

The AUCTIONEER

JANUARY, 1951

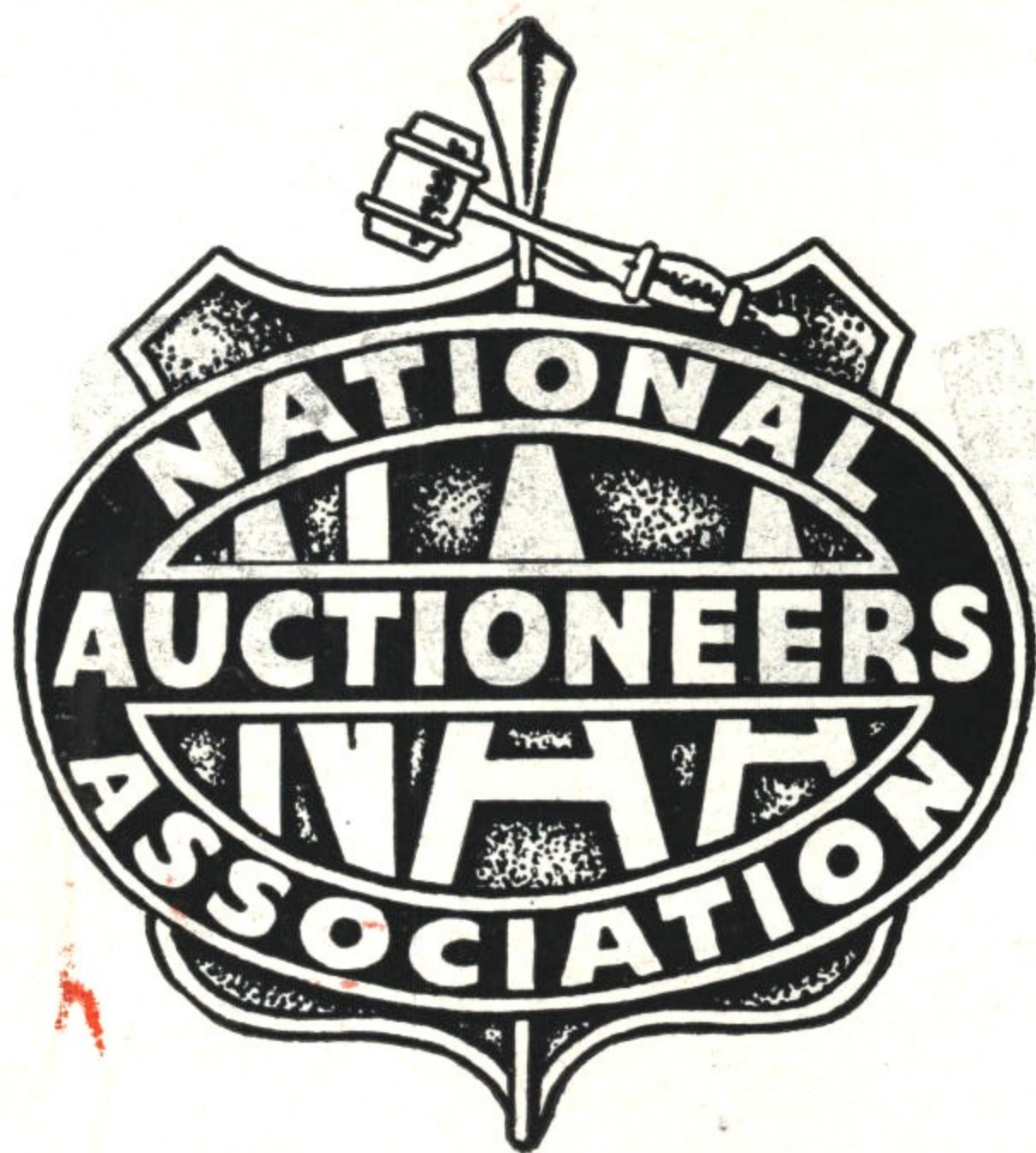
Vol. II

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION

No. 2

HAPPY NEW YEAR





THE AUCTIONEER

Published every month at
LeGrand, Iowa

Official Publication of

NATIONAL AUCTIONEER'S ASS'N

JOHN W. RHODES

Editor

Copyright Applied For

The editor reserves the right to accept or reject any material submitted for publication.

All news and advertising material must be in the office of The Auctioneer on or before the 15th of the month preceding date of publication. Publication date is the first of each month.

Subscription Rate: \$2.00 Per Year

TONE DEAF

Traffic cop: "Why did you keep on going after I whistled?"

Driver: "Sorry, I'm pretty deaf."

Traffic cop: "Well, don't worry. You'll get your hearing in the morning."

REMEMBER THIS NEW ADDRESS

**National Auctioneers'
Association**

920 South Jefferson St.
Roanoke 16, Virginia



JOHN W. RHODES

Well, Christmas is over for another year and we are starting another fifty two weeks. When I was a kid I thought the year started and stopped with Christmas and I realize now I wasn't so far wrong at that.

I am sitting here in my favorite chair (It's my favorite because it's the easiest one we have) and I am head over heels in Christmas yet. My chin is a little sore because I just finished rubbing it for about thirty minutes with a little electric gadget full of holes I got from Santa. I always wanted one of those razors and think it'll work out swell if my chin holds out long enough until I can train my whiskers to stand up and fight. Those sneaky ones that kneel down and hide are the ones that give me a bad time. I'm afraid that when I start the sale tomorrow in Des Moines and start wagging this red chin around, the crowd will think I'm a flagman working for the Rock Island.

We had a duck dinner just awhile ago and the way my stomach feels they must have been wild ducks. They tasted very good while I was eating but they just don't want to settle down. Just a few minutes ago the girls were getting a drink and when those ducks heard that water running they seemed as if they wanted to take off in "V" formation. Next time I eat duck I think I'll eat the drumsticks instead of the wing for I'd rather have a duck kick me than try to beat me to death with its wings.

I have on a new pair of Christmas socks, the kind with the leather soles, don't know how I'll be able to get my shoes on over them but my little girl gave them to me and I'd rather be crippled than make her believe I didn't like her present. Just got lost more gifts piled up here by my chair including gloves, ties, and a hunting knife but I must not forget to mention all the cards sent in from all over the U. S. by the Auctioneers. Perhaps in a few days I'll be feeling more normal and I'll get used to all these new gifts I received, but it won't take a bit of time to say "Thanks A Million" for all your Christmas cards

which we have strung on two lines here in our living room.

Sometimes people tell about famous last words and of outstanding quotations. If I were to give my favorite quotation from the 1950 Convention at Roanoke it would be those famous words of Col J. G. Sheets who stood up and in that pleasant southern drawl thanked those who attended the convention, expressed his joy at being able to be in attendance, assured everyone of his intention of being in Decatur, Ill., in July for the 1951 convention and then ended by saying, "I'll be there, if I'm alive, and if I'm dead I shall refuse to lie down." The way he lead into that one and by injecting the surprise he did, it was the cleverest thing I had heard in a long time.

We had a beautiful fall here until a week before Thanksgiving and I guess we wouldn't have had any ice, snow or frost if our town council had not been so nasty. Our water pipe finally came and we were so glad we immediately called the contractor and met with him on Saturday night before Thanksgiving. To make a long story short we told him to bury those pipes in the proper place so we could get water this winter and before someone came and took them away like they did our old aluminum skillet and water bottle a few years back. He finally agreed to start digging on Friday, November 24 and the meeting broke up and we went home in our shirt sleeves congratulating ourselves on the fact we would have water by Christmas. Well, on Monday just thirty-six hours later it snowed and blowed and froze and it has been winter ever since. There is about a foot of frost in the ground and we have lots of water for Christmas, but it is drifted all over the front yard.

The town people wanted us to start right away, so we started, now they say if we had kept our big traps shut it would be nice and warm yet. A fellow just can't win—The other day an up-right citizen in our town was looking up the rule on "How to Impeach a Mayor," if he gets that one figured out, Brother, I'm sunk.

See you next month,

JOHN W. RHODES

Classified ad: For Sale—A mandolin by a young man in good condition except for a loose peg in the head . . .

You probably heard about the cross-eyed professor who had no control over his pupils.

A GOOD REASON FOR SELLING REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION

SALE OF HOTEL EXCEEDS PREVIOUS BIDS BY \$70,000



Paul Finder, who owns and operates the Maryland and Surf hotels, acquired the 12 story Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West, at auction Tuesday for a consideration of \$970,000. Seller was Lott Hotels, Inc.

The new owner plans to take possession of the 336-room fireproof hotel

structure shortly before the year-end. Bryon Cain of Cain & Culhane, Inc., managing director of the hotel, said a complete rehabilitation of the property at a reported cost of \$250,000 is contemplated. The hotel also contains three public rooms, lounge and coffee shop.

Jack Gordon of Samuel L. Winternitz

& Co., auctioneers, conducted the sale, and attorneys were Harold E. Sullivan for the seller and Harry M. Kroon for the buyer.

Last December, stockholders of Lott Hotels, Inc., rejected an offer of \$900,000 for the hotel, but in September they approved the sale at public auction with a minimum price of \$900,000.

IT'S UP TO YOU TO SUPPLY THE LINK

BY B. G. COATS

PROSPECTS may or may not grow on trees. Even if they do they have to be picked in most cases. That is where we have the power of selection. You who live down in their neighborhood know what Auctioneers will make the finest of National Auctioneers Association material. Why not pick that man and give him a chance to become a part of our great Association. We need all of the fine strength we can possibly muster. Our prospects need all the Auctioneering knowledge and fellowship that can be brought to them. The link between

the two is YOU. How long has it been since you did your share? Changed the figure of speech there, didn't I—but you get the idea. Only by YOUR effort will your Association grow in numbers and particularly in strength.

Ever been jolted back on your heels? I have. Recently while visiting out of my state, in the course of one week two Auctioneers approached me and wanted to know if they could join the National Auctioneers Association. They each received an application card for membership immediately upon my return home and I am happy to say that both have since become members. In checking the membership list I found that a member lived within three miles of one applicant and the other applicant lived about twelve miles from another member and that their paths crossed

frequently and they were the best of friends.

Let each of us start picking that tree of prospects and it will be surprising to learn the number of Auctioneers that are waiting to be asked to join the National Auctioneers Association. If you do not have any application cards for membership write the Secretary, Col. Garland Sheets, National Headquarters, National Auctioneers Association, 101 South Jefferson St., Roanoke, Va. He will be very glad to hear from you and while you are at it send him any news that would be of interest to the members.

May our Association increase by the addition of each of us to its membership and by every member getting a member.

I Helped Spend \$400 And I Don't Know What Happened

By TOM OLSEN

The reason for this story is a chance remark I happened to make during a bull session with some other journalism students at Iowa State College. Everybody talking was an agriculture student but me, though I'm an Iowa boy, and come from a town of two-hundred.

They were talking about market sales, and because I knew nothing at all about such things, I felt I had to say something to help keep the conversation going.

"I'd like to go to a sale, sometime," I said. That did it.

Richard Fincham, a senior in Agricultural Journalism at Iowa State, took my little wish to heart. Here's what he had to say to me the next time I saw him.

"If you want to see a real sale, let's run up to Story City this afternoon."

I'd said I wanted to go to a sale, so I accepted his invitation.

Driving through Iowa, you can't help but notice the sale barns. Almost every town of any size has one, and many, many Iowa towns sport two or more. Like everyone else that goes by and doesn't know, I'd always wondered just what went on inside those big, white buildings. Up 'til now though, I'd done nothing about it.

It isn't far from the Iowa State College campus to Story City, and the sale barn is located right on Highway 69, just outside of town. In 15 minutes we were there, with time out for a quick stop at the Fincham farm north of Ames to pick up Dick's dad and his uncle.

When we pulled into the parking lot next to the barn, there was a group of farmers, about 20 or so, crowded around a pile of posts. The auctioneer that sells at Story City on Thursdays, Col. Leon Joy, was perched on top of the pile. I'd heard auctioneers before, so Col. Joy's chanting didn't seem too strange to me. I watched while he sold posts, mainly trying to figure out who was bidding. He sold posts right and left, so fast I never did catch a bid and before I realized it, the crowd was moving inside.

Salebarn, A Familiar Sight

The salesbarn at Story City is like most midwestern salebarns. It's roughly 120 feet long. The white front, next to the highway, stands about 35 feet high, and there's a restaurant in the front. The whole building is the same width,

somewhere close to 60 feet. The selling ring, or show ring is inside the barn, just back of the restaurant, and separated from it by a wooden partition. The ring amphitheater will seat two-hundred and is usually crowded on sale days.

The ring has a steel wire fence around it, and a dirt floor covered with loose straw. The pens in the back barn are wooden gate affairs with the same straw floors.

Raymond Fincham, Dick's dad, has a weakness for sheep at market sales, according to his son. While Raymond Fincham went off into the back part of the barn to look through the sheep pens, Dick and his uncle Guy (Doc) Fincham took me with them to look at cattle.

The system of gates and pens in the back barn was confusing. I got the impression that I wouldn't want to be in there at night, trying to get out, unless I had one heck of a bright light. Someone like me could open and close gates in the dark there hours on end and still not get out till the sun came up.

We noticed the crowd moving into the front of the barn, so we followed them in. Dick's uncle Guy sat across the ring from us and Dick and I perched up behind Dick's dad. All around us were farmers from the Ames, Jewell, Roland, Story City neighborhood. The whole amphitheater around the ring was covered with farmers in blue overalls, and I felt a little out of place in my school clothes.

While I was looking up at the rafters to see where the speaker was for the public address system, Col. Joy put the microphone around his neck and yelled something about pencils.

Dick didn't have to tell me that it was a custom at these sales to sell out little incidental items before beginning on the stock. He told me anyway, which made me feel a little more out of place. I could tell who had bid on the pencils only by watching the ring men pass them out to the farmers who bought them. It seemed that just as I was ready to watch closely and see who was buying pencils, Col. Joy had them all sold and the ring men were running some hogs into the ring.

Col. Joy began to ask for bids and he began getting them, though I just couldn't see who was bidding and who wasn't. While I strained my eyes looking at the

men around me to see if they were bidding, Col. Joy knocked the hogs down to Doc Fincham, and they were herded out of the ring. I decided I'd better watch Doc Fincham a while.

Next the ring men let in a pair of Hampshire boars. Col. Joy started chanting and I began to strain my eyes once more. This time I just happened to be watching one of the ring men when he caught a bid from Dick's uncle, so I watched Doc Fincham more closely.

Just about that time, Dick's dad leaned back and said, "Doc over there is bidding against that fellow on the fence. Watch him and you'll see how he bids to the ring men."

I watched and when the ring men looked toward the buyer, he nodded. At the same time he nodded, Col. Joy upped the bid a little, so even I was able to figure out what was going on. As I was patting myself on the back for finally seeing someone bid. Doc Fincham bought the two boars, and I didn't even catch the price he paid, let alone catch the bid.

"How much did he get those two for?" I asked Dick, but I lost his reply as Col. Joy began to call for bids on a bunch of nine market hogs that had just come into the ring. I looked around carefully, trying to see bids and listen to Col. Joy

(Continued on Page Five)

DISPLAY ADVERTISING

RATES

One Page	\$35.00
One-half Page	18.00
Quarter Page	10.00
Column Inch	2.00

5% discount allowed for one year's contract for one quarter page or more per month. All display advertising strictly cash with order, except for rated concerns.

Prices for special engraving or artwork quoted on request.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATES: 5 cents per word. Minimum ad 50 cents. All advertising strictly cash with order.

I Helped Spend \$400 . . .

(Continued from Page Four)

at the same time. I saw a farmer nod to a ring man, and then Col. Joy called for a quarter more. One more look at Col. Joy and I discovered the key to the whole thing. There he sat, up in back of the ring, facing the crowd, catching bids and calling them out faster than I could think. All he had to do was look around at the farmers in the amphitheater and pick off the bids as they came up. All I had to do was look where he looked, I thought. I looked, and I still couldn't see what was going on, for about five minutes, that is.

Finally I began to notice how the men near me went about bidding. It was fascinating to me to see them after they once had the attention of Col. Joy or one of the ring men.

How They Bid

Some bid by winking, some by rubbing their chins, and some by nodding or waving a hand. All of them, when the bidding went too high, quit bidding by shaking their heads. I was so busy watching the bidding that I forgot to watch what was being sold. I did catch the bid that bought whatever was being sold and felt proud about that.

"Pretty soon they'll run in that lamb

and then you'd better watch dad," Dick said.

Surely it wouldn't be too hard to see Dick's dad bid, since he was right in front of me. But I found I still had a lot to learn.

Col. Joy began again, and the ring men kept looking at Dick's dad. At least I hoped they were looking at Dick's dad. I was afraid to open my mouth to ask for fear I'd buy a lamb without knowing it.

Dick leaned over and asked me to look across the ring.

"See that old fellow over there," he said. "He's bidding against dad. See if you can tell what he's doing."

I tried my best to see. Every time Col. Joy called for a higher bid, either Dick's dad or the man across the way would nod. Finally the gentleman bidding against Dick's dad shook his head and Col. Joy knocked the lamb down to Raymond Fincham. I felt so good about understanding the whole process, which took about two minutes for the sale and 15 minutes for me to understand, that anything more would have seemed anticlimax.

Dick's dad said, "Let's go down and out of here before he buys the whole barn." I followed along as we walked around the ring to the door. Col. Joy

was selling a pair of feeder steers when I last looked at the ring.

While Dick's dad was paying for his lamb and Dick's uncle Guy paid for the stock he'd bought, Dick and I sat in the sale office and talked about what we'd seen inside the barn.

I Saw \$400 Spent

"Dad and Uncle Guy didn't do badly for not especially wanting to come, did they?" Dick asked me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Between the two of them they spent \$400."

"They spent \$400 just while we were in there!" It was a little hard for me to realize how that much money changed hands in so short a time. I thought back over the time it took to spend that \$400.

The two boars Doc Fincham bought took roughly a couple of minutes for Col. Joy to sell. The bunch of market hogs took a little more time, maybe half a minute. Dick's dad bought his lamb in about a minute and a half. That made a grand total of six minutes to stack up against the \$400 the Finchams had spent.

To say I was astounded is putting it mildly. I even thought a little about owning a sale barn myself, or selling at a market sale for a commission. I was

(Continued on Page Six)

WELCOME 1951

WE LOOK FORWARD WITH EAGERNESS INTO THE UNCERTAINTIES OF THE COMING YEAR. THERE IS ABOUT ONLY ONE THING CERTAIN, THAT IS THE FACT THAT THE

National Convention

TO BE HELD IN JULY AT DECATUR, ILLINOIS WILL BE

The Biggest and Best Yet

Be Proud Of Your Profession . . .

BY B. G. COATS

As American As The Fourth Of July

Barricaded rafts steering down the Mississippi River, wagons and bridges, covered of course as history tells us, frontiers and explorations, belong to American history, and now even the circus and county fair is passing, but with all this change and flight to nostalgia, one glorious buoy in America's rushing river of history continues to throw its useful beam—the faithful indestructible public auction sale.

The Auctioneers of the land, in great cities, wide counties, small towns and tiny villages, mount their stands, and with finesse and boldness flawlessly blended, serve seller and buyer to mutual advantage. "This beautiful sterling silver bowl," "This prize Champion Bull," "This original Chippendale Chair."

From field to barnyard, from cellar to attic, the humblest items, the prize stock, the finest heirlooms, become verses in the song of the Auctioneers.

Preceding the dramatic opening of the auction sale, go days of activity the public never sees, when the Auctioneer's crew trained men and women, like directors, stage managers, and stage hands, preparing for the climactic opening of a play, put the house and contents in order, arrange the cattle in proper order, cataloging, all with meticulous care. The tactful skilled crew.

And Then The Day Arrives:

The voice of the crowd resembles the murmur of the breaking sea.

A sudden hush . . . A wave of excitement is in the air. All eyes go to a man who calmly mounts a stand, pauses, looks about and takes over the show.

The Auctioneer

And a moment later the American tradition continues, unchanged, with all its usefulness and dramatic color. "Going, going, gone."

Yes, as American as the Fourth of July.

WEDDING BELLS

Howard B. Johnson of Story City, who is secretary and treasurer of the Iowa Society of Auctioneers, was married on Sunday, Sept. 24, to Kathryn Matthews of Ames. After their wedding trip through Kentucky, Virginia, Washington, D. C., and other points they are at home in Story City.

Executive Offices Moved

The National Auctioneer's Association has moved its executive offices and is now settled in the new location at 920 South Jefferson, in the Carlton Terrace Bldg. Combined with offices of J. G. Sheets & Sons, our new home is well located on the second floor of Roanoke's newest and most modern building. This is a brand new building that was just completed at a cost of \$1,000,000. It has over 1000 feet of floor space with the newest of everything including fluorescent lighting, air conditioning, attached garage, etc.

Remember, this is your office and you are invited to visit here at any time you are in Roanoke. We believe you will be real proud of your new Headquarters.

I Helped Spend \$400 . . .

(Continued from Page Five)

still thinking about the volume of money that changed hands every week inside that white barn when we climbed into the Fincham car for the trip back to Ames.

Novice's First Sale Experience

My first lesson in market sales was

over. On the way back to Ames I sat and thought about what I'd just seen. During the little time I spent in that ring, there must have been about \$2,000 worth of business transacted there, and another \$500 worth of dealing on the side. And I'd been too dumb to even catch a bid until it was time to leave.

While I was thinking all those things, Dick asked, "Did you find out anything?"

I told him "Yes." I was thinking about all the times I'd driven by salebarns along Iowa's highways. I thought all the times I'd idly looked up from the road to read the signs painted on those barns. I thought about the many times I'd seen barns with parking lots crowded with cars, and farmers standing around outside talking.

And then I thought about how much had been going on in and around those barns that I didn't know about. I thought about what I'd learned that afternoon—and I realized that I'd never pass a salebarn again without thinking of the Finchams and the \$400 I watched them spend.

And how I still didn't know what happened.

New Years Resolution

In addition to all the other resolutions I have made for 1951—I hereby resolve that I will sell a subscription to "The Auctioneer" to one of my Auctioneer acquaintances.

Signed.....

P. S. No. 1—I furthermore resolve that if I can't sell him a subscription I'll pay for it myself and give it to him.

Signed.....

P. S. No. 2 I also resolve not to break this resolution.

Signed.....

Fifty Years At Auction

BY POP HESS

The column I am presenting in this publication, The Auctioneer, will be one I am happy to write. I will each month be talking about the Auctioneers of today, of the years past and my point of view on the future.

When the first copy of the Auctioneer came to my desk, last July, I commented this publication is one that is needed for one of the most responsible professions of all time. Auctioneering is a business for income and maintenance of man. Throughout the years of a full century, selling at auction has been one procedure of converting real and personal property into cash, with the operating person named the auctioneer. The profession was opened for all those who set out to become a public sale crier, under the name auctioneer.

Nearly all professions were begun in the same way. A man or woman took what was natural ambition and followed it through. Soon came the need for colleges to educate and prepare students for the work they had chosen. Then laws and rules were established for the safety of the public they would serve. The auctioneering profession has not followed this pattern so closely. The auctioneer has always been a public servant. Many times throughout each year he has had the final word in converting the life's work of many men and women into cash. The total result of the sale is theirs to accept. It has been a profession unbridled and unorganized for years, but with good results given a lot of credit for the honest effort put into his work, and I will venture to say that throughout the entire time, from the beginning of the century to date, ninety per cent did just as good a job as if under control.

Meet Pop

A lot of the time in this column, FIFTY YEARS AT AUCTION, I will draw from personal experiences as a result of being in close contact with all kinds of public sale work, and hope the reader will not stamp the writer as a worn out, would-be auctioneer. So to introduce you to Pop Hess, who has seen a half century of auctioneering.

Although there were colleges for auctioneers called "Auctioneering Schools," there was no law compelling an auction-



eer to take a course to become an established auctioneer. So, just like ninety per cent of the men in the profession at that time, I just called myself an auctioneer and started in. My thought on the subject was to get going and sell sales. The beginning was a humble one. In that day, as now, money was money and you worked to get it. The first \$100 earned did not come from the first or second, or third, sale conducted. There was competition then, just as now. I was a very young man and my competitors ranged between the ages of 45 to 60 years. To my amusement, they nicknamed me the "Kid Auctioneer." My closed competitor, started a publicity campaign built around his statement that he had forty years experience. Since he was only 45 years old, he was a kid of five years when he started.

There is no question that every auctioneer, past, present or future, will cherish his experiences in his first ten years of building up a public sale clientele under the banner of auction. This is the time that they get their eye teeth, the conceit out of their systems and actual public sale experience to be of real value for the remaining years of activity. Anyone not making the grade in ten years, should look for a new vocation, for there are many who have started to become auctioneers and have been reminded of the story of the young man who was attending college for a business career financed by his grandmother. He suddenly changed his mind and decided to become a preacher. His grandmother was not sure of his new move and when she asked him why, he told her that he had been called to preach. After hearing his first sermon, his grandmother said to him, "John, are you sure it was not some other noise you heard?"

This can be applied to many in the auctioneering profession.

The First Ten Years

Almost any auctioneer of 20 to 50 years actual experience can write a book on the experiences of their first ten years of selling. Some are sad, some are amusing, some are very educational.

Personally, I can recall many remarks and things done in my first ten years of selling sales that bear repeating.

When I conducted my first sale over thought I was "some pumpkin" because I was getting to go that far to sell for a man I had never seen or heard of. In the horse and buggy days,

(Continued on Page Eight)

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FILMORE STOERMER

General Auctioneering
WEBB, IOWA

JIM BULLOCK

General Auctioneering
SPENCER, IOWA

WENDELL RITCHIE

Farm and Real Estate
Auctions
MARATHON, IOWA

D. L. (DAVE) GREEN

Real Estate Auctioneer
Insurance
SAC CITY, IOWA

BERT O. VOGELER

General Auctioneer
Real Estate, Farm Sales
Household Goods
Phone 82210 Franklin Grove, Ill.

B. G. COATS

LIQUIDATING ESTATES
490 Bath Ave. — Phone 6-3599
Long Branch, New Jersey

IOWA SOCIETY OF AUCTIONEERS

HUGH E. McGUIRE, President

HOWARD B. JOHNSON, Sec. - Treas.

Affiliated with the National Auctioneers Association

Fifty Years . . .

(Continued from Page Seven)

ten miles was equal to a hundred miles now. I started early with the best looking horse and buggy I could rig up and arrived in time for early dinner. I drove up to the barn, and started to unhitch my horse. The man who hired me by letter came out and informed me that I couldn't use the stall I started to put my horse in because he was saving it for the auctioneer. When I told him I was the auctioneer, he spit out a swat of tobacco juice, and said, "The hell you are, you are nothing but a kid. I thought I was getting a man auctioneer, from what I had heard about you."

That trimmed my tail feathers some. However, I had whipped that kid talk around home and it inspired me to kill it away from home. However, I did on that day get a man's job done and the kid part was forgotten.

Back in that same county years later on a sale engagement when I arrived, I found I was conducting a sale for a man and his wife who were having a divorce sale settlement. It was a big sale starting at 9:30 a. m. The man took me into the house and introduced me to his wife. He told her to be sure to have a good hot dinner for me at 12 o'clock sharp. Her reply was that she was not cooking for him or for anyone connected with him in this sale. They had some sharp words and I told them both to forget it. I would be allright.

At 12:00 sharp we were selling out the back door and the Old Gal stuck her head out the door and yelled to her Old Man, "Dinner is ready, get your yelper and bring him in." That added another name to my fame in that community, and I was known there as The Yelper.

Why "Colonel"

The name of Colonel attached to many names of auctioneers was much of a mystery to me when I first started out, and is still somewhat of a mystery. When I was quite young and was attending a convention of what was known in Ohio at that time as the Ohio Auctioneers Association, and the International Auctioneers Association at Toledo, Ohio, I received my membership and noticed that the title of Colonel was attached to my name. There were several other chaps there who were just as excited as I at having the title of Colonel. We got into a huddle to find out what it meant and decided to ask an old veteran auctioneer. We got an appointment with him and put the question to him point blank. The old boy looked very amused and stroked his chin a while and finally said, "Well boys,

about the only answer I know of to the question of what the word Colonel means, is that it is the inside of a nut!"

Next Month

Next month, my column will be as wild or wilder than this one so if you have read this section and still survive, the next dose will go down easier.

Today we have a very strong state Auctioneers Association. This makes me a member of two well established auctioneer associations. These organizations functioning throughout the U. S. can do many things to advance and prune the many pitfalls in auctions. I have for many years advocated a good state and federal license for auctioneers and will in due time discuss this further in one of my columns. Between now and the next annual meeting of the National Association, I have marked up a little vacation. If Mom Hess can sell enough eggs to buy the gas and the old flivver is still functioning, we will be attending.

Our home is on HOBBY ACRE, near Worthington, Ohio, where we have at all times a hundred chickens, two dogs, two cats and a canary bird, with a lot of grass to cut and garden to hoe. This is done mostly by Mom, while I utilize my time at Radio Station WRFD putting on daily our Farm and Livestock program and advising the world what is going on in our Ohio on our farms at our many livestock sales and the promotion of OHIO LIVESTOCK AS TOPS IN HERD BUILDERS. Look me up next month.

Auction Markets Announce Record Volume Of Sales

Trenton, Nov. 21—Sales from New Jersey's 16 cooperative produce poultry and egg and livestock auction markets during the 1950 season through Oct. 31 were reported at a new record high of \$28,425,953 by Warren W. Oley, director of the Division of Markets, New Jersey Department of Agriculture, speaking at the annual meeting of the New Jersey Cooperative Marketing Associations, Inc., at Columbus. In the 1949 season, sales totaled \$27,927,043.

New Jersey's six egg and poultry cooperative marketing associations at Flemington, Hackettstown, Highstown, Mount Holly, Paterson and Vineland sold more in volume but returns were less during the year ending Oct. 31, 1950 than during the same period the previous year, according to Oley. For the 1950 season, the cooperatives reported sales of 1,039,722 cases of eggs and 124,001 crates of poultry valued at \$16,066,-

Successful Auction Aids Baptist Church

The auction sale held Saturday at Middletown Baptist church was a most successful event with \$539 cleared for the church fund campaign. More than 200 attended the event which was held on the church grounds.

B. G. Coats, was the auctioneer, and George Deane was chairman, assisted by the pastor, Rev. John Bates. Not that there weren't a great many valuable items on the block, but a surprising number of things were dug out of someone's attic, things that were probably going to be thrown away eventually, looked mighty good to a lot of visitors, and the bidding was lively.

Luncheon was served by the women of the church to those attending.

825. Eggs accounted for \$14,319,752 and poultry returned \$1,747,072.

Egg Prices Down

During the previous season, farmers sold 878,731 cases of eggs and 112,047 crates of poultry, valued at \$16,990,534 through the auctions. The average price per 30-dozen case of eggs at the five auction markets during the 1949-1950 season was \$13.77, compared with \$17.34 received in 1948-49. This represented a decrease from 57.7 cents to 45.9 cents per dozen. The price per pound of poultry was 26 cents for the current year, as compared with nearly 31 cents a year ago.

A total of 4,208,704 packages valued at \$7,520,198 was sold at the nine fruit and vegetable auction markets (Beverly, Cedarville, Glassboro, Hammonton, Highstown, Landisville, Pedricktown, Swedesboro and Vineland) since January 1, 1950, according to Oley. In the 1949 season sales totaled \$7,067,292 for 4,493,323 packages. The average price per package sold by auction in 1950 was \$1.69, an increase of six cents over last year's \$1.63.

Sales of livestock at the farmers' cooperative auctions at Flemington, Hackettstown and Mount Holly amounted to \$4,838,930 for the year ending Oct. 31, 1950, setting a new record. During the same period in 1949 livestock sales totaled \$3,869,208.

News Hound: "What made you a millionaire?"

Rich Banker: "My wife."

News Hound: "Ah, her loyal help."

Rich Banker: "Oh, no, I was simply curious to know if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."

FROM THE MAIL BOX ...



Ludlow Falls, Ohio
November 1, 1950

Col. Rhodes:

Read story "Why you should wear an N.A.A. Button" in October issue. Liked it very much.

How and where can I get a button? I need a \$250,000.00 sale.

Thanks,

J. F. Brogue

Editor's Note—Buttons can be obtained by sending \$2.50 to Garland Sheets, Secretary of National Auctioneer's As-

sociation, 920 South Jefferson St., Roanoke 16, Va.

Col. Eogue got his pin right away, hope he'll soon report that \$250,000 sale. J.W.R.

November 28, 1950

Col. John W. Rhodes
Editor of The Auctioneer
Box 174
LeGrande, Iowa

Dear Sir and Friend:

I received your letter explaining that you would not be able to get out the paper this month.

I want you to know that I am one who appreciates the effort that you are making to keep this publication going. We need it to help cement our interests in the common good of this grand and noble profession.

You have my assurance that you are pardoned as far as I am concerned for not being able to put out the November issue.

Please call upon me if I can be of service in the future.

Sincerely yours,

R. C. Foland Auction Co.

McGuire Advertises At Chicago

Hugh McGuire of the McGuire Auc-

tion Company, Holstein, Ia., bought the Grand Champion load of hogs in the carlot swine contest at the 1950 International Livestock Show at Chicago. The hogs were raised and shown by Stanley Swift of Gilman, Ia., and Hugh paid \$26.25 per hundred for them.

Col. McGuire is president of the Iowa Society of Auctioneers and believes as much in a strong Auctioneer's Association as he does in advertising in his own business.

MINNESOTA IS NOT ASLEEP

Word just came in that the Minnesota State Auctioneers Association is out to get the 1952 National Convention. Suggest that all the auctioneers get their fishing tackle out and take a two weeks holiday in '52. Then after all have spent two weeks in that state it will become known as the state with 9,999 lakes.

The Minnesota State Association attended the Junior Livestock Sale at South St. Paul and were the successful bidders on one of the prize baby beeves sold there. They are a progressive group and plan big things for the future of the association both state and national.

Best Wishes For 1951

WE SOLICIT YOUR SUGGESTIONS AND SUPPORT AND PLEDGE OUR VERY BEST EFFORTS TO MAKE 1951 A BANNER YEAR FOR THE NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION.

THE SHEETS BROS.

FOSTER SHEETS
President

"Twin Auctioneers"
ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

GARLAND SHEETS
Secretary



Shocked to learn that veal liver was 98 cents a pound, a customer scolded the butcher: "I'd think you would be ashamed of yourself."

"I'm am," he replied. "But I'll bet that calf's mother would be mighty proud."

An Auctioneer who had once spent some time in Alaska was being questioned by a curious friend.

"Tell me," he inquired, "Is it as cold up there as they say?"

"Well," said the traveler, "they do have very short summers. 'If I recall correctly, the year I was there it was on a Wednesday.'"

Every Auctioneer gets bored with routine occasionally but most Auctioneers need routine and like it.

An Auctioneer got off a train, green in the face. A friend who met him, asked what was wrong.

"Train sickness," said the Auctioneer. "I'm alway deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train."

"Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite you to change with you?" asked the friend.

"I thought of that," replied the traveler, "but there wasn't anybody there."

What a world: When an Auctioneer becomes important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits him to a glass of milk.

A taxi was creeping slowly through the New York rush-hour traffic and his Auctioneer passenger was in a hurry. "Please," he said to the driver, "can't you go any faster?"

"Sure I can," replied the driver, "but I ain't allowed to leave the taxi."

Mrs. Pettit—Goodness, Guy, this isn't our baby. It's the wrong carriage.

Col. Pettit—Shut up; this one has rubber tires.

Two Auctioneers boarded a passen-

ger plane in Los Angeles for their first air trip in their respective lives. When the transport came down at Texas, they saw a little red truck speed out to its side to refuel it. They noticed a little red truck again in their stop at Nashville. The same thing happened at Washington. As they left Washington for New York, one of them looked at his watch. "We're making wonderful time," he said.

"Yes," nodded the other, "and that little red truck isn't doing so bad either."

An Auctioneer is about the only man who can safely tell a woman when to open and shut her mouth.

It always helps in hard and trying times for every Auctioneer to try mighty hard.

Waiter: "Mr. Brown left his umbrella again. I believe he would leave his head if it were loose."

Auctioneer: "Yes, I guess you're right. I heard him say yesterday that he was going to Arizona for his lungs."

An Auctioneer and his wife were making their first visit to California. They took a sight-seeing tour along the shore of the Pacific and seemed quite impressed with it.

"You know, Colonel," his wife observed, "the Pacific ocean is twice the size of the Atlantic."

The Colonel shaded his eyes from the sun and gazed critically out toward the horizon. "Yeah," he nodded, reluctantly, "I guess it is, at that."

An Auctioneers' romance of long standing had gone on the rocks, and a friend was questioning the would-be groom. "Why, after all these years," he queried, "Did you break your engagement to Ruth?"

"Well," replied the Colonel sadly, "I only did to the engagement what the engagement did to me."

An architect was having a difficult

time with a prospective Auctioneer home builder. "But can't you give some idea," he pleaded, "of the general type of house you want to build?"

"Well," replied the Colonel hesitantly, "all I know is it must go with an antique doorknob my wife bought in Vermont."

A young French girl visiting the United States, was introduced one day to an elderly Auctioneer whom she was informed, was about to celebrate his golden wedding.

"What is a golden wedding?" she said, "We do not have it in France."

"That," replied the Colonel, "means that this woman and I have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah, that is beautiful," thrilled the young woman. "So now you are getting married."

An Auctioneer's attitude was polite but firm. "I'm sorry," he told the young woman who was selling the tickets for the charity concert, "but I won't be able to attend the concert." It's for a most worthy cause, however, and I assure you I shall be with you in spirit."

"Fine," exclaimed the young woman. "Now where would you like to have your spirit sit? The tickets are \$5.00 and \$10.00."

"I'll take the \$10.00 one please."

Traffic Cop: "Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?"

Auctioneer: "I ought to. I was a school teacher 30 years."

Mrs. Jones: "Does your Auctioneer husband talk in his sleep?"

Mrs. Smith: "No, and it's awfully exasperating, he just grins."

All kinds of unexpected and queer people turn up at funerals, weddings and auction sales.

Inability of an Auctioneer to pay gets him to bed at a reasonable hour.

CLOSING OUT OF H. R. SCHULZ FARMS AT Public Auction 7 PLYMOUTH COUNTY FARMS 7

THE EXECUTORS OF THE ESTATE OF H. R. SCHULZ WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION THE FOLLOWING DESCRIBED REAL ESTATE TO BE SOLD ON THE FOLLOWING FARMS AS DESCRIBED BELOW:

FARM NO. 1 TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17

1:00 P. M. ON THE FARM 120 ACRES

Improved. Located 2 miles south, 2 miles east of Le Mars on gravel road. Legal description: $\frac{1}{2}$ of the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 26 Twp. 92 N, Range 45, W of the fifth PM, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 26 Twp. 92, Range 45, W of the fifth PM.

FARM NO. 2 - 80 ACRES

Improved. Located one mile East of St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Le Mars, Iowa. REA, gravel road, 7 room house with basement, cattle barn, hog house, chicken house, good well and reservoir. Legal description: $\frac{1}{2}$ of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 14, Twp. 92 N, Range 45 W of the fifth PM.

Both of these farms are good producers

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18

1:30 P. M. ON THE FARM

FARM NO. 3 - 340 ACRES STOCK FARM

Located 3 miles west and 1 mile south of Adaville on gravel road. REA, good 8 room house, 2 large barns, good garage, hog barn, cattle shed some good bottom land on this farm. Legal description: NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 2, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM, and the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 2, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM, and the N 20 acres of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 2, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM, and the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 2, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM, and the N $\frac{1}{2}$ of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 2, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19

1:30 P. M. ON THE FARM

FARM NO. 4 - 480 ACRES STOCK FARM

Located 4 miles west, 2 miles south of Adaville. Good set of improvements including REA, 6 room house, 5000 bu. corn crib with overhead grain bins, large hip roof barn, machine shed, wash house, two cattle sheds, excellent hog barn. Legal description: The S $\frac{1}{2}$ of Sec. 3, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM, and the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 10, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20

1:30 P. M. ON THE FARM

FARM NO. 5 - 240 ACRES

Improved. REA, located 5 miles west, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south of Adaville. Legal description: The NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 9, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM, the N $\frac{1}{2}$ of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 10, Twp. 91 N, Range 48 W of the fifth PM.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21

1:30 P. M. ON THE FARM

FARM NO. 6 - 80 ACRES

Improved. Located $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Merrill on gravel road. Legal description: E $\frac{1}{2}$ of the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 9, Twp. 91 N Range 46 W of the fifth PM.

FARM NO. 7 - 80 ACRES

Unimproved. $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles west of Merrill on gravel road. Legal description. S $\frac{1}{2}$ of the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 4, Twp. 91, Range 46 W of the fifth PM.

These two farms can be bought as one unit or separately and will be offered for sale in that manner.

TERMS OF SALE: 20% down at the time of sale, balance March 1, 1951. Deed and Abstract showing good title will be given.

— POSSESSION —

POSSESSION WILL BE GIVEN ON ALL FARMS MARCH 1, 1951!

LOANS CAN BE ARRANGED ON EACH & EVERY FARM.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION AND PARTICULARS, CONTACT OR SEE AUCTIONEERS.

RONALD CARLEY, RUDY SCHULZ EXECUTORS.

AUCTIONEERS: RICHARDS - RUDEN & ADAMS

DICK RICHARDS

Moville, Iowa

Phone Office 101, Res. 199

HAROLD J. RUDEN

Le Mars, Iowa

Phone 1018

G. A. ADAMS

Moville, Iowa

Phone Office 101, Res. 33

WESTERN AUCTION NEWS

By **BOB WALL, Auctioneer**

Things are really popping out here in the San Joachin Valley in California with the price of cattle very high and all kinds of feeders scarce. The demand for good Angus and Hereford females has never been as great as at present.

My last sale was the J. Eckle Starn's dispersal of 140 Registered Milking Shorthorns. Top bull brought \$1,000.00, the first forty-five head averaging \$520. The bidding was lively all the way and that made it a pleasant task to handle the sale.

The Hughes' Sale Yard at Visalia which sells every Thursday, is developing into one of the best feeder cattle sales in the state. The Overland Sale on Mondays in Hanford is still an excellent market for dairy cattle every Wednesday at the Otis Sale Ward in Hanford. Their new \$20,000.00 sale pavilion is one of the finest in the west and the best Holstein springers go at about \$475.00 to \$500.00.

The new Thompson Sale in Tulare is under new management and is starting off with big runs of cattle. Clyde Burchell is now the owner of the Porterville Sale and has built it up a great deal since taking it over. The Bakersfield Sale has been having good runs of feeder cattle and is now owned by Col. Harry Hardy a graduate of the Calif. School of Auctioneering.

I sell each Saturday in Pasa Robles at the Goodill Sale where we handle four-hundred to six-hundred feeder and fat cattle a week. We have a very good market here and are making good growth.

Our last auction class started Dec. 1 in Hanford with a good enrollment. We have some good men in the field making good use of their training in the California School of Auctioneering.

Col. Bob Jett from San Francisco just left my office, he reports his merchandise warehouse sale in the city is doing an excellent business. I attended his auction last week. He can sell all the merchandise he can locate and has an outlet for much more.

All in all we have a good field out in the west and are sold on the auction method of selling.

AUCTION CALENDAR

List of sales recently held compiled from the Bills mailed in to The Auctioneer.

Oct. 5 & 6—Hardware Store Stock Reduction Sale, Millersburg, Iowa. BOB HANSON, Auctioneer.

Nov. 9—216 Acre Farm, Bartelso, Ill. WALTER HOLFORD, EDWARD AHRENS, Auctioneers.

Nov. 11—7 room House and Furnishings, Karnak, Ill. CARL KRAATZ, Auctioneer.

Nov. 13—Dairy Cattle Auction, Edwardsville, Ill. WALTER HOLFORD, EDWARD AHRENS, Auctioneer.

Nov. 13—Farm Sale, Ingram Wisc. LEE MARTIN, F. W. WILLIAMS, Auctioneers.

Nov. 17—Farm Sale, Paducah, Ky. CARL KRAATZ, Auctioneer.

Nov. 18—3rd Annual All Pony Sale, Monmouth, Ill. WM. A. PORTER, Auctioneer.

Nov. 18—Furniture Sale, Villa Ridge, Ill. CARL KRAATZ, Auctioneer.

Nov. 20—Two Farms at Auction totaling 650 acres, Jewell, Iowa. McGUIRE AUCTION CO., Auctioneers.

Nov. 20—Machinery Sale, Pulaski, Ill. CARL KRAATZ, Auctioneer.

Nov. 21—Dairy Cattle Sale, Alton, Ill. WALTER HOLFORD, EDWARD AHRENS, Auctioneers.

Nov. 24—Farm Sale, Dongola, Ill. CARL KRAATZ, Auctioneer.

Nov. 24—Farm Sale including 16 Registered Holstein Cattle, Edwardsville, Ill. WALTER HOLFORD, EDWARD AHRENS, Auctioneers.

Dec. 4—\$25,000 Farm Sale, Denison, Iowa. JOHN TIGGS, BARLEY AND RANSOM, Auctioneers.

Dec. 6—Farm Sale, Pleasanton, Neb. MILFORD JOHNSON, Auctioneer.

Dec. 7—Equipment of Schlosser's Bakery, Chicago, Ill. SAMUEL L. WINTERITZ & CO., Auctioneers.

Dec. 7—Farm Sale, Hazard, Neb. MILFORD JOHNSON, Auctioneer.

Dec. 7—Farm Sale, Weyerhauser, Wis. LEE MARTIN, F. W. WILLIAMS, Auctioneers.

Dec. 7—Farm Sale, Cairo, Neb. HENRY RASMUSSEN, Auctioneer.

Dec. 8—Farm Sale, Kearney, Neb. MILFORD JOHNSON, Auctioneer.

Dec. 11—Farm Sale, St. Paul, Neb. HENRY RASMUSSEN, Auctioneer.

Dec. 12—Farm Sale, Elba Neb. HENRY RASMUSSEN, Auctioneer.

Dec. 13—Farm Sale including 142 head of cattle, Loup City, Neb. MILFORD JOHNSON, Auctioneer.

Dec. 13—Farm Sale, Palmer, Neb. HENRY RASMUSSEN, Auctioneer.

Dec. 14—Huge Sale of High Grade Furniture, Allenhurst, N. J. B. G. COATS, Auctioneer.

Dec. 14—Farm Sale, Elba, Neb. HENRY RASMUSSEN, Auctioneer.

Dec. 18 & 19—5 Farms totaling 1760 acres together with Machinery and Livestock, Ashton, Neb. HENRY RASMUSSEN, Auctioneer. Col. Rasmussen sent in 6 bills that totaled \$200,000. His commission check must look like Santa Claus came to town, but good.

TODAY'S BIGGEST BARGAIN

It all adds up to a wise act and it pays off in the end too. Yes, we're referring to membership in the National Auctioneers Association.

Thousands of dollars worth of ideas for \$10.00. Sure that's all, just \$10.00 will give you membership in the National Auctioneers Association for one year and every month you will receive "The Auctioneer" a publication full of articles contributed by Auctioneers and published in, by and for the interests of all Auctioneers and the Auctioneering profession.

Turning up your sleeves at work and turning up your nose may mean the difference between success and failure in the auction business.

Two abilities that assure the success of any Auctioneer are "Adaptability" and "Dependability."

Nothing you buy gives you so much, yet costs you so little as membership in the National Auctioneers Association.