

THE AUCTIONEER



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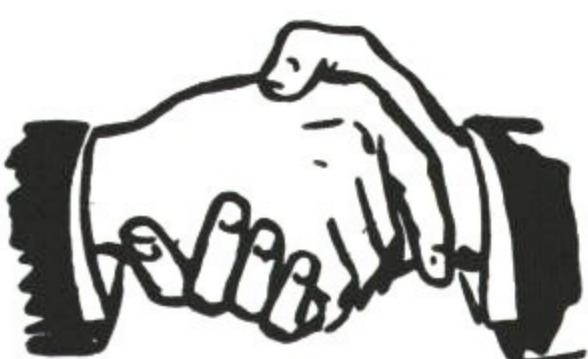


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THE AUCTIONEER

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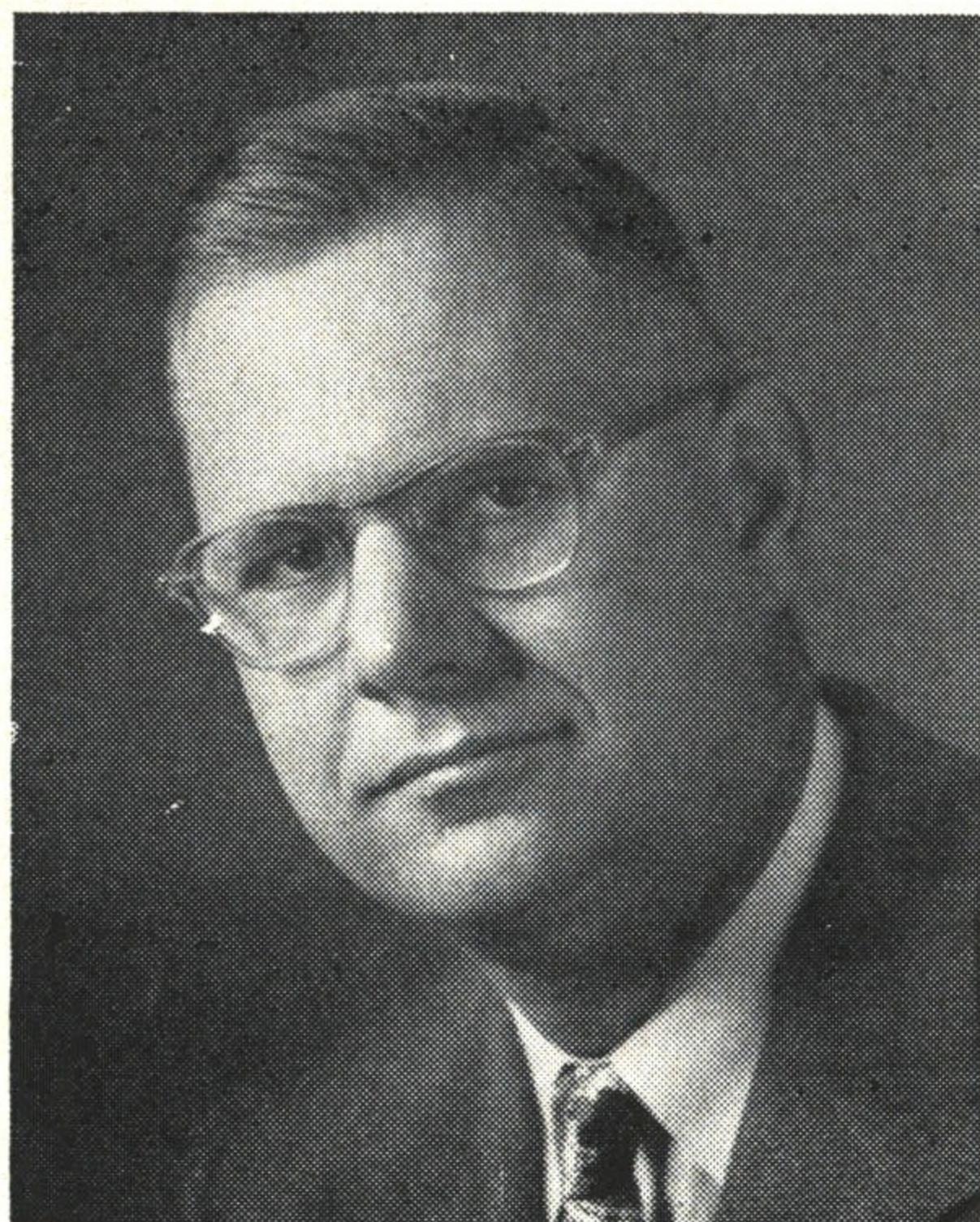
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**ASSOCIATE
EDITOR**



COL. BERNARD C. HART

Recently the staff of Associate Editors was augmented by the appointment of Col. Bernard C. Hart, of Gas City, Indiana.

Col. Hart, was formerly editor of the Polled Hereford Journal, and we welcome him to the staff of "The Auctioneer." His first article appearing in the September issue was received with approbation by many of the readers as evidenced by the letters reaching "THE AUCTIONEER." If you did not read his article, take time now and turn to page 26 of the September issue.

From time to time the many readers of "The Auctioneer" will be treated to articles by Col. Hart. He says what he thinks and thinks what he says. You'll enjoy and profit by reading his articles. Watch for them.

X Two Auctioneers were wandering along the railroad track. "These are the longest stairs I ever saw."

"Yeah," said the second one, "But it's these low handrails that get me."

**Prince Eric,
Top Earning
Bull, Is Dead**

RED BANK, N. J. — Prince Eric of Sunbeam, prize Aberdeen Angus bull whose breeding services and sales have earned the Shadow Isle Farms a record \$2,500,000 in less than four years, is dead.

Dr. Armand Hammer, owner of Shadow Isle, revealed recently that death resulted Aug. 13 from a ruptured blood vessel. The bull would have been 11 years old in November, which is the equivalent of 70 years in a human, Dr. Hammer said.

Offspring for Sale

Dr. Hammer said the death will not interfere with his farm's next cattle sale Sept. 12. Among the 65 head scheduled for sale are five sons and 18 daughters of Prince Eric. The sale will be held on the Red Bank section of the farm.

The sire of five world champions, Prince Eric was purchased by Dr. Hammer in 1949 for \$100,000, which then was a record price for a bull. No other breeding bull has produced as many world champions.

According to Dr. Hammer, no other animal of any breed has earned as much as Prince Eric in so short a time.

He was buried on the Red Bank farm. Shadow Isle has a 500-acre extension at Colts Neck.

Make the Best of It

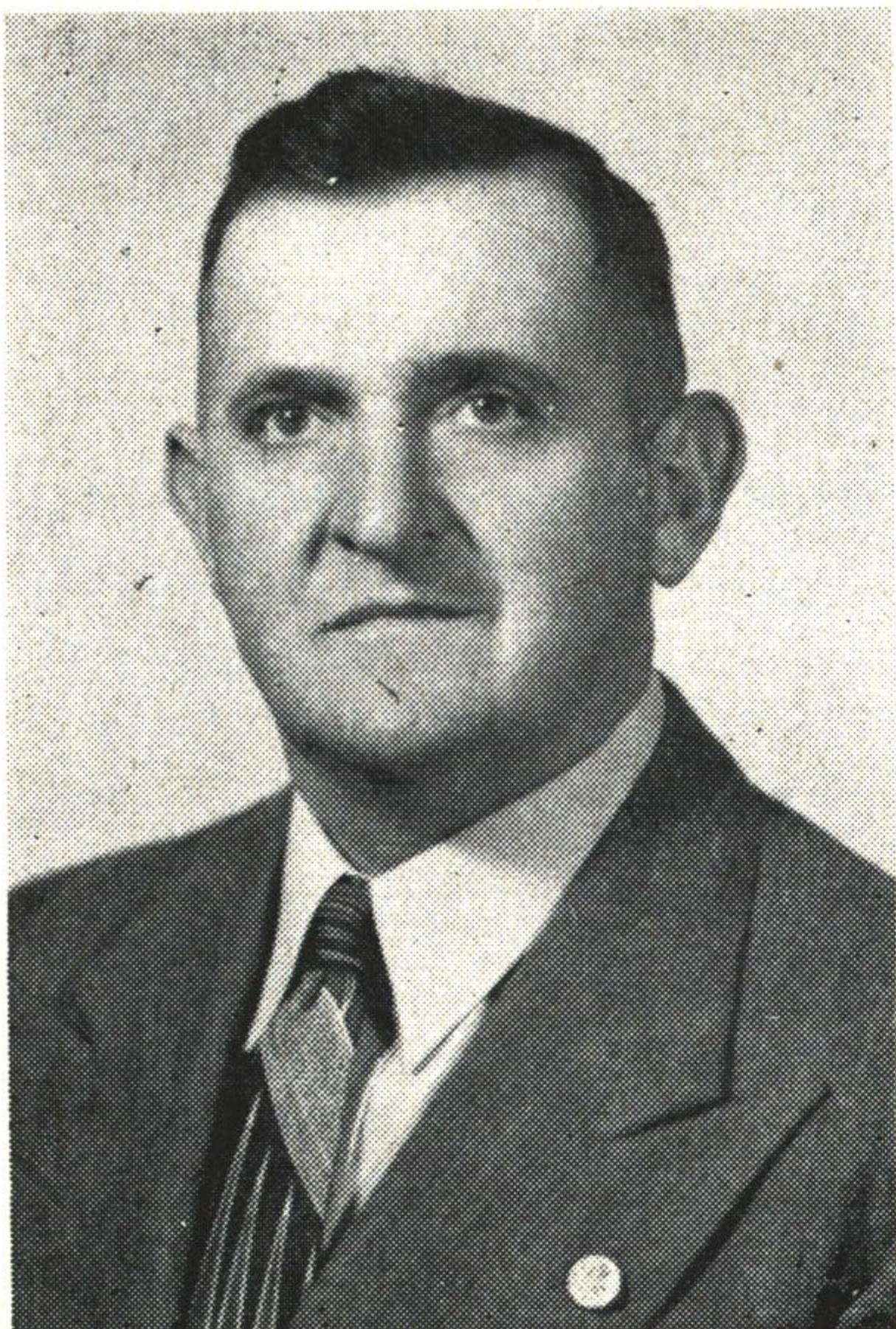
X Colored Mose was courting Liza, but he was a little on the shy side. One night as they sat on the sofa, he waxed poetic. "Liza," he said, "if I had a thousand eyes, I'd use them all jes' to look at you."

Then a few minutes later he said, "Liza, honey, if I had a thousand feet, I'd use them all jes' to run to you."

Still later: "Liza, if I had a thousand arms, I'd use them all jes' to hug you."

That was a little more than Liza could take. She said, "Shut up, big boy, and use what you got!"

PRESIDENT'S PAGE



COL. WALTER HOLFORD

The President's Page is the means by which your officers and directors speak to you on timely subjects. Much has been said and several articles have appeared during the past year on new members and the Association in general and all of which has been for the good of our profession.

Now we must turn our attention to our program for the next few months and our paramount objective is to have 2500 members by convention time July 1954. I believe the National Auctioneers Association is very much like a great university, has the opportunity to learn and share in the huge potential of knowledge compiled there for him to absorb. The Association is also like the university, in that the ones who work the hardest and contribute the most in earnest effort, take away most in extremely helpful knowledge. The most passive member cannot help but benefit, even as the sluggish student who takes no notes in a lecture, is bound to remember something worth while that the professor said.

Like a great university our Association is constantly working to grow in numbers, to grow in knowledge and to grow in prestige. To grow in numbers we must obtain many new members and through the many new members we grow in knowledge and prestige. "GET MORE IN '54" is a slogan that seems to have taken hold at once as many new memberships have been reported. We as an Association are determined to go to our national convention in Omaha, Nebraska in July 1954 with 2500 members. The Nebraska Auctioneers Association tells me that they will have a larger convention than we had at Columbus. Larger in attendance and larger in accomplishments as they are going to be our hosts at our next convention. Now may we all join and show the boys from Nebraska that we are back of them 100% and all we have to do is for each and every member to obtain three or four new members and there will not be a hotel in Omaha large enough to accomodate us. The N. A. A. is on the march and is now known throughout every state. Let's increase our cadence and meet our quota long before convention time. That's all for now fellows, see you next month and remember "GET MORE IN '54."

ALL ORDERS FILLED

All orders for lapel pins and letter head cuts have been filled and the Association now has on hand a good supply assuring all those who order in the future, that their order will be filled the same date it is received.

Use the letter head cut, which is the emblem of your Association, on your stationery, your checks and your business cards. As a service to the membership the Association makes the lapel pin and the letterhead cut available to the members at actual cost of \$2.50 each. Make your check payable to National Auctioneers Association and mail to 490 Bath Ave., Long Branch, New Jersey.

EARLY BIRDS MEETING QUOTA

As this issue goes to press the National Auctioneers Association, takes this means of commending those, who at this early date, have met their quota in obtaining new members. In some instances they have exceeded their quota, won't you start now and fulfill your responsibility to your Association. Our President has set a high goal for a few, but an easy goal for all. "GET More In '54" means that we are going to our national convention in Omaha, Nebraska, in July 1954 with 2500 members. The Nebraska Auctioneers Association is making plans now to entertain the greatest attendance in the history of our Association and they are doing their part to see to it that the ambition of the President is fulfilled, which is evidenced by the many members from Nebraska. New members are coming in from all states, some requesting that their membership be accepted in lieu of not being sponsored by a member.

The following Auctioneers have been received as members since July 20th, and to each of them we extend a hearty welcome.

Col. Floyd Hopkins. Ohio.
Col. Ben Meltzer. New York.
Col. Charles H. Bachman, Pennsylvania.
Col. B. D. Melton. Florida.
Col. Harry W. Kerns. Ohio
Col. Lee Clingan. Indiana.
Col. Wendell W. Cook, Vermont.
Col. Norman Levy, Jr. Illinois.
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Col. Ray D. Beggs. Illinois
Col. Harry Girod. Kansas.
Col. Leon Elliott. Indiana.
Col. Ralph S. Day. New Jersey.
Col. Robert B. West. Ohio.
Col. John Aufenkamp. Nebraska.
Col. James Troutman. Nebraska.
Col. James A. Martin. Nebraska.
Col. Marion Lockwood. Nebraska.
Col. Jerry Foy. Nebraska.
Col. John R. Martin. Nebraska.
Col. Charles W. Taylor. Nebraska.
Col. Wylie Rist. Arizona.
Col. Lou H. Skokut. Pennsylvania.

Col. Robert S. Fisher. Ohio.
Col. Samuel J. Ansfield. Wisconsin.
Col. Paul W. Calkins. New York.
Col. Willia A. Drag. Kansas.
Col. Eldon D. Loche. Missouri.
Col. Walter Van Horn. Wyoming.
Col. Howard R. Mayfield. Wyoming.
Col. Ralph Drake. Ohio.
Col. Wayne Cook. Texas.
Col. Jacob A. Gilbert. Pennsylvania.

Hereford Auction Makes Business Week Feature

In a double-page spread with nine pictures and accompanying text Business Week recently told the story of a Hereford auction under the title "When Blue Blooded Herefords Stand for Auction." The pictures were made at Morlunda Farms, Lewisburg, Va., and the whole story concerned the sale held there in June.

Pictured were a prize Hereford on the washrack prior to the sale; Oscar Nelson, Sr., pointing out to Mrs. Nancy S. Eldridge, owner of Mt. Sharon Farm, Orange, Va., the outstanding characteristics of one of the Morlunda Farm sires, and seven action pictures at the sale-ring while the auction was in progress. Shown were the Herefords, spectators and buyers, auctioneers and ringmen.

Said the Business Week writer: "Pure-bred cattle are serious-minded creatures, not much given to frivolity. So are the people who raise them. You can make cattle breeding either a business or a hobby—but whatever you do, you can't make it a game."

Mrs. Eldridge went back to her Virginia home with some of the tops of the sale and Business Week says, "in the eyes of rival bidders she couldn't have won a more valuable prize if the cattle had been studded with diamonds."

X Three spinster sisters went out for a walk one evening just before retiring. Returning home, one stepped into her bedroom and screamed, "Oh, girls, someone's been trying my bed."

The second sister hurried to the door of her bedroom and gasped, "And someone has tried my bed, too." Third sister peered into her room, stood in the doorway and whispered softly, "Goodnight now, girls."

ZEKE THE SEEKER

He roasts in attics and gets his ears calloused in his endless search for fine antique furniture

By ROBERT WALLACE

"Courtesy of Life Magazine"

"Copyright Time, Inc., 1953"

The midsummer night's dream of Zeke Liverant is strange and frustrating. In it, Zeke sees himself cruising the northern Connecticut countryside in his station wagon, which has a big rack on top for carrying bulky objects. This countryside is not a dream figment: wide-awake, Zeke has cruised it at the rate of 2,000 miles a month for 15 years; 360,000 miles, boy and man. A map of his travels would look like a gigantic fingerprint covering the whole northeastern corner of the state and extending into Rhode Island.

Zeke is familiar with most of the houses in the countryside, the old, white clapboarded houses with Grecian proportions. He knows by name literally thousands of farmers and townsfolk. But in his dream, somewhere between Lebanon and Norwich, he comes suddenly upon an 18th Century house he has never seen before. In its doorway stands an old lady.

Zeke stops the car and strikes up a conversation. He has a pleasant, ingratiating manner and a pair of cast-iron ears, which are handy in his trade. After a decent interval he asks the old lady the crucial question, and to his vast amazement she replies, "Why, certainly you can clean out my attic."

An aqueous light oozes through the dust-filmed windowpanes of the attic. The air is heavy, full of drowsy silence, old and stale, like the air that might be found in a watertight compartment of a ship sunk long ago. The windowsills are littered with the brittle bodies of generations of insects. In the dust on the floor are patches of golden sawdust, the tailings of the minework of beetles and carpenter ants. It is terribly hot. Great beads of sweat well out of the pores of Zeke's forehead. He wipes them off with his dusty hand, leaving a long brown streak.

The attic is crammed with old furniture, boxes, dome-topped trunks, lanterns, worn-out tools, piles of moth-eaten clothing, debris that has been accumulat-

ing since the year Revolutionary troops wintered on Lebanon common. Wondering whether the old lady can hear the cicadalike buzzing of his nerves, Zeke begins slowly to walk about. He drops his hands on the polished comb back of a Windsor chair, runs his forefinger over the shell design carved on a small mahogany block-front bureau, walks to the corner and stops beside an oblong object covered by an old Oriental rug. He lifts the rug. There, even in the dim light glowing like gold, stands a small but long-legged piece of furniture with claw-and-ball feet, flat-topped like a table, with one wide thin drawer and three smaller ones beneath. It is a lowboy, made of yellow-brown maple with many parallel markings in it like the skin of a tiger. Zeke pulls out one of the drawers and finds a label reading "Made by John Goddard, Newport, Rhode Island, 1760."

"That thing?" says the old lady. "I never did care much for it. Certainly you may buy it."

Zeke reaches for his checkbook and begins frantically to write. All his life he has searched for a lowboy, as a fisherman searches for the 10-pound brook trout or the poker player for the royal flush with no cards wild. But suddenly the checkbook goes limp in his hand, the paper turns into damp linen and he awakens to find himself scrawling with his forefinger across his hot pillow.

Zeke Liverant, in the word of the antique trade, is a 'picker,' although he operates on a far more dignified level than the door-to-door junkman. He locates and purchases all manner of old objects — furniture, books, bric-a-brac, silver, pewter, stamps, coins—and resells them, sometimes to full-fledged collectors but more often to ordinary citizens who from time to time succumb to the urge to own something antique. Occasionally when he finds a truly im-

(Continued on Page Six)

portant piece, he sells it to a museum or to one of the major New York dealers, who can command far higher prices (as much as \$30,000 for a single piece) than he can.

To many people of sound mind Zeke's dream is a nightmare pure and simple, but to the fast growing number of collectors in the U. S., and to millions of amateurs who occasionally buy antiques, it is a four-star, 3-D production in color. At this season the nation's antique shops are swarming with wide-eyed tourists buying cobbler's benches, spinning wheels, Hitchcock chairs, shaving mugs and student lamps. Each secretly hopes to find in a shop or a barn or a rural attic the ultimate bargain, the masterpiece of cabinet-makers' art priced at \$10 and worth several hundred times that. It would be unnecessary cruel to say that none will find it, but the chances are approximately similar to those that Mrs. Roosevelt will finish the season at shortstop for the New York Yankees.

The day of the "sleeper" or fantastic bargain is almost dead and has been since the '30s. Currently purchasers receive more or less what they pay for, although a great mass of misconception about antiques and antique dealers persist. The scraping away of some of these can make it far more interesting for an amateur to enter an antique shop, and far more likely that the amateur will make a sound purchase, and perhaps eventually a small profit.

The majority of good antiques come from New England, the oldest section of the nation. Some brilliant cabinetmakers and fine country carpenters also worked in New York, Philadelphia and the South, but New England has always been the main source of good, old furniture. There are still many fine antiques in private hands in New England, but the amateur, or even the full-time collector, is unlikely ever to find one that he can buy. Those who dispute this should consider Zeke the Picker.

Israel ("Zeke") Liverant's operating base is the town of Colchester, Conn., where he and his father own a large an-

If you want to be a successful Auctioneer and help the other fellow, don't stop to kick every barking dog you meet along the way.

tique shop in a deconsecrated church on the main street. Every weekday, leaving his father to deal with the customers, Zeke sets out in his station wagon to comb his territory.

"I don't go around knocking on people's doors trying to buy stuff," Zeke says. "That way, you just get people sore at you. You've got to have leads like a detective."

The leads come from several sources. Zeke cultivates the trust officers of banks and the probate judges in his area, who tip him off when estates are being settled. He also cultivates doctors — many old houses are inhabited by semi-recluses who may live for years without ever permitting anyone but a physician to cross the threshold. A medical man with an eye for cabriole legs is handy to know. Zeke has, in addition, a network of little pickers who pick for him. These are actually junkmen with some knowledge of antiques. If they recognize a good piece but lack the money to buy it they tell Zeke, who will pay them a commission. Zeke's main sources of information and supply, however, are the old ladies who live alone, or in wistful groups of two and three, in countless houses throughout his territory and, for that matter, throughout New England.

The big fact of actuarial life is that husbands predecease wives. Moreover, as sociologists have been pointing out for years, the younger rural population of the northeastern states is drifting into the cities. Thus one can drive for miles through Zeke's territory and never see a child, only the bright chipmunk faces of old folks, mostly women, peering out between their curtains. Zeke knows hundreds of old ladies, many of whom live in houses built long before 1800, and some of whom are the eighth or ninth (and last) generation descendants of the original builders.

(Continued on Page Eight)

 In a crowded bus an Auctioneer sat opposite a pretty girl whose skimpy skirt kept creeping up over her knees. She fought a constant battle with it, pulling it down, but as soon as she released her hold, up it crept. After one hard yank, she looked up and met the gaze of her travelling companion. "Don't stretch your calico, sister," he advised her. "My weakness is liquor."

Sale of Cattle Nets \$260,400

RED BANK, N. J.—Cattlemen from 38 states, Canada, Argentina, and Scotland bought 61 lots of Shadow Isle Farm's Aberdeen-Angus stock for \$260,000, an average of \$4,270 for a sale.

The largest individual sale was a half-interest in Shadow Isle Prince Eric 69th for \$16,500. This was purchased by Jack Solomon, owner of Solomon's Steak House, New York, for his Gallagher Farm, Gainesville, Va. The bull is the senior of the world champion Prince Eric of Sunbeam, which died last month.

The largest price for a female cow was \$16,200 for Bessie 5th of Shadow Isle, which was purchased by White Gate Farm, Flanders.

John Frenzel, manager of Shadow Isle, which is owned by Dr. Armand Hammer, called the sale "extremely satisfactory." It was the seventh cattle sale in five years Dr. Hammer has been in the field and was billed as the fifth annual "Investment Opportunity Sale."

Among the bidders was Eddie Rickenbacker, famous pilot and head of airlines firm who owns a farm in Oklahoma.

The Auctioneers were Col. Roy Johnston and Col. Paul Good, both members of the N. A. A., who handled the selling of the offering as it was brought into the sale-ring in a very presentable manner by the farm manager and his corp of assistants.

With necklines getting lower and skirts getting shorter again, it's a good thing girls go in for those wide belts.

A lonely widow bought a parrot for company, but discovered he used language that no lady could put up with. Not knowing how to handle the situation she asked her minister's advice. He told her he had a female parrot that prayed all day and thought perhaps she could be a good influence on the widow's bird. So the two were put together in the same cage. The first thing the widow's parrot said was, "How about a little kiss?" The other replied—"What do you think I've been praying for all this time?"



Retiring President Col. Clyde Wilson, presenting the award to the oldest auctioneer present at the convention. Do you know who he is? If you were not present you missed meeting this fine gentleman, who is a credit to the Association and the Auctioneering profession.

ZEKE THE SEEKER

(Continued from Page Six)

Almost without exception, and whether because of diet, climate or ancestry no man knows, the old ladies of northern Connecticut are alert, friendly and shrewd as foxes. They subscribe to antique trade publications and keep Wallace Nutting's Furniture Treasury handy beside the commode. Some possess only a single piece of furniture of value, others own a dozen objects which the Metropolitan Museum of Art would be delighted to display. Most of them know the value of their pieces down to the final 25c, and delight in playing sly little games with Zeke.

He calls upon each of his old ladies two or three times a year, repeating his standing offer for whatever piece of furniture he wants. (He has learned to make one offer, as large as he can, and stick to it. If he raises his bid once he will be expected to keep on raising it until the Last Judgement, a day which may find many of the supernaturally vital old girls still peering out between their curtains.)

The old ladies, who know perfectly well that Zeke lives in Colchester, as well as the ages of his children, his yearly income and whether he likes one or two spoonfuls of sugar in his iced tea, peer at him bleakly and say, "Your Simpson, aren't you, from Norwich? Fellow that wanted the sideboard?"

"No," Zeke will say. "I wanted the little Hepplewhite table. I offered you \$200 for it last year."

"Seems to me you offered \$250. Not for sale, of course."

"Well, could I just look at it."

"No harm in that, I suppose. Have some ginger ale?"

Zeke sits down in the parlor and then, for an hour or a whole afternoon, listens to the vast store of conversation the old lady has accumulated since his last visit. He is infinitely familiar with local weather, folklore, public and private health and morals, the Bull Moose campaign and the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, has drunk several tank cars full of ginger ale and iced tea and has appraised, free of charge, not only the objects he wants to buy but everything else in countless houses—the old ladies are constantly dickering with other dealers, and play one man's price against another's.

With each visit the old ladies soften. After a year, one may break down and permit him to buy an old milk skimmer for \$10 or a pair of candlesticks for \$25. (Later she will drive over to his shop in Colchester to see what price tag he has placed on the object. If his markup is too high, he is a dead pigeon.) After two years Zeke may work up to a pine blanket chest at \$20 or \$25. And after four or five years of dogged effort he may get the Sheraton sideboard on which he has so long had his eye.

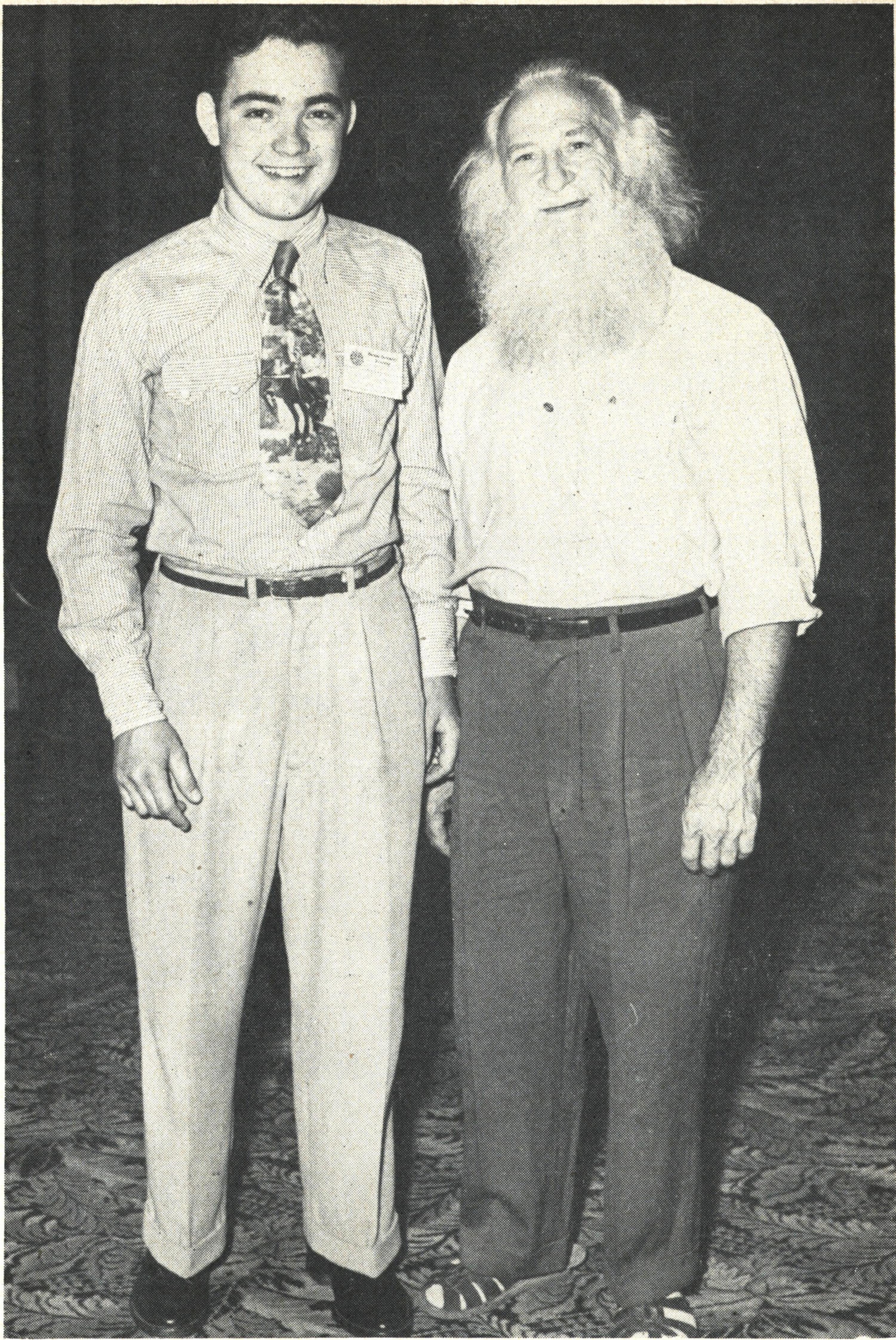
In many cases, even after the most persistent efforts, Zeke gets nothing. Some of his old ladies are hopelessly poor, living on relief. They are ill, poorly clothed and badly fed, and their fine old houses are fast falling apart. But when he offers one of them \$500 for a grandfather clock, she looks at him blankly and says, "Now really, Mr. Livenant. Money means nothing to me." Many of his old ladies are genuinely fond of him—he has been nominated as a pall-bearer in at least one will, and in others it has been stipulated that when, or rather if, the old lady dies, he is to be given first crack at buying her furniture.

In view of struggles of a full-time pro to obtain good antiques, the amateur's chances of finding the fine, fantastic bargain emerge as they really are, almost nil. The man who wants to buy an antique should look for it in what it is, after, all a likely place: an antique shop.

Once inside the shop, the amateur must wrestle with another big misconception about antiques: the notion that all American furniture of the late 17th, 18th and early 19th Centuries was crude.

There are two kinds of antique furniture, both of which can be called "early American": the simple pine or maple furniture of rural areas, and the sophisticated, beautifully made pieces of the cities, or at any rate of the monied regions. In the 18th Century it was customary for wealthy men to pay fully as much, relatively, for a single piece like a highboy as it is for wealthy men to pay for Cadillacs today. Duncan Phyfe, the great American cabinetmaker, paid \$1,000 (about \$5,000 in current money) for one mahogany timber, and did not get his money back whittling three-legged stools.

Country furniture (almost all objects
(Continued on Page Sixteen)



Do you know who these Auctioneers are pictured above. They were outstanding personalities at the national convention. You will see more of them at Omaha, Nebraska, in 1954.

Frugality Forgotten at Auction to Aid Widow

MINNEAPOLIS—"Aw, c'mon take the rubber bands off your pocketbooks," the auctioneer chuckled. And many of the people did.

They had jammed into the low-ceilinged clubrooms of the Richfield American Legion post at 6430 Nicollet avenue to bid for a wide variety of objects, from Chlorophyll toothpaste to a \$330 living room sofa.

They were there to help Mrs. Richard Rogney pay off a \$4,700 mortgage on her bungalow at 7409 Wentworth avenue, Richfield.

HER HUSBAND was killed July 18 when a fire truck struck his car. She is confined to a wheelchair with polio.

About 300 persons were in the hall most of the time as auctioneer Tom Gould held up or pointed to the articles and chanted his "will ya give 5, 5, 5, and 6, 6, 6 and a half, half, half . . .

A real estate was chided for donating only a bright pair of sox. The sales manager of the firm winked and promptly bought the pair back for \$25.

The sofa was purchased for \$200 by its donor, Max Manerle Chair Co., ad then turned over to Mrs. Rogney for her home.

An angel food cake was bought for \$5, a small camera for \$10—and so it went as \$1,513 poured into the Rogney fund, which had totaled \$1,771 from cash donations before the auction began.

Mrs. John Locke, Mrs. Rogney's neighbor who started the fund drive, said she was "overwhelmed" by the number of people who turned out and the number of articles donated by individuals and Richfield business firms.

SHE EXCITEDLY telephoned Mrs. Rogney, who was too upset by all the excitement to attend the affair.

"Things are going terrific here," Mrs. Locke told the widow. "You ought to see all the people."

At her home Mrs. Rogney received the news with her children, Gary, 9, and Nancy, 3.

"I always knew I had good neighbors," she said quietly.

Alice Clasen, a friend with whom Mrs. Rogney roomed before her marriage, was there, too. She said she has decided to stay with Mrs. Rogney and help take care of the home.

"I think things are going to work out all right," Mrs. Rogney said, breaking into a smile—something she has done rarely of late.

COL. J. A. CARR HOSPITALIZED

As this issue of "The Auctioneer" goes to press word reaches us that Col. John A. Carr, of Macon, Illinois, has entered the hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, where he will under go surgery which will require that he be hospitalized for approximately four weeks.

Col. Carr, was taken ill while conducting a sale and being unable to continue was obliged to call on help so that the sale could be completed. Thanks to organization as that strong arm of fellowship is ever present and most pronounced under such conditions. Col Carr writes that "My good friend Chet Drake, is looking after my sale interests while I am away."

The N. A. A., extends to you Col. Carr, its very best wishes for your speedy recovery and that you will return home much sooner than you and your Doctors anticipated.

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who help support your publication and therefore help
yourself.**



Col. Guy L. Pettit, of Bloomfield, Iowa, as he addressed the convention on the subject "From The Shoulders Up".

The sweet young thing was in court accusing a blushing chap of robbery. "You say this young man stole your money out of your stocking?" asked the judge. "Yes, your honor." "Well why didn't you get up a defense?" Stammering, the girl replied, "I didn't know he was after my money."

The answer is yes, if you really want to, but just wishing won't make it true. If every member will go into action now and each bring in four new members we can exceed our President's quota of 2500 members by July 1954.

Neighbor Looks On at a Country Auction

When a country auction is held and a whole house is sold with everything in it, too, a neighbor standing by, can feel the atmosphere of change and uncertainty and a sort of homesick loss. Such a times comes just so often to farm folk. On one occasion the following thoughts came to me in a kind of sad singsong. You too must sometime have experienced this, when finally only emptiness is left:

Crowds huddled in the bitter cold, the ground hard frozen as a rock. Some unknown woman held the key to old Matilda's cherry clock. John hadn't thought how it would be to see their bed and rocker go. And as they carried out the couch—and highchair, it com-

menced to snow.

Weather, was pretty sharp and rough; some folks don't mind it, though.

The vase that Tildy liked the best, with gold-leaf tendrils trailing down, was sold to the man who bought the chest; he bought her shawl, the fringed dark brown.

A neighbor woman bought the soap; all of it Tildy's, like as not. And John said: "Yes, I sure do hope that team of mules will bring a lot." The pewter lamp, the old quilt frame, and other things, all went the same.

At last they both went back inside. "Shucks, a fellow shouldn't care," he said. And she just stood and cried. . . . Now every room was bare.

ANTICIPATION MAKES FOR DETERMINATION

Jim Webb Came to Grand Island, Nebraska, 45 Years Ago; Now One of City's Noted Citizens

Once upon a time, just about 45 years ago, a young man started west out of Iowa to make his fortune. He stopped in Grand Island, liked the looks of the town, and settled here.

Armed with nothing much besides a shrewd business sense, a desire to get ahead in life, and that important quality known as the gift of gab, he parlayed his resources into one of the biggest and most important businesses in Central Nebraska.

Col. Jim Webb, the auctioneer once described as "known to more outstate Nebraska people than the governor of the state," has a real-life success story that puts Horatio Alger among the also-rans.

The phenomenal growth of the Webb Livestock Commission Company after its founding here by Webb in 1931 has contributed vastly to the prosperity of the city itself and the surrounding farm country. One of the largest businesses of its type in the country, the commission company does an astounding volume of business.

Col. Jim is almost retired from the auctioneering business now because of his health—he sold his interest in the commission company in 1947 to Bob Lester and Wilbur Bachman—but he still does a little selling now and then because he enjoys it.

Weekly Sales Over Million

Begun at the height of the depression, the business founded by Webb has seen ups and downs—years of plenty and periods of doubt—but the main trend through the years has been upward. The all-time peak was reached during 1951, when \$36,349,297 worth of livestock changed hands. Weekly sales have run over a million dollars on many occasions.

Webb's son-in-law, Bob Williamson, is now chief auctioneer and president of the commission company.

The one original sales pavilion and the 50 pens each for cattle and hogs

which were the start of the commission business have been swallowed up in the spreading buildings which now comprise the establishment.

In 1907, when Webb came here as a young man, Grand Island was an active livestock town. The Grand Island Horse and Mule sales barn was the second largest market of its kind in the entire nation. The bustling, noisy, colorful—lucrative—business had its attractions for a farm boy interested in livestock.

His own start in the career of an auctioneer came almost by accident, however. Seems he was attending a farm sale at which Herman Harry was the auctioneer. Harry became ill. Webb was handy and available. The end result was that he was called upon to take Harry's place without much preparation or warning.

"It was a pretty good sale, though," he recalls.

Auctioneer Since 1918

The first venture in auctioneering was about 1918. He liked it, and seemed to be good at it.

After dabbling in auction selling for awhile, Webb decided to hang out his shingle and try it as a full-time career.

"It was in 1920 that I really let it be known I was in the auction business," he said.

His first sales were furniture and farms and city real estate, and also livestock at intervals. He built up a widespread reputation as one of the best sellers in the business, and covered a large central Nebraska area.

In 1931, he purchased 127 acres west of town from the Ross estate and went into the livestock business.

It was a bad time for the cattle industry during the douth years of the early thirties. For a few weeks early in 1933, when the money crisis resulted in declaration of the bank holiday, transactions were completely halted at the

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Col. Walter Halford, of Edwardsville, Illinois delivering his acceptance address before the convention upon being unanimously elected President.

COL. DARBYSHIRE UNDER GOES SURGERY

WILMINGTON, Ohio—Upon his return home from the convention in Columbus, Col. Darbyshire was taken ill and entered the hospital in Wilmington. It was discovered that he was suffering from acute appendicitis necessitating an immediate appendectomy.

Col. Darbyshire made a rapid recovery, is now enjoying his usual good health, is back in the harness and going strong. It was during his tenure of office as Secretary July 1952 to July 1953 that the N. A. A., made great progress in increasing its membership, and through his untiring efforts, the Association enjoyed the largest and most constructive convention in the history of the Association.

X Wife: "Just suppose that I should go on a strike?"

Auctioneer: "Go right ahead. I've got a peach of a strike-breaker in mind."

WELL KNOWN AUCTIONEER INJURED IN CAR COLLISION

Col. Ralph Drake, well known auctioneer of Montpelier, Ohio, was injured when the car he was driving near Montpelier, on Saturday evening August 22nd, was sideswiped by another car. Occupants of the other car were also badly bruised. They were the driver, his young wife and three months old daughter.

"The Auctioneer" is not in possession of the details of the accident or the extent of the injuries to Col. Drake, but sincerely hope that they are not of a serious nature and extend to him the very best wishes of the N. A. A., for a full and speedy recovery.

X Committees usually come to conclusions from weariness and not from intelligent discussion. If you are a member of a committee and not doing your share of work, why not resign and let someone serve who will do his share of the work. It is the results that count.

X When you throw mud at somebody you're the one that's losing ground.

ZEKE THE SEEKER

(Continued from Page Eight)

made of pine fall into this category) was made in large quantity, and some of it was in fact crude. Most of it, however, had a natural grace or proportion which is still pleasing today. It can be bought fairly cheaply and has far greater intrinsic value than similarly priced modern furniture. For about \$400 a householder can furnish a dining room with 18th or early 19th Century pine antiques, including a good-sized drop-leaf table, four chairs, a large cupboard, perhaps with doors below and open shelves above, and a blanket chest or bureau which can be used as a sideboard. A set of contemporary department-store furniture would cost a like sum, or more. In ten years the department-store set will have only a small value in the second-hand market, while the antiques will still be worth at least \$250 or \$300, and perhaps as much as \$500.

Fine antiques are as different from country pieces as milk-wagon horses from Native Dancer or Tom Fool. They were invariably made by great craftsmen from fine wood, such as native curly or tiger maple, walnut or imported mahogany.

The great artists among American cabinetmakers, John Townsend and John Goddard in Rhode Island, Benjamin Frothingham in Massachusetts, Aaron Chapin in Connecticut, Duncan Phyfe in New York, Benjamin Randolph in Philadelphia and many others, worked in several styles. The names of these styles are Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite. Because of that it was long thought that English antiques were superior to American. Actually there were cabinetmakers in America of such vast talent that they could design chairs in the Chippendale style, for example, as well as Chippendale himself.

American cabinetmakers produced all manner of objects—mirrors, clock cases, plain and upholstered chairs, tables sideboards, highboys, lowboys, swell-front, block-front and serpentine-front chests, secretaries and beds. But they made relatively few of them, compared to the huge numbers produced over a longer period in England, and to lovers of American antiques such pieces are far

WHAT TO ASK A DEALER

A novice who has decided to buy an antique, but who knows little or nothing about the subject, should ask the dealer these questions—and should be sure he understands the answer.

- Is the piece a later reproduction, or was it actually made in the period when its style was current?
- Approximately when (within 30 years) was it made?
- Was it made in America or Europe?
- Why is it priced as it is? (If the dealer has similar pieces on hand, ask him to explain why one is better than another.)
- Has any part or piece been restored? If so, what part?
- Is any part of the piece, however small, missing?
- Is the piece an entire natural unit, only part of a unit, or a combination of parts which did not originally belong together?

These questions should elicit a thorough discussion of the piece by the dealer. If the customer intends to spend a large sum, and is still uncertain about what he is buying, he should ask the dealer for a written guarantee that the piece is a genuine antique, with only such flaws as are noted in the guarantee.

more valuable than those which came from overseas.

Because there is a great difference between country and sophisticated antiques, between foreign and American antiques, and between American antiques of one style or period and those of another, the amateur can make some disastrous mistakes. Zeke Liverant, who must stake his livelihood on his knowledge and instinct many times a month, remarks sadly, "I go into the bag myself, sometimes. But almost always, when you get stuck, it's your own fault. Anybody can buy well if he uses his head."

To avoid being stuck, a buyer does not need a Master of Arts degree. Zeke has had no formal education beyond high school—everything he knows about antiques he has picked up by reading, starting at thousands of photographs and at

(Continued on Page Twenty)

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Col. Donald H. Stafford, of East Rochester, Ohio, widely known auctioneer attracts buyers to his sales from miles around the country side to see and hear him get the highest dollar possible for every item he sells.

“It was so cold where I was selling last winter,” boasted the Auctioneer, “that the candle froze and we couldn’t blow it out.” “That’s nothing,” said the other Auctioneer. “Where we were selling the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice, and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about.”

TO ALL STATE ASSOCIATIONS

The National Auctioneers Association is desirous of having a record of all the officers and directors of the various state associations and requests the Secretaries of their respective state Association to forward this information to the Secretary of the National Association so that it will reach us prior to November 1st.

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An Auctioneer named Strange decided he was to die soon and had an epitaph put on his monument. It read: “Here lies an honest Auctioneer.” He was asked what name he wanted under this epitaph, and he said: “None, they will know that is Strange.”

Col. Zicht, of Nebraska, was late arriving at the Neill House for the convention. “I haven’t a room left,” said the hotel clerk, “But I can give you a cot in the ballroom. There’s a lady in the opposite corner but if you go in quietly and don’t turn on the light, I’m sure she won’t object.” “That’s fine with me,” said Col. Zicht, and into the ballroom he went. A few minutes later he came dashing out to the desk. “Say,” he gulped, “That woman in there—she’s dead.” “I know,” said the clerk wearily. “But how did you find out?”

NEBRASKA AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION

By Col. Don Zicht

The meeting was called to order by President Adolph Zicht in the Madison Hotel at Norfolk, Nebraska, at 11 o'clock on August 9, 1953. Cecil Emrich was appointed convention Chairman, and introduced Honorable B. A. McCreary, Mayor of the city of Norfolk, who gave the "Welcome" address. A very good response was given by Colonel Dick Grubaugh of David City, Nebraska. A discussion period was held before the noon luncheon in regard to new business which might be brought up before the Convention.

The Convention re-convened at 1:15, at which time the 70 auctioneers present were introduced by the Convention Chairman.

At 1:30, Colonel E. T. Sherlock of St. Francis, Kansas, gave a very intelligent address on Livestock Auction Markets in which he brought out the different phases of the sale barn in regard to management, the position they hold in the community, and a short history of the livestock auction business.

This was followed by an address on Selling Cars at Auction by Colonel Jerry Foy of Fremont. Colonel Foy, being very well posted in regard to his topic, brought out the various methods of soliciting, and the entire sales procedure.

Colonel Charles Corkle of Norfolk followed with an inspired talk on Purebred Cattle Auctions, in which he brought out the fact that although there is a difference between the large breeders who can employ their own auctioneers and the small breeders who must combine their offerings at one sale, the main objective of both is to sell their livestock to the best advantage for them. This can only be accomplished by employing an experienced sales force to make and create a successful auction.

Colonel Herman Schilling of Norfolk spoke on Furniture Auctions in which he stated that knowledge of furniture itself is one of the prime factors in maintaining a successful auction.

Colonel D. J. Fuller of Albion spoke on Selling Real Estate at Public Auction

(Continued on Page Twenty-four)



Col. John L. Whitman, of DeKalb, Illinois, needs no loud speakers when he is on the auction block. Possessed with a voice that is the envy of every auctioneer Col. Whitman, can be heard at great distance and with a clarity that makes his many visitors listen with intense interest.

ZEKE THE SEEKER

(Continued on Page Sixteen)

hundreds of originals in homes and museums, and by talking to other dealers and collectors. He estimates that it would take a novice only a couple of weeks of reading and two or three trips to a museum to acquire a working knowledge of the subject, although it would require a year of steady exposure to develop any real discrimination and taste. To become an authority a collector or dealer must study for many years, and none ever approaches infallibility.

A novice can be cruelly stuck in buying a foreign antique, a reproduction, a restoration or an outright fake. There are innumerable reproductions on the market. These are produced by good furniture-makers following classic patterns and fill an obvious need. But they should be moderately priced, and it should be clearly stated by the dealer and understood by the buyer that they are reproductions. If a piece is English, not American, that fact should also be clearly stated and understood. Of two similar, authentic pieces, one English and the other American, the American piece is likely in the long run to be more valuable.

The matter of restoration is a constant problem to collectors and dealers. Advanced collectors, who spend a great deal of money for antiques and thus create and support the market, like to obtain their pieces "in the rough," unrepaired and unrefinished. Many will not buy an antique that has had one major piece of wood replaced or the old color or patina removed; others will buy such pieces only at a heavy discount. If a piece has been restored—and modern cabinet-makers can do it with incredible skill—the purchaser should know about it, and the price should be adjusted downward according to the amount of restoration.

There are a number of fakes adrift on the market, although not so many as most people suppose. In the next few years the number will doubtless increase. This is because, in the '20s, well-to-do individuals ordered copies of antiques to be made in quantity, not with the intent of swindling anyone but for use in their own homes. Now that the original owners of the copies are dying off, their estates are being sold. It is very difficult to detect a skillful fake made of aged wood with antique tools. But the pur-

chaser should, of course, know about it. How?

"It would take me a couple of days to explain all the things you should look for," Zeke says. "The kind and width and color of the wood, and the way it's joined and the hardware and the finish. After that, you'd have to look at authentic pieces and fakes, English pieces and American, for a long time. The catch is, you don't have to know. You'll have a lot of fun learning, but in the beginning you don't have to."

Strangely, the amateur in an antique shop becomes a limp mass of diffidence. The housewife who gives a 12c head of lettuce a physical examination that would make Luther Burbank blush hesitates to inquire whether the table in question is made of oak, pine or shirt cardboard. Her husband, who puts a \$1 necktie through a series of tests that would do credit to a professional hangman, says and does nothing at all. "Look," Zeke says. "It's your money. You're going to give the dealer \$10 or \$1,000. Ask him. Look him in the eye and ask him some questions (see box) about it. He'll give you straight answers. He's got to.

"I don't get stuck with reproductions or fakes, unless I'm up in a dark attic and buy something in a hurry," Zeke says. "When I go in the bag, I make errors of judgment. I may overestimate the market value of a piece, or talk myself into believing something I want to believe."

Not long ago Zeke bought near Norwich an old powder horn, crudely carved, with the inscription, "Benedict Arnold, his hourn." An amateur might have rejected the horn immediately on the ground that it obviously was too good to be true, but Zeke possessed an odd fragment of knowledge that undid him. He knew that Benedict Arnold had been born in Norwich and had lived, there for some years. Consequently he paid \$125 for the horn, hoping to get \$150 from a collector. But when he had the horn appraised by experts he was told that not one but a half dozen men named Benedict Arnold had lived in Norwich during the 18th Century, although after 1780 the name became abruptly unpopular. Furthermore, the important Arnold was fairly well-off, and would scarcely have owned a horn so poorly made. Zeke

(Continued on Page Twenty-two)



The expression on the face of Col. Howard B. Johnson, of Story City, Iowa, pleading for just one more bid, seems to tell the story that he is on a dangerous limb. Col. Johnson, is Secretary of the Iowa Association of Auctioneers, always get the job done and even though he presents a serious situation, chances are he came through victoriously.

X It's the little things, that we take for granted, that count. Let's live them and fear not the future.

COL. BOCKELMAN, JR. IN EUROPE

Col. Paul Bockelman, Jr., of Sioux City, Iowa, sailed from New York City on August 19th on the "Queen Elizabeth" for an extended tour of European countries. Enroute to New York City, he visited the offices of "The Auctioneer" to make sure that it would reach him every month. If your Managing Editor can keep up with him, "The Auctioneer" will be mailed to just about every country during the next six months.

His itinerary will take him to Lon-

don, Dublin, Killarney, Cork, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bergen Oslo Stockholm Copenhagen, Bremen, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Cologne, Wisebaden, Lucerne, Milan, Venice, Florence, Naples, Rome, Madri and Lisbon. Col. Bockelman will be in Europe for ninety three days visiting many other places in addition to the cities mentioned. At the termination of his European itinerary, he will board the "Flying Enterprise" captained by Captain Carlson, for around the world tour, returning to the states on or about April 1st.

X Seems a sow's ear don't make much of a purse, but a good calf can do a lot for a silk stocking.

ZEKE THE SEEKER

(Continued from Page Twenty)

still has the horn, and will have to sell a lot of crockery to get back his \$125.

Although he is an exceptionally happy businessman, Zeke is not a rich one. He loves antiques but cannot afford to own them. The only good pieces he has in his home are a Governor Winthrop desk, considerably repaired, and a collection of six children's chairs. "My kids give them an awful beating," he says, "but they can take it. That's another weird idea about antiques—you're always running into somebody who says, 'What good are they if you can't sit on them?' A chair that has been around for 200 years is tough, and it's not going to fall apart tomorrow. If you've got an old piece that's weak, reglue it. That doesn't hurt the value, and it'll be good for another 200 years."

Zeke derives his greatest pleasure not from making a good sale, but from locating an object and buying it. A few hours after he has made the purchase, while the object is figuratively still warm, he will sell it with no regret whatever. "I'm like that guy who marries all those women," he says. "It's the chase that gets him. After that—well, what the hell?" In his time he has bought some remarkably fine pieces, and has momentarily possessed all of the standard major items except, of course, a lowboy. Two weeks ago, indeed, he was convinced for an hour that he had at last found even that. "A little picker called me up, described the thing and told me exactly what house it was in," he says. "I drove over there on two wheels all the way, but when I saw it—clunk. Only the bottom of a highboy."

Highboys, which stand as much as seven or eight feet tall, were made to come apart in the middle. The upper half alone resembles a chest or bureau with several drawers. The lower half looks considerably like a lowboy although an expert can tell the difference instantly. "In the old days, families would leave one half of a highboy to one child, and the other half to another. Now it's difficult to find a highboy with truly mated halves. If you ever buy one, be sure it isn't a composite. There's a hell of a difference in value."

Despite his frequent and vast disappointments, Zeke occasionally hits a

minor jackpot. At a country auction not long ago he bought a bushel basket full of old kitchen utensils for \$2.50 and, after taking it home, was amazed to find in it the top of a silver sugarbowl bearing the hallmark of Myer Myers, a great American silversmith (1723 - 1795). He rummaged through the basket, found the lower half of the bowl and sold the complete piece for \$225. The largest single purchase of his career, and the most unexpected, was made late last month in a house in northeastern Connecticut where he had gone to buy some bric-a-brac.

Having bought \$150 worth of glassware and plates and a big majolica tray from the old lady, Zeke was seated in her parlor making out his check. It was not a room where one would expect to find a classic antique—much of the furniture was late Victorian. But suddenly Zeke's eye was caught by something in corner of the room and he stiffened as though stabbed.

"That—um—chair," he said. "Where did you get it?"

"It's a nice old chair, isn't it?" said the old lady. "My mother found it on a trash heap. She was driving along a road, saw it, stopped and tried to buy it. The people told her to take it away—they were only going to chop it up for firewood."

Zeke gulped in relief. Very often when he makes a major purchase he is obliged to buy a good deal of family history and sentiment along with the furniture. He must pay cash for the sentiment, which has no value whatever once the furniture reaches his shop. "Would you care to sell it?" he said.

"No, I don't think so."

Zeke stared at the chair. More than three-quarters of a wing-chair is covered by upholstery; only the lower parts of the legs and the stretchers are visable. He was fully 10 feet from the chair. His judgment was based solely on what he could see of the wood from that distance. "Suppose," he said, "suppose I made you an offer you couldn't refuse?"

"Well," said the old lady. "Make an offer."

Zeke gulped again. "Madam, I will give you one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for that chair, just as it stands."

There was silence for some time. "It's an awfully nice day," said the old lady.

"We need rain, of course," She glanced out the window, thinking, and perhaps waiting for Zeke, who had obviously lost his mind, to raise the offer.

Zeke said nothing.

"All right," said the old lady at length. "Take the chair."

Zeke loaded the chair into his car and drove back to his shop. There he made a long-distance call to Israel Sack, the grandfather of American antique dealers, in New York. Sack has furnished the American wings of several museums, has sold perhaps \$30 million worth of antiques in his time and has been chief agent in building many great private collections. The old man was not in his shop. His son Albert answered the phone.

"Albert!" Zeke shouted. "Albert, I've got a wingchair!" He described the piece in detail ("Queen Anne . . . about 1750 . . . wonderful lines . . ."), interrupted every few moments by a sharp question from Albert. Within 60 seconds Albert offered \$1,500 for the chair, sight unseen. Zeke took the offer.

Within three days the Sacks sold the wingchair to Mrs. Carlos A. Hepp of Englewood, N. J., an advanced collector. The price was \$2,000. As good wingchairs go, this was a bargain.

"Something like that happens once a year," Zeke says. "Maybe once in two years. Most of the time I come back to the shop at night and my father says, 'What did you buy?' and all I've got is an old brass cuspidor. That's the antique business."

JIM WEBB OF GRAND ISLAND

(Continued from Page Thirteen) ing the war to prod the lagging bond sales. Movie personalities came through Grand Island promoting the sale, and Webb officiated in his best auctioneering style to sell various articles of merchandise on a downtown platform for bonds.

Always in the forefront plugging for Grand Island, he served as president of the local Chamber of Commerce in 1946, the year before he retired from his auction work at the commission company. In November of 1951, he and Mrs. Webb moved into their new home in southwest Grand Island, and his activities have been limited since then on doctor's orders.

The colonel would never say this him-

X Tribute To The Cow

By The Late Col. Woods

Grand and noble brute, of all animals you are man's best friend and to you we owe the most. Examine all the different channels of our commerce and note the result should she be blotted out. A Sunday stillness would then pervade the great stock industries of our cities and grass would grow in their streets.

Fifty per cent of the trains of freight, that now plow the continent from ocean to ocean, would be side-tracked, for there would be nothing for them to do. Fifty per cent of the laborers would draw no pay on Saturday night.

Our tables would be bare of the greatest luxuries with which they are now covered. Oh, you would abuse the cow, wish I could, about as you are to sit down to your noon day meal, step up and remove what the old cow has placed thereon.

I would take the cup of milk that is waiting by the baby's chair. I would take the cream, the cheese, the butter, the custard pie, the cream biscuits, the steak, the smoking roast of beef—and leave you to make a meal of potatoes, beet pickles and toothpicks.

It is the selfsame cow that has made the western plains to bloom like the rose and were it not for her they would revert to the Indians from which they came. None other like the cow.

There is not a thing from nose to tail but is utilized for the use of man.

We use her horns to comb our hair, her skins upon our feet, her hair keeps the plaster upon our walls, her hoofs make glue, her tail makes soup, she gives up our milk, our cheese, our butter, and her flesh is the greatest food for all nations.

(Continued on Page Twenty-six)

self, but this leisurely retirement is the result of a long hard career in one of the toughest, most demanding businesses known to man. It's a job which separates the men from the boys in a hurry; a business that's got no room for pikers; a business for shrewd, alert, strong-armed leather-lunged and nervy men. And a man who gets to the top in this business is a man.

NEBRASKA AUCTIONEERS

(Continued from Page Nineteen) and brought out that he is a firm believer in advertising. He also believes that every auctioneer should start the property to be sold at between $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ of its market value.

Colonel T. D. Preece of Battle Creek spoke on his General Farm Sale experiences dating back into the early 90's and of the transportation and advertising problems which confronted the early auctioneer.

Colonel Chet Drake of Decatur, Illinois, gave a report on the National Convention which was held recently in Columbus, Ohio.

A business meeting was held late in the afternoon at which time Colonel E. T. Sherlock of St. Francis, Kansas, was elected President for the year 1954. Colonel D. J. Fuller of Albion was elected Vice President and Colonel Jimmy W. Martin of Chappell was elected Secretary-Treasurer. Three new Directors were elected for a period of three years, which included Rex Young of Plattsburgh; John T. Ryan of Greeley; and Charles Riley of Valentine. Colonel John Aufenkamp of Julian was elected to a one year term on the Board of Directors.

Colonel Sherlock then proceeded to put the question of where the National Convention would be held to the members of the association. After much debate, it was decided that Omaha would probably be a better convention site due to transportation, hotel, and convention facilities.

Colonel Sherlock stated at the close of the meeting that the Nebraska State Convention would be held some time during the month of May in either North Platte or Ogallala, Nebraska.

At 6:30 that evening, 117 members and guests attended a Smorgasbord banquet at which time Colonel E. C. Weller of Atkinson acting as toastmaster introduced the honored guests and directors and made the presentation of awards. Mrs. C. Warrick of Norfolk and the Norfolk High School Quartet furnished musical entertainment during the evening. Colonel Jack Majors, guest speaker from Paducah, Kentucky, gave his famous talk on "Taxes, Women, and Hogs,"

which was truly enjoyed by all in attendance.

The National Auctioneers Association was represented by Col. Paul F. Bockelman, Past President, of Sioux City, Iowa, Col. Art Thompson, of Lincoln, Nebraska, Director Col. Henry Rasmussen, of St. Paul, Nebraska Treasurer and Col. C. B. Drake of Decatur Illinois 2nd Vice President.

Indianapolis, Ind.
August 17, 1953

Dear Col. Coats:

It was a dan-dan dandy national convention. It was the first time we had ever attended an Auctioneer's convention, but I can assure you it will not be the last. It was wonderful to meet so many fine outstanding men from all parts of the country, and what a grand group of men they are.

The convention showed the results of what can be done, of many hours, yes, days and months of hard work on the part of just everyone, otherwise it would not have been the magnificent success it was. Every session was most interesting, all the speakers were excellent and even the food was good. All in all we thought it to be, and know it to be, an event that no Auctioneer should miss.

The 1954 convention committee will most certainly have a big job on their hands to equal the 1953 convention, but I don't think any of us have anything to worry about, when it comes to the Auctioneers of Nebraska surpassing the Columbus convention. Those boys are men of action not just words.

Sincerely yours
Bus Retmier

X There lived in Chicago a wealthy maid who, for all her money, led a drab, colorless existence with only her cat to keep her company. Her neighbor finally persuaded her to go to California for the holidays and see how other people lived. Dubiously, the maid locked up the house and turned the cat over to her neighbor. "Don't you ever let him out," she admonished. "I'm not going to have him up to Heaven knows what all over town." She was due home in four days, but a full week later, she sent her neighbor a telegram. It read, "Having a wonderful time. Let my cat out."

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OHIO

TRIBUTE TO THE COW

(Continued from Page 23)

Her blood is used to make our sugar white and her bones are ground to fertilize our soil. No other animal works for man both day and night. By day she gathers food and then when we are fast asleep at night she brings it back to rechew and convert into all of the things of which I speak. She has gone from Plymouth Rock to the setting sun with man. It was her sons that drew the prairie schooner for the ambitious pioneers, as inch by inch they sought to prove that "Westward the star of the empire takes its way", and the old cow grazed along behind. When the day's march was done, she came and gave milk to fill the mother's breast to feed the suckling babe, that was, perchance, to become ruler of his country. Who says that much of what we are we do not owe to the cow, man's best friend? Treat her kindly, gently, for without her words fail to describe."

Last but not least, the crowning act of her existence, one that has been immortalized by all those who believe in the everlasting gospel, that was preached by the prince of peace, from the distant shores of Galilee to the shadows that darken the brow of calvery, and shall be bound by threads of silver and cords of gold, to the hearts of all Christian people until time is no more.

She gave up her home, in the City of Bethelhem of Judeia, that Mary the mother of Jesus, might bear the Saviour of the world in her manger

REINSTATEMENTS

We are desirous of restoring and reviving interest in the few Auctioneers who, through some temporary misfortune, or perhaps an oversight, have been dropped from our Merbership Roll. They all should be back where they belong, and all they have to do is to send \$10 to the Secretary and request to be reinstated.

"I prescribe absolute quiet for your husband," said the doctor. "Here's a sleeping powder." "When do I give it to him?" asked the wife. "You don't give it to him," said the doctor. "You take it yourself."

CURIOS ATTRACTED TO AUCTION

Baltimore: More than 2400 visitors most of whom were curious paid 25 cents each to view the \$70,000 house and pretentious furnishings and decorations of Mrs. Naomi Ringrose.

The lavish furnishings were auctioned off on September 14th to help restore some of the \$350,000 she was convicted of embezzling from a credit union.

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Col. E. T. Nelson, President

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X Auctioneer (Shouting upstairs to wife) —for the last time, Mary are you coming down? Wife—Haven't I been telling you for the last hour that I'll be down in a minute.

X Every Auctioneer has to start from scratch—success depends upon how fast you start.

X Tact consists in knowing how far to go too far.

X Little Willie mad as hell,
Threw his sister down the well,
Mother said, when drawing water,
"It's so hard to raise a daughter."

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THE LADIES AUXILIARY LET US ALL SERVE

By LELA BOCKELMAN

At the suggestion of our President Margaret Norris, requesting me, your Vice President, to write a short message for "The Auctioneer," in my humble way I shall endeavor to cooperate.

I have yet to meet any of the ladies that did not enjoy this years' convention in Columbus, Ohio. There seemed to be so much kindness and good feeling among every one present. It is most gratifying to me, as one of the Charter members of the Auxiliary to note the wonderful growth of our organization under the leadership of our retiring President June Holford. To her, who gave so much of her time freely in the interest of the Auxiliary, we the members owe much and can repay in a small measure such indebtedness by obtaining new members.

The Ladies Auxiliary can and will have much influence on the auctioneering profession and the welfare of the National Auctioneers Association, and feel that every wife of an Auctioneer can and

should encourage their husbands to become members of their state and National Associations. I have been fortunate by having attended five of the national conventions and have enjoyed myself as well as profited by the many pleasant associations.

I feel as one of the officers of the Ladies Auxiliary that I can speak for all and herewith extend to Col. B. G. Coats, our belated heartfelt sympathy in the loss of his beloved wife who was a charter member of our Auxiliary. I had the pleasure of meeting her several times and I feel that if all of you had known her as I did, we would all feel that we had lost a very dear friend.

Let us all start now to recruit our ranks, start now to make our plans to attend next years convention in Omaha, Nebraska. In the meantime let's all try to live up to the Golden Rule.

IN MEMORIAM

NELLIE E. COATS

Long Branch, N. J.



Mrs. Q. R. Chaffee, of Pennsylvania, being presented an orchid for being the mother of the youngest Auctioneer present at the convention.

Do you have your lapel button of the N.A.A., and your cut of the Association's Emblem. They can be obtained by writing the Secretary, Col. B. G. Coats, 490 Bath Avenue, Long Branch, N. J.

Col. B. G. Coats, Managing Editor
The Auctioneer
490 Bath Avenue
Long Branch, New Jersey

Dear Col. Coats:

Ever since attending the National Auctioneers Association Convention in Columbus, Ohio in July, I have enjoyed a feeling of great satisfaction in recalling the most worthwhile program presented to us, and also the friendly association with our fellow members during those three days. This convention was, without question, the best the Association has ever held. I have attended all but one of the annual conventions and each year I have been appreciative of the things accomplished, but I do feel that I, personally, benefited more from this year's convention than from any previously held. I certainly think that the work of Col. Clyde Wilson, Past President, and of Col. J. M. Darbyshire, and that done by yourself and other officers and directors has set a goal that will be hard to surpass.

As always, there were some members of our association who did not attend the convention. I can't help feeling that had they known what was in store for them, they would have made a greater effort to be present—I am wondering whether they realize what they have missed. Those who manage Sales Pavilions would have benefited greatly by the address of Col. S. C. Sprunger of Kidron, Ohio, who emphasized to all of us the vital importance of sanitation in sale barns. Because selling real estate at auction has been the major part of our business for many years, I was greatly interested in the address by Col. E. H. Bailey, of The Bailey-Murphy-Darbyshire Company of Wilmington, Ohio, stressing the importance of cut-loose contracts and the making of each sale final. The open discussion following his address was also very helpful. Auctioneers engaged in other branches of the business would have benefited also

by each address and discussion thereof.

Since the 1954 convention will be held in Nebraska, and since I am a Nebraskan, I can assure you that the Nebraska auctioneers, working together, will endeavor to equal or surpass the standards set by this year's convention. This matter was taken up in our State Convention which met in Norfolk, Nebraska on August 9, and there followed thorough discussion and planning. Each auctioneer present promised to exert a special effort to bring new members to the Nebraska Convention at Omaha in 1954. The meeting date of the Nebraska Association was set two months ahead for next year in order that we might more efficiently work to make it the greatest convention in the history of our association.

We feel that our Nebraska Association Convention this year was a great success—the best we ever held. The success of it was due largely to the efficient work of Col. Adolph Zicht President of the Association, and his son, Don Zicht, Secretary. Five years ago, our association started with twelve members. On August 9, 1953, we had 98 paid up memberships. Several different reports of the National Convention were given by members who had attended—all in glowing terms, and I believe this was a great influence toward obtaining new members for the National Association in 1954. Our convention was highly honored by the presence of Col. 'Chet' Drake of Decatur, Illinois, and Col. Paul Bockelman of Sioux City, Iowa.

Following the convention in Columbus, Ohio, we—as did many others—continued our vacation, before coming home. Inasmuch as Omaha is the "Gateway to the West," those attending the National Convention next year will find it convenient to visit our many places of interest in Nebraska on their way to Estes Park, Yellowstone, or other highly interesting vacation spots farther west. For this reason, we anticipate a large

attendance from the East, but we intend to match or excel in attendance from the West.

Finally, Col. Coats, I do want to congratulate you and thank you personally for the able manner in which you handled the convention as its Chairman. We will be looking forward to meeting you and all our auctioneer friends at the convention in Omaha next year.

Yours very sincerely
Dan J. Fuller

X 1. A bidder is the most important person in any auction sale.
2. A bidder is not an interruption of our work—he is the purpose of it.
3. A bidder is not dependent on us—we are dependent on him.
4. A bidder does us a favor when he bids—we are not doing him a favor by serving him.
5. A bidder is part of our business—not an outsider.
6. A bidder is not a cold statistic—he is flesh and blood human being with feelings and emotions like our own.
7. A bidder is not someone to argue with.
8. A bidder is one who brings us his wants—it is our job to fill those wants.
9. A bidder is deserving of the most courteous and attentive treatment we can give him.
10. A bidder is the lifeblood of every auction sale.

Isn't it wonderful when you ask for information and get it quickly and accurately? From the time I took over as Managing Editor of "The Auctioneer," I have carefully observed the response from members in the way of furnishing material for the publication, and in 99 cases out of a 100 those that give promptly are successful Auctioneers. They are the Auctioneers that get things done, they are dependable and that is why they are successful.

MEMBERS and SUBSCRIBERS

If you are going to move, it is necessary that the proper notification be made, at the earliest possible moment, so that you may continue to receive your copy of "THE AUCTIONEER" by letter, postcard, or post-office form 225, giving the old address, as well as the new, with postal zone numbers if any. You should also notify your local postoffice on postal form 22 of your change of address. Both postal forms are obtainable at any post office.

Since considerable time is required to process a change of address you are urged to advise "THE AUCTIONEER" as soon as you know your new address preferably five weeks in advance.

"THE AUCTIONEER"
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New Jersey

X Plain Arithmetic. Since you cannot refrain from drinking, why not start a saloon in your home? Be the only customer and you will not have to buy a license. Give your wife \$55 to buy a case of whiskey. There are 240 snorts in a case. Buy all of your drinks from your wife at 60c a snort and in 12 days, when the case is gone, your wife will have \$89 to put in the bank, and will have \$55 to start up in business again.

If you live 10 years and continue to buy all your booze from your wife, and then die in your boots from the snakes, your widow will have \$27,085.37 on deposit, enough to bury you respectfully, bring up your children, pay off the mortgage on the house, marry a decent man, and forget she ever knew you.

X Isn't it better to be able to appreciate things you cannot have than to have things you cannot appreciate.

By patronizing our Advertisers you help support those who help support your publication and therefore help yourself.

IN MEMORIAM

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CLIPPINGS

By COL. E. T. NELSON

I knew an auctioneer once, who sold his own hat at his first sale and stood in the rain for the rest of the day. Can such a thing happen?

Well the good colonel, was selling bare-headed, when his wife brought him his hat. She handed it to him, and being a good auctioneer, he said, "What'll you give for it?" Some said, "A quarter." He said said, "Sold." His wife said, "You Boob, You just sold your own hat." And the rains came!

Col. Patton said, "An auctioneer should have a voice that will ring out clear and sweet like the tears of joy creeping into the lake of glory."

What this country needs is a good five cent nickle.

Go ahead, you don't have to wait for a green light.

Would you take that money for them, if you owned them?

We don't care where you start it, just so you don't stop too soon.

Here's a lot of odd and ends, "the collection of a life time."

There's a good handle in this broom . . . all it needs is a good brush.

It won't rip, skid, tear, or ravel up the back.

Keep it going. I'll tell you when to stop.

Do you know that your hair will be getting gray if it keeps on. "I don't mind if it gets gray, JUST SO IT KEEPS ON."

The big 300 pound conductor said to the man who could not find his ticket, "You'll have to show your ticket; pay your fare; or get off." The passenger looking at the 300 pound conductor said, "There are three things you have to do. Walk more; Eat less or bust."

Then there was the Negro that got religion, THEY HAVEN'T HAD CHICKEN FOR THREE MONTHS.

If you are bashful, this is how you can propose, quote "My Josephine, my Gasoline, I come from above my station without hesitation or preservation to ask you to become my relation so as to increase the population in this great nation."

Man is the only animal that can be skinned twice.

Drive carefully, the life you save may be MINE. I'M WALKING!

One thing you've got to admit about the little red schoolhouse—it had some thing in back of it.

The first National Cattle Show was held at Springfield, Illinois, October 25-27, 1854, sponsored by the United States Agriculture Society of which George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of George Washington, was president. Some 200 head of cattle were shown, including Durhams, Herefords, Devons, Ayrshires, Jerseys, work oxen, fat bullocks and cows, milch cows and steers.

Col. Louis Cook Turns Auctioneering Into Full-Fledged Production

By PAUL STEVENS

"What am I bid?" the country auctioneer pleaded huskily, almost as though he had the croup, "for this fine plaster of Paris dog?" Louis A. Cook had completed three wild hours of selling. He had auctioned off everything from hamster cages, with live hamsters inside, to horsechair couches to horse plows to whole sets of furniture. He had sold a shillelagh, a crystal chandelier from a millionaire's mansion, and a litter of rabbits. While the little auctioneer's voice had thinned out to a shrill whoop, its owner still was at his jaunty best—and his best, his loyal fans insist, is better than Sid Caesar, Red Skelton and the tobacco auctioneer rolled into one.

Cook did a little clog dance beside the huge plaster of Paris monstrosity that stood on the floodlighted stage of his backyard amphitheater—a natural bowl formed by a glacier thousands of years ago in Hanover, Mass., just off busy Route 3 that leads to Cape Cod. Then he held a hand to an ear.

"A bid, I crave," he croaked, "a bid to get things started on this valuable dog which is an exact replica of His-Master's-Voice-Dog that Edison used for his trademark on his first phonograph."

WIRED FOR SOUND

A man's voice floated out faintly from the pine woods that ring Cook's amphitheater: "On dollar!" "What" Cook cried, clapping a hand to his forehead. "One dollar for this original, fashioned by a plasterer who had a sculptor's soul?

"Look," Cook went on, "this dog has been wired for sound, and you can put it on your lawn and scare off night prowlers by barking into its attached microphone, or by talking into it, which would be even better."

"Two bucks!" "Two bucks!" someone piped up. Cook looked hurt. One of Cook's best tricks is looking hurt. It is one of the reasons he is one of America's great auctioneers.

"Two dollars," Cook said sadly. "And who will make it \$10?" He patted the animal's head affectionately, saying, "This dog is in excellent condition, as you can see. It has been carefully preserved in an attic for years."

He sold the dog for six dollars. Then, in quick succession, he sold a rubber raft left over from World War II, a chest somebody had antiqued, according to Cook, "by shooting worm holes into it with a shotgun, a rusty anchor and an old

Boston Herald spelling bee medal. Cook has sold as many as 70 items in one hour, or better than an item a minute.

POLICE HANDLE TRAFFIC

There is no other auctioneer like Cook in all New England, and probably there is no other auctioneer like him in the whole country. Three nights a week—spring, summer and fall—he holds outdoor auctions in his glacier-formed amphitheater. The dirt floor of the amphitheater accommodates 1000 persons, and an additional 500 can sit on its pine-covered slopes.

Natives and vacationists from as far as 100 miles around drive up to Cook's place, some in gleaming Cadillacs, others in plain jalopies. Cook hires two policemen to handle the traffic and guide the parking. Auction night at Cook's appeals to one and all. He had had customers from every state in the Union, Canada and the Canal Zone.

The diminutive auctioneer, who wears a baseball cap when he is selling for no other reason than it's my "trademark," supplies canvas chairs for the early comers. There never are enough to go around. Many of the auction goers bring their own chairs or sit on blankets in the surrounding woods. Some people stand up, and to these Cook frequently sells inexpensive old chairs he wants to get rid of with the argument, "Aren't they worth a half dollar just to sit down and be comfortable for one evening?" Many leave the chairs behind, and Cook

sells them over again on another auction night.

In the winter (and when it rains), Cook holds auctions in a barn he has fitted out like a theater, with genuine theater seats and a stage. His winter crowds are smaller than his warm weather crowds because his barn will accommodate only 500 persons. He has had to turn away as many as 300 persons on a cold January night.

Cook is a fabulous person, and his is a fabulous business. Although he has been in the auction business less than three years, he grossed more than \$100,000 last year and he expects to top that figure this year. He has five full-time assistants and 10 part-time workers with a monthly payroll of \$1400.

SELLS EVERYTHING

Cook sells everything—from kittens to cauldrons to coffins. Yes, once he actually sold coffins . . . and all the other paraphernalia that goes with the funeral parlor business. He held this auction in his amphitheater exclusively for undertakers. They drove up in hearses and limousines from all over the Cape. Providence, Boston, and the North Shore.

Born in South Yarmouth, Mass., Cook is 42 years old. He was graduated from a private school, but the depression flattened his hopes of going to college, and he went to work. He became an orchestra leader, although he could play no instrument.

All he had was rhythm, a baton, and an irrepressible personality. I met a man at one of Cook's auctions who had heard Lou Cook and His Royal Palms Orchestra in the early '30s, and he described the baton-wielding Cook of those days as, "a guy with champagne bubbles in his soul."

Cook and his orchestra traveled far and wide in an old bus, playing at college proms. His favorite assignment was playing at the Dartmouth College winter carnivals.

"THE AUCTIONEER" spends every effort and leaves no stone unturned to present all the news and information of importance to the Membership of the N.A.A., and subscribers. Your failure to receive and read "The Auctioneer" regularly will keep you behind the times in the developments of your Association and your profession. Subscription rates are \$6.00 per year. Membership in the N.A.A., is only \$10.00 a year.

Cook disbanded his outfit to become a semi-professional actor. Later, he became manager for Al Jahns and his orchestra. Jahns today is a big-name band leader on the West Coast. Cook later became a salesman for a light company in Seattle, Wash. During World War II, he had charge of distributing top secret tools to war plants. The equipment belonged to the government, and Cook's job was an important one. Later, he worked for the Boeing Aircraft plant in Seattle.

Cook returned to New England six years ago. He and his wife, whom he terms "my wonderful other self," opened up a small antique shop in Duxbury, Mass., on Cape Cod. Mrs. Cook was crippled with polio when he was three years old, and she wears braces on both legs. She is Cook's bookkeeper and secretary.

LIKED BUSINESS

Cook found it tough sledding with his antique shop, but he liked the business. He especially liked attending auctions and talking with the auctioneers. One day one of his auctioneer friends asked Cook to substitute for him. The auctioneer had come down with a bad case of laryngitis.

Cook agreed to help out, believing he would have to sell only small items. He was horrified to find out that he had to sell refrigerators and washing machines, and his knees shook together like castanets as he mounted the auction block. But he did so well—after his initial fright—that a group of impressed nurses in the audience hired him to put on a benefit auction for their association. Soon he was getting similar invitations from other groups.

He liked auctioneering better than running an antique shop. So he closed his shop and held weekly auctions in a little country hall he hired. After a few weeks, his business had grown so that the little hall wasn't big enough to accommodate his crowds.

Cook toured Cape Cod towns looking for a likely spot where he could expand.

He looked no further after seeing the property in Hanover with its natural amphitheater. This, coupled with his own enthusiasm for his new-found work, would be the mousetrap that would bring the world to his door, he told his wife. And it has proved just that.

Cook has a snack bar at the entrance of his amphitheater and he does a brisk business in hot dogs, coffee, ice cream and tonics, averaging better than \$100 a night. The snack bar is a reconverted chicken coop.

FULL PRODUCTION

An auction at Cook's is a full-fledged production, with workers behind stage, shifting furniture and Cook and husky demonstrators on stage. Cashiers run through the crowd making change, delivering small purchases and giving out tickets for larger purchases too heavy to carry. As the heavy articles, such as beds, bureaus, motorboats, anchors, chandeliers, etc., are sold, Cook's huskies place them to one side of the stage under trees. If not claimed that night, these articles are placed in a huge tent for protection against the weather. The articles are claimed by the owners the

next day, or delivered by Cook and his helpers. Cook has two huge delivery trucks.

Children enjoy Cook's carnival of excitement. The children laugh along with the adults at Cook's antics. When toys come up for auctioning, youngsters tug at their parents to be sure they're in on the bidding. Sometimes the children, themselves, bid.

One child insisted on buying a popcorn popper for a quarter because, she said, "I haven't bought anything and my daddy has already bought a sheet, a work bench and a bed."

Cook likes children. Frequently, he stops the bidding at a small sum to please an eager little bidder. Once, a small girl who he knew came from a poor family bid 50 cents for a piano. Cook knew the child wanted to take piano lessons. "Sold," he shouted, "to that young lady with the blonde curls. One piano for 50 cents."

Cook travels all over eastern Massachusetts, buying everything from a teacup to an entire estate. Often he doesn't get a chance to check everything that goes up for sale. Sometimes people get fantastic bargains as a result.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN The Auctioneer

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200 YEARS OF AUCTIONEERING



These five men represent 200 years of active auctioneering and all still going strong except for Col. Thompson, retired. From left to right they are: Col. Jim Webb, Col. Dan Fuller, Col. Art Thompson, Col. Rex Young and Col. Tim Preece. Where are they from? Nebraska, which must be a grand and healthy state. We will find out in July 1954 and we will see and benefit from 200 years experience of these five grand Auctioneers.

BUYING OR SELLING YOUR HOUSE

Write a Good Classified Ad

The classified columns of the local newspapers are an important market place for real estate. That's where sellers offer their wares. That's where buyers window-shop before they make up their minds what properties they'll go to see. It's the logical place for you, as seller, to stand up with the rest of them and shout "My house is for sale."

A classified advertisement is a unique sales tool. It rides on the pages of your newspaper into the homes in your community where, provided it is properly worded, it singles out those who want to buy your kind of house, kindles a gleam in their eyes, and persuades them to get out of their comfortable chairs and travel to see what sort of palace you have for sale.

The first step in the writing of an effective classified advertisement is to decide what the attractions—the sales points—of your property are. What is there about it that will appeal most to buyers! Its charm? Its location? Its trees and gardens? Low price? Luxurious kitchen? It's a good idea to make a list of every sales point you can think of, then go back over them and check the most important. Now write a heading for your advertisement which features the most outstanding attraction.

Heading Must Stop Reader

Think of the heading as a sort of verbal hook which will catch the eye of your buyer as he looks down the newspaper column. Don't be content with a drab statement of fact such as "Seven rooms, two baths." If you think your price is really low, say "A Bargain at \$21,500." Or plant an attractive word picture such as "Seven-Room Colonial Under a Giant Maple." Or possibly "Near Excellent Schools" is the right stopper if your house has advantages for the family man.

Next write a first sentence or two for the body of the ad which will enlarge on your caption and round out an appealing description for your buyer. For example, say, "You can look out over the whole countryside from the livingroom windows of this white clapboard house on a hilltop." Or, "Charming three-bed-

room house, easy to maintain as an apartment," if easy housekeeping is one of your important sales points. Or perhaps, "My wife hates to move, she's so in love with our brand-new all-electric kitchen."

Next present the basic facts, briefly, almost telegraphically if you like, so that the buyer can know whether or not your property will fulfill his needs. State the number of bedrooms, baths, amount of ground. Point out features such as picture windows, a paneled living room, or an ultra-modern kitchen. Mention important extras such as dishwasher or a large ice box. If there are other buildings on the property, a cottage, for example, by all means bring that in. If advantageous terms are available, if taxes or carrying charges are low, say so.

Guide Prospect to Home

Finally, when you have interested your buyer to the point where he wants to see your house, tell him exactly how he's to do it. Give him your phone number, if you want him to call for an appointment. Give him your address (and driving directions if necessary) if you're willing to have him come unannounced.

In a nutshell, the writing of a classified ad follows this simple formula:

STOP—your buyer with a caption.

PAINT A PICTURE—with a first sentence or two.

PRESENT THE FACTS—in the body of the ad.

GIVE INSPECTION DETAILS—end the ad with specific instructions as to how the buyer can see your house.

A recent survey indicates that the most important facts buyers want to know about houses before they go out to look at them are, in order of importance: Location, size and number of rooms, price, including terms, type of construction, condition, and appearance. Be sure to get these into your ad. A good general rule—try to write an ad that would sell you your own property.

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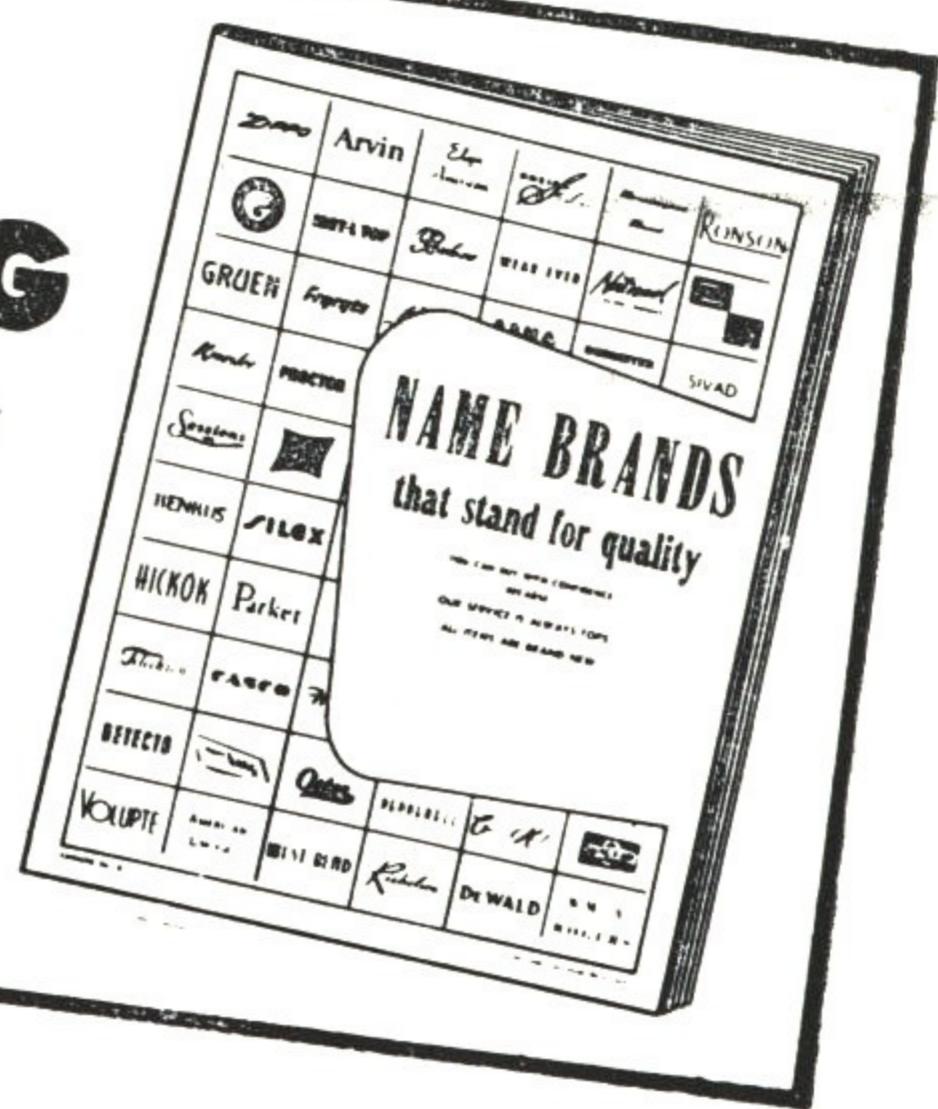
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