

THE AMERICAN AUCTIONEER ASSOCIATION auctioneer



The inspection before the Auction (above), the Auction in progress (below) are typical American scenes that are repeated over and over throughout the year. Few realize the impact that scenes like these have on the National economy.

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20 Years Of Progress

When auctioneers and their families gather at the Hotel Roanoke in Roanoke, Va., July 10-11-12 they will be celebrating the 20th Anniversary of the National Auctioneers Association as well as the 20th Annual Convention of the NAA. Before continuing with this resume we will offer a short explanation of why the 1969 convention will be the 20th and not the 25th anniversary as some of the veteran members will think.

In August of 1949 the National Auctioneers Association came into being. It resulted when the officers and directors of the National Society of Auctioneers met in Pittsburgh, for the purpose of reorganizing that five year old body. It is reported that all were present except the Secretary, J. A. McClintock, of St. Louis.

Foster Sheets, Roanoke, Va., had been elected 1st Vice President of the N. S. of A. at the July meeting of that organization. J. Albert Ferguson of North Dakota, had been elected President. It was N. S. of A. Policy to elect officers in July but they would not take office until the following January 1. Mr. Ferguson passed away before the Pittsburgh meeting so Mr. Sheets was named as the first president of the National Auctioneers Association. His brother, Garland Sheets was drafted as the first Secretary.

In visiting with Garland Sheets at the Virginia Auctioneers Convention, last December your current Secretary was filled in with many of the details of that first year of the NAA. No records nor roster of members of the N. S. of A. was ever obtained. Notices were sent to auctioneers throughout the country, requesting they mail the annual dues fee of \$10.00 to the Roanoke office. From the minutes of the 1951 Roanoke convention the Secretary's report was recorded as follows:

Appointed temporary secretary the 14th of August, 1949. Unable to secure records of former organization. Received approximately

240 new members (some came in through state organizations and might have been members before.)

The Treasurer's report at that same meeting gave receipts as \$1,442.00 and disbursements of \$1,145.87. The year's disbursements would pay for the printing and mailing of one monthly issue of THE AUCTIONEER today.

To continue the history of the former N. S. of A., they apparently held four conventions as the Roanoke convention in 1950 was billed as the Fifth Annual. Two of these were in St. Louis, and one each in Asbury Park, N. J., and Sioux City, Ia. The N. S. of A. had five different Presidents covering its approximately five years of existence, namely, Bud Cutter of Oklahoma, Jack Gordon of Illinois, Bill McCracken of St. Louis, and B. G. Coats of New Jersey.

Choosing Roanoke for this 20th Annual Convention would seem to be an ideal selection. There will be some in attendance, including the Sheets Brothers, who will be able to see the growth and accomplishments of the first 20 years of the NAA. In 1969 we will also be returning to the same Hotel which housed that first convention. There no doubt have been some changes in the Hotel but probably not the contrast that we will show the Hotel in our own 20 years of progress.

In the next few issues of THE AUCTIONEER we will be bringing you more past history of the NAA over its first twenty year span, including the names of the registrants at that first convention in 1950.

We believe we have something to celebrate and we hope that all the members will join us in Roanoke, July 10-12, 1969, for this 20th Anniversary celebration.

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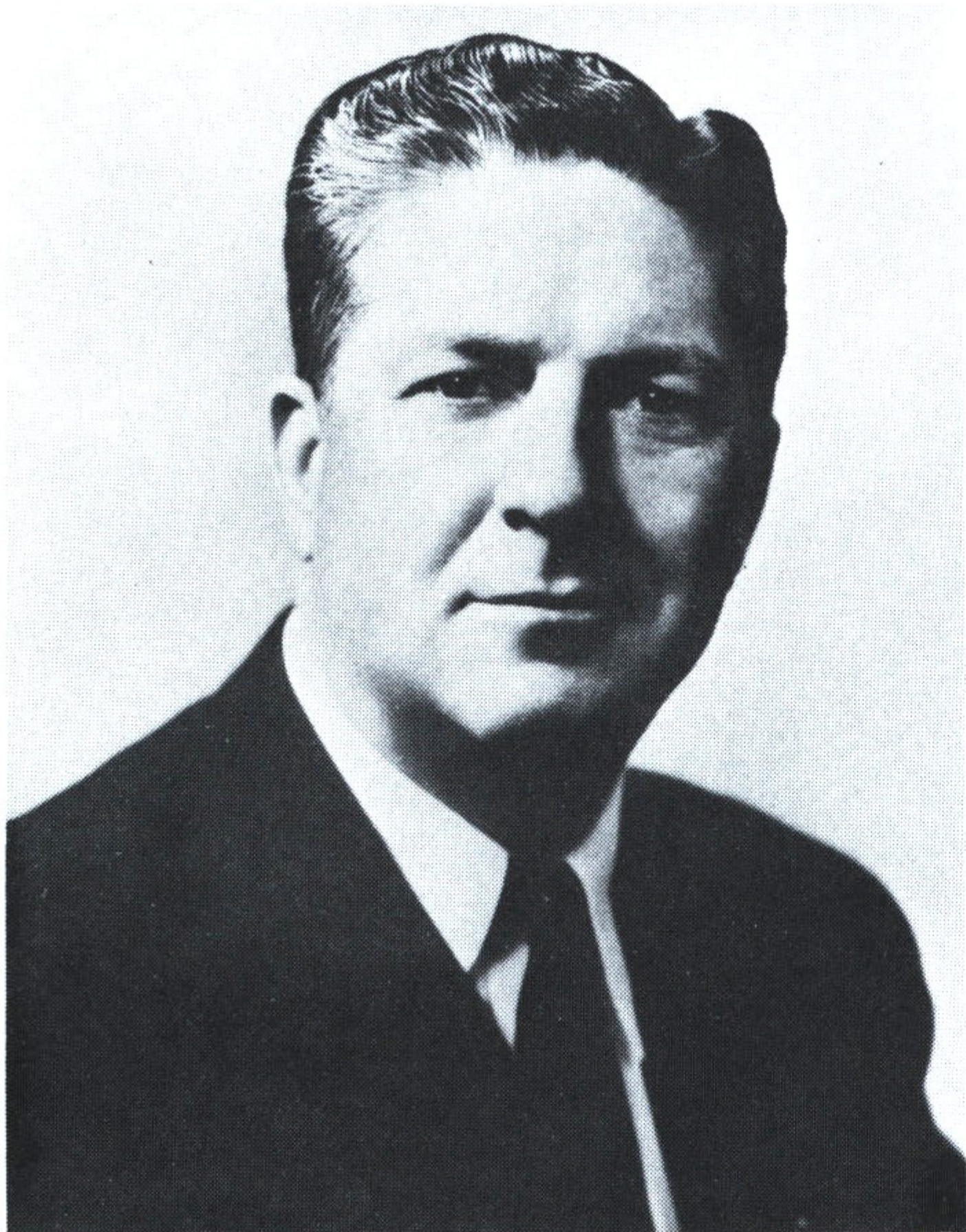
It was as helpful as throwing a drowning man both ends of a rope.

Arthur "Bugs" Baer

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

Calvin Johnson Will Address Nebraskans

Calvin D. Johnson, special consultant on public affairs for the New Holland Division of Sperry Rand Corporation, will be the featured speaker of the Annual Convention of the Nebraska Auctioneers Association at Hastings, Sunday, May 4. Mr. Johnson will speak following the evening Banquet at the Clark Hotel.



CALVIN D. JOHNSON

Johnson, who is one of North America's outstanding contemporary speakers, addressed the National Auctioneers Convention at Oklahoma City, last July. Those who heard him then will want to be present at Hastings, and those who missed him in Oklahoma City will most certainly want to take this advantage of hearing his address as well as attending the full day's convention program. Nebraska has long been known for its outstanding one day auctioneers' convention.

Johnson's public service career began early. While a resident of Belleville, Illinois, Mr. Johnson served as a member of the school and the park boards of his community. He served four years as a member of the St. Clair (Illinois)

County Board of Supervisors, and he spent six years as a member of the Illinois General Assembly.

As a member of the St. Clair County Board of Supervisors, he brought about the disclosure of a large scale tax graft.

When he was a member of the Illinois General Assembly, he organized a drive to break loan shark and collection agency rackets in southern Illinois. Later, while he was a member of the Woodward Commission, he exposed relief racketeering and brought about legislation to stop it.

He was the sponsor of the "Johnson Work or Don't Eat-Law" which forced every able-bodied man on relief to work and earn the amount of his budget.

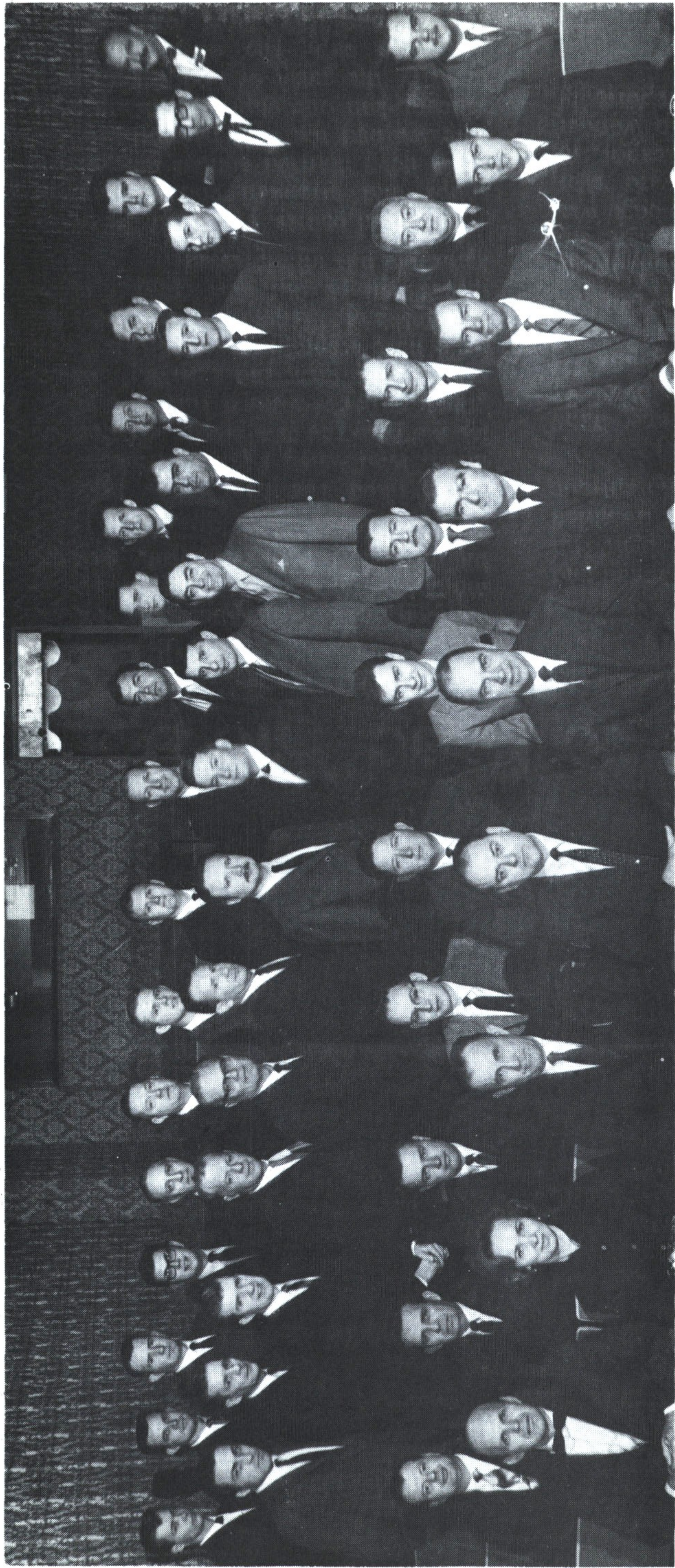
Elected to the United States Congress in 1942, Mr. Johnson continued his fight for the American people. He exposed and forced the abandonment of wasteful overseas agricultural aid programs and was instrumental in stopping the shipment of one-half million pieces of farm equipment to European countries, many of which are behind the Iron Curtain today.

Calvin Johnson inherited his concern for the traditional American ideals of freedom from his ancestors who landed at Jamestown in the early 1600's. He was born near Fordsville, Kentucky, and he is descended from the famous pioneer Kentucky surgeon, Ephriam McDowell, whose likeness stands in Statuary Hall in the national Capitol building. His family later moved to Illinois where he received his major education.

Mr. Johnson has a deep understanding of the problems and issues of our times. His knowledge, directness, and humor all enter into his capacity to inspire confidence. Few men in public life today can match him for his ability to impart to the people the principles of the free way of life.



An expert is often a guy who knows pretty much what you do but has it organized and on slides.



MISSOURI AUCTION SCHOOL

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

CLASS OF MARCH, 1969

FIRST ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Boyd Michael, Registrar, Mo.; Ann Shelton, Secretary, Mo.; Dean Cates, Instructor, Mo.; R. W. Dewees, President, Mo.; Delbert Winchester, Instructor, Okla.; T. Edison Ogden, New York; Gilbert H. Meyer, Mo.; Dale Osterhaus, Iowa

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THIRD ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Robert Carpio, Calif.; Lewis Jackson, Mo.; Loy F. Dodd, Alaska; Darrel Guinn, Mo.; Jack Pendleton, Okla.; Harold Brockus, Mo.; John Cleator, New Mes.; Steven Chance, Texas; Joseph Cavallaro, New Jersey; D. Wayne Sledge, Okla.; Arthur Natali, Fla.; Albert Tomberlin, Ga.; Larry W. Owens, Mo.; Z. Richard Gerard, New York

FOURTH ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Wayne Osterhaus, Iowa; Ray Wood, Mo.; C. V. Penfield, So. Dak.; Wayne Taylor, Fla.; Willis Eastman, Wisc.; Fred Lursen, Iowa; Nolan Davis, Fla.; Gene Pate, Ind.; James Eagleson, Mo.; Kenneth Renner, Ohio; Bill Robinson, British Columbia; Bob Redman, Mich.; Wayne Evans, Ga.; Butch Wynn, Texas; James Lucas, Mich.; Colson Altman, Kentucky

"Hyacinths to Feed The Soul"

By MARGARET PRIMM RICHTER

There it was!

Suddenly my throat felt parched and dry. My head was ridiculously light and giddy, and my hands actually trembled as I reach out to touch it—the antique Tea Leaf Ironstone Teapot.

Picking it up carefully, one hand holding the lid, I turned it over for inspection. "Royal Ironstone China," I read. "Alfred Meakin, England." And there was the Royal Crest. It was genuine!

The decoration on it was still bright. The brown-lustered center design and narrow luster band around the edge was, to me, the prettiest tableware ever. There were no chips in the teapot, no cracks, just age-checks. And no wonder. This ironstone china was, reportedly, made by Meakin in 1850.

I set it back down on the table hoping it would be over-shadowed by the finer, more delicate pieces of antique china and glass. There was cut glass, and carnival glass. There was Haviland and Meissen. Perhaps the beauty of this sturdy, little teapot of heavy, ironstone china would go unnoticed by everyone but me. Deliberately I turned my back on it and went to the lunchroom.

"One hot dog and a cup of coffee, please."

I paid the man and went over and sat down at a long table. Opening my purse to put the change away, I saw the plain, white envelope marked, "For hyacinths," and smiled. It was our private little joke—my husband's and mine. Whenever he teased me for doing without something I needed, to buy something frivolous, I quoted a line from a poem I'd read somewhere, "Buy hyacinths to feed the soul." Some might call this envelope "pin money." I called it money "for hyacinths."

Would it be enough? I wondered. Would the envelope containing an ac-

cumulation of Christmas and birthday money be enough to buy that teapot? I bit into the hot dog, scarcely tasting its spicy goodness.

I'd liked Tea Leaf china since girlhood. And when I got married, mother let me take the few pieces left that were grandmother's—a huge turkey platter, a small celery dish, and a plate. "Someday we'll have a complete set of this," I told my husband. "Grandmother's 'everyday' dishes will be our best china." He was agreeable but unimpressed.

Between babies, I scoured the antique shops and attended country auctions. We'd been married almost ten years before we had the bare necessities—plates, saucers, and one cup. You could always identify the guest of honor—he had the Tea Leaf cup. The others used plain white dime-store cups on Tea Leaf saucers.

Looking back I wish I had bought every piece I'd seen, regardless of price and how I couldn't afford it. For now, when I could afford to spend a little more—there was hardly any to be found here in central Illinois, and it sold higher than Haviland.

No wonder I was so excited when last Sunday's paper carried an advertisement of an estate sale of household furnishings and antiques listing, among other items, "Tea Leaf Ironstone Teapot." I could hardly believe my eyes. I'd never even seen one.

"Bet I know why you're here."

I looked up to see Aunt Bertha sitting down beside me with her hot dog and coffee.

"Did you see it?" I asked, excitement coloring my voice. "Have you seen it, Aunt Bertha?"

"Many times. I used to admire it on her china shelf every time our Ladies' Aid Society met here. We went to the same church, you know."

I was really surprised to see Aunt Bertha here. She was a dear little soul who had lived next door to us when I was a girl at home. She was the very essence of kindness, always doing things for others, never thinking of her own needs and wants. She and Uncle Ben had lived simply, their meager income not providing the frills of life. Since Uncle Ben's passing a few months before I had not seen much of her, but I knew how lonely she must be. I felt ashamed that I had not taken time to visit oftener with this dear friend who was as close to me as any real aunt.

As we sipped our coffee we went on talking in low tones about the teapot.

"Yes, I always admired that special teapot. Ben used to say he was going to buy it for me someday—just to stop me talking about it! But then, we never seemed to have enough to buy things like that!" As Aunt Bertha spoke I could tell she was trying to hide the loneliness and the yearning that lay within her.

"Folks like me don't have any business with things like valuable teapots, but you—well, dear, I hope you get it," Aunt Bertha said, lovingly. "But I saw Mrs. Haley looking it over a few minutes ago. Better watch her!"

My heart sank. Mrs. Haley was a collector of Tea Leaf. She even exhibited hers at the State Fair. She could risk breakage because she owned extra pieces of everything.

"Get your number, folks," a voice blared over the speaker system. "Sale starts in just a few minutes and you must have a number to bid."

"Coming, Aunt Bertha?" I asked, getting to my feet.

"No. I got a number earlier, but I don't think I'll bid on anything. You go on while I finish my lunch."

Waiting in line to get a number, I recognized several antique dealers. Were they after the teapot? Well, it wouldn't be a bargain. The envelope in my purse would make them pay for it!

The clerk recorded my name and address and gave me Number 18. Then I walked through the crowd to the table with the teapot and took my stand. I noticed that Aunt Bertha was standing at the edge of the crowd.

Suddenly the pickup truck, equipped with the speaker system and bearing the auctioneer and his helpers, pulled up close by. Good, I thought. He's going to sell from this table first.

To all appearance I listened attentively to his opening remarks, but I did not hear. I smiled at his little jokes, but was not amused. Get on with it, I kept thinking. Let's get this sale started.

Four old goblets brought less than a dollar apiece. Even a beautiful cut glass compote with an unusual lid went for twenty-one-dollars—and the bids were raised by only fifty cents or a dollar each time.

I began to relax a little. Things were going very reasonably, I thought. Surely the teapot would not be out of reach.

Finally the auctioneer held up the lovely teapot and called for bids. There was a moment of silence then a strangely familiar voice said shakily, "Five dollars, please." Without turning I knew it was Aunt Bertha's bid.

I was wholly unprepared for the change of tempo in the bidding now. There were no fifty-cent or dollar bids. It went up by leaps and bounds.

"Ten." "Fifteen." "Twenty."

I had barely raised my hand to bid twenty-five dollars when, out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mrs. Haley immediately raise the bid to thirty. *So she's the one.* I turned to look for Aunt Bertha, but she was gone.

"Thirty-five dollars," the auctioneer cried. My hand went up quickly.

"Forty." Mrs. Haley raised the bid.

That woman! I'll bet she has at least two in her china cabinet already. The auctioneer was crying for forty-five dollars, as he watched me.

"Forty-one." I spoke with a calm finesse of a poker player, but I felt like a firecracker about to explode.

"Forty-two," the auctioneer cried. "Forty-two dollars anyone? Going . . . going . . . all done. Forty-two dollars?"

To my amazement, Mrs. Haley shook her head.

"Sold to Number 18 for forty-one dollars!" cried the auctioneer.

I made my way to the cashier and paid for my purchase. With the beloved teapot finally in my hands I pushed my way carefully through the crowd toward the street. As I turned in the direction of my parked car I saw a familiar figure down the street, walking slowly, shoulders bent as though very tired. It was Aunt Bertha going home.

Instantly I could hear the echo of that wavering bid with its resolute "Five dollars!" Why, that five dollars meant more to Aunt Bertha than the forty-one did to me! How she must have wanted that teapot! Dear Aunt Bertha, who had so little in life!

I went right by my parked car and hurried as fast as I could on down the street, holding the teapot ever so carefully. I must catch up with Aunt Bertha. I knew she would have just the right place for the Tea Leaf Ironstone Teapot—and I could see it whenever I'd go over to visit her.

"Aunt Bertha!" I called breathlessly. "Wait a minute! I've just bought us a hyacinth!"

Reprinted from Sunshine Magazine.

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An old lady went to a tombstone-cutter's office to order a stone for her husband's grave. After explaining that all she wanted was a small one with no frills, she told him to put the words, "To My Husband," in a suitable place.

When the stone was delivered, she saw, to her horror, this inscription:

"To My Husband—
In a Suitable Place."

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

Business Men's Group Selects Auctioneer

David E. Blankenship, auctioneer and real estate agent, was recently named president of the West Salem (Ohio) Business Men's Association. Mr. Blankenship



DAVID E. BLANKENSHIP

also operates a new and used furniture store in West Salem.

Blankenship is a member of the Ohio and National Auctioneers Associations and of the Medina County Realty Board. This is another example of the community leadership found among members of the auction profession.

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Singer's Belongings Are Sold For \$52,000

PERIGUEUX, France—Josephine Baker's personal property has brought \$52,000 on the auction block.

Miss Baker, retired music hall singer, was forced to sell her chateau, furniture and jewelry for debts incurred while trying to make a tourist attraction of the home of her large, multiracial adopted family.



Auction Shorts

When this comes off the press, spring will have arrived. But as of now the main topic of conversation is the weather and about the rough winter we had. Among auctioneers it is the number of sales that were necessary to postpone because of the weather.

As we here in the mid-west listened to the weather forecasts during the winter, we realize that weather has been a problem throughout the United States.

Yes, spring will be very welcome, but with its arrival comes the threats of floods from the melting snow which is very well described in the following verse:

Down from the sky came the blowing
blizzards

From the melting snow came the
rising rivers

The threatening waters give resi-
dents the shivers

Fearing the floods and the results
of its fury.

Yes, this time of year also brings with it the greatest events ever told mankind. The Lenten and Eastern season, commemorating the death of our Savior on Good Friday, and His Wonderful Resurrection on Easter Sunday.

Henry Buss,
Columbus, Nebraska



COLORS

A young farmer attending a dance tried to make conversation with his attractive companion.

Smiling, he said: "You know, you look like Helen Brown."

She nodded her head. "Yes, I know. I don't look so good in yellow either."

Mississippi Products Feature State Meet

Members of the Mississippi Auctioneers Association held their Third Annual Convention, February 15-16, at the Heidelberg Hotel, in Jackson. Featured at the meeting was the display and auction of products made in Mississippi.

Saluting the state's fast growing manufacturing industry, more than 100 items were displayed and sold at the Fun Auction at the meeting's close. Proceeds were pledged to the MAA.

David Gillentine, Jr., Tupelo, was chosen as the new president of the organization. Peter Barhonovich, Biloxi, was elected vice president and Liston Shows, Soso, a director for a three year term. Jack Alford, Cleveland, was re-elected to the office of Secretary-Treasurer.



Antiques Destroyed in New Jersey Fire

"Being an auctioneer is not all a bed of roses," reports NAA member Elwood Heller, Somerville, N. J. A barn behind Col. Heller's home was completely destroyed by fire the evening of February 1, the Heller's being away from home at the time.

Col. Heller had been using the barn as a storage center for antiques. He estimates his loss at \$8,000. One of his most prized possessions that was burned was a Surry-with-the-Fringe-on-Top. Other items lost included a horse-drawn school bus, a buckboard, several buggies, many books, etc.

The fire did not put Heller completely out of business. He continues to hold auctions each Saturday afternoon at the Old Mill, 152 Main Street, in Lebanon, N. J. He also has many valuable antiques stored at this location.



The Ladies Auxiliary

Spring is Here!

I've always heard that the older you get the quicker time passes. Well, to me it does, so I just must be getting older. Hard to believe that in about three months we'll be heading "eastward" for the National Convention.

Here in Illinois we've had a very busy 1969 already for which we're grateful. Lots of activity both in auctions and private sales. We moved back to our farm in January and have opened a relocated office in town and have been busy getting things squared away. Plan an "open office" in a couple of weeks.

So nice this time of year, seeing things green up, sound of frogs down by the creek, surely the most beautiful time of the year.

Do hope we see you all at the Convention in July, I'm sure the Virginians have a lovely time slated for us, both business and pleasure wise.

Betty Cravens,
Williamsville, Ill.

THANK YOU

I wish to express my sincere appreciation to the Ladies Auxiliary of the Nebraska Auctioneers Association for the beautiful plant that I received.

Slowly but surely I am recovering from the auto accident I experienced in December.

Mrs. Stacy McCoy
Arapahoe, Nebraska

An agricultural college student had been pestering his father for a new car. On a visit to the campus, the parent pointed out that most of the cars in the parking lot were quite old.

"But, dad," the youth protested, "those cars belong to the faculty!"

THE LADIES AUXILIARY TO THE NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASS'N. OFFICERS 1968 - 1969

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Pop's Ponderings

Auction Schools Have Place In Modern Selling

By COL. POP HESS

Ohio, on this 12th day of March, is a cold day with bright sun shining. One can feel it has an early spring warmth coming down. Our February was more like what March most always is each year and March somewhat like February most years. Especially these first 12 days of March. It all reminds one of what we use to hear from one of our home town village weather guessers say about March, "It came in like a lion but went out like the devil."

Your writer did enjoy looking over our March issue of this publication. On the cover page the picture of the four Ohio boys who will be in the driver's seat in our Ohio Auctioneers Association for 1969. In the late 1930's I had the pleasure of having the president, Guffey, and vice president, Good, in the sale ring with me on some special sales.

My mail the past month has not been very heavy and my mail going out has been very few. The flu bug was pecking at us here in the Hess homestead, and found yours truly, so I became lazy and inactive in answering important mail that we did receive that deserved an answer. But as the spring gets warmer your answers will be in the mail.

We were attracted to Bernie's ACROSS THE COUNTRY PAGE in the March issue on the true definition of what is an auctioneer. I will just throw this one in for mirthfull thinking. Back in the year of 1900 when myself as a farmer boy was preparing to enter the long desired ambition one has to try, that to be an auctioneer. One day I was discussing the idea with a good old time farmer and livestock man who could give you his approval or disapproval in such a way and language one will not just forget. His answer to me that day

was many are farm boys who are too lazy to work so try to be an auctioneer and most of them flop. If you go into this I hope you will not turn out to be the kind I just mentioned. That shot in the arm was one I long remembered and some ten years later I had the pleasure to come back to my home county and conduct a very important sale in this man's home area. He was in my audience but disappeared before the sale was over, however, he got word to me he was happy to note I was not as lazy as he had guessed me to be.

Yes, I may feel and look lazy many times. It is a wonderful past time, but do not let your lazy feelings saturate permanently.

Sometime back I received a nice letter from a young auctioneer. It seems he was making a good showing in his home area as a general auctioneer. However, a very unusual auction came of purebred cattle along with a full line of general farm equipment. This young man was the auctioneer of the equipment, but a well known, experienced auctioneer of the cattle breed was the box man in that part of the sale. The entire sale I am told was a success. However, it appears this experienced cattle auctioneer made some remark direct to him working in the ring which made the public laugh, but hurt the boy's feelings. He is still, or was at the time he wrote me, running a high fever.

Now the box man who made the remark at that moment needed a few words to fill in the bidding conversation, to create a good smile, to break the air waves between the man in the box and the bidder he wanted in. The bidder was probably getting confused by the pressure from the ring man. My advice to all

young men heading for top sale position as auctioneer should always remember when he is working the ring that the man with the gavel in his hand is getting bids direct from a bidder and you as a ring man should concentrate on finding other bidders.

From my experience I have helped sell many a bull and cow by nudging and noisily working a bunch that never owned or bid on a bull or cow. Often they are just visitors and onlookers enjoying the sale. However, the hot bidder who wants in eyes direct to the box auctioneer is not sure what will come out of the bid-hunting service going on the other side of the ring, and rather than take a chance bids and bids and buys.

I got my eye teeth well trimmed many a time when I found I was a ring man mingling too close to the fire the box auctioneer was fanning and getting cooked results. I well remember one good old great auctioneer, who was tops in his field, shot me with as an auctioneer in my home area some fifteen years

and well known. To move me from the hot spot his remark to the audience and a straight line to me "that boy down there who wants to be an auctioneer will learn and do better by hunting for bidders." That made all my friends laugh and I took it as a joke as well as a shot in the arm for me. I took the cue and opened up new leads, got a hot bid from a much unexpected person, winding up by clearing the air and selling a bull for what he was really worth.

It is not too unusual for your writer to have boys call on me here at our home to consult the situation whether they would have the background, personality and such that it takes to qualify as a public sale auctioneer. How much good I get done with these boys is never decided until they have fully come out as an auctioneer and do or will go over before the John Q. Public. How well in time approve or disapprove, looking back over the years I quietly consulted such young men on this venture, the ones I advised to go back home and pick up some other line of work have



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become well situated and making good and the dream of becoming an auctioneer a pleasant past time dream.

Also I am happy to report a few of todays auctioneers in demand, did back in the early time of decision to be or not to be, sit with me and we listened very close to what he heard coming direct out of the Horse's Mouth, experience. And at this time I have some expected young men to be calling on me for exploring the idea of being an auctioneer with the question "which auction school to choose." Many items of what is often gone unanswered by young men entering the auction field, with too many unanswered questions before them, as they face the various types of human beings which can put them over or under.

In looking back over old records, I find it was the year of 1950 and '51 that was the beginning of the publication which now lays on my desk, THE AUCTIONEER.

It so attracted me, I wrote a few monthly columns to the editor, who at that time had an Iowa address. My records are not clear to the name of this editor, or just where he is now. I find that my files on auction sales and auction activity in my life time is far from complete. If I would have filed those early issues and kept records on what all took place from 1950 through to the present time, it would make wonderful Pondering Timber. One way or another, I, as your regular columnist, mostly self-appointed, have been trying to dish out what auctioneers should do and should not do based on my own hard earned experiences. It is nothing unusual to have letters received from young hopefuls who are reading my column to ask this question, "What Auction School did you attend?"

The answer is very simple, the only auction school I graduated from was of my own making. What I really did was to take a full ten year course in the college of John Q. Public. I appeared before them and sold for them and it was they who paid the tuition. I have often said the Lord only knows what

my tuition cost those I sold for. Do not misunderstand me, I am not opposed to auction college courses, in fact I am for them 100% and everyone wanting to be fully qualified should take one of their courses.

Back in 1900, so far as I could find out, there were only two such schools in existence. The price of tuition and expenses I would need to take such a course was the amount of ready money I did not have. What little cash we had was needed to start a farm operation and if I failed as an auctioneer the old farm was behind me and I could always go there for survival. In my long term of some ten years at my adopted John Q. Public school the farm came very handy in helping me to survive so that I could learn more.

Today the auction school tuition is about the same as it was in 1900 but we have many more schools from which to choose. In these modern times we also have more and better sales to conduct, the totals are much higher and so are the fees.

Yes boys, I went through the primary beginners course out behind the barn. My audience was the cows and other livestock around the feedlots. My only living audience was our Good Old Farm Dog "Rover", and my selling was hot and tops. But when the crucial day came for my first time to push my long tried out Auctioneer lingo before men as smart as I thought I was and knew values as good or better than I thought I knew them and offered bids backed by money from their jeans on the spot of sale it was a different kettle of fish than my behind the barn rehearsals.

It is my contention the auction colleges of today can build for you a foundation. Then it is up to you to build a career that will meet the same jury I had to meet after ten years of actual selling. That is the time you will get your Bachelor's Degree which is more than a diploma that can deteriorate or be thrown in the incinerator. Your career as an auctioneer is your baby to nurse and help to grow. Schools and instructors are important and diplo-

mas help your background. I knew one young man who was so eager to be at the top he attended three different schools and recived three diplomas. But like the farmer's calf who sucked three of the top milk cows the first six months of his life he turned out to be just an ordinary steer at market time.



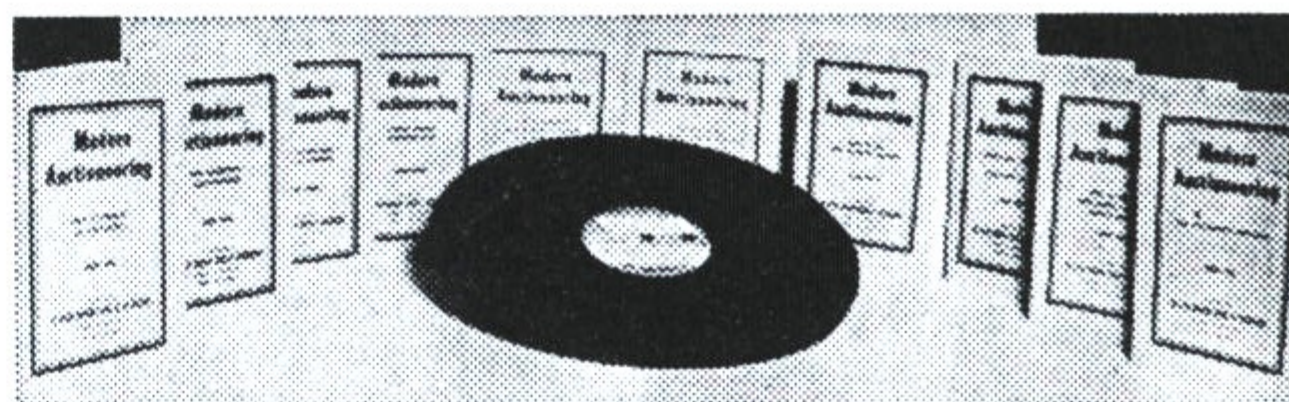
Colorado Farm Brings \$50,000 at Auction

Gates Ranch Co., Burns, Colo., purchased the 320 acre farm of Jerry and Mary Lou Gwaltney, northwest of Mack, Colo., for \$50,000. This was considered a good price considering the location and soil type.

Howard Roland, Grand Junction, Colo., and a member of the Board of Directors of the NAA, conducted the auction. Mr. Roland reports a very active auction business for the first three months of 1969.

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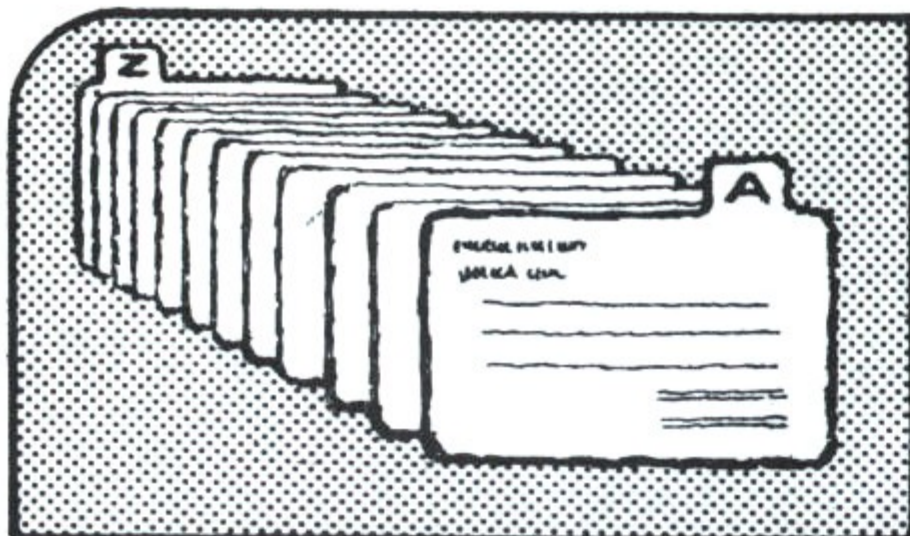
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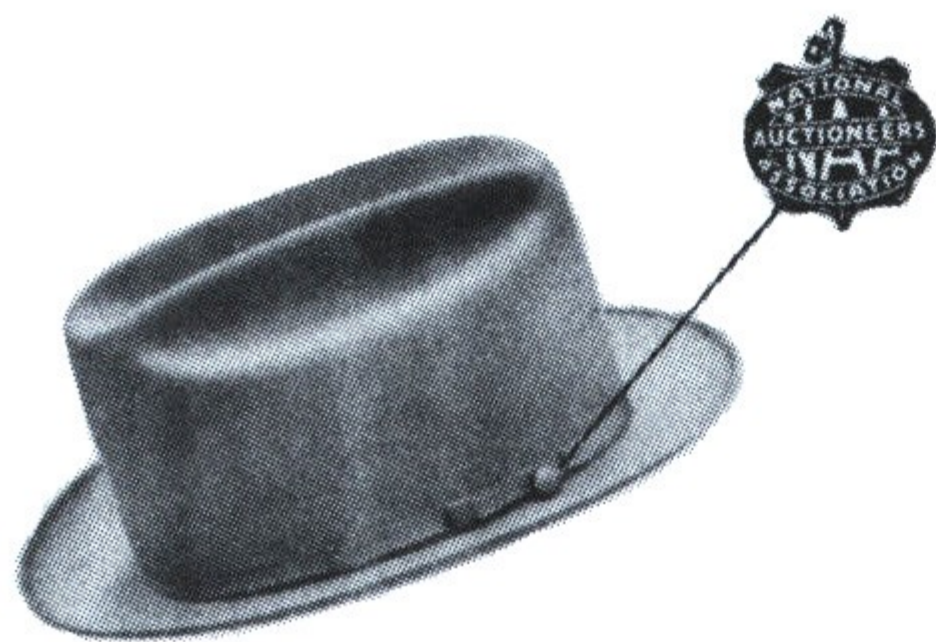
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Where Are The Mules of Yesteryear ?

By Willard Neal

Continued story from the February issue of the Auctioneer.

Two of the Hall barns, on Brady at each side of Eighth Street, burned in 1928, with a loss of 200 head. A barn fire is a pitiful sight. To a horse or mule, the stable is home, and the only absolutely safe place he knows. If there is a fire he tries his very best to get into that sanctuary. The only way he can be led out is blindfolded or with a sack over his head, then he must be securely penned up or he will break loose and run right back into the flames.

"My dad didn't have a penny's worth of insurance," said Mr. Hall. "He was so mad about somebody burning his barns and mules that he stopped up on Marietta Street and wouldn't even come down to look at the damage. Fires only start when somebody gets careless with matches or cigarettes, and a barn with shavings on the floor and hay in the loft, and pens made of dried wood, is no place for anyone to get careless."

Courtney Hall was a full partner with his father in the National Stockyards Commission Co. when they built the biggest retail barn on Brady Avenue in 1934, maybe the biggest anywhere. But he admits he wasn't quite grown up.

"We had to chisel holes through the new brick for the big joists to hold up the loft," he recalled. "I punched out 10 of those holes, and that was enough. That night I headed west for a vacation. I was in California when I heard about John Dillinger being shot, and I went to Chicago to see the spot, and also the fair. The trip was a bust. They had already washed Dillinger's blood off the paving. By then I had spent all my money, so I came on home, and I was glad to find that somebody else had finished punching the holes."

Across the street from the National barn, J. W. Patterson's barn burned in 1949, with a loss of 250 head of stock, the last big barn fire in Atlanta.

The biggest auction business was run by Cliff Ragsdale, J. W. Lawhon and Gus Weill. Cliff was Mayor Ragsdale's son.

Bully Meeks and E. L. Alford dealt in big draft horses. Whereas the other barns kept stock in large pens, the Meeks and Alford place had individual stalls for all their big horses.

Close count could be kept on the volume of business when all the mules were brought in by rail. In the depression year of 1932, 25,000 mules came in by train. In the first 25 days of 1932, 152 cars discharged 3,800 head. By then motor trucks were hauling in more, and there was no way to keep complete tabs. It wasn't unusual for Ragsdale, Lawhon and Weill to auction 1,500 in a day, which figured a little faster than a mule each 30 seconds.

A well-remembered character on Brady Avenue was Billy Lotts, who had a little store for selling cold drinks, cold sandwiches, and candy often melted by the heat. Billy had been a harness race driver and trainer and a fight manager, and he could advise you on or tell you all about both businesses. He also played a one-string fiddle made of a broom handle, and a cigar box. He could talk and play at the same time, and believe it or not, he was good enough that thousands of indiscriminating men and boys went there to listen.

A couple of meat packing houses were erected on Brady Avenue, and Barnett and McClure built Georgia's biggest cattle auction barn. After beef critters were sold under the hammer they were led to the abattoirs by a bewhiskered traitor that became famous

as a Judas goat. The packing houses have moved out of town, and Atlanta's cattle business went, too.

For the benefit of readers who came into the world too late to know about mules, they were very obtuse and interesting critters.

There never was a breed of mules. They are hybrid animals, a cross between the ass and a horse, and incapable of reproducing. One of the pioneers in developing the mule in this country was George Washington. He mentioned his success with the animals in a number of his letters.

It is said that generalities are seldom true, but they fit the mule pretty well. Mules didn't paw you, and seldom if ever bit anybody, although a bad horse may nip his owner at any angle. But a mule could kick quicker and harder than any horse, and could do a pretty thorough job of bucking or balking. He sweated less than a horse, so he could pull a plow right through hot July days that pooped his uncles and aunts. For riding, his withers were sharp and his trot was jarring, but a long-legged specimen could cover a lot of ground at a fast walk.

Frightened horses may run into something, like trees, fences or ditches, and kill or cripple themselves. Runaway mules tore up a lot of wagons and farm equipment, but they never got scared enough to hurt themselves. It took automobiles to involve them in collisions, and to this day not many have been hit by cars.

"Ornery as a Georgia mule" was and still is a widely used idiom. Actually, native Georgia mules were rare. There were few if any breeding farms in the state, although some farmers raised mule colts from their work mares. Atlanta became the leading mule market because dealers had to bring in new stock from elsewhere to replace those that died or were included among the lost, strayed or stolen.

Many of the imports came off the ranges halter-broke, which meant that you could lead them with a rope, and

that was all. Ambitious young farmers bought them wild because they were cheap, and taught them to gee, haw, git up and whoa, while making a crop, then traded them in the fall as trained work stock, at a substantial profit.

The farmers did a good job of training in nearly all respects except one. When they took off the bridle just inside the lot gate they invariably slapped the mule across the side to see him kick and go running away. Consequently, any time you unbridled a mule you had to duck quick, or he'd about face and kick the daylights out of you.

Nearly every farmer fancied himself an expert on mule flesh, and it was seldom a man ever admitted that he was beaten in a trade. Actually, both parties usually benefitted. If one needed a gentle mule that his kids could work and the other preferred a fast stepper, both got what they wanted, and the only problem was how much boot and which would pay it.

Most mules were named Tobe or Joe or Red or Maud or Sal. If a farm had more than that many head additional names had to be thought up, and they often were jawbreakers out of the Bible.

Mules gained in wisdom with age, and became master psychologists, learning just how much they could put over on their individual masters. Few could resist the urge to bite an occasional stalk of corn, so muzzles were standard equipment in working corn crops. In their first summer at work the wild ones learned just where to step to pull the plow close to the row, and still not tread on the plants. If the plowman got mad or impatient and flailed with the cotton line, the mule knew just how to step on and tear up everything in the area. A farmer's ingenuity was tested in devising latches for gates and corn crib doors that an elderly mule could not learn to open.

Pretty typical was Ol' Joe, who taught me how to plow in running out corn middles in the apple orchard near the house, when I was six years old and about as high as the plow handles. Joe

knew exactly where to walk, and he stepped there, although I geed and hawed like I knew what I meant. If I said whoa he minded, though. When he heard the dinner bell he stopped still to be unhitched, and all the King's men couldn't have dragged him and the plow to the end of the row.

Joe had a pet trick of his own. When he was put in the bermuda pasture where the hogs were kept he would saunter down to the back and use his nose to push the three top chestnut rails off the 10-rail fence, then leap over the remaining seven to enjoy a little freedom. When we chased him he promptly hopped back over the gap, but did not replace the rails. He positively would not let himself be caught outside nor come back in through the gate. Dad got good and mad one Sunday afternoon. He replaced the rails and vowed we's get Joe in the gate. He and my brother and I chased him all evening, with no success whatever. When Joe got enough of teasing us, and it was about supper time anyhow, he walked docilely up nearly to the gate, with us close behind. Then he galloped around us, and before we could cut across the pasture to head him off he had gone down the road and through the woods to his private entrance, where he nosed off the top rails and hopped over.

I don't know if Joe enjoyed our occasional romps, but sometimes I could coax him to the fence and hop on his back for a gallop through the pasture. When he got fed up he'd trot under a tree and brush me off against the limbs.

When Joe seemed almost like one of the family, he was still a mule and not to be trusted. At milking time one evening he picked up a small calf by the neck and went running around the barn lot, shaking the calf like a puppy with a rag doll, and did not drop it until dad got close enough to bang a scantling across his hard head.

The conversion of Brady Avenue from mules to modern is a two-man operation, conducted by Charles S. Martin and his son, Bill.

They were in their present office and showrooms at 1000 Marietta St. when Mr. Martin was elected chairman of the Northwest Businessmen's Association. He began to point out ways the area could be cleaned up and improved. His colleagues could not see the possibilities, but in trying to convince them he sold Bill and himself, so they set out to do it alone.

They have already acquired 1,000 feet on each side of Brady Avenue.

So far they have the old meat packing plant converted into a 105,000-square-foot warehouse, and are well along in erecting beside it another of 140,000 square feet, with parking on the roof. They plan another big warehouse across the street and have a contract to build a post office for Station D and they hope to erect a bank building.

A neighboring property owner suggested changing the name of Brady Avenue to make a clean break with the past, but Charles Martin vetoed the idea. "Mules had a big part in Atlanta's history, and there was nothing degrading about the business," he said.

"Furthermore," he added, "for industrial possibilities I believe the Marietta-Brady Avenue area is the biggest sleeper in Atlanta. We're close downtown with plenty of room, and access to railroad and expressways."



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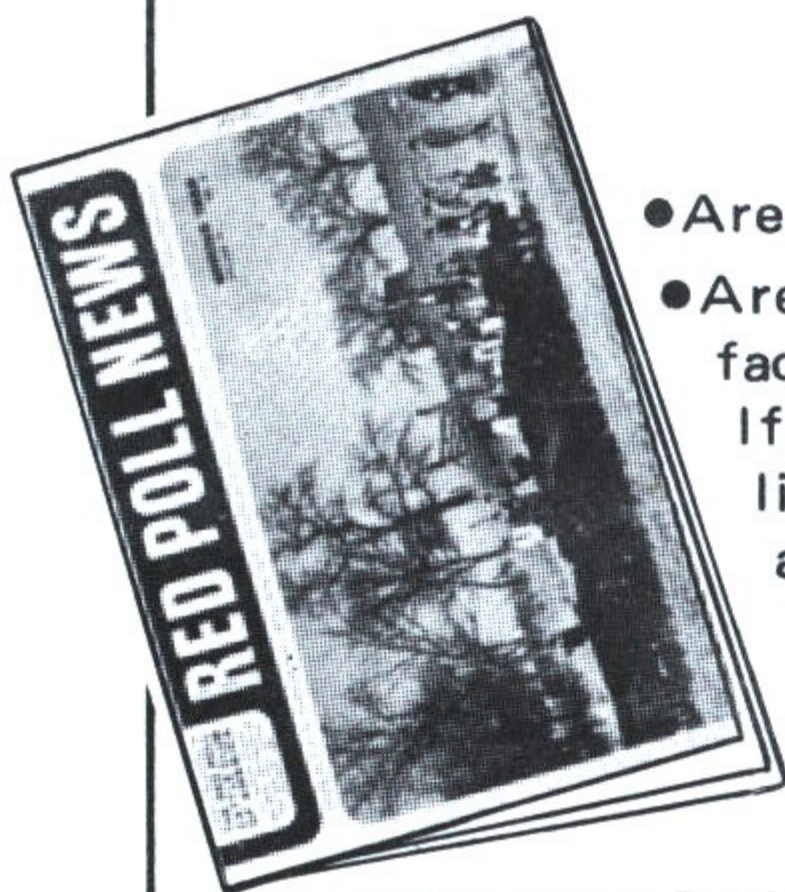
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Ladies Auxiliary to the NAA

\$10 Million Realized From Missouri Feeders

By H. WILLARD ARNAMAN,
UNIONVILLE, MO.

Auctions of feeder pigs and feeder cattle, sponsored by the Missouri Co-op Feeder Livestock Association, accounted for more than ten million dollars income for Missouri farmers, in 1968. These auctions were held in various parts of the state.

In 65 auctions of feeder cattle, held in 30 different counties, 64,261 head brought \$8,579,756. Average weight was 493 pounds and the average selling price was \$26.59 per cwt., an increase of \$1.10 per cwt. over the average price in 1967.

In the fall season, 51,106 feeder pigs brought \$971,273, their average weight being 70 pounds and the average selling price per head was \$19.52. In the spring season, 42,067 feeder pigs brought \$891,710. They averaged \$21.75 per head and weighed an average of 68 pounds.

In all, the combined auctions of cattle and pigs totaled \$10,442,738.39. It was again my pleasure to have the opportunity to conduct the large majority of these auctions.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Politician: "What are the three great parties?"

College Student: "Democrat, Republican and beer."



MISSOURI AUCTION SCHOOL

REAL ESTATE CLASS, DECEMBER, 1968

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

FRONT ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: Richard W. Dewees, School President, Mo.; Delbert Winchester, Instructor, Okla.

SECOND ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: C. D. Schulte, Ks.; John D. Buchanan, Montana; Victor H. Bagley, Jr., Mo.; Joe Coleman, N. Y.

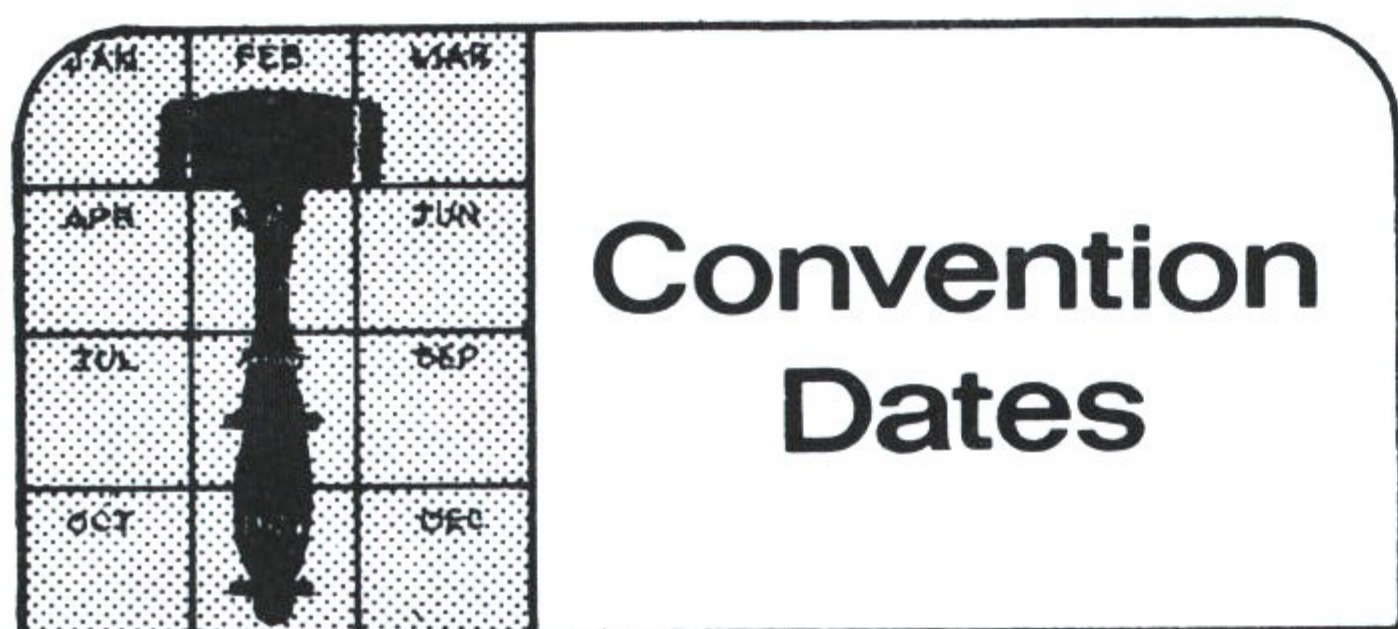
THIRD ROW LEFT TO RIGHT: L. L. May, La.; J. R. Lawlis, Texas; N. J. Minaya, New Jersey, A. P. "Sonny" Morris, Jr., Tenn.; Edwin C. Poss, Georgia.

Higgenbotham Heads Florida Association

Martin Higgenbotham, Lakeland, was elected to head the Florida Auctioneers Association for 1969 at a recent meeting of the organization. New vice president is Gerald Finnell, Orlando. Lewis C. Dell, Sanford was named Secretary-Treasurer with George Stiffey, Sanford, as his assistant.

Members of the Board of Directors are Joseph Sedmera, Lakeland; R. K. Beebe, West Palm Beach; P. Frank Stewart, St. Petersburg; Jimmy Garvin, Daytona Beach; and Johnny Koske, Palm Bay.

The meeting was held at the Robert Myer Motor Inn, in Orlando. A Fun Auction was held and all funds were sent to the NAA Building Fund.



April 11-12-13—North Dakota Auctioneers Association, Badlands Motel, Medora.

April 13-14—Kentucky Auctioneers Association, Holiday Inn, Brownsboro Road, Louisville.

April 20—Illinois State Auctioneers Association, Field Lodge and Restaurant, Morton.

May 3-4—Missouri Auctioneers Association, Missouri Motor Hotel, Jefferson City.

May 4—Nebraska Auctioneers Association, Clark Hotel, Hastings.

May 24-25—Kansas Auctioneers Association, Holiday Inn, Lawrence.

May 31-June 1—Auctioneers Association of North Carolina, Blockade Runner Motel, Wrightsville Beach.

June 22-23—Tennessee Auctioneers Association, Mountain View Motel, Galinburg.

July 10-11-12—NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION, HOTEL ROANOKE, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA.

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Across The Country

By BERNARD HART



Conglomerates that are heard of in many other industries have not been connected with the auction business. But, in this day of mergers, small farmers being gobbled up by large farmers, similar situations in retail business and the manufacturing industry, the auction industry seems to be the only occupation that has not been affected.

Now, this has ended. Probably the beginning of conglomerates in the auction business came when Cox Broadcasting Co., Atlanta, Ga., purchased Manheim Auto Auction, Manheim, Pa., and two other auto auctions under Manheim ownership. The reported price of this transaction was in excess of six million dollars.

Since then the Cox firm has been negotiating purchases of other auto auctions in various sections of the country, some of the transactions already completed. If Cox acquires all the auto auctions the rumor mill credits to them they will, in a few months, own enough facilities that they will be controlling approximately one-half of the volume of used cars sold each week at wholesale auctions.

Livestock auction markets, the outgrowth of the old community sale barn, have been established by and their growth has depended a great deal upon the qualifications of the owner and/or auctioneer and in some cases a few key personnel. Number of consignors has long been determined by the type men who were running the operation, in most cases the owner.

A recent news release indicates that in this field we will soon be seeing something different, something similar to what we are seeing in the auto auction field. National Farm Stores, Inc., made the announcement some time ago that they would be building a

nationwide chain of centers designed to provide all the needs of farmers on one 40 acre tract. They are planning 20 such centers throughout Mid-America.

This most recent announcement states that odor-proof livestock markets will be a part of these new revolutionary agri-business centers. According to news releases, each market will cost between \$250,000 and \$500,00. A central air-conditioned building, containing a livestock sales arena, seating 350 to 500 persons, and offices, will have dimensions of 80 by 120 feet. Holding pens will cover approximately four acres. Each market is expected to have annual sales in excess of ten million dollars.

All this sounds wonderful and no doubt is in keeping with progress. However, it gradually eliminates the free enterprise individual from the field. Financing for the chain markets will be provided by the Retail Services Group of Little Industries, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Today, financing such an operation eliminates a lot of individuals who could be successful market operators. Who can compete with such financing as offered the conglomerate? Then, if you wanted to build a modern livestock auction market in many of these same states you would have quite a fight on your hands from those already in business as they would say there was no need for additional facilities in that particular area and they would do all in their power to keep one from getting licensed.

Apparently the licensing will offer no obstacle to National Farm Stores.

How far will mergers and conglomerates penetrate the auctions business? That remains to be seen. Right now it appears the man who specializes in household liquidations in his home town or community will be the last of the independent operators. All the rest

may be the hired men, receiving weekly or monthly pay checks from big name firms.



He'd Get Even

The speaker had just finished his lecture on rabies and hydrophobia to the Red Cross class. He asked members what they would do if they had rabies.

One fellow in the front row quickly responded: "I'd ask for paper and pencil."

"To make out your will?" asked the speaker.

"No. To make out a list of people I'd want to bite."

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The Lighter Side...

SURPRISE, SURPRISE!

A pretty stewardess on a Washington-Miami flight had her hands full, fending off two drunks who would not let up. One seated in front of the plane was doing his best to persuade her to come to his apartment. At the rear, the second drunk was trying for an invite to her apartment.

As the plane headed for the runway, the front-seat pest handed her a key and a slip of paper on which he had written his address. "Here's the key and my address," he whispered, "See you tonight?"

"Okay," she whispered back with a smile as she headed for the drunk at the rear.

She handed him the key and slip of paper and said, "Don't be late."

THEY'RE CLOSE BY

The warden of the penitentiary began to feel sorry for one of the prisoners. On visitor's day, while most of the prisoners received kinfolk this fellow sat alone in his cell.

One visiting day . . . the warden called him into the office.

"Ben," he said kindly, "I notice you never have any callers. Don't you have any friends or family?"

"Oh sure," replied Ben happily, "but they're all in here."

BAD NEWS

The playboy broke his neck water skiing on the French Riviera. In the hospital his doctor said: "Sonny, I've got bad news. You'll never work again."

"That's okay" said the playboy. "Now let me have it straight. What's the bad news?"

CREDIT

Local sheriff stopped by the rundown ranch to visit with his friend. He remarked that he missed the old hound dog that always came to greet him.

"I swore I'd never sell him" the friend said. "But a man came by and offered me \$100 for the dog."

"Did he pay you?"

"No, he said he'd pay me next week. Said I could trust him because he was a steward in the Methodist church. What is a steward, Sheriff?"

"A steward in the Methodist church is like a deacon in the Baptist church," explained the sheriff.

The man shot up like a rocket, shouting, "My God, I've lost my hound dog."

SILENCE

"Boy am I miserable," Harold told his friend. "My wife said she wouldn't talk to me for 30 days."

"What?" responded his companion. "That wouldn't make me miserable. That would make me very happy."

"You don't understand," sighed Harold. "Tomorrow is the last day."

DON'T HURRY

A man and his wife were enjoying their dinner cocktail when their telephone rang. The wife, being nearest picked up the receiver. A man's voice, loud enough to be heard in the room spoke: "Honey, I won't be home for a while, I'm still at the office."

Before the wife could tell her caller he had the wrong number her husband grabbed the phone and answered: "That's all right, buddy. Take your time," and hung up.

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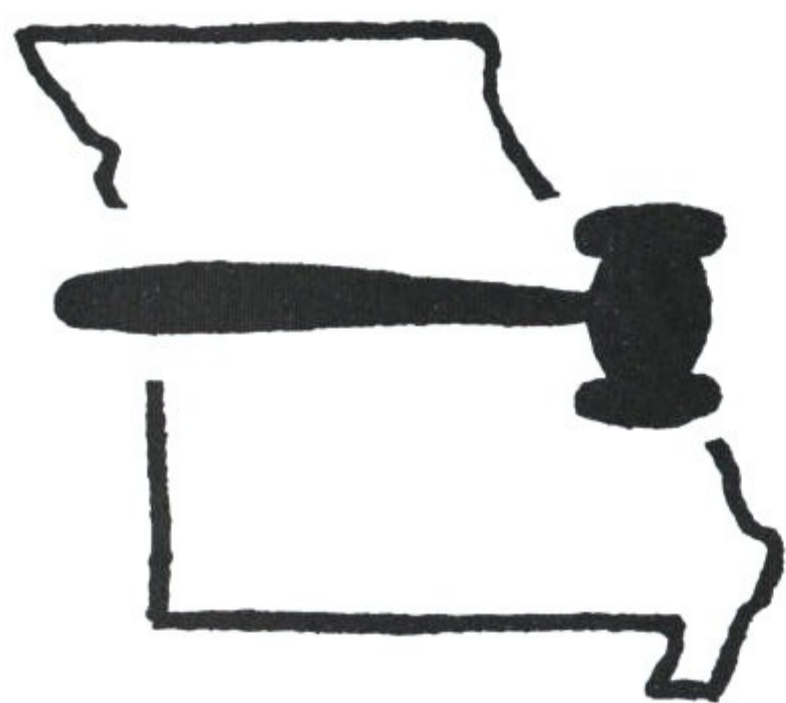
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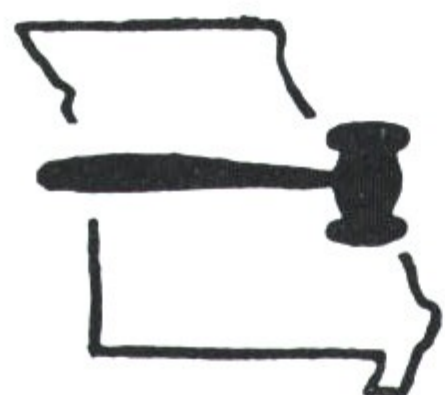
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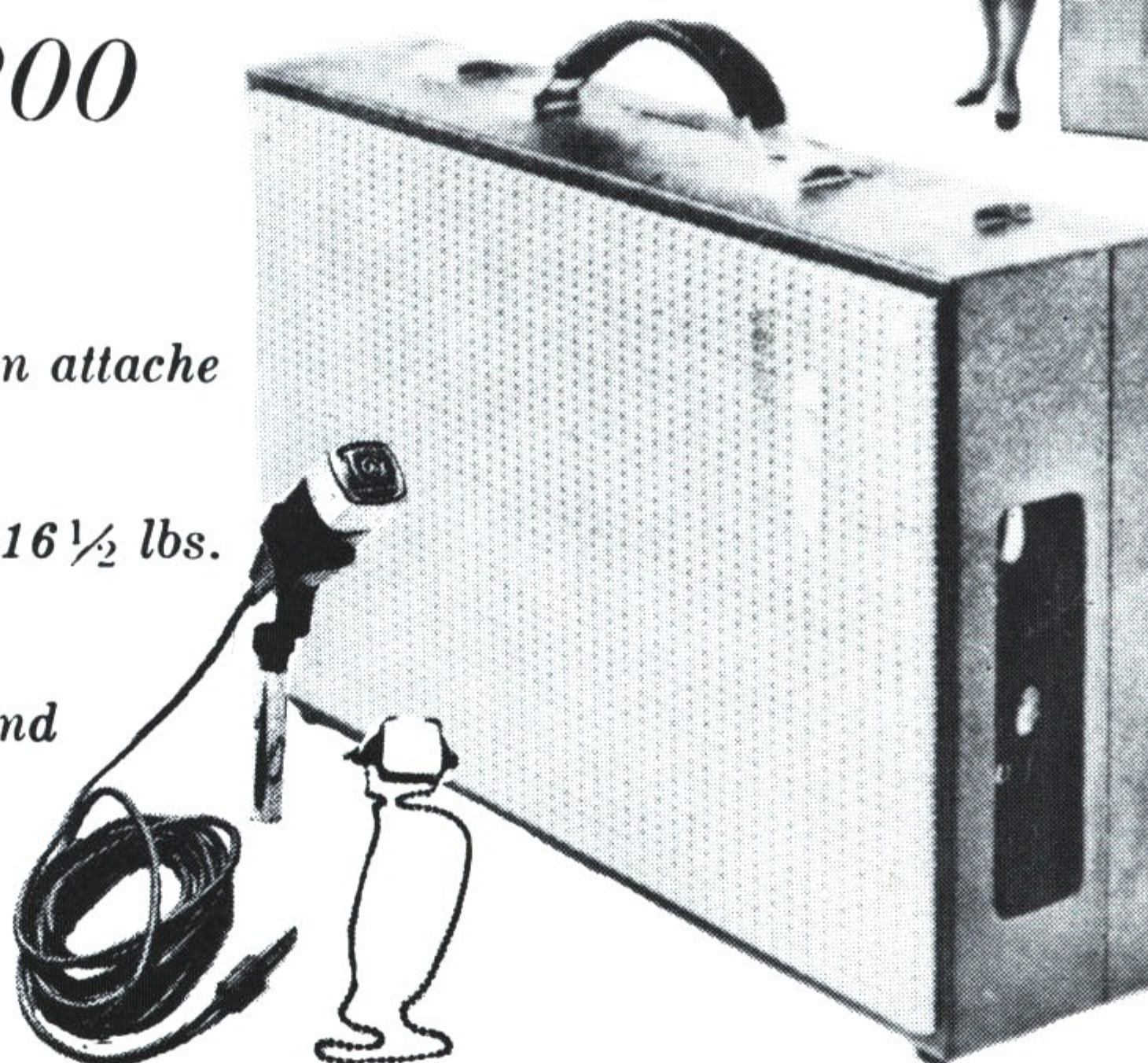
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