"Some women want a new mink coat,  
Others three or four,  
But you're the one that gets my vote:  
You want a cuspidor.  
"I surely did appreciate  
Your clever poetry.  
That's really why you'll get by freight  
The one they saved for me.  
"This lovely forty pounds of brass  
Which I planned to treasure,  
Now goes to you because, my lass,  
'Twill give you much more pleasure.  
"I don't know what you want it for,  
This thing of grace and beauty,  
In your hallway near the door;  
I hope not sordid duty.  
"If so I should remind you  
Lest it mar your new found bliss,  
That even skillful chewers  
Are sometimes apt to miss."

## YOU MISS SO MUCH

### *When You Are on the Outside*

Membership in the National Auctioneers Association provides an invaluable association, a useful service, and a proper place in our united activity for the betterment of all Auctioneers and the Auctioneering profession. YOU are invited to share in our constant campaign for progress and growth.

### Join Now

## NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION

803 S. Columbia St.

Frankfort, Ind.

# I Am A Country-Jake And I Am Proud Of It

By COL. POP HESS



Hello Auctioneers:—Here is my clatter for the month of December. The month when we wind up our business for the year, look over our gains and losses and pledge allegiance to Uncle Sam. We hate to part with his share but after all it is a small price for the privilege of living in the U. S. A.—where we can operate our own business in our own manner—providing we do not violate any laws.

This column is written November 9th in order to meet the 15th of the month deadline of this fine publication. You may have noticed that my column was missing from the November issue due to the fact I got very carelss and overlooked getting it off in time. Nothing raises the hair of an editor quicker than to come rolling in several days late and then expect him to revamp his lay out to find a place for me. However, I was sure the November issue would not be a flop without my column and now as I read it I became so interested in all the pages that I didn't even miss my own little old column. No doubt you readers did the same thing.

Here in Ohio, August, September and October have been great sale months. On my farm sale program here at WRFD, Worthington, we featured some 300 auction sales in the three months with something like 15,000 announcements—and boys that is work but it makes one feel that the program is worthwhile. I have enjoyed every minute of it and down on the Hess Ranch we are eating pancakes and sausage and feeling fine.

It seems from here that there is not much unemployment among Ohio auctioneers with some getting in some over-

time with night sales. It all makes me feel as if I were born 25 years too soon but there is nothing I can do about that now. So to ease the feling and keep healthy we have poured on the grease in our Farm Sale program, now in its seventh year. We have 15 minutes each morning, six days a week, and many mornings we have 15 sales to announce. Those are the times it reminds me how I used to have to "roll 'em", to meet a train or get done before the crowd left—especially on the cold days.

My mail from auctioneers throughtout the land has not dropped off much through this busy fall season, and boys, I do enjoy your letters and comments. Most of the boys I hear from are the beginners who are very optimistic over their chosen profession. A few are pessimistic and I enjoy them too. A long time ago I found the definition of a pessimist: **He is a person who swallowed everything that came before him during the day and suffered all night with indigestion. An optimist is a person who can go home at night and make lemonade from the lemons handed him during the day—and there you are.**

One fellow wrote me and said my language was bad, my thoughts very common, I did not get down to statistics and sounded like a "Country-Jake". Boys, that gave me a real thrill and no better comment could be made than to call me a Country-Jake for I would rather be one than a would-be "Town Slicker" who has to keep two steps ahead of the law. A Country-Jake with bad clean language can always get bail, eat three square meals a day and sleep soundly in a feather bed every night—and that's LIVING in peace and enjoy-

## IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

ment.

Yes, I am just a common Country-Jake, use every day common words (at least I know what they mean). Some words I read are over my head and if there were a point to them I missed the boat. Big high sounding words and I were never friendly. This reminds me of the story of the colored preacher who got a new church to serve. Wanting to impress his audience and wanting them to think he was better than the preachers they had had ahead of him he would dig up an odd word or two and use them in his sermons. He enjoyed watching the Brothers and Sisters scratch their heads in wonderment at these words. One Sunday he used the word, **Fomina**. At the close of the services one of the Deacons said to him, "You in your sermons use many words weall don't just rightly know what they mean." "Today you use the word **FOMINA**—just what do that word mean?" Since the preacher was not certain he told him he would explain the meaning the following Sunday. Now the preacher had to do what you or I

would—get the dictionary out and see what it really meant.

On the following Sunday, the preacher explained just what the word meant in this fashion. "Youall want to now what that word, **FOMINA**, really means. You-all look out the window and see a pasture field a cow—**That is not a Fomina**. You-all see out there a bird—**That is not a Fomina**. You-all see out there a thistle—**That is not a Fomina**. But if you see that cow sittin' on that thar thistle singing like a bird—**then that is Fomina**. Read your dictionary, boys.

Merry Christmas to all Auctioneers and their families. Lets hope I do better in my line of thought which I bring to you each month but rest assured that I will remain a Country-Jake who has spent 50 years as a Country-Jake auctioneer—sold out hundreds of Jakes and many of their young Jakes.

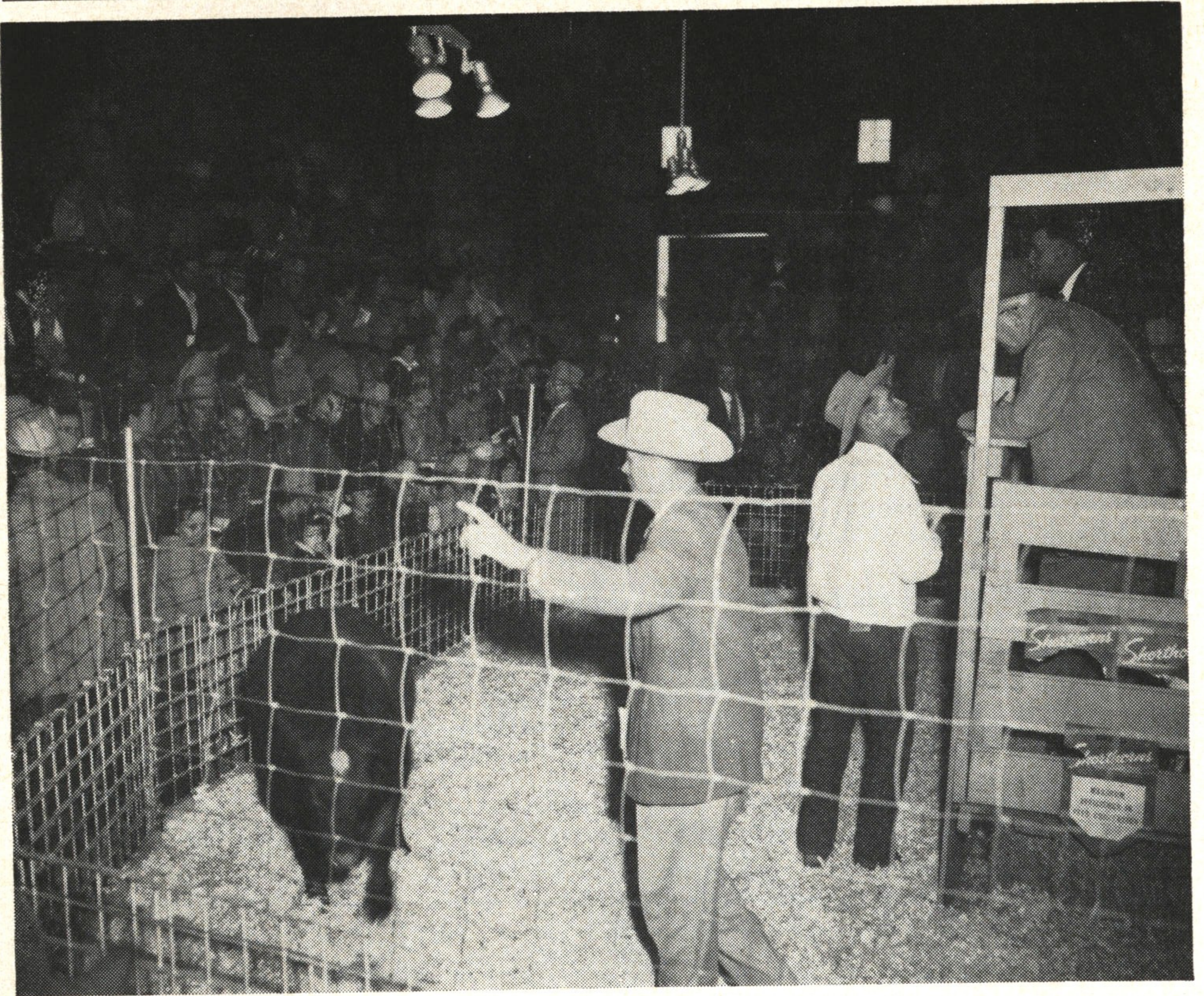
Lets make 1956 the year of double progress for the National Auctioneers Association—and more interesting pages of good reading in **THEIR** publication, **"THE AUCTIONEER"**.

### "THANK YOU"

I wish to express my sincere thanks as I am extremely grateful to all who sent cards, flowers and letters during my recent illness. Your thoughtfulness made for a more rapid recovery.

When time permits it will be my pleasure to formally acknowledge your many kind wishes.

**B. G. COATS**



**A Scene at Colomeadow Farms Annual Sale at Deertail, Colorado, Sept. 24, 1955**

John Shuman, owner and breeder of the famous Shuman Shorthorn cattle, is seen in the ring conferring with Allan Atlason, Secretary of the American Shorthorn Association, Mervin Aegerter of the Shorthorn World in the foreground, Ernie Sherlock in the Auction Box (opposite Mr. Atlason) spiriting the bidding on the 400 lb. steer calf which sold to Mary Lou Pope of Ft. Morgan, Colorado for \$450.00. Miss Pope purchased two other steer calves at \$400 and \$340 per head.

27 weanling steer calves averaged 200.00  
 24 heifer calves (weanling) averaged \$188.00  
 11 yearling heifers averaged \$243.00  
 34 cows averaged \$210.00  
 3 bulls averaged \$416.00.

Show steers are a specialty at Colomeadow.

Col. John McLaughlin, Keensburg, Colorado in ring opposite auction box (out of sight). Frazier Biggs—Western Live Stock representative outside ring—back to camera. Francis Dresser, Western Farm Life representative opposite corner. Ted Aegerter, American Shorthorn Association representative facing camera opposite side ring.

“It’s all in the day’s work, as the huntsman said when the lion ate him.”  
 —Charles Kingsley.

“There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero”—Walt Whitman.

# Even Honeymooners Given Advice By Farmers' Almanac

It was March when the editor of the Farmers' Almanac received a letter from a prospective bride in Cleveland, Ohio.

The young woman requested a forecast for the proposed honeymoon period in late May and June, and added: "You have no idea how grateful I will be for your help in making my plans."

In August, Editor Raymond A. Geiger received another letter, signed "Mrs."

"We shall never forget your kindness in giving us a magnificent day just three months ago and during our entire trip," the woman wrote. "We missed bad weather as you predicted, and had a perfectly wonderful honeymoon."

Geiger finds nothing unusual in these letters. He says similar letters are frequently received by his unique publication.

The Farmers' Almanac is rolling off the Geiger press from a new home this year — the first one away from New Jersey since the almanac was founded by David Young, Pine Brook astronomer, teacher and author, in 1818.

The new surroundings aren't changing the appearance of the familiar little fountain of information and predictions.

The 48-page publication is still decorated with the original wood cut designs. Harry Alexander, superintendent of the modern plant on the outskirts of this mill city, is a great-grandson of the man who made the original cuts in box wood, predecessor to metal engravings.

Geiger has been editor since his firm took over the almanac in 1935 in Newark. The whole business, employing 140 persons, was moved here last spring.

The almanac is designed as a giveaway item. Last year insurance companies, gasoline firms, seed outlets and other business houses bought a million copies for distribution to their various customers. Generally, the only advertising is a boost for the local distributor, on the back page.

Geiger, a 1932 graduate of Notre Dame, describes the almanac as a "cultural

link with the past" rather than an "agricultural guide."

He and his co-editor wife Ann, a former Maplewood, N.J., school-teacher, compile the publication, except for the astronomical formation. That's the effort of Roland E. Hart of Penn. Yann, N. Y.

Hart says he uses the cumulative data of weather cycles as they have occurred in the past century, considering too such factors as sun spots and the tidal action of the moon.

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Circle the dates July 19-20-21, 1956!

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Even though the forecasts are made up almost two years in advance, Geiger says they are "75 to 80 per cent accurate."

"Of course," he adds, "the Farmers' Almanac, being national in scope, cannot give the weather for every section each day and must of necessity restrict itself to the most important weather as seen from two years away."

Some farmers use the almanac planting chart as their timetable.

Geiger tries his jokes on his family first. He held one back for a while, figuring it might offend some "drys." It was about a Kentuckian who always closed his eyes when drinking, explaining the sight of good liquor made his mouth water, diluting the drink.

One final word of wisdom. The almanac predicts there's a fairly rugged winter ahead.

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"Can you let me have five dollars for a month old boy?"

"What would a month old boy want with five dollars?"

# You Own It

By COL. B. G. COATS

In every one of the forty-eight states Auctioneers look forward every month to the appearance of "THE AUCTIONEER". The publication is a running history of The National Auctioneers Association, of the many sections of the country it serves, if the Auctioneers of these sections support it, and there is nothing that can take its place.

Now and then some member of the Association troubles himself to tell the Editor just how he feels about the only publication in the United States published by and in the interest of every Auctioneer in America. That is a pleasant experience for the Editor. He welcomes your letters. He looks forward to receiving them for it is the only way he has of knowing what interests you and it is a paramount factor in making it a more interesting publication, plus your contributions of articles that every member of the Association looks forward to reading.

There are those among us who criticize a publication now and then. During the two years that I was Editor, in every such instance those who passed judgment as to its faults never at any time contributed any article, their names do not appear on the "BOOSTER PAGE" and their presence is never recorded at any convention. It is a wonderful feeling to know that they are by far in the minority. Why do we fail to give some of our time in support of that which is to be our interest? The answers can be many—wrong motives, boredom with all serious purposes, moments of high inspiration smothered by other affairs when the environment of the inspiration is removed, pressure of the trend of times toward things material. All these and more one could cite and still not have the complete picture. THE FAILURE TO MAINTAIN INTEREST IS THE FAULT OF THE INDIVIDUAL ALONE. In certain cases there may be extenuating circumstances but as a general truth I will let the words stand. Let us not permit impression to be lost for want

of expression.

"THE AUCTIONEER" is an intensely personal thing, close to the lives and work and thoughts and aspirations of all who read it. Each of us, officer or member has it in his power to advance or delay our Association and our profession. Express yourselves through the medium of "THE AUCTIONEER", your out-let, you own it.

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## Bill McCracken Makes "Kill" In Wyoming

Col. Bill McCracken, owner of the St. Louis Auto Auction Barn and a Director of the NAA, recently received special mention in the "Outdoors" column of a St. Louis newspaper. It seems that Bill is a big game hunter in addition to being a good auctioneer.

Col. McCracken accompanied a group of hunters to Wyoming and among their "kill" were three grizzlies and two black bears. Also bagged by the hunters were several antelope and a few elk.

We wish, Bill, that you had brought home some new NAA members, too, alive, of course.

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### THIS OLE CAR

This ole car once knew some children  
This ole car once knew a wife,  
This ole car once knew a husband  
And a merry family life.  
But this familys trips are over,  
Picked a dang'rous spot to pass—  
Then they saw death's angel peekin'  
Through the broken windshield glass.  
Ain't gonna need this car no longer,  
Ain't gonna need this car no more,  
Had no time to fix the brakes up,  
Had no time to fix the steerin'  
Or to drive with more restraint . . .  
Ain't gonna need this car no longer,  
They've been taken to meet the Saint.

## Over 3,000 Feeders Auctioned in Indiana

A total of 3,382 head of feeder calves were sold this fall in five southern Indiana feeder calf auctions with an average price in four of these auctions of \$18.50 per hundred pounds. Farmers in the Lawrence county area grossed \$181,000 from the two sales held at the Springville auction yards. They sold a total of 1,922 calves through their market.

Farmers grossed \$140,000 from two sales in the Linton area with 1,613 calves. Average weight for the two Springville sales was 508 pounds while the average weight at Linton was 470 pounds.

In the five years the sales have been held, they have grown from one sale in 1951 at Springville with 319 head to the 3,832 head auctioned in the five sales this year.

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## Grandma's Gadgets

Long before steam irons and electric mixers were invented, labor-saving devices brightened life for American housewives.

Anyone who remembers Grandma's busy kitchen may recall the handy gadgets that made her housework easier. From apple peelers to folding candlesticks, there was a tool at hand for every task. These products of Yankee

ingenuity were so practical and well-made that many of them would serve us today. The revival of coffee mills since the war is proof.

Of course, much of the work that made up Grandma's day is now done by machine or, like candle-trimming, has ceased altogether. But in these early gadgets we can see the forerunners of our steam irons and electric juice-extractors. Take the following array of household equipment: can you identify each and its 1955 counterpart?

The first is a lantern, much like the one carried by Paul Revere, lighted by candlepower. The familiar coffee grinder came in several sizes. A large mortar and pestle, similar to the one used by druggists, is handy for pounding, chopping and grinding.

Next is a candle-trimmer, with scissor-like edges. Below it is a "channel roller" for crushing vegetables. Also extensible tongs for handling foods by remote control. An iron grater, like steel and plastic ones today.

Lovers of American antiques prize these handcrafted articles. They reflect a period — recaptured in many new houses—when the kitchen was the center of family life.

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Tom: "I thought your motto was 'Love 'em and leave 'em. How come you got married?'"

John: "I didn't leave soon enough."

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## Look at Your NAA Membership Card

Approximately 500 members hold cards that expire in January, 1956. Many of you will wish to renew your memberships before January 1. This will help you and will certainly be an assist to our office.

IF YOUR CARD EXPIRES IN JANUARY, won't you please send your renewal before January 1?

Bernard Hart, Secretary  
National Auctioneers Association  
803 S. Columbia St., Frankfort, Ind.

# Red Bluff's Big Bull Sale

**Editor's Note:** In its November, 1955 issue, the *Farm Journal* published as a special feature complete with pictures in color a story on the famous bull sale at Red Bluff, California. This feature was entitled, "Proud of its bull sale and shows it." We are reprinting the story here as it was written by Bob Fowler for *Farm Journal*.

Biggest graded range bull sale anywhere!

That's Red Bluff, California—normal population 5,000—when nearby ranchers and townsfolk pause each February to kick up their heels with 5,000 out-of-town guests.

During three fabulous days, they buy and sell and some of the best range bulls in the West at four breed sales. And they have a whale of a lot of fun doing it.

Boss fun-maker is Don Smith, a zesty 62-year-old who has become the Barnum of Red Bluff's bull sale midway. He has his own idea of how a bull sale should be put on the map.

Movie stars, singers, and other entertainers help. So do newspapers, especially when they're offered pictures of bulls posed with pretty cowgirls dressed in shorts, halters, and western boots.

It was a nippy Saturday morning when the sale committee got around to selling the first Hereford bull. Looked as though they'd never find a buyer. They sold him 31 times!

First they pushed a wheelchair into the ring and plucky Margaret Jane Pace, victim of polio took the microphone.

"I started out in an iron lung 18 months ago," she began. "And believe me, it feels wonderful to be here today."

With the first of 187 Herefords waiting in the ring she breathed "Who'll bid \$500?"

And for the March of Dimes, for crippled kids everywhere, stockmen reached into their wallets.

Jiggling the halter chain of the bull he was giving away, Van Winterton of Kamas, Utah heard it sell for \$1,000.

Before the crowd could settle back, buyer Charley Stover caught the auctioneer's eye. "Sell him again," he ordered.

And they did—for a total of \$6,245. Bringing the total March of Dimes contributions from Red Bluff sales to \$65,000!

As a radiant Margaret Jane led the applause, a shapely San Francisco model bestowed kisses on the "buyers."

Thirteen-year-old Dean Conard collected for his Dad's \$100—and again for the news photographer's picture. While the crowd hooted, California's Lieutenant Governor Butch Powers waltzed up to kiss Dean's 11-year-old sister, Cheryl.

Then, a gridding cowpoke broke it up, "I'll pay \$100 if my wife gets to kiss the bull," he whooped.

But, there's no horse-play when they knuckle down to selling bulls. Bulls are graded, using the University of California scoring system.

First stumbling block for bull consignors is Bill Owens and his sifting committee. With two veterinarians and a pair of commercial cowmen like himself, they give each bull a going over.

The committee operates in "heart-break" alley, behind the sale barn. Crooked legs, sickle hocks, lameness, evidence of over-feeding and poor action knock out most of the bulls that get sifted.

"We don't want that kind here," Owens told one complaining handler whose bull threw a right front foot when it walked. "Our bulls have got to travel. We're trying to put bulls in the ring that are as near perfect as we can find 'em."

After the sifting, a six-man committee grades the bulls.

Last winter, Rube Albaugh and Floyd Carroll from the University of California worked with Carl Garrison, Herman Oliver, Jake Schneider, and George Hunt—all commercial cowmen.

And it's tough. In 14 annual sales, only four bulls have rated grade 1. Perhaps that's one reason why the sale has the

# IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

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reputation it has.

Another thing, it's a purebred cattle sale run by commercial cowmen. They know what they want.

And grading pin-points the "Red Bluff Type" on the West's beef map. It's a service age bull between 22 and 32 months of age that carries plenty of size for age, smooth with good solid bone.

"We aim to have bulls brought here in their working clothes—not too fat," explains Charley Stover, stockman head of the Tehama County Cattlemen's Association bull sale committee.

This is one sale where bulls wear their grade on a shoulder as they enter the sales ring.

And anything the grading committee scores less than 2 minus stays in the barn.

Out of 324 Hereford, Shorthorn, and Angus bulls consigned to the 1955 sale, 53 were sifted out.

That's 16% and bad news for some of the 80 consignors who brought bulls from nine states, some as far as South Dakota and Nebraska.

"Tougher grading than any place I know," complained one purebred breeder. "Plenty rough," echoed another who makes a dozen or so big bull sales each year and runs a show string.

Then what keeps them coming back to Red Bluff? "Sale figures here speak for themselves," ticked off a third stockman.

Here's how the prices stacked up last February's sale:

Rulon and Louis Peterson drew \$6,000 for their Hereford, which was tops among the Hereford entries and one of four bulls in the show's history to grade 1.

Five 1-minus bulls averaged \$4,565, 34 2-plus bulls brought \$981, 80 grade 2 bulls scored \$717 followed by 65 grade 2-minus bulls for \$455.

Stockmen from all over the West visit this show to see what makes it tick.

The Red Bluff sale got its start when cattlemen had trouble finding suitable bulls in the fall of 1941.

So in January, 1942, the Tehama Cattlemen's association invited purebred breeders everywhere to consign. "You boys bring the bulls; we'll buy 'em—

but we're going to set the rules."

Just 40 head of Hereford bulls walked through the ring for that first sale. Later, they opened the gate for Shorthorns, Angus, and Polled Herefords.

Today, saleweek really strains Red Bluff's eating and sleeping accommodations. One of the really tough chores is handed to pretty housewife-secretary, Jean Buffum.

In a town where there are about 300 sleeping accommodations, her job is to round up 1,000 more.

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**Hoping you'll hold the date for me!**

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Things really get rolling on Thursday. The Chamber of Commerce throws a real Western whing-ding. Last year, more than 1,600 cowmen and their friends trooped joyously into the hall.

Friday is vaudeville day. And stockmen rent the one theatre to make Red Bluff the "biggest one day show town in America." They went into the vaudeville business to make more noise about their bull sale. Last year the billing included singer Mel Torme, the Pied Pipers and Charlie Barnett and his band. "Our budget is \$9,200," 28-year-old Bud Miller, stockman-chairman of the show committee, told Farm Journal.

It's Dave Minch, local meat packer, who holds the yardstick on the Red Bluff sale. "Twenty-five years ago," he recalls, "local cattle were just beef and that's all. None of them would grade choice—they just weren't good enough."

"It took two or three years for the better bulls to show up after the sale got started. But, today, we have lots of good cattle. Two-thirds to three-quarters of those we buy will grade choice with feed."

To Tehama County cattlemen, that still isn't good enough. To insure continued improvement, association members are mulling over the idea of moving the bottom limit of their sale from 2-minus to straight 2 grade.

## Clippings By Nelson

Most publications depend upon their advertising for support, but some times we think that Auctioneers sell everything and buy nothing. This is a mistake, and I am sure that advertising in our magazine would pay as well as in any other according to the price paid for the ad.

Now, if we can not get the outside advertising, then we should do some advertising of our own in our own magazine by our own members.



Col. E. T. Nelson

Adds such as "Auctioneers Wanted," "Situations Wanted," "Auction Business Wanted," "Auction Business For Sale," "Auction Schools," "Auction Books," "Auction Cuts," "Auctioneer Meetings," and every auction member should put his \$5.00 on the "Booster Page."

It just said over the Radio, that Andrew Jackson ordered a Lion sold, which was given him by a foreign Potentate . . . It brought \$3,300.00. The buyer was a bartender, so the Lion ended up by being an assistant bar tender.

The Blue Book Directory of Approved Auctioneers in Minnesota is now ready for distribution. It is sent free to the Banks, County Agents and lawyers, without request. Others may have a free copy by writing Col. E. T. Nelson, Sec., Renville, Minnesota. The membership

of the Minnesota State Auctioneers Association has been more than doubled. Much of this increase is attributed to the Blue Book Directory.

Am halfway thru the Dale Carnegie Better Speech classes and am having a wonderful time. I am going to be a better teacher of auctioneering for taking this course. I advise every auctioneer in America to sign up for this course if it is offered in your community. It is more than a speech class; it's a way of living and getting along better with your neighbors.

Now to close with the thought of another Christmas near. What a wonderful time it would be if, we could carry the Christmas Spirit thru the whole year. I have been trying to stop "Critiquing, condemning and complaining." It is a most worthy and a most difficult task. But it is doing something for me and makes me better liked. Try it for a week.

Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

—Col. E. T. Nelson

The army is cool to a highly vaunted automatic pistol, as it hasn't yet caught up with the western movie six-shooter which fires fifty-seven times.

The club doorman tripped as he rushed out to open a car door, and fell headlong. "George, do be careful!" cried the agonized club manager. "They might think you're one of the members."

Old man's definition of an ideal wife: one who remains faithful to you but tries to be just as charming as if she weren't.

A little boy was about to purchase a ticket for a movie in the afternoon when the box office man asked:

"Why aren't you at school?"

"Oh, it's all right, sir," said the youngster, "I've got the measles."

On the first day of school the teacher explained that if anyone had to go to the washroom he should hold up two fingers. One puzzled little boy plaintively asked: "How's that going to help?"



## Time for PAUSE and REFLECTION



It is at this holiday season that we, more than at any other time of the year, pause and do what we can to make others less fortunate than ourselves, happier and in so doing we find ourselves the recipients of much happiness unto ourselves.

May this holiday season impregnate you with kindness and consideration and inspire you with feelings of true fellowship, cooperation and unselfishness.

Sincerely do I wish you a very MERRY CHRISTMAS and may the days that lie ahead be happy and prosperous ones for you and yours.

**B. G. COATS**



## "The Auction Exchange"

1955 Convention Address by Col. George Michael, New Hampshire



First, I would like to extend greetings from New Hampshire, and an invitation to come to our fine State for one of your conventions. There are signs on every main highway which say "Welcome to the Land of Scenic Splendor."

My particular type of operation is something which is a little bit different. Always before, when bad weather came, auctions completely died. Being more foolish, I thought that perhaps an all purpose type of auction exchange would be a success. There was another barn but livestock sanitation drove them out of business. A rumor was spread that our barn was unsanitary. We decided

that there was more money in junk than cows, so we started an auction exchange. Now, 13,000 to 14,000 people are coming 30-40 miles to the auction. We found the answer was, that it was a place of entertainment and business. At that point, I decided to go ahead and make it more comfortable for them. We added a restaurant consisting of a room 30x34. We serve hot doughnuts and coffee and they visit. Over a period of years, lawyers met clients, insurance men collected payments and doctors met patients. 50% of the business transacted under that roof, however, was good solid auction business. I sincerely believe that if you do establish a 52 week place of business, you have raised the level of the Auctioneering Profession.

We do not record amounts of merchandise the people bring in nor do they demand a receipt. We trust each other. When a person comes in who demands a receipt and to have their merchandise counted and recorded so we can trust each other, we just tell them to place their merchandise back in their vehicles.

If we tried the Auctioneer bidding against the customers, we would be out of business in a month. The approach to the business is not as an Auctioneer, not as a businessman, but how would I as a buyer like to find the business. Our seats are comfortable. The barn is all knotty pine paneling. Not a person is any more than 35-40 feet from the Auctioneer. We sell everything. We pile the bad stuff in boxes together, and sell the whole thing. We sell brand new merchandise. We have to deal with and know second-hand furniture. We sell Victoria, American Home and home-made, all the way back to the Queen Anne furniture. Several Auctioneers are doing a tremendous business in antiques. We have customers from England. There is much traditional historic furniture to be found in our part of the country. We have primitive examples of Early American furniture, which was hand-made by the men of that time.

We have our auction barn open five nights a week. Anything we sell new, we guarantee their money back if they are not satisfied. If they get home and find they have the same thing, they just bring it back and trade it for something else. Provide your people with good food. Whether it be roast or coffee, it should be good!

The auction business has grown. We are attracting an awful lot of people. Survey your own auction establishment and see if you are taking enough money away from the people who are coming to your barn.

There are 36 Auctioneers in the State of New Hampshire. 33 of these Auctioneers are members of the State Association. Support of the National Association is very important especially with all this legislation coming up. We need to be united. We need a positive attitude about competition. **In New Hampshire, we don't feel we need a license to keep the other fellow off.** Any one of you men may conduct a sale in our State. We are just going to show that a New Hampshire Auctioneer will do the best job."

**"I enoy The Auctioneer very much.—  
Col. Elmer Gilder, Farmington, N. M.**

## IN MEMORIAM

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

## Death Takes Illinois Swine Auctioneer

Col. Joe N. Franks, nationally known Poland China hog auctioneer of Morton, Illinois, passed away Friday morning, October 14, after suffering a cerebral hemorrhage the previous evening. Col. Franks had sold the first 25 boars in the Oscar Anderson & Sons sale at Leland, Ill. and suffered the attack upon his return home that evening. He was taken to the Morton hospital and death came at 9:00 the following morning.

In addition to his Poland China sales, Col. Franks owned the Morton Sales Pavilion and was an instructor at the Reisch Auction School, Mason City, Iowa. He was 57 years old at the time of his death.

**"Any man who has a job has a chance"  
—Elbert Hubbard.**

# Advertise the NAA



Let all the world know that you are an Auctioneer and that you are a member of the National Auctioneers Association, with,

**GOLD LAPEL BUTTONS:** They attract a lot of attention because they are attractive — \$2.50 each postpaid.

**ELECTROTYPES OF THE NAA INSIGNIA:** Use them on your letter-heads, envelopes, business cards and other advertising. They add distinction. \$2.50 each postpaid.

**DECALS:** Three color decals, 4 inches in diameter. Place them on the windows of your office, on your automobile and other conspicuous places. They can be used either inside or outside — on glass or other flat surfaces. 50c each or 3 for \$1.00 postpaid.

Send your order with remittance to

**THE AUCTIONEER, 803 So. Columbia St., Frankfort, Indiana**

# Rare Old Irons Found

## In Many Styles and Varieties

Carl W. Drepperd, author of the following article, is well known for his popular books on antiques. He also is honorary vice president of the Americana Foundation at Lititz, Pa. where he is in charge of editorial service.

By CARL W. DREPPERD

Wash Day, followed by Ironing Day were weekly—and grim—events in the American home not so long ago. Accustomed as we are to nylon and Dacron, electric irons or just sending everything to the laundry, the meaning behind these two days is hard to grasp. But the stout-hearted women who faced them knew they were up against a major operation.

Even before work began there was equipment to be assembled — a vast amount that would dismay any modern housewife. Soap (made at home of course, there was no other kind), starch, indigo for bluing and wax were essentials. Then came a tub, boiler, washboard, wringer, clothes basket, pins and line and finally, for the triumphant climax, a trivet and irons.

### Repertoire of Irons

As a matter of fact, one variety of iron would hardly do; a whole repertoire was needed for all the ins and outs of pressing different kinds of clothing. In case you think irons lack interest and personality, cast an eye on the ones illustrated. They are only part of the collection assembled by the Americana Foundation and the Cleanliness Bureau of the Soap & Glycerine Manufacturers Assn. Here are some of the types in the laundry iron parade:

Flat irons were the reliable, ever-present friends for warm-pressing flatware. Polishing irons, used with bee's wax, put gloss on linen napery and "boiled shirts." Goffering irons did the right thing by frills and pleats. Crimping irons took care of laces, short frills and fichus. Charcoal irons represented progress—they were the first self-heat-

ing irons (the charcoal was contained in small compartment in the iron). Millinery irons prolonged the fresh look of bonnets' and hats' crowns and brims.

Other indispensable types included Italian irons, where usual procedure was reversed and finery was passed over the iron. These irons were made of polished steel and heated by inserting a hot slog on a rod. For the inside of sleeves, the egg iron did the job. The egg was heated in a charcoal brazier. Box irons had the valuable quality of holding heat for a long time. Slogs of cast iron, preheated, were placed in the iron's large chamber. Versatility was the advantage offered by the crimping iron combination, American patent, 1870. It came apart and could be used at will as a crimper or flat iron.

As one observer has remarked, the simplification of laundry work in the home has come from two basic categories of continuous improvement: one, better soaps and detergents, and two, hot water and electric power on tap for easing the washing and ironing labor. This change has brought a new, more important status for old irons; they are now collectors' items. Once so much scrap, worth pennies or less the pound, they are now bringing from 10 cents to a dollar the pound.

Among their collectors are many who have been fired with the desire to collect purposefully after visits to Coopers-town, Old Sturbridge, the Pennsylvania Farm Museum and countless other institutions that recreate America's past way of life. In these museums they have learned that even as common a household object as a flat iron has history, innate beauty and antiques interest. Other iron collectors reflect the growing trend among American business firms to collect antiques pertinent to their activities for use in display and advertising. So, though the old days have gone, the irons remain to give pleasure and profit to new owners.

## Scandal Scented In Surplus Sales

WASHINGTON—A congressional investigation scheduled for early next year will make big headlines. It concerns the disposal of government surplus property.

The House Government Operations Committee has investigators at work and will start hearings in January.

The inquiry stems from a scathing criticism last year of surplus property disposal methods by the Hoover Commission. It charged that billions are being wasted; that the government recovers only 5 to 7 percent of the cost of such property.

One investigator says: "If we can show how to recover only one cent more on each dollar of surplus property sales, we'll save \$20 million a year."

The inquiry has been divided between two subcommittees. Rep. Chet Holifield (D-Calif) will head one on armed services, which now dispose of their own surplus.

Rep. Jack Brooks (D-Tex) will deal

with the General Services Administration's handling of surplus civilian goods and real property.

The subcommittees want to know whether "insiders" got a big break through negotiated sales of surplus goods rather than in sales by competitive bidding.

The power to make negotiated sales, conferred temporarily by Congress, has expired, and the Administration wants a law renewing it.

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Be available!

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"My wife and I attended our first Convention this year and hope to never miss one in the future. We both had a very exciting time. We wish to express our thanks to the Indiana Association."

—Victor Kent, Cuba, N.Y.

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The Ladies Auxiliary to the  
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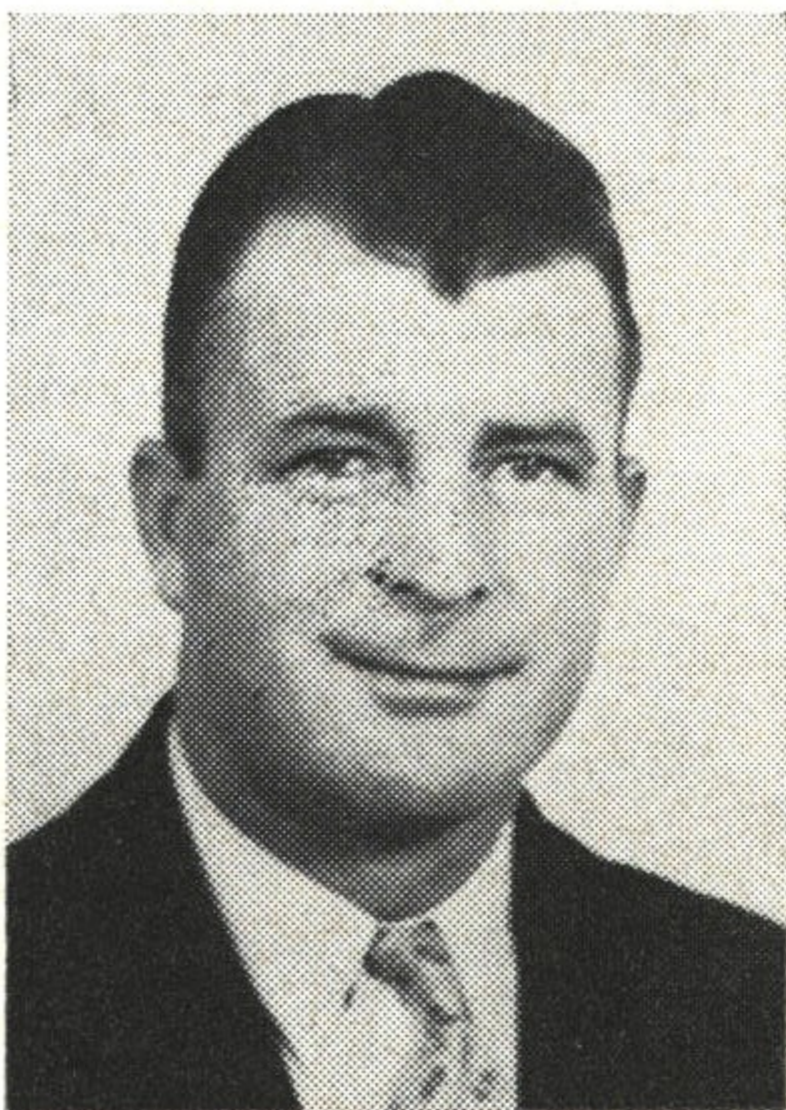
## Howard Schnell Dies In Airplane Accident

Col. Howard Schnell, nationally known livestock auctioneer of Dickinson, N. D., was killed in an airplane crash near Hermosa, S. D. on Thursday, Dec. 1. Along with two companions, Col. Schnell was returning home from Broken Bow, Neb., where he had conducted a Hereford sale, when the fatal crash occurred. Further details are not available as we go to press.

Little Ronnie was saying his prayers one night. His mother tiptoed up and heard this gem: 'And please make Tommy stop throwing things at me. By the way, I've mentioned this before.'

As we turn to a new page in the history of time, our thoughts continue to dwell on our pleasant relationship with the National Auctioneers Association during the past.

We take the opportunity this holiday season brings, to acknowledge; the material value and personal friendliness of this great organization, and may we wish that your Christmas be as warm as an old friends greeting, and that Happiness and Prosperity be every moment yours, during the New year to come.



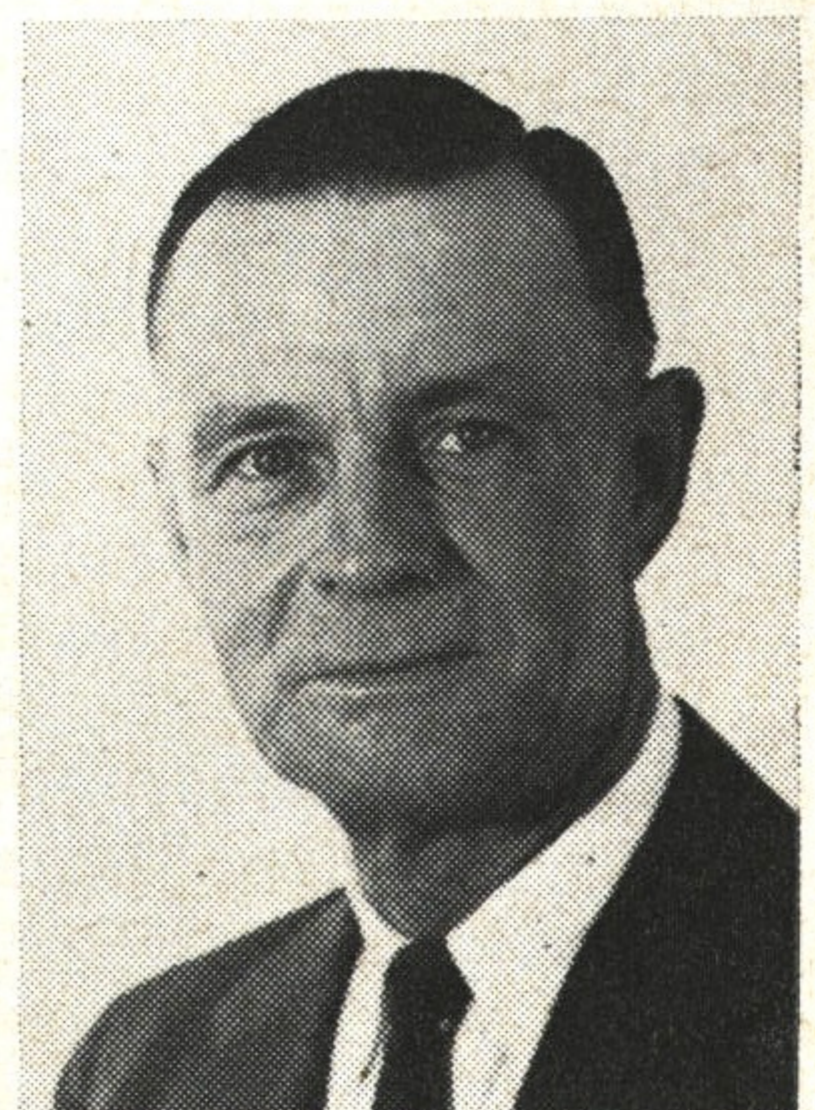
"Fred"

## The SHERLOCKS

ERNIE AND FRED—

THAT IS

ST. FRANCIS,  
KANSAS



"Ernie"

# Col. Tom Berry Sells Antiques From Old Pittsburgh Mansion



Reprinted from Pittsburgh (Pa.) Sun Telegraph

The chant of an eager auctioneer echoes through the halls of a fine old Squirrel Hill home.

He carefully places each item on a table in front of him and persuasively tosses bids back at the antique enthusiasts gathered 'round.

Many of the bidders know little if anything about the family who once called the 20-room mansion at 5575 Wilkins Ave. "home."

It was built around the turn of the century by the late Joseph Stadtfeld, former Superior Court judge and one of the county's most popular lawyers.

He died December, 1943 in Philadelphia at the age of 82. His widow, Carrie E., died last Nov. 13.

## Randolph Descendant

Mrs. Stadtfeld, who was 92, was a direct descendant of the famed Randolphs of Virginia.

The judge reportedly had a great interest in Oriental art objects. Many of these were among the choice items placed on the block by Auctioneer Tom D. Berry, of West Newton, Westmoreland County.

The house and furnishings were bought by Mrs. Elizabeth J. Burns, Pittsburgh socialite antique dealer, from the Stadtfeld's son, Col. Harold R. Stadtfeld, of Washington, D.C.

## 900 Objects

She said some 900 objects ranging from a 75-year-old mustache cup to a

# IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

150-year-old Chinese teakwood chair with a marble seat will be sold during the two-day auction.

Other antiques sold include a 200-year-old Royal Satsuma Japanese porcelain vase valued at about \$200; a dozen oil paintings, each valued at between \$100 and \$500; a Persian brass lamp; a 100-year-old spinning wheel; two-piece cut crystal punch bowl valued at \$100; and a 100-year-old English Sheffield sterling silver carving set.

## Preventive Medicine

My great aunt had raised nine children on a Michigan farm; fed them and the farmhands; done all her own housework and helped with the outdoor chores. And she had never been ill in her life. Finally her family doctor asked her secret. "I constantly see young women," he said, "who have only one or two children and whose homes are full of gadgets to lighten work, but who suffer from nervous exhaustion or psychosomatic

**If you've never been, you've never had it! . . . FUN!**

aches and pains. How is it that you managed never to have a nervous breakdown?"

"You know, doctor," she replied, "I've always wanted to have a nervous breakdown. But every time I was about to get around to it, it was time to fix somebody a meal."

An Australian antique dealer displayed a "genuine Elizabethan-period telephone table," apparently forgetting the 'phone was not invented until 200 years after Queen Elizabeth died.

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# Weapons Collectors Fire Off Old Arms As Smoke Billows

Modern-day Davy Crocketts had a field day recently at the annual black powder shoot and picnic of the New Jersey Arms Collectors Club, a statewide organization of antique weapons collectors with members thruout the area. About 150 attended the meet at the grounds of the Warren County Rod and Gun Club, Asbury.

Under a scorching sun, members blazed away, surrounded by clouds of smoke, shooting off old firearms, dating back to the days of Davy and way before. One of the oldest guns on the firing line was the famous Kentucky long rifle—a flintlock, made in 1790 in Lancaster, Pa., and owned by Edward Davis of Rosemont. Only area sharpshooter to cop a prize was Edward Richards of Hopewell who emerged second in the flintlock rifle match.

When the smoke had cleared at 5 p.m. expert marksmen had captured 19 awards during six matches. Contests were limited to muzzle loading weapons except the Sharps military rifle match. Donald Moroughan of Caldwell, and Calvin Schneider of Glen Ridge were neck-in-neck in shooting honors thruout the day, with Schneider earning a leg on the Sharps rifle trophy, the featured event. To retain permanent possession, a shooter must win the trophy three times. About 60 participated in the matches.

Another popular competition was the elimination match in which members, using shot gun or muskets, shot at clay birds, thrown from a hand trap. Two misses disqualified the marksmen and Gerald Simon, who bagged three “birds” without missing was victorious. Among the guns fired were Civil War muskets and rifles, and Colt and Remington percussion revolvers of the same period.

Several hundred rifles, muskets, pistols, daggers and swords of historical importance were displayed. The earliest weapon was a Chinese hand cannon dating back to 1300 which was fired with a fuse.

With the women and children on the sidelines, shooters, carrying powder horns and leather shot pouches, shot at targets 25 to 50 yards distance. With practiced hand, they rammed the measured powder and lead ball loads down the barrels of their ancient pieces. A far cry from the sharp crack of the modern smokeless powder cartridge rifles, the old guns gave off dense clouds of smoke, with the report resembling a dull booming sound.

Beyond the firing line, the atmosphere took on a carnival air with some of the marksmen cleaning out their barrels and reloading between rounds under gay beach umbrellas. Some of the collectors sported smart accessory benches while others borrowed their wives’ ironing boards to hold their equipment. Several competitors trained their own telescopes on the target to see how close to the bullseye they had hit.

---

Mr. Jones stared in a puzzled way at Mr. Clark, to whom he had just been introduced. “You look like a man I’ve seen somewhere, Mr. Clark,” he said. “Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double. A funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you — but I’m sure we never met.”

Mr. Clark laughed. “I’m the man,” he answered, “and I know why you formed the prejudice. I passed the contribution plate for two years in the church you attended.”

---

A symphony conductor was rehearsing a difficult solo passage for the flute. After going over it many times the conductor rapped for attention. “We can’t stay on this any longer—we must go on now to the next movement.” He turned to the flutist, “You’ll keep in touch with us, won’t you?”

**IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH**

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**A**CTION-FUN TOO

**A**CT NOW

**Make Plans To Be There**

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**National Auctioneers Convention**

**HOTEL PRESIDENT**

**KANSAS CITY, MO.**

**JULY 19-20-21, 1956**

# THE LIGHTER SIDE . . .

## CABBAGE HEAD

Mr. Peterson was preparing to go to market and his wife told him to get a head of cabbage. "What size?" he asked. "About the size of your head." On the way, Peterson met a friend who was a gardner. "Just go over to my garden and take any head of cabbage you want," the friend offered generously. Later, another friend asked the gardner, "What kind of idiot did you have walking in your garden? When I went by, he was trying his hat on one head of cabbage after another!"

---

Jean had been naughty and had been sent into the den to think things over. After a while she came out all smiles and said, "I thought and I prayed."

"Fine," said her mother. "That will help you to be good."

"Oh, I didn't ask God to help me to be good," said the child, "I just told Him to help you put up with me."

---

The teacher had recited, "The Landing of the Pilgrims." Then she requested each pupil to draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. One little fellow hesitated, and at great length raised his hand.

Well, Willie, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, Ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

---

The bridge had been washed away, and the motorist asked a boy on the bank how deep the water was at that point.

"Oh, it's not deep at all," the boy replied.

The motorist drove his car in, and it promptly vanished from sight. The man swam to the surface sputtering with rage.

"I can't understand it," said the boy. "Why the water only covers the feet of those ducks."

---

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his composition, "is waterworks all one word or is it spelled with a hydrant in the middle?"

## POOR LITTLE CLAUDE

School time being with us again . . . this story from the city seems timely. Little Claude was going to public school for the first time . . . and fussy mother was concerned about her spoiled little darling. She gave the teacher a long list of instructions . . . ending up with . . . "Now, please remember, Claude is very sensitive! Never punish him! Just slap the boy next to him . . . and that will frighten Claude!"

---

Two movie actors, on location for a western picture, were arguing about whether the traditional Indian home was called a wigwam or a teepee. To settle it, they stopped an Indian who had a bit part in the film and, pointing to the object of their debate, asked what it is. "A tent," replied the Indian.

---

When a person who is fat says it runs in the family, you can be pretty sure the family never did much running.

---

An eager young salesman was trying to sell some fire-fighting apparatus to an elderly dowager for her country estate, and finding the going extremely rough, mentally reviewed his sales talk and discovered he had omitted one important inducement.

"This apparatus," he proudly declared, "will be in use for 50 years!"

"But, young man," the old lady protested, "in 50 years I shall not be here!"

"But madam," the eager beaver rejoined, "it is so light you could carry it anywhere with you!"

He didn't make the sale.

---

"Mama, what does growing in retrospect mean?"

"That would be that fish your father tells about almost catching."

---

Judge: "What is the defendant's reputation for veracity?"

Witness: "Excellent. I have known him to fish all day and say he hadn't gotten a bite."

# IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

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## NOT SO GLAMOROUS THEN

I got to talking with an old farmer who told me in detail about his animals, and about his fields and woods. Big city gal that I am, and tired of it at the moment, I commented, "It must be wonderful to live there!"

The old man grinned at me, then replied, "Yes, it is. But I've noticed that city people dream of a farm at 5 o'clock in the afternoon—never at 5 o'clock in the morning!" — Revue.

---

Hangover: Something to occupy a head that wasn't used the night before.

---

Well, I like Joe for his broad shoulders, and Bud for his new convertible, and Russ for his personality, and Rog for his blue eyes and Lee for his . . . I think I'll go with Lee.

---

When it comes to tax reduction, never was so little waited for by so many for so long.

---

We wanted to have tomorrow patented because that is the best known labor saving device.

---

The Christmas vacationing college boy's relations with his family are mostly touch and go.

## ALTERNATIVE

County Commissioner: "What are we going to do about this road?"

Road Commissioned: "We'll either have to fix it or declare it a scenic route."

---

## PREROGATIVE

Junior Executive: "Take it easy, please. If you aren't careful you will get ulcers!"

Top Executive: "I don't get ulcers, I give them!"

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## SHOCKED

Policeman: "How did you knock him down?"

Motorist: "I didn't. I pulled up to let him go across—and he fainted."

---

The nice thing about radio is that it enables you to worry about things in all parts of the world.

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Recently Arthur Godfrey described a bagel as a soft, tender hole surrounded by concrete.

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"Where did you get the sooty hands?"  
"Just came from the station where I put my mother-in-law on the train."  
"But how come the sooty hands?"  
"I patted the engine."

---

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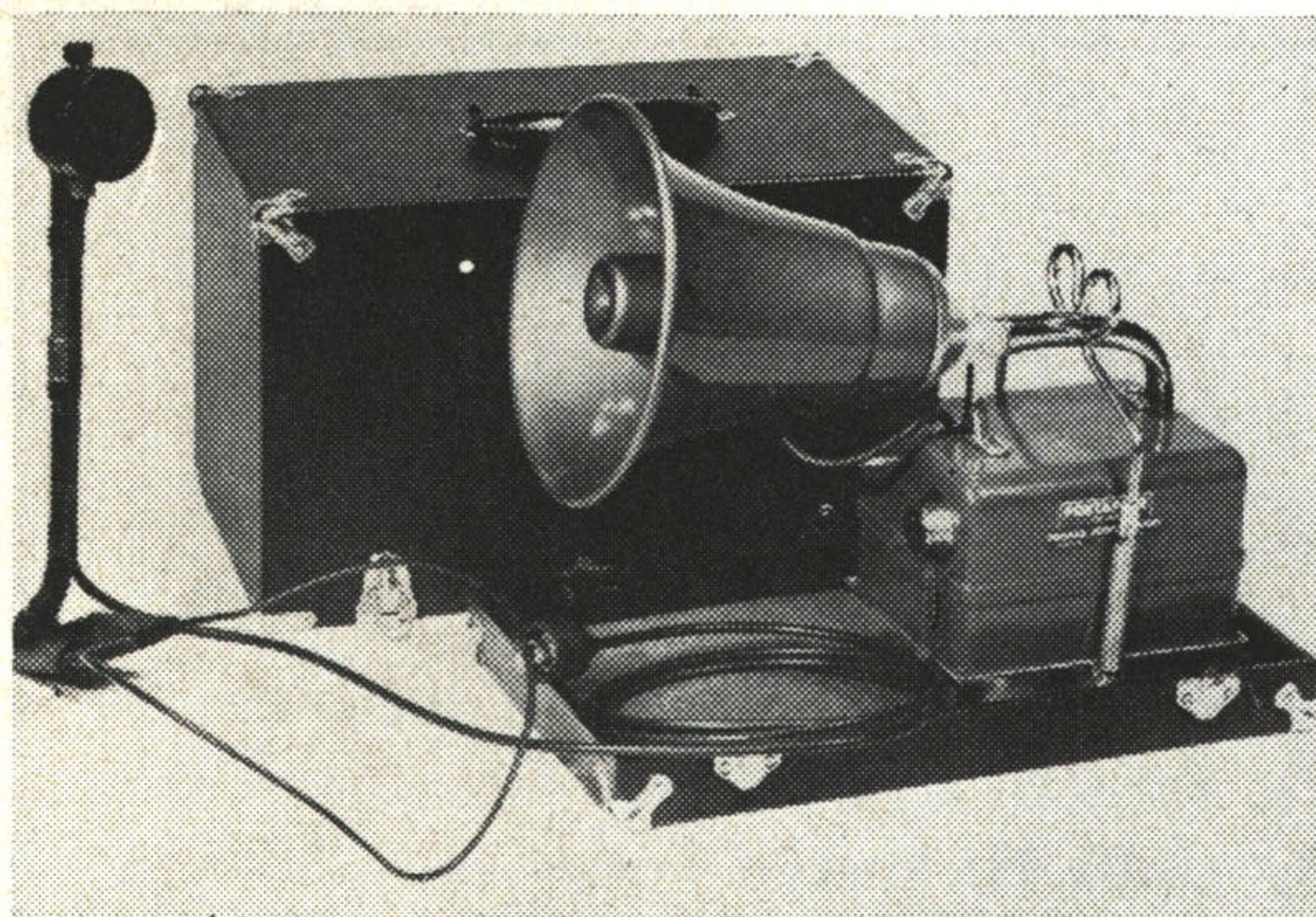
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