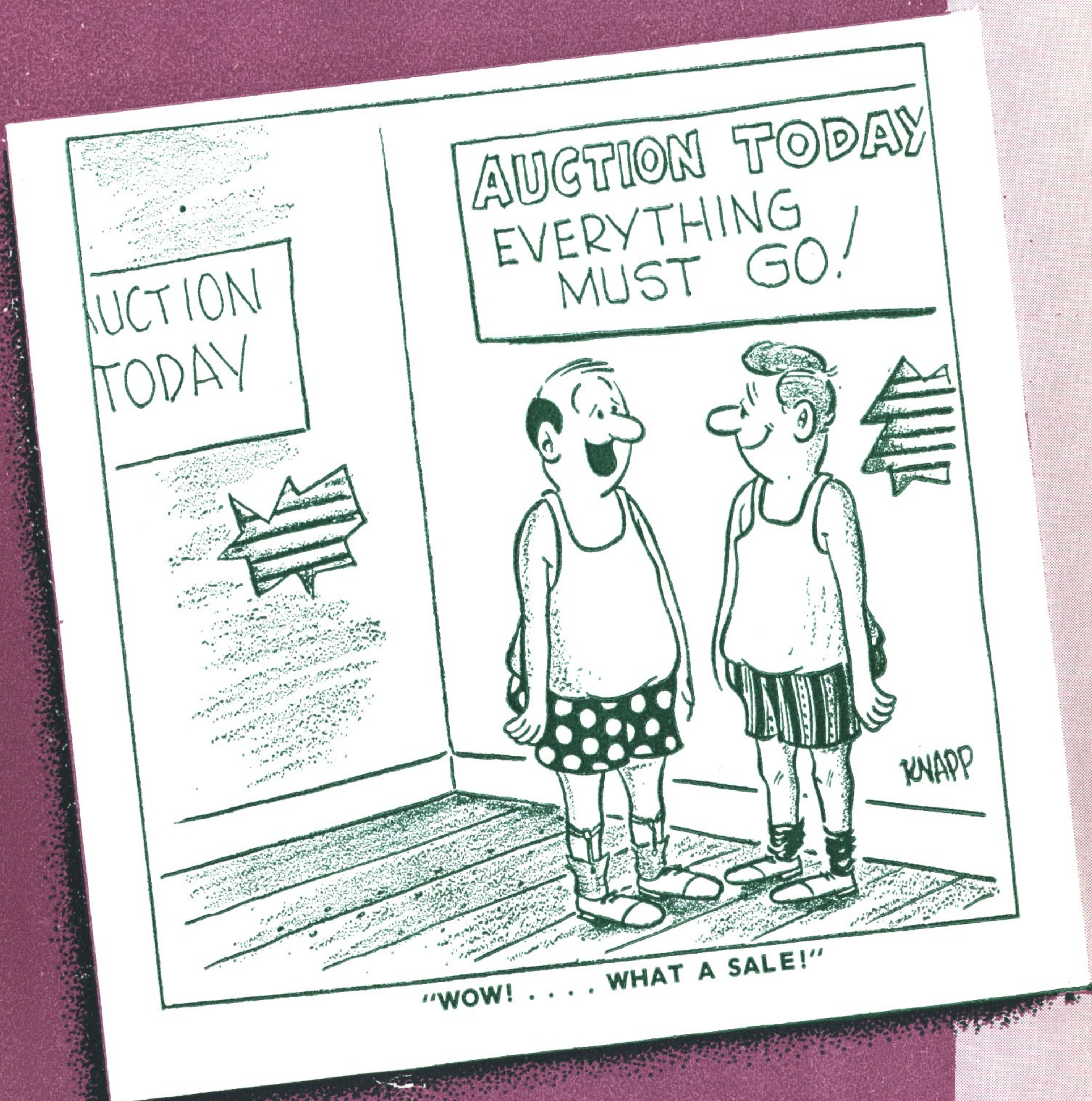


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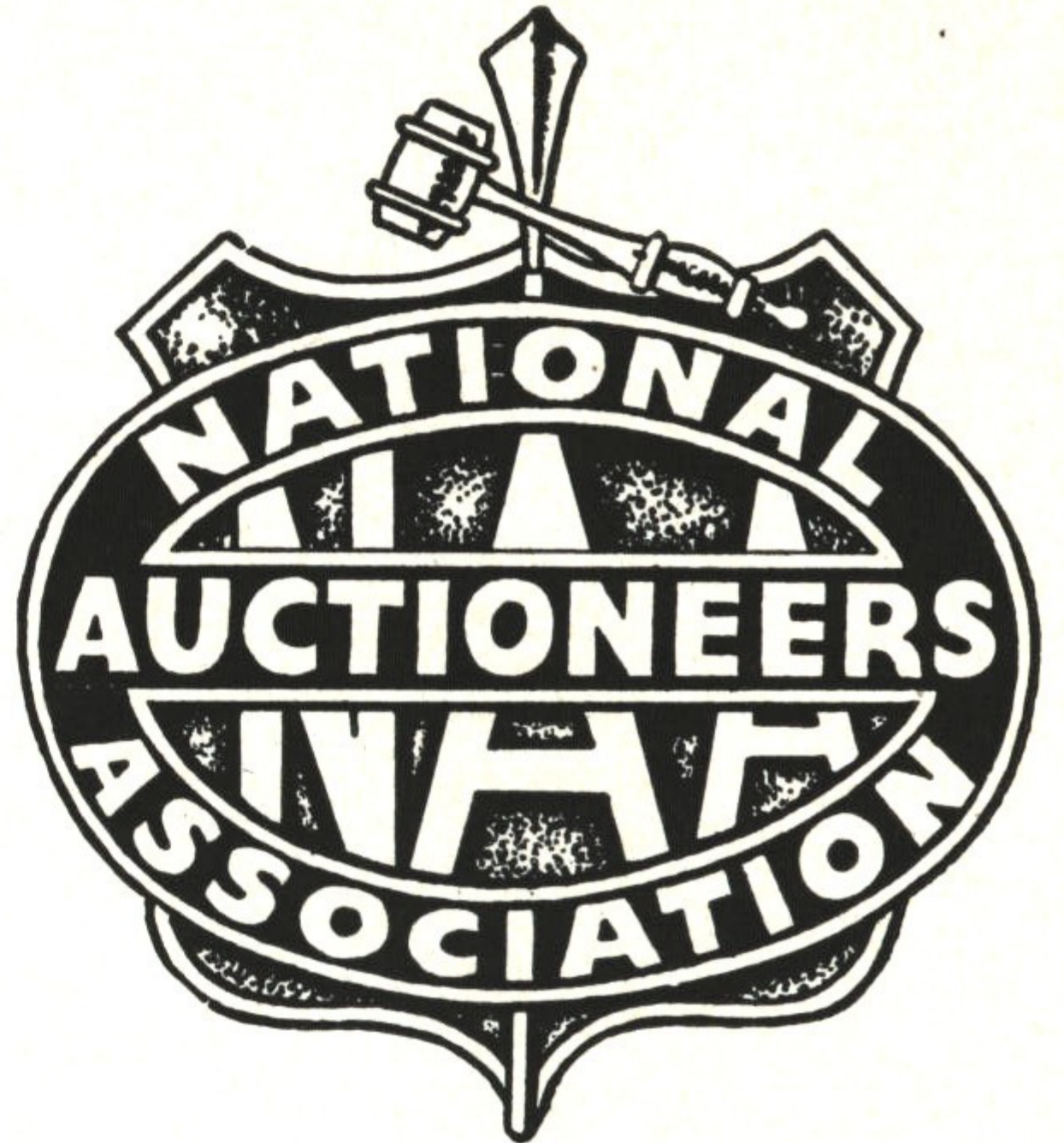
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Exciting Experience

By COL. B. G. COATS

In the December 1954 issue of "The Auctioneer", I invited you to visit with me for a few minutes, so I headed my article "Odds and Ends" and proceeded to give an expression of my thoughts hoping that I could leave with you the importance of THINKING. The many letters that arrived as a result of this article convinced me that you did want to visit, so once again, just sit back, shut off your television and let's have another visit. Please do, you will only miss one or two commercials.

The National Auctioneers Association is now well into its ninth year of existence. Nine years of exciting experience for every member that has taken advantage of the opportunity to attend a National Convention. Even if an Auctioneer was inclined by nature to be pessimistic it would have been difficult for him to return home after attending a national convention without seeing a ray of sunshine, without being inspired to greater accomplishments and without being a better Auctioneer. But with the aid of the natural optimism which seems to be a part of the average Auctioneer's makeup, the outlook appears to be mighty bright to you, perhaps you had better take an account of yourself.

Every year more and more Auctioneers and their wives and families attend our National Convention. Last year more attended than ever before in the history of our Association, and they represented segments of the country as widely separated as the states of Florida and Washington, Maine and California. The consensus of this cross section of Auctioneers was that the future of the Auctioneer profession looked mighty good, thanks to the National Auctioneers Association and the many state Auctioneers Associations. There are problems—sure; but that is one reason why we have National Conven-

tions. The Auctioneers think they are on top of most of them, and they are not depressed by anything a disgruntled Auctioneer may say or do.

A lot of things the Auctioneers heard at their conventions made them feel that they are in a wonderful business and mighty proud of the Auctioneer profession and their Association. Auctioneers logically find satisfaction in the part they have played and are playing in the economics of our country. Auctioneers liked it when Col. Walter Carlson said, "unless we advertise and promote our profession and our Association, we should not expect the general public to accept us in a professional sense." They liked it to when he said, "in auctioneering we have a profession that is liked by everyone."

Every convention has been an exciting experience and each convention is always better than the last one. If you have never attended a National Convention, make your plans now to do so. This year we journey to Indianapolis, Indiana, on July 14-15-16. The Indiana Auctioneers Association is going to be your host and you can depend on these Hoosiers outdoing themselves to make the ninth annual national convention the best yet. An "EXCITING EXPERIENCE" lies ahead for all the Auctioneers that attend the 1955 national convention.

Thanks a lot fellows for visiting with me again and before July rolls around I will be visiting with you again and come July I hope that we can all visit one another in person. See you in Indianapolis. The commercials are now over, so turn on your television.

Last year the Greyhound Corporation carried 10.6 billion passenger miles, about the same as United, American, Eastern and TWA combined.

WIT AND HUMOR

By COL. R. E. FORTNA
Denver, Colorado

It is my opinion, after observing scores of auctioneers in action, that many good salesmen could improve their work by injecting clever wit and humor at the proper time. A real belly-laugh is good for people. Conducting an auction is serious business and should not be ruined by constant clowning and funny business. However, wit and humor is the seasoning that makes a public speech or selling interesting. Constant clamoring for bids becomes monotonous. Frequently, an unavoidable delay occurs in a sale. That is the time for a new story, i. e., new to the audience, and one that is not offensive.

Proper use of wit and humor is an art. It takes practice to perfect it. Observe the best comedians of stage, radio, and TV. The element of surprise is the most important factor of being funny, proper

puns . . . some say there is no proper pun . . . are excellent if clever.

I have found it helpful to keep a file for clippings and notations of real wit and humor that I have read or heard. Try to use sources that are likely to be inaccessible to your auction audience. Every issue of this magazine carries excellent stories. And while you are looking and listening for good stories do not overlook unusual facts and figures that may be useful in any auction. I say this because the important slogan was given to my class in auction school frequently, "Remind your audience, do not try to educate it." Another one was, "Be smart but not a smart alec."

Above all an auctioneer should cultivate the art of "How to make friends and influence them."

Hard-driving female executives are good for business, so long as they don't demand their rights as members of the weaker sex when the tide turns against them.

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A NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN EVENT
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In Defense of Auctions

[NOTE: In July, Printing Monthly published an article entitled "Know Your Auctions" as an information piece to the industry. It was inspired by some reports of ill will caused by an early summer auction in Michigan. PM's article attempted to reveal the causes for misunderstanding at an auction, and to some degree succeeded.

We did realize considerable reader comment, however, pro and con. We published one of the comments in September and it stirred even greater response. Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the best-informed of that response was contained in the two letters from Mr. Freeman which we present here.

Between the two letters from Mr. Freeman was a Printing Monthly letter to him pointing up some thoughts about bulk and piecemeal bidding and requesting his permission to print his letters.]

September 30, 1954

Gentlemen:

I had the occasion to read an article titled "Auctions are no place to go bargain hunting," which appeared in your September 1954 issue.

I am writing as a representative of the auction profession, in defense of that profession.

In order to establish my qualifications to speak: I am with Samuel T. Freeman & Co., an auction firm which has been established for 149 years. We have conducted sales of an industrial nature in thirty states as well as two Canadian provinces.

The article appearing in your September issue contains a letter, criticizing auctioneers and auction sales simply on the basis of one sale conducted by one auctioneering firm. I did not attend the Michigan auction in question, nor do I know who conducted the sale. If, however, the sale was

poorly managed or poorly conducted, I think it only fair to criticize those responsible — not the profession as a whole nor the method of sale. Such a procedure would be just as unfair if I were to hold all printers and printing as a profession in disrepute simply because I had one printing job done in a sloppy manner by an irresponsible printer.

The Place of Industrial Auctions

Industrial auction sales have a very definite place in our economy. They are the most efficient and best form of liquidation in practically every instance. An industrial auction is a far cry from the boardwalk type of auction or farm auction.

It is not a "bargain basement type operation." Prices realized at an industrial auction are the direct result of the competitive price paid by the public for an item sold at a properly advertised sale. I know from my own experience that an item may be sold to a man who considers the price he paid for it quite a bargain because he needed it.

In discussing the method of sale whereby the plant is offered as an entirety, your article does not state whether the auctioneer offered the plant as an entirety before the piecemeal sale or after. If the entirety offering was made after the piecemeal sale, I have no comment, as I do not agree with this method and feel that it is used unscrupulously in many cases.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was contributed to "The Auctioneer" by Col. Hugh McGuire, Holstein, Iowa, and is being reprinted here with permission of Printing Monthly and Mr. Addison B. Freeman, Jr. It was taken from the January, 1955 issue of Printing Monthly.

If, however, the plant was offered as an entirety first, I feel that such a procedure is wise. This method of sale puts the entirety bidder in direct competition with the sum of all the piecemeal bidders. He must carefully evaluate just what the plant is worth to him as a complete unit and bid that amount at the outset, for the piecemeal sale will follow and if the total of the individual bids exceeds his bid by so much as one penny, he has lost.

This practice of offering the plant as an entirety first is well established and is practiced by United States District Courts, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and many other governmental agencies in the conduct of auction sales.

* * *

October 8, 1954

Gentlemen:

It is true that the majority of government auctions (not all) are offered for sale first as an entirety and then in piecemeal lots. I have never conducted a sale for the government where the entirety bid was submitted after the piecemeal sale.

As a matter of fact, the method of offering whereby the entirety bid is submitted after the piecemeal bidding is basically unsound for this reason: first, the piecemeal bidders immediately realize that they are, in effect, merely appraising the property for the entirety bidder who will sit back and not enter the competition of piecemeal bidding; then, when the sale is ended, having carefully kept a record thereof and a running total, bids a few dollars more than the piecemeal bids, thereby securing the plant.

The effect is that the piecemeal bidders, knowing or at least strongly suspecting that they will be out-bid at the end, do not bid as much as they might, were the subsequent entirety offering not to be made. Therefore, the total of the piecemeal bids actually is less than were the subsequent entirety offering not made and thus, the final entirety offering will not be as great as if free competition existed.

May "Buy Off" Bidders

Furthermore, the method of sale

whereby piecemeal bidding is followed by an entirety, allows an entirety bidder (should his scruples allow and he be so inclined) to "buy off" the major piecemeal bidders by going to them prior to or during the sale and pay them to not bid and offering to sell them what they wish after he has purchased the plant.

The method of offering the plant as an entirety first insures maximum competition by bringing the entirety bidder and all the piecemeal bidders into direct competition. The entirety bidder must carefully appraise what the piecemeal bidding will total and then increase that total by what he feels is a reasonable factor of safety and bid that amount prior to the piecemeal offering.

As has happened in many cases, if, during the conduct of the piecemeal sale, the entirety bidder becomes fearful of losing out, he frequently jumps into the bidding himself, thereby further raising the total realization of the piecemeal sale. He is, in effect, when he bids at the piecemeal sale, bidding against his own entirety bid but at times, the entirety bidders have felt this necessary in order to acquire that which they wished.

Home in the Country

I like not the crowds on the city streets
Its winters so chill and its summers'
heat,
The unending toil that seems never
complete,
I'd rather a HOME IN THE COUNTRY.

Permit me a life of freedom and ease
To think and act and dress as I please
To send all my cares away on the breeze
I would then be at HOME IN THE
COUNTRY.

Where every minute of day and night
We live our lives and live them right,
And love our neighbor as well as we
might
All this — in our HOME IN THE
COUNTRY.

ZOO PARADE

Pink elephant: A beast of bourbon.

Death Takes Ralph Drake, Colorful Ohio Auctioneer

Editor's Note: In reporting the death of Col. Ralph Drake, Montpelier, Ohio, which occurred February 18, we could think of no better way than the manner in which the editor of his home town newspaper has described his colorful life. Col. Drake was an active member of the NAA, a Booster for "The Auctioneer" and a familiar figure at National Conventions.

The following is taken from the Montpelier (Ohio) Leader-Enterprise:

Gone is one of Williams County's most colorful citizens.

Ralph Drake, 70, auctioneer for 50 years, died at his home west of Montpelier at 1:05 Friday morning. He had been ill several months and was recently discharged from Williams County General Hospital after an operation.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at the Wilson Funeral home with Rev. Floyd Powell officiating. Burial followed in Riverside Cemetery.

Ralph's last visit downtown was with his daughter, Mrs. Earl Snyder, a week ago last Wednesday. At that time he went into the bank, the post office and played a couple games of Euchre.

He had spent his last eight days propped up over a table as pain and coughing prevented him from lying down. He had gone without food this last period.

The family noted that when an address book of his was looked at shortly after his death, it fell open to a page bearing the words: "At my funeral, 'Beyond the Sunset'." This music was played at the final rites.

Ralph started auctioneering in 1905. Since that time, he compiled the phenomenal record of conducting somewhere between 10,000 and 15,000 auctions from coast to coast, from Minnesota to Florida. His slogan was: "46 years in 19 states."

For the first 8 to 10 years, Ralph's auctioneering business was confined mostly to the Tri-State area. His sales took him over a wider area as time went on and when he became associated with the Louisville Real Estate Development Corp., he expanded into parts of the country a long distance from home.

His first contact with the Louisville firm apparently came after the sale of the Throne Addition to Pioneer shortly before the outbreak of World War I. He was hired soon after by D. C. Clark, president of the Louisville company, to help in the sale of a subdivision at Milan, Mich.

Ralph had said that he did very little auctioneering at the sale, handling the gavel just briefly. When it was over, Mr. Clark asked him how much he wanted for his services. Ralph told him whatever he thought it was worth. Mr. Clark wrote a check for \$50 which up to that time, was the largest amount Ralph had ever received for that kind of work.

He tore up the check. Apparently Mr. Clark thought he was underpaid, so he signed another and asked Ralph to fill in the amount. He wrote \$35 and won Mr. Clark's respect from then on.

After that, the "Colonel" was given the opportunity to handle more of the firm's land sales, selling subdivisions in a number of states.

Ralph had recalled that his biggest sale was at Camp Taylor for \$1,800,000 soon after World War I.

The Government apparently had planned to sell the camp to a New York firm for something less than \$1 million but the company convinced the authorities that it could be sold for much more money.

The group of auctioneers of which Mr. Drake was one, had to put up bond of \$100,000 for performance of the contract. One provision called for spending

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

\$25,000 for advertising the sale in several major cities.

There were 2,200 parcels of land ranging in size from 50-foot lots to a 65-acre tract.

The second largest sale at which Ralph had a part was of Camp Lee, Va., shortly after the Camp Taylor sale. The sale grossed \$750,000 though no real estate was involved.

Ralph had frequently said that three things are necessary before you can sell a land for subdividing. First, find the right land, owned by a person willing to sell that is located in or next to a thriving community.

Then came the appeal to the prospective buyers which must be sincere, he had said.

In Williams County, Ralph conducted more sales and sold more real estate throughout his career than any other auctioneer or agent. Eight subdivisions in Montpelier alone were sold while he wielded the gavel.

Among the unique sales during Ralph's career was that of "poor" assets of national banks after the 1933 bank holiday. He sold them for the U. S. Comptroller of Currency.

His territory during the bank sales extended to Ohio from Michigan to Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Maryland.

The largest span of miles between sales was from Sutton, Neb., to Glencoe, Md., a suburb of Baltimore, a distance of more than 1,500 miles.

He had estimated that the number of miles he had traveled with horses early in his career would have taken him around the world.

Ralph had served as an auctioneer for several years when his brother Ray joined him in the enterprise. The two worked together until 1948 when Ray died. Even after the latter's death, his sale bills and cards carried the familiar insignia of Drake Brothers, Auctioneers—two drakes with the heads of both brothers.

In recent years, Ralph's son-in-law, Earl Snyder, became active in the Drake Auction Co.'s auction and real estate operations.

One of Ralph's more recent interests was in the Montpelier Auto Auction Co., which he started with Fay Woodruff and Basil Jenkins. It was just last year that he left the firm.

Ralph was easily identified by his short, squad frame and his raspy voice that would blare out, "Hi, boy."

His travels led to vast number of associations and he seemingly never forgot someone he had met once before.

Mr. Drake was a member of both the Montpelier Moose and Eagles lodges and a director of the Farmers and Merchants State and Savings Bank.

He was born Sept. 27, 1884, the son of Samuel and Laura Drake in Williams County.

Surviving are his wife Tobitha; two daughters, Mrs. Hildreth Houk and Mrs. Beatrice Snyder; nine grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

Ralph and Tobitha Bible were married March 21, 1906. They had always lived in Sueprior Township. He died on Mrs. Drake's birthday.

HISTORY

(November 1, 1911, International Auctioneer)

Auctioneer Thompson, of York, was up last week arranging with some of our people, dates for their sales. Mr. Thompson is one of those real live wire fellows and is going to make his mark in the world. He is quick and a very good judge of value. He can cry a sale with less tears and do it quicker than any man ever in this neck of the woods before.—York, Nebr., Republican.

* * *

(Chicago Drovers-Journal, February, 1905)

J. E. Ruppert, auctioneer, Perry Mich., reported the sale of a team of horses for \$560; they were 5 and 6 years old, weighed 3,860 pounds, and were well matched and sound. Cows were selling from \$60 to \$150; sheep averaging \$14 per head. Ruppert stated that money conditions were very bad and settlements were nearly all notes due in the fall.

Did You Read It?

By COL. H. W. SIGRIST

I wonder if you read "The Auctioneer" and I also wonder **how** you read it. When "The Auctioneer" reaches my desk, I confess that I let the letters lay until I scan through its pages. Then, when I get more time, I go through it again, picking out articles in which I am most interested, and finally I read it from "Kiver to Kiver."



Col. H. W. Sigrist

I have just finished the last issue and what a volume of information and entertainment this March issue contains. From the front cover, showing the million dollar smile of Col. Darbyshire and the quizzical grin of Col. Hall (and they are genuine as I was fortunately present when the picture was taken) to the back cover, it is all good reading.

First comes that package of facts and philosophy as only that dynamic word painter, whose initials are **COATS**, can put them together. I suggest you read that article, "Auctioneer or Ped-

dler" two or three times. It is worth it.

Then we see that New Hampshire Cols. are putting their numbers into an Association to cope with legislation and other problems. "Col. Rassmussen misses his first sale in 29 years!" I have him beat, I never missed a sale in over 40 years. I have been late a few times and once, jumping from Oklahoma to the East Coast for a sale of town lots, I thought I would have to hire an engine and caboose from Augusta, Ga., but made it on time. How, is another story.

"The Auction Yard" by Col. Paul Owens, is up my alley for as some of you know, we operated an Auction House for almost 20 years. Col. Owens tells an interesting story, and to any Auctioneer who wants to get started in the auction business, this Auction House or Yard offers a world of opportunity for both experience and profit. There are many sources of merchandise such as factory out-lets, distressed stocks and stores that can be handled on consignment, or, best of all, bought in quantity and sold piece-meal at Auction. Everything from a sack of marbles to an Automobile or tractor, but this was not what I started to write about.

On **Licenses for Auctioneers**, I agree with our Secretary, Col. Hart. "Let sleeping dogs lie." Then you are not nearly so apt to be bitten. Let the best Auctioneer get all the business he can. No one man can get it all or do it all. While he does a lot the rest of us will get a little and when he works himself to death, someone else will be ready to take over.

Then there is that young fellow, **Pop Hess**. He always has something to say and knows how to say it.

Take a good look at the picture on page 14. A "county" full of tractors and machinery. Then read what the modest, Elias Frey has to say. Those fellows know machinery better than Carter knows pills.

HURRAH for TEXAS and three cheers for Col. Henry Silver. Don't fail to read

his article in the March issue and, better yet, meet that smile in Indianapolis, July 14-15-16. He will be there or else you know he has a broken leg.

In the meantime, let's whittle out a Wooden Indian for Col. Coats just to prove to him that "Everything comes to he who waits." Yes, and finally, "Don't Throw Away That Masterpiece" and I don't mean the old picture, tea-cup, or Lincoln chair. **I mean that masterpiece called "The Auctioneer."** And last, but by no means least, I want to compliment the wives of some of the Auctioneers for the splendid articles sent in for publication. Mrs. Darbyshire, Mrs. Holford, Mrs. Pettit, Mrs. Grubaugh, Mrs. Bailey and others who are active in the Ladies Auxiliary and do so much to make these Conventions more successful.

To cut this short, let me say that your officers, together with Col. Ray Elliott of Portland, Ind., Program Chairman, Pres. Don Smock of the Indiana Auctioneers Association and a fine lot of members of the latter organization, met at the Claypool Hotel on Saturday, March 12, to perfect the program for the July Convention. We feel that it will be a fine program, a great Convention, if YOU are there to help make and enjoy it. So, pack up your troubles in your old jalopy and **we bet you will smile—at Indianapolis July 14-15-16.**

Most earnestly,
Your President
H. W. Sigrist.

GRACIOUS TOUCH

An old crossroads merchant wrathfully wrote a debtor who had promised time and again to settle a long-delinquent account:

"You are just a mule-eared liar. If you don't settle up, I aim to clobber you until there won't be nothing left but a pair of suspenders and a wart. I want my money and I want it now."

He signed his name with a flourish, re-read the letter with grim satisfaction, then added the postscript, "Please excuse pencil."

Nebraskans All Set For State Convention

Nebraska Auctioneers are planning their greatest State Convention for May 1st, at Albion. A full program of subjects pertinent to the Auction profession will be covered by men with proper qualifications. The Nebraska Auctioneers Association is in the midst of a campaign to increase their already strong membership. Paid advertisements have been carried in the Omaha World Herald, requesting all Auctioneers in the State to join their Association. As a further incentive, they are sending "The Auctioneer" for three months to each new member during this campaign period.

Officers of the Nebraska Auctioneers Association are: Dan J. Fuller, Albion, President; Dick Grubaugh, David City, Vice-President; and Leon Nelson, Albion, Secretary-Treasurer.

A full program of their Convention is published, as a paid advertisement, in this issue of "The Auctioneer."

New Mexico Bulls Sell at Auction

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.—Twenty registered bulls sold at a special auction at the New Mexico Livestock Exchange here for a total of \$4122, the exchange reported. The average price paid was \$206.10.

Bill Mundy, China, paid the top bull price, \$252.50, for H. L. Mousel 13. Born on April 27, 1952, the bull was sired by Mousel D4. The dam was Clarabell. The breeder was James P. Higgins, Hereford, Texas.

The bulls from many parts of the state were reported in good, sturdy condition.

At the regular Tuesday auction 700 head of cattle were sold. Buying was active in all classes. Elmer Bunker was the auctioneer. The Albuquerque exchange is owned by Paul Kimsell.

Now Is the Time to Voice Your Opinions on Licenses

By COL. POP HESS



In my column this April issue, I can think of many items that could be food for thought for all Auction-minded folks. In re-rolling one item of interest to another, I find the topic of each has been "hashed" and "re-hashed", and another review would be stale and dull. Most of our readers know what it takes to be a good Auctioneer.

The March issue of this publication arrived four days ago and this is March 9th. The sun is shining here in Ohio, many auctions of all types are in progress, attendance has been extra good and prices reported have been strong but sane. Many farmers are buying their needed machinery at farm sales and the quality of the used implements offered in this area has been good.

Livestock, both purebred and commercial, is finding a good market through all the Auctions, however, there are always the well-known "soft" spots, but these increase the attendance of bargain hunters. The people of today are the same as always — a bargain is just as attractive today as at any other time.

This month of April, and the month to follow, will pretty well bring down the curtain on the heavy run of general farm and livestock sales. The purebred livestock sales will continue through the middle of June. Then it will be sort of hit and miss until August or September, then comes the big fall and winter seasons that have become quite outstanding here in Ohio. We presume this to be true in other areas, too.

In looking through the pages of the March issue of "The Auctioneer", we were impressed with the new faces and

fresh news and information. Many good suggestions were offered and there is room for improvement for all of us. These new ideas or exchange of ideas will hasten the improvement. Auctioneers of any special line can find items in "The Auctioneer" that are interesting and helpful to them. However, there are many Auctioneers that each of us would like to hear from and who have not yet contributed their suggestions to the readers.

These men are busy and are Auctioneers rather than reporters or writers, but they are also deep thinkers. They are in favor of State and National Auctioneers Associations and you generally find that the top men of our profession are members of their State as well as the National organization. We will see many of these men at our National Convention at Indianapolis, in July.

Our editor, Bernard Hart, hit the pages in our March issue with his viewpoint on the one subject that has been kicked about, written about and talked about, and it still seems to be breathing amongst much confusion. He asks the question, "DO WE WANT LICENSES?" He hits some strong points and they are worthy of consideration. In closing with, "WHAT ARE YOUR OPINIONS?" should bring many voices and some good items for reading and discussion.

This same subject has been kicked around for some 50 years and about all that is visible so far is some bruises—and a few State Laws that have not done very much to help the public nor the Auctioneer. They have served as an inconvenience to some Auctioneers who have been kicked around in a State where some kind of Auction Law was

in effect and he was from another State.

I recall of holding a License in one State other than Ohio. It was good for two years and I only conducted one sale in that State during the two years. It was the one that forced me to buy the License in order that I may conduct it. I have written many times, pro and con, on this subject, trying to pull out of the readers some statement as to their feelings, rather than to have any laws enacted. Many auctioneers from various States have written me but they have failed to leave me with any workable plan.

Bernie hits the nail on the head when he states, "Better service and better Auctioneers will not come from passing laws." The ambition of all good Auctioneers is to go places and he can only do this through satisfactory Auction service and Auctions that keep him out front. Otherwise he will soon fall, law or no law. However, there is a trend toward the licensing of Auctioneers. This trend will grow and it has been growing faster the past five years and it is time we open up and get down to brass tacks before the thing gets out of control.

Now, let's do something — let's take down our hair and speak up. As I see it, the only set up would be for a uniform law for each State and endorsed by the National Auctioneers Association, not to shut out old or young. A bonified Auctioneer, licensed in his home State, should be allowed to sell in any other State. Such a law can be written — and can be put over, but it will take a solid stand by all Auctioneers — and through the pages of "The Auctioneer" we can express some food for thought to be boiled down later.

This Country became great by great men and their foresight in World affairs. This can also happen in this long discussed subject of Licenses for Auctioneers. It can only be settled and be made workable if it originates from the grass-roots of far-seeing and well versed Auctioneers.

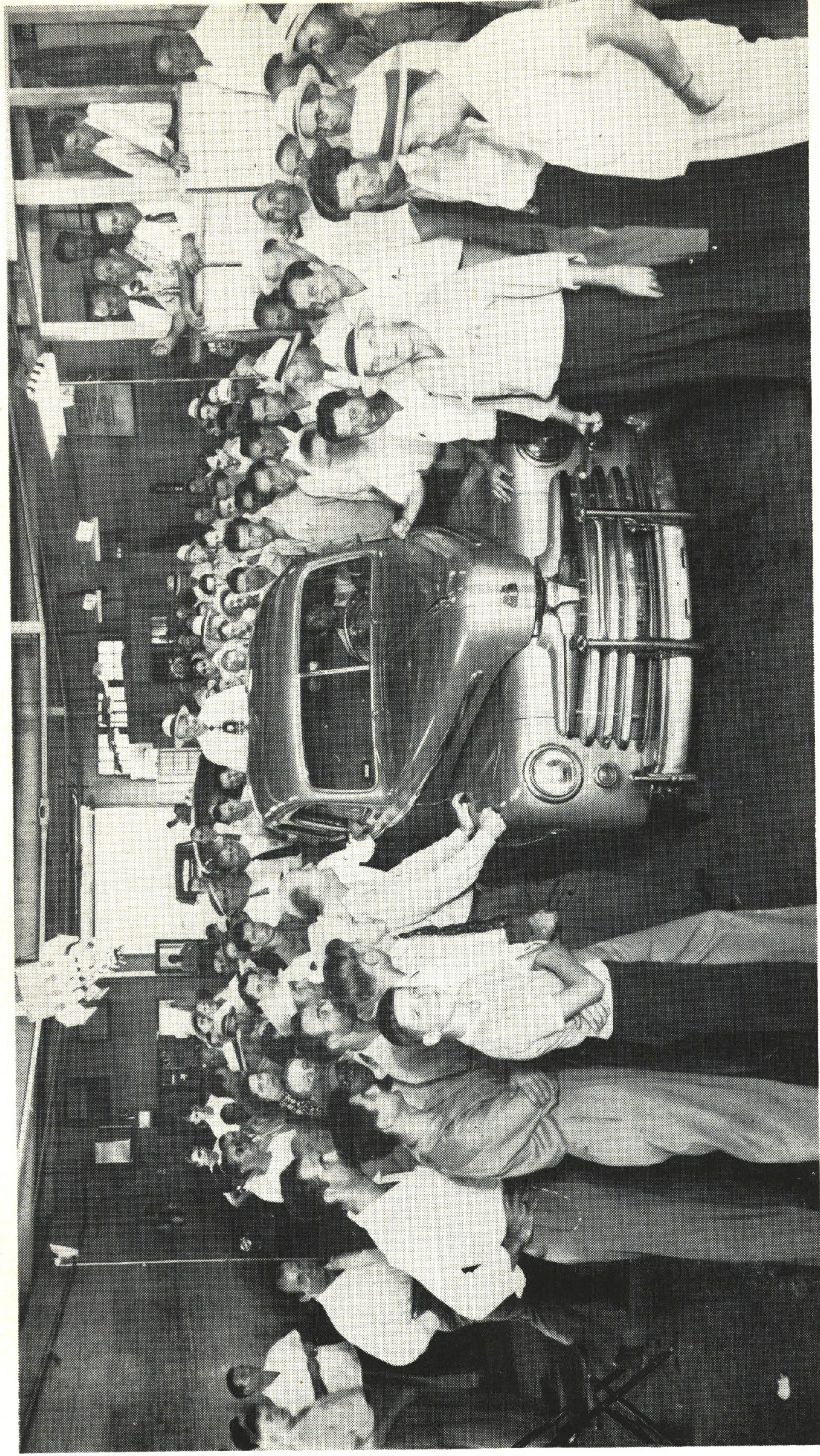
Food for thought, boys — start thinking. Twenty-five words written by you, Mr. Auctioneer, on your opinion, would give some guage for attack—FOR OR AGAINST.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN The Auctioneer

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It's Sale Day at the ST. LOUIS AUTO AUCTION BARN. Co-owner and Auctioneer, Col. Bill McCracken is the man at the "mike." At his left is co-owner, Roy McManama and Roland Edens is on the right, in the auction stand. Standing on the rear bumper of the car in the ring is Col. Hugh James, Decatur, Ill. Col. Bill McCracken is a past President and a Life Member of the National Auctioneers Association and he has been a key man in the N.A.A. since its inception.

Livestock Auction

Gross Is \$113,811

BATTLE CREEK, Mich. — Gross volume sales at the Michigan Livestock Exchange here were higher with 2,913 animals going for \$133,811.

Top price on the 461 head of cattle sold was \$25.60 per hundred-weight. Calves brought a top of \$31.50, hogs \$14.90 and lambs \$23.

G. E. Petterson of Orleans and P. J. Lottee of Kalamazoo drew the top price on cattle. Petterson sold one 950 pound steer for the top price and nine head at prices ranging from the top down to \$22. Lottee got his top price for two steers weighing 1,085 and 1,030.

There were 1,318 hogs sold with three sellers drawing the top. Walter Martzfeldt of Grand Ledge sold 21 hogs averaging 212 pounds; M. C. Woodworth of Leonidas had 10 averaging 199 pounds

and Miss Myrtle Wine of Battle Creek sold six weighing 207 pounds.

Ralph Vahs of Bellevue was the only seller to draw the top on calves with a 240 pounder. Don Pierce of Climax sold one calf weighing 190 pounds for \$31 and Frank Byers with a 160 pounder and Ted Scare with a calf weighing 230 pounds each got \$30. There were a total of 206 calves in the market which was down from a top of \$32.50 last week.

In the lamb market 828 were sold with Ted McNamara of Richland getting the top price for two lambs averaging 80 pounds. Simon Maichele of Middleville sold eight lambs averaging 95 pounds for \$22.80.

THAT OLD FEELING

Then there's the case of the sweet young thing who decided she'd rather be a young man's slave than an old man's darling, because she hated the thought of old age creeping up on her.

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How It Looked to Me In South America

By Col. Ernie Weller

THE "BRANIFF" CROSSING" . . . SAO PAULO, BRAZIL, TO LIMA, PERU

SAO PAULO, Brazil, March 8th—This morning we all got up early—one half of our entourage, including Mrs. Weller and myself, were in the 5 o'clock group—the other group left the hotel at 6 o'clock. A traditional American breakfast of ham and eggs, plus "tostada" and jam—a cup of Brazilian "cafe" (which we diluted with a 300% solution of "agua caliente"—hot water) had been served us in our rooms earlier. The same calm excitement that prevailed at every take-off—our dear wives insisting that we husbands make one last diligent search of our rooms to see that nothing had been left behind, and, oh yes, she just remembered—the lingerie that she had washed out the evening before was still in the bathroom drying.

The busses, to carry us to the airport, are out front waiting; the local tour director is urging everyone to "step on it," admonishing us there is still much to do—our baggage must be checked, tagged, weighed and examined by customs officers, visas and health certificates checked, tickets validated and, of course, everyone must be present to reclaim their baggage, before take-off.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Col. Ernie Weller, one of the most prominent and successful livestock auctioneers in America, made a trip to South America early last spring. Those who attended the Omaha Convention witnessed an extremely interesting three-dimensional moving picture of what Col. Weller saw on his trip. For those who could not attend the Omaha meeting, we are publishing a portion of his observations. Col. Weller is owner of the Atkinson Livestock Auction Market, Atkinson, Nebraska.

In coming to Sao Paulo from Rio, we had landed at Congonhas airport, but this morning we are taking off from the Brazilian Army Airport Field where, they told us, the runway was much longer, facilitating the take-off of our big Braniff DC-6 "El Conquistador." As this was to be the longest non-stop flight of our trip (nearly 2,500 miles before we would set down at Lima) a heavy supply of fuel would be required. This, plus an accumulation of "knick knacks" all of us had accumulated, added many pounds to an already "capacity" passenger list.

A last-minute check-up of the big ship by the ground crew delayed our take-off about 30 minutes. During this time, we lounged at the Officers Club where we were indulged in refreshments and the amenities incidental to departure.

But by now, the loud speakers in the terminal are amplifying the words of the Braniff flight dispatcher: "First call for Braniff Flight No. 604—Sao Paulo to Lima, Peru, All aboard." We scramble to our busses and in a few minutes we are ascending the stairway to take our seats on the mighty "El Conquistador" preparatory to "take-off."

In a few minutes, a surge of power from the plane's mighty motors presses you back in your seat and the plane begins its takeoff run. Faster and faster the ground flies backward under you until, almost before you realize it, you are airborne. And airborne we will remain for nine hours, until we touch ground at Lima—all the way on the other side of South America and the Andean Mountains.

The flight captain introduces the crew, stewardess and purser and welcome us on the flight. He has additional good news. Constantly in touch with weather stations all along the route, he tells us, "Nothing but good flying weather is expected," and as a courtesy from Braniff Airlines he announces "Open

house to all passengers of the ship." We are invited, at our leisure, to visit the cock pit where the crew will explain the mechanics of operation. We are permitted to sit in the co-pilot's seat and take pictures of the landscape below.

Flying northwest by west, the skyline of mighty industrial Sao Paulo is rapidly fading in the background. Before us is an empire of scenic grandeur, where nature, and not ingenious man, is king.

The countryside below is still a picture of coffee facendas, citrus groves, cotton fields and rolling grasslands, with frequent small towns and villages coming into our scope of vision. We are still over Sao Paulo Province, which is well developed.

For the next hour and a half there are but a few variations of this scene, but then the picture changes. Cultivated fields are less numerous, but in their stead we see broad expanses of rolling grass and woodlands, populated by zebu cattle grazing contentedly on the lush grasses.

In another half hour we cross the mighty Rio Parana River, one of Brazil's major water courses. At the spot we crossed, they told us it was wider than the Mississippi at St. Louis.

The Parana River is infested by a bloodthirsty fish called piranha, similar in name to the river itself. Seldom growing to more than a foot in length, it has protruding teeth with which it can rip the flesh off any animal—or man—in the water.

This poses a problem for those cowboys who sometimes must ford the Parana River or its tributaries with their herd of market-bound cattle. So before crossing, they drive an old canner cow into the water. If she crosses to the other side safely, the remainder of the herd is driven across. If the old cow vanishes suddenly in a froth of churned water and blood, then the deadly fish are waiting and the cattle drivers must either drive their herds up or down stream and test the water with an old cow again before crossing.

A short distance west of the Parana River, we fly over an area (well over 200 miles of it) virtually a wilderness. The

land appears scoured. What standing water you see looks black, and ugly green scum fringes it. Much of that water is salty, we were told and perhaps is what is left of an ancient inland sea.

We are now over one of the world's most famous jungles and swamp country. This is the Motto Grosso. In this entire area totaling 530,000 square miles, there are but 300,000 people. Most of the western portion is forested and jungled. Torrential annual rains flood thousands of square miles to depths of several feet, making travel impossible except by native boats hollowed out of logs.

As we continue to fly west, in the distance we see buttes, or small mountains. We are approaching Corumba. It is an area similar in topography to that of Butte, Montana, and equally as rich in material, but of another kind. Here, we were told, is one of the longest iron ore deposits in the world, waiting only for transportation to make its contribution to the wealth of the world.

Leaving Corumba behind, we cross the Paraguay River to enter Bolivia.

For the next hour and a half we are flying over level jungles which appear almost limitless. Now and then we may notice a wide, blistered-looking patch of ground called "banados." Translated from the Spanish this means "wash" where water standing after long periods of heavy rain has discolored the earth. In many cases, you can see no outlet for the water which collects in these spots. Perhaps it evaporates. On rare occasions you can trace a line or two on the ground. It probably is a native path, but it seems to have no beginning or ending.

We are now at the half-way point, in Bolivia, crossing over the city of Santa Cruz, which sits on an almost level plain of sandy, meandering tributaries of the Brazo Rio Piray River. It is a city of more than 25,000, we are told, and has no paved streets. Horses far outnumber automobiles.

Now cruising out over the flatlands, we are seeing the eastern half of the Bolivian republic. Strange as it seems, here we see streams flowing in two di-

(Continued on Next Page)

rections; those draining north into the Amazon, and others draining south towards Paraguay and Argentina.

Our plane is gaining altitude as we approach the foothills of the mighty Andean Mountains, nearing LaPaz. The country is more rugged looking, inhospitable and barren. Spectacular red cliffs and deep canyons corrode the earth. But even on these rugged, sheer sides of mountains, natives of the highlands have scratched small farms, terracing the steep hills and volcanic formations to gain a foothold. Herding their llamas and planting crops, it is an eternal fight against nature they are waging.

Flying the first ramparts of the Andes as you come to La Paz, you will first discern the lips of a deep canyon. Cradled in this canyon is La Paz. Much of the world's tin is mined here. With a population of over 300,000, it is considered one of the wealthiest cities in Bolivia.

Constantly gaining altitude, with peak after peak of the Andean mountains rising before us to attain new heights, we fly on westward. Suddenly before us we see a large body of water! It is the southern edge of beautiful Lake Titicaca, extending from in front of us to a point out of sight to the north.

Its 130 miles in length and 30 to 50 miles in width make it almost half the size of Lake Ontario. It is the world's largest lake with no outlet to the sea. Ocean going steamers which ply up and down the lake were built in England, sailed around Cape Horn to Mollendo, disassembled, hauled on mule back and railroad to Titicaca in pieces, and there reassembled on its cold, 12,500-foot-high shores. The steamers of lake Titicaca are a link in transportation system between Lima- Peru, and Buenos Aires, Argentina.

About midway over Lake Titicaca, we enter Peru. Flying over the antiplane country, we continue westward for another hour. We have been alerted that soon we will see mount Misti. Misti is a volcano, still alive, although it has not erupted for many years. Its 19,150-foot spire, lava crusted and smoking, was truly a sight to behold. Nearby stood

Chachani and Pichupichu, both over 19,000 feet high. The natives of Peru have a legend about these three mountains. Misti, they say, is a beautiful girl, being wooed from either side by Chachani and Pichupichu.

Cruising ever onward, we fly over Arequipa, a textile manufacturing center of Peru. Just to the west of Arequipa is an awe-inspiring pyramid of black rock. "Ampato" towers 20,669 feet in the air, and as you fly closer to it you will discern other peaks, only slightly lower, flanking it on every side.

Crossing the last ramparts of the Andean mountains, we are now over Pisco and Pisco bay. The blue waters of the Pacific are beneath us as we fly about ten miles out to sea, parallelling the coastline of Peru. We are only 30 minutes out of Lima. Small islands, which are strangely white in the cobalt blue of the sea, are the havens of fish-eating birds. The white color is "guano," which is mined and used as a fertilizer by the Peruvian farmers. Now we fly inland over Pachacamac, location of the historic Inca ruins. The lights of Lima are beneath us.

Our captain is lowering the stick, our big ship is gliding down, lower, lower, lower,—we are over the runway—there is Lima-tambo Airport—we are in Lima.

(Next month—Lima, Santiago, Panama Republic and Canal Zone.)

GOOD TIME TO PAUSE

When Edmund Burke was delivering his famous speech against Warren Hastings, he suddenly stopped in the very middle of an idea. Slowly and impressively he raised his hand and pointed his index finger at Mr. Hastings. He stood for almost a minute with that dramatic pointing finger while the audience almost held its breath. Then he went on.

Afterward, one of the opposing advocates said: "Mr. Burke, that was one of the most effective pauses I have ever seen. We simply held our breaths, wondering what you were going to say next."

"That," responded Mr. Burke, "is exactly the way I was feeling."

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The Auctioneer

803 S. Columbia Street

Frankfort, Indiana

Action Is Fast and Furious At Sarasota Livestock Auction

Reprinted From Sarasota (Fla.)
Herald Tribune

If you want action at a machine-gun pace, there's a building in Belspur that will provide it—for free—any Tuesday afternoon.

The name on the building is rather long—Sarasota Cattle and Commission Sales, Incorporated—and it takes almost a full breath to say it. But there's nothing long-winded about what goes on inside the building.

Belspur is just east of Fruitville—along the south fork of the Fruitville Road—and it's here that things begin to happen each Tuesday shortly after noon. Ranchers in the area bring their cattle by the truckload to be put on the auction block for purchase by representatives of meat packing houses.

Things move fast from the minute a truck arrives. Unloading is accomplished in a hurry, the animals are inspected by state inspectors and sent through a bath to kill ticks if necessary, and separated into lots for selling. Potential buyers and spectators can watch all this, and other ranchers like to look, too, at what their neighbors are sending to market.

Promptly at 2 p. m. Auctioneer Bob Cooper settles into his "pulpit" above the auction pen and faces the crowd, which usually fills the three-sided amphitheater. In the front rows around the auction pen are the buyers—anywhere from seven to 10 men who make a business of attending such sales in various Florida cities four or five days a week.

The pen crew is ready for action, a door swings open and an animal comes into the pen, the floor of which is a scale. Quickly an automatic machine stamps the animal's weight on three pieces of paper, the figure is posted on a blackboard. Cooper bangs his gavel, begins to chant, and the show is on.

Many of the spectators—lots of them Sarasota visitors from the north—come to see if they can "catch" the signs the buyers are flashing to the auctioneer from their front-row seats. The bidding goes on silently merely by the motion of a finger, wink of an eye, twitch of a nose pad. Suddenly the animal is sold, the buyer indicates which of his pens it's to go in, and another animal enters. Four hundred head of cattle can be put over the block in a little more than two hours.

The fast pace continues even in the bookkeeping end of the operation. As animals are sold the records are moved to the corporation's offices. A fast accounting system computes total sales prices, makes entries in books, and writes checks. Ranchers could, if they desired, pick up their checks within five minutes after the last head in their lot is sold.

Behind the scenes, in the pens, the action goes on apace as the crews move animals one by one out of this pen and that one, into the auction room, and out into buyers' pens. When an animal gets stubborn or starts to kick up, the commotion can be heard in the amphitheater. There's never a dull moment at the auction.

MONOTONOUS JOB

A prospective employee at the Dallas plant of Chance Vought Aircraft answered the question on a job questionnaire as to past experience as follows—Name of company: United States Army. Date started: May, 1942. Date left: December, 1945. Type of business: Winning a war. Salary: Small. Job title: Dogface. Description of duties: Walked; dug holes; loaded boats; unloaded boats; dug holes; drove truck; constructed roads; dug holes; walked; filled sandbags; built piers; dug holes; walked.

Do Your Part For Your Association

Are you doing your part? We are receiving memberships daily from all parts of the country. The National Auctioneers Association is big business and important business. But—our membership is not nearly as large as it should be.

You who have attended National Conventions in the past, you who have benefitted from "The Auctioneer," are not doing your part to your profession nor your Association if you do not acquaint your fellow auctioneers with the advantages of being a part of the NAA. Convention time will soon be here—see how many YOU can bring to this great event.

Following are those whose memberships were received between February 16 to and including March 15. The asterisk denotes renewal.

- *Col. Herbert Van Pelt, New Jersey
- *Col. Edward J. Burbank, N. Hampshire
- *Col. Tom Bell, Ohio
- *Col. Howard Schnell, North Dakota
- *Col. C. C. McNally, Texas
- *Col. Earl J. Elfner, Pennsylvania
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- *Col. J. G. Tullis, Iowa
- *Col. William T. Huisman, Iowa
- *Col. Lester R. Winternitz, Illinois
- *Col. Stephen Winternitz, Illinois
- *Col. Romaine Sherman, Indiana
- *Col. Paul L. Owens, Idaho

ATTENTION

You will be interested to know that the number of copies of "The Auctioneer" is constantly increasing. Through the support and cooperation of the membership, you have made it possible to publish the only monthly publication by Auctioneers in the world.

Members, the Secretary would deeply appreciate your cooperation in securing ads for "The Auctioneer." If each member would secure one ad, possibly from a friend, a business associate, or from some other source, it would add to greater success.

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Secretary

- *Col. Edward A. Gordon, Massachusetts
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- *Col. Clyde Jones, Oklahoma

We Are Allotted Equal Time; Let Us Make It Productive

By **FLORENCE WENDELIN,**
Henderson, Texas

Director of Ladies Auxiliary to the NAA

Men and women differ in physical stature, and strength, in intellectual capacity, in ambition or lack of it, and in their surroundings. But in one endowment everyone is equal to every other one. All have the same amount of time each day to use or to waste.

We think of each day as a milestone, a gateway to new opportunities, a promise and a challenge. A new day dawns with its 24 fleeting hours, a new year begins with every sunrise.

Each of us decides for himself whether all those working hours will be put to a profitable use (not necessarily money profit either). How we use our time is a yardstick for measuring success.

SEVENTH ANNUAL OF NEBRASKA AUCTIONS

At Junior High School

SUNDAY, MARCH 10

PROGRAM

Morning

10:00	Registration
10:30	Board of Directors Meeting
11:00	Call to Order by Pres. Dan J. Fuller
11:05	Greetings, Dr. M. R. Palmer, Mayor of Albion
11:15	Response, Col. Dick Kane, Wisner
11:25	Secretary's Report, Col. Leon S. Nelson, Albion
11:35	Introduction of Auctioneers Present
11:45	Adjournment for Lunch

Afternoon Entertainment

1:00	Call to Order by President
1:05	Address Col. James Webb, Grand Island, Founder, Webb Livestock Commission Co.
1:20	"Auctions — Past, Present, and Future" Col. Howard Schnell, Dickinson, North Dakota
1:40	"Trends in Agriculture" Mr. Earl F. Crouse, St. Louis, Vice-President, Doane Agricultural Service Inc.
2:10	Discussion
2:20	"Newspaper Advertising" "Col." F. P. McMahon, Manager, Out of Town Advertising, Omaha World Herald

Hours not utilized as they strike are forever lost.

Let all of us plan now in the remaining time before our 1955 National Convention, so that we shall yield something worthwhile for our Ladies Auxiliary.

Many new Auctioneers have joined the association in the past months. Have you as a Wife or Mother joined the Ladies Auxiliary? If not, take the opportunity and do so today. Write Mrs. Ruth Marks, 200 Carlysle Ave., Abingdon, Illinois, and she will be more than glad to make you a member.

For those of you who have never attended the National Convention, you

cannot realize how you will plan and look forward to the next Convention. Bill and I have attended the past three, and have enjoyed every minute of it, and profited by all the pleasant association.

Will be looking forward to seeing all of you in the near future.

Nationality of Adam and Eve

"What," asked the first Russian, "was the nationality of Adam and Eve?"

"There is no possible doubt," the second Russian replied, "that they were Soviet citizens. They had nothing to wear, nothing to eat, and lived in paradise."

AL CONVENTION ONEERS ASSOCIATION

ool, Albion, Nebraska

MAY 1, 1955

2:30	Discussion
2:40	"Ten Minutes With Tim"
	<i>Col. T. D. Preece, Battle Creek</i>	
2:50	"Animal Health Laws in Nebraska"
	<i>Dr. J. L. George, Lincoln, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, State Capitol</i>	
3:20	Discussion
3:30	"The Psychology of Auctioneering"
	<i>Col. Hugh McGuire, Holstein, Iowa</i>	
3:50	"Chips and Whetstones"
	<i>Col. H. W. Sigrist, Ft. Wayne, Ind., President, National Auctioneers Association</i>	
4:10	Election of Officers
4:30	Adjournment

Evening Entertainment

6:30 Banquet — All members, their families and guests.

Junior High School Banquet Room

Introduction of Col. E. C. Weller, Toastmaster

Introduction of Guests

Introduction of Officers and Directors

Presentation of Awards

Musical Entertainment

GUEST SPEAKER: Hugh Plough — "How To Raise Cain, Kids, and Cows". Humorist, traveler, lecturer.

Clippings By Nelson

By Col. E. T. Nelson

In browsing thru my files tonight I discovered literature from more than THIRTY Auction Schools in America. Now some of you old-timers will get a kick out of some of the names in this list, as you are the only ones who can remember the men who conducted these schools. I will not attempt to put them in the order of age, so read the whole list. I would not write for catalogues from all of them, either, since too many have a Celestial Address now.

First I observe that most of the recent Auction Schools based their training merits on the fact that Col. A. W. Thompson was on their faculty. Also, he was and still is rated as the top ranking auctioneer in America today.

Missouri Auction School, 1905, W. D. Carpenter, Pres., Kansas City, Missouri.

Sargent's International Auction School, Sioux City, Iowa.

Illinois School of Auctioneering, Col. Wm. C. Schwemer, Pres., Elgin, Illinois.

Repperts School of Auctioneering, Col. Fred Reppert, Pres., Decatur, Indiana.

R. C. Foland Auction School, Noblesville, Indiana.

Gross-Johnston School of Auctioneering, Kansas City, Missouri.

Bockelman School of Auctioneering, Sioux City, Iowa.

Jack Martin Auction School, Mankato, Minnesota, 1918.

Omar System of Auctioneering, Chicago, Illinois, 1918.

A. O. Deering School of Auctioneering, Indianapolis, Indiana, 1918.

Auctioneer School of Experience, R. B. Macrorie, Pres.

National Auctioneering School of America, Lincoln, Nebraska, 1909.

International School of Auctioneering, Chicago, Illinois, 1938.

Duncan's National Auction School, Creston, Iowa.

Boss Auction School, Carroll, Iowa.

McKelvie School of Auctioneering, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

National Auction Institute, College Station, Texas.

Western College of Auctioneering, Billings, Montana.

Lane's School of Auctioneering, Mason City, Iowa.

Reisch American School of Auctioneering, Austin, Minnesota.

Wisconsin State School of Auctioneering, Madison, Wisconsin.

Jim Hoover Auctioneering School, Sterling, Colorado.

The American School of Auctioneering, Aurora, Missouri.

Fort Smith Auction School, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Missouri Auction School, Pres. C. C. John, Kansas City, Missouri.

Kansas City Auction School, Kansas City, Missouri.

George Smokey, Auctioneer Teacher, Lily, South Dakota.

Kenneth Wyrick, Tobacco Auctioneer Teacher, Fountain City, Tennessee.

Wm. Goins Home Study Course in Auctioneering, Lake City, Iowa.

NELSON AUCTION SCHOOL, RENVILLE, MINNESOTA, 1947.

Pardon my capital letters on the last school. I have conducted this school for seven years with wonderful results. I am in the business to make better auctioneers.

Hope you enjoyed this list of schools. Another observation I have made after looking over this list is, The Death Rate is Sure High in the Auction School Business. Only about ten of the above schools are now in existence. Most of them died with their President's demise.

Am planning on being in Indianapolis, July 14, 15 and 16th. Are you?

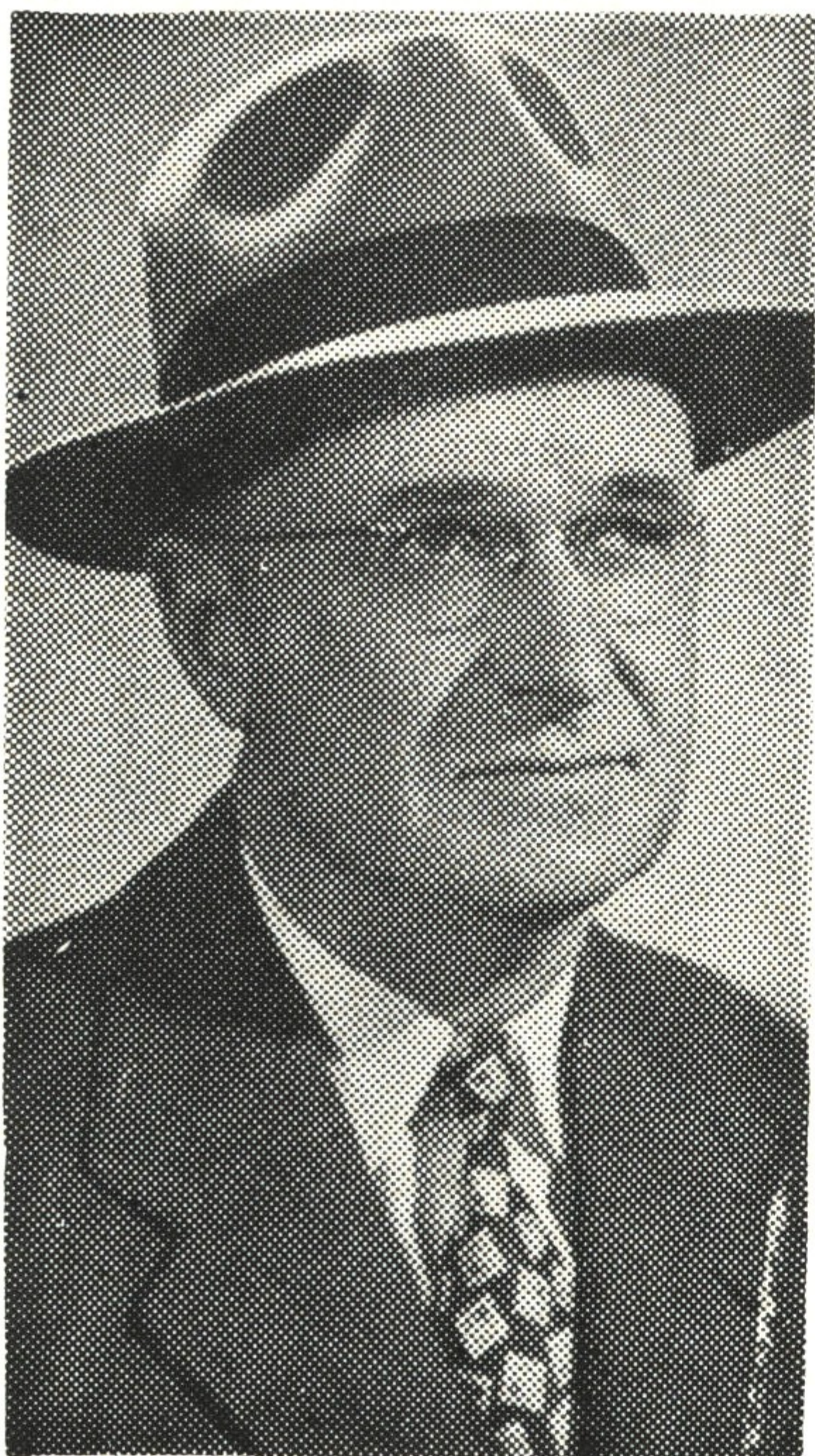
Wanamaker Auction A Television Feature

If you had your television set tuned in to Dave Garroway's show on Monday, March 14 at 9:45 A.M. EST, you were an eye-witness to a large and important auction sale. Wanamaker's, famous New York Department Store was being liquidated via the modern Auction method. One of the auctioneers was Col. Clare H. Brown of Staten Island, N. Y., and a member of the NAA.

Col. J. G. Sheets Of Virginia, Passes Away

A veteran of more than 36 years in the real estate and auction business in Roanoke, John Gray Sheets, 70, died Saturday morning, February 19, at his home, 3720 Sunrise Avenue.

Funeral was conducted at Oakland Baptist Church at 2:30 P.M. Monday by the Rev. James W. Lippincott and the Rev. A. L. Shumate. Entombment was in Sherwood Abbey, Roanoke.



Col Sheets was very much interested in the activities and growth of the NAA and sincerely regretted that he could not attend the recent National Conventions. His death followed an illness of about three months. He had had a heart condition for some time. He leaves many friends in the NAA.

A native of Davie County, North Carolina, Mr. Sheets went to Washington State as a young man and engaged in dairy farming in the Walla Walla area.

He went to Roanoke from Washington and founded the firm of J. G. Sheets and Sons and was acting head of the firm at his death.

Mr. Sheets owned considerable real estate in the Roanoke area and helped develop a part of the Williamson Road area. He was the owner of several farms in the Montvale section of Bedford County on which he raised Angus cattle.

He was a member of the National Auctioneers Association, the Roanoke Real Estate Board and of Oakland Baptist Church.

Surviving are his widow, Mrs. Leah Foster Sheets, and three sons: Foster G. Sheets and Garland Sheets, associated with him in the business, and Thomas Sheets of Greensboro, N. C.; two sisters and a brother: Mrs. Mollie Burton and G. A. Sheets, Mocksville, N. C., and Mrs. Sallie March, Winston-Salem, N. C.; and seven grandchildren.

Tips on Buying Old Furniture

Hints on how to buy antique furniture that won't fall apart with use come from Carl Goerschen, general manager of the National Antiques Show in Madison Square Garden early in March.

Make sure the legs of chairs are all the same height, Mr. Goerschen cautions. To test the tightness of a chair, place a knee against the front of the seat and push against the back. Turn the chair upside down and look for corner blocks, attached to the seat frame. They are marks of strength and good construction. Tap the seat of an upholstered chair. If it sags, the springs are worn out. Also make certain the padding is evenly distributed, not lumpy.

To learn whether the surface of a table is veneered or solid, he suggests scraping off a small patch of finish and examining the wood underneath. And finally, beware of chips in the carving of a piece. They also are signs of weakness.

"I could not get along without 'The Auctioneer' "—Morris Jones, Lexington, Ill.

New Jersey Auction Market Celebrates 25th Anniversary

Attractive New-Type Egg Case Carries Message Of Birthday And New Idea

FLEMINGTON, N. J.—Something new in the form of launching or unveiling ceremonies was held in Flemington last month.

In the presence of visiting dignitaries and representatives of the press, including agricultural, trade paper and newspaper representatives, a handsome new egg case was unveiled.

Now, it may seem to the uninitiated that an egg case is an egg case, period. But the visiting delegation, numbering forty-five, received a graphic lesson in egg cases—from old to new—from poor wooden ones which gave the fragile contents uncertain protection—to the newest “exclusive spectacular” case which is so bright and clean and different that it is bound to attract attention at once in the trade. And that will mean increased interest and demand for Flemington Auction Market eggs packed under the “FAMous” brand and in glowing gold and blue print singing out the legend, “A FAMous Name in a Famous State for 25 Years.”

But the fresh oyster-white case with its striking design tells only half the story — the unimportant half for the housewife who is going to buy the eggs and the sellers and handlers.

New Type of Packing

The new cases use the filler-flat type of packing — nothing brand new — a post-war development and the most efficient type of protective lining yet found. It is molded of heavy paper and gives protection to each egg, with fingers resting on fingers below to protect the eggs between layers. This means less breakage, cleaner eggs and a more sanitary pack. Moreover, if needed, the fillers can be string-tied and handed out to the customer in dozen lots. No carton is required.

Auction Master Clayton H. Stains, who spoke on the merits of the new carton, after James C. Weisel, president of the Board of Directors of the cooperative, had welcomed the group.

Comparisons were made with the original wooden crate which was used when the Auction opened for business in August, 1930, and the successive stages the packages had passed thru in the interim, including the less attractive brown kraft carton which is now being worked off as the sparkling new 25th anniversary carton takes its place.

Sitting in on the demonstration were representatives of the makers of the new carton as well as the press representatives, staff members from the State College of Agriculture and Extension Service and the Department of Agriculture of New Jersey, which supervises grading of “FAMous” Eggs. Included among the guests were J. Clifford Lambert, Jr. and Alvah W. Severson, of the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Lambert helped to supervise grading of the first eggs offered by the Auction in its maiden year and is still on the job.

Rutgers University was represented by Joseph F. Hauck, Alan Meredith and J. C. Taylor; the Extension Service by county agents and assistants from Mercer, Morris, Hunterdon and Warren counties, the Northeast Poultry Producers Council (NEPPCO) by T. C. Rothbauer and the N. J. Poultry and Egg Cooperative Association by Alan Wade.

Assisting with the welcoming of the guests were, besides Mr. Weisel and Mr. Stains, Frank Plain, egg and poultry specialist; Saamuel Peel, superintendent of the Egg Case Department at the Auction, and Karl H. Frederick, public relations director.

New President of Indiana Auxiliary



We present to our readers the picture of Mrs. Laverna Smith of Arcadia, Indiana, the newly elected President of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Indiana Auctioneers Association. Mrs. Smith's husband is the Treasurer of the Indiana Auctioneers Association.

Hamilton County, Indiana, has long been known as the home of many very active auctioneers. It is near the center of the state and has produced some outstanding auctioneers. Mr. and Mrs. Smith reside in the county.

Col. Robert A. Foland is the new Secretary of the Indiana Auctioneers Association and he, too, hails from Hamilton County, Indiana. He conducts the weekly sale barn auctions in Noblesville.

It is claimed that there are 15 auctioneers who live in Hamilton County. A little figuring discloses that if every County in the State has this many, there would be 1380 auctioneers in the State. It perhaps would be safe to say that there are around 8 or 9 hundred auctioneers in the State. What a great force

and showing we could make if even one half of this number lined up with the Auctioneers Association.

Pony Auctions Add to Growth of Industry

The growth of auctions is another straw in the wind to indicate pony popularity. A few years ago pony auctions could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Now both hands would be needed, and both feet, too. And I believe we will have still more sales to come.

All the foregoing applies to the Shetland pony, but it also applies, in lesser degree, to other breeds. The Welsh pony is fast gaining in national popularity even though there are still few breeders in the Northeast; the majority are in Virginia and Maryland. Last year Welsh ponies invaded New England and at least two people started to breed them.

Grade ponies will always be with us. They are the backbone of the pony business; the majority of people who buy ponies for their children do not care about pure bloodlines or registration. But one cannot expect to buy a good grade pony for a small price. They are few and far between and one that is well broken and safe for children costs from \$200 up. A grade colt, though, to grow up with the children, can be bought for \$100 to \$125. These are really ideal for children three and four years old. The children grow up with the pony and are friends right along through their early lives. A necessary caution is to teach children kindness for a pony without teasing or spoiling it. The relationship of a child and his pony is one of delicate balance and a very important consideration for parents. There are few really good pet ponies; they are too often spoiled by the children. They are either allowed to do anything they want or are constantly thwarted. They find out they are stronger than the child and can do about as they please. But the risk of spoiling the horse to train the child is well worth taking.

Galleries List Sales

Rare Edition Of 'Peter Rabbit'

NEW YORK CITY—George Washington's copy of a work by Oliver Goldsmith will be sold at auction in a collection of books and medieval illuminated manuscripts at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., 980 Madison Ave.

Although the book owned by Washington is the seventh of an eight-volume set of Goldsmith's "An History of the Earth and Animated Nature," there are not only Washington's signature on the title page but also his bookplate on the inner side of the front cover.

Rare "Peter Rabbit"

The rare first privately printed edition of Beatrix Potter's "The Tale of Peter Rabbit" believed the first copy to appear at public sale in this country and inscribed by the author, "For Stephanie from Cousin B. Christmas 1901" is also in this sale. There is also an inscribed copy of the first privately printed edition of Miss Potter's "The Tailor of Gloucester," and what is believed the smallest printed book extant. "The Rose Garden of Omar Khayyam," bound in morocco and measuring three-eighths of an inch by one-fourth inch.

Other unusual items include a first edition of Pomponius Mela's book, printed 1518-1520, the third book known to have included the name, "America"; a first edition of what is believed by many authorities to be one of the most beautiful French illustrated books of the eighteenth century, La Borde's "Choix de Chansons mises en musique" with the Moreau engravings; and a first edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy" with Vellutello's commentary.

The manuscripts range in date from the fourteenth through the sixteenth century, one "Horae Beatae Mariae Virginis" with six miniatures, a Dutch manuscript with seven large miniatures, and a French "Horae Beatae Mariae Virginis" with twelve arched topped miniatures, numerous large initial letters and illuminated borders in gold and colors.

French Furniture

A collection of French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, including several Boucher drawings, a van Huysum flower painting and a set of twelve dinner knives and twelve forks made by Biennais and Cahier of Paris for Napoleon, will be sold at Parke-Bernet's.

Although Napoleon ordered the silver pieces made for his own use, he was banished to St. Helena before he got them, and when Louis XVIII was restored to the French throne, the silver was stamped with his armorial bearings.

The furniture includes a Louis XV fauteuil of beechwood and gros point; a Regency dining table of walnut and beechwood from eighteenth-century France; a Louis XV commode in the bombe shape of walnut and beechwood made in Alsace; a Louis XV fauteuil of walnut and needlepoint; and a pair of Regency fauteuils of beechwood with caned backs of Antoine Bonnemain who worked for many years in the rue Saint-Nicolas at Paris.

Louis XVI Carpet

A Louis XVI Savonnerie carpet, dating from 1785 and measuring seventeen by twenty-four feet is in this sale as well as a Louis XVI Aubusson carpet, dating from about 1790. There is also an antique Karabagh carpet of French design measuring ten feet by seventeen.

The Plaza Art Galleries, Inc., of 22 E. 46th St. will auction a collection of Oriental art, English, French and American furniture and decorations. A group of paintings is included in the sale, among them two works by Twachtman.

The Savoy Art and Auction Galleries, 5 E. 59th St., will sell a collection of furniture and decorations from a Park Ave., apartment. Included are paintings, porcelain, china and rugs.

Snuff Box Brings \$875

A public auction sale of French and English furniture and decorations from



Above are the Officers and Directors of the Maine Auctioneers Association. Seated are Col. H. F. Stevens, Augusta, President, on the left, and Col. George Martin, Kennebunk, Director. Standing, from left to right, Col. Brice Booker, Brunswick, Secretary; Sherman English, Belfast, Vice-President; Ray Cooper, Memphis, Tenn., a guest speaker; and Col. Ernest Robinson, Auburn, Treasurer. Absent when the picture was taken were: Col. Clifford L. Swan, Portland; Col. William Hodges, Norway; and Col. Ervin Morrill, Cumberland.

the collections of Mrs. Germaine Hochschild and others brought \$52,910 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries.

Major sales included a Louis XV painted poudreuse, to Frederick P. Victoria for \$575; a Louis XV gold and enamel snuff box, to A. La Vielle Russie, Inc., for \$875; a Louis XV walnut table, to Fred Lion, dealer, for \$1,250, and a Louis XVI Aubusson carpet, to a New York dealer for \$750.

NEW HOUSE

"So, you are building a new house, eh? How are you getting along with it?"

"Fine. I've got the roof and the mortgage on it already, and I expect to have the furnace and the sheriff in by winter."

Iowa Auctioneers Hold District Meet

The Southwest District of the Iowa Auctioneers Association met at the Dinner Bell Cafe in Carroll, on March 6. Col. Al Boss of Carroll and Col. Earl Garoutte of Audubon, president and director, respectively, had charge of the meeting.

Twenty auctioneers and their wives enjoyed luncheon at 1:30 p. m. and the program and business meeting which followed. The spring meeting of the Iowa Auctioneers Association will be at Ames on April 24.

America's automobiles have 92% of all the horsepower in the country.

BOOSTERS FOR "THE AUCTIONEER"

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

ALABAMA

Col. R. A. Waldrep—Birmingham

FLORIDA

Col. L. M. Pedersen—Jacksonville

GEORGIA

Col. Harold Cohn—Columbus

Col. Johnny J. George—Macon

ILLINOIS

Col. Frank W. Capista—Lockport

Col. C. B. Drake—Decatur

Col. Bud Fennema—Lansing

Col. Walter Holford—Edwardsville

Col. Ray Hudson—Morrisonville

Col. A. R. McGowen—Oak Lawn

Col. Bruce Parkinson—Kankakee

Col. Carman Y. Potter—Jacksonville

Col. Fred G. Quick—Aurora

Col. Lester Winternitz—Chicago

INDIANA

Col. L. T. Crawford—Mishawaka

Col. R. C. Foland—Noblesville

Col. Russell Kruse—Grabill

Reppert School of Auctioneering

Decatur

Col. H. J. "Bus" Retmier—Indianapolis

IOWA

Col. B. J. Berry, Bonaparte

Col. Wm. T. Huisman—Parkensburg

Col. Guy L. Pettit—Bloomfield

Col. Clinton A. Peterson—Fort Dodge

Col. Wendell Ritchie—Marathon

KANSAS

Col. J. B. Hickerson—Wichita

Col. E. T. Sherlock—St Francis

MAINE

Col. Clifford L. Swan—Portland

MASSACHUSETTS

Col. Abe Levin—Lunenburg

MICHIGAN

Col. Wm. O. Coats—Union City

Wilber Auction Service—Bronson

MINNESOTA

Col. Tom Gould—Minneapolis

Nelson Auction School—Renville

MISSOURI

Col. Bill McCracken—Kirkwood

Col. Russell E. Summers, St. Ann

NEBRASKA

Col. Dan J. Fuller—Albion

Col. Ray Flanagan—Albion

Col. John W. Heist—Beatrice

Col. T. C. Jensen—Holdrege

Col. J. D. Kirkpatrick—Grand Island

Col. Stacy McCoy—Arapahoe

Col. Leon S. Nelson—Albion

Col. Henry Rasmussen—St. Paul

Col. James Webb—Grand Island

Col. Adolph Zicht—Norfolk

NEW JERSEY

Col. David S. Blew II, Bridgeton

Col. B. G. Coats—Long Branch

Col. Ben Greenfield—Newark

Col. J. A. Guzzi—Long Branch

Col. Robert R. Story—Westfield

Col. Russ Tinsman—Hackettstown

Col. Herbert Van Pelt—Readington

NEW YORK

Col. Arnold Ford—Constableville

OHIO

Cols. Bailey-Murphy-Darbyshire Co. —
Wilmington

Col. Ralph Drake—Montpelier

Col. R. E. Guiss, Akron

Col. Jonathan C. Mason—East Liverpool

Col. Harry Van Buskirk, Norwalk

Col. Clyde M. Wilson—Marion

PENNSYLVANIA

Col. Tom Berry—West Newton

Col. Philip A. Engelmeier—Pittsburgh

Col. R. E. Parke—Greensburg

Col. Homer H. Sparks—Sharon

OKLAHOMA

Col. V. K. Crowell—Oklahoma City

OREGON

Col. L. J. Stanley—Portland

SOUTH DAKOTA

Col. Robert E. Penfield—Lemmon

TENNESSEE

Col. J. Robert Hood—Lawrenceburg

Col. H. C. "Red" Jessee—Morristown

Col. E. H. Lawson, Kingsport

Col. C. B. McCarter—Sevierville

TEXAS

Col. Don Estes—San Angelo

Col. W. J. Wendelin—Henderson

WISCONSIN

Col. Earl Clauer,—Mineral Paint
Col. W. C. Heise—Oconto
Col. Don Lloyd, Oshkosh

WYOMING

Col. C. G. Williams—Sheridan
Col. Dale Shelton, Jr.—Sheridan

ELSEWHERE

The Ladies Auxiliary of the
National Auctioneers Association

MAIL BAG

Dear Col. Hart:

Enclosed find check for my 1955 dues. Should have taken care of this earlier in the month but pressure of business caused delay. I hope I can attend the Convention in Indianapolis this summer.

With kindest regards and ever continuing progress for our Association, I am,

Very truly yours,
Don Hutchinson
Richford, Vermont

Dear Col. Hart:

. . . Rest assured that I will not miss our National Convention at Indianapolis, July 14-16. I shall be there.

Sincerely yours,
Fred W. Smiley
Saginaw, Michigan

Dear Col. Hart:

Am enclosing check for 1955 dues. I don't want to miss any issues of "The Auctioneer" . . .

. . . We hope all auctioneers are busy until July. Then of course, all interested in our profession will attend our National Convention.

Sincerely yours,
Leon E. Joy
Ames, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

. . . You may be interested in knowing that the four pages of pictures taken for the article in "Woman's Day" and reprinted in "The Auctioneer" ("How to Buy a Bargain at an Auction Sale"—December 1954) were taken at one of my sales.

Very truly yours,
Bob Smith
Pleasant Valley, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check for \$15.00, ten dollars for my membership dues and five dollars for a listing on the "Booster Page." I enjoy and look forward to each issue of "The Auctioneer."

I found the Convention last year at Omaha so worthwhile and enjoyable that I am planning to attend the one in Indianapolis this year in July.

Sincerely,
Don Lloyd
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Dear Col.:

Find my personal check for \$12.50 asking you to accept J. H. Watson's application for membership in the N. A. A. He has been an Auctioneer for 30 years or more and is now my partner in the Auction profession. I am a graduate of the Reppert Auction School, Class of 1954—Summer Term, and also a member of the N. A. A.

Very truly yours,
Thos. F. McKenzie
Sparta, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hart:

Have been a member of the NAA for some time and enjoy "The Auctioneer" very much. After being out of touch with the boys since graduating from Reppert's in 1949, I enjoy reading of the whereabouts of my instructors and classmates and what they are doing.

I know that Col. Drake will be glad to know that we have an Auto Auction in Albuquerque, which seems to be growing and doing better all the time. Each week, we have about an 85 car average consigned with 60% sold.

Am also selling for the New Mexico Livestock Exchange, Inc., each week, which runs from 700 to 3000 head of cattle per sale. A clipping of our February 15 Bull Sale is enclosed. These bulls were not fat and not in sale condition. The sale was good, comparatively.

If possible, hope we can make the Convention this year. Tell Guy Pettit this is his never smiling Auctioneer.

Very truly yours,
Elmer Bunker
Albuquerque, N. Mexico
(Continued on Next Page)

Dear Bernie:

. . . You can look forward to seeing me at the next Convention in Indianapolis.

I have been passing "The Auctioneer" around to others who are interested . . . I made the statement the other day, "I wouldn't swap my Auction business for the Governor's Chair," and I meant every word of it.

Auctioneerily yours,
C. B. McCarter
Sevierville, Tennessee

Dear Col. Hart:

Have enclosed my check for another year's membership. I know that you and the other officers and directors of our Association are doing a fine job in the interests of our profession. Keep up the good work.

I am having a good run of spring sales. Prices on dairy cattle and machinery are improving a great deal.

Would hate to be without "The Auctioneer." It is a very fine publication.

Wishing you continued success and good luck.

Sincerely,
Francis L. Byrne
Farmington, Minnesota

. . . I look forward to receiving the Magazine each month and keep a file of them.

I hope to see you at the National Convention.

Fraternally yours,
Russ Tinsman, Vice-Pres.
New Jersey Society
of Auctioneers
Hackettstown, N. J.

Dear Col. Hart:

. . . I don't want to miss an issue of "The Auctioneer." I enjoy very much the information contained in every issue.

I certainly enjoyed the Omaha Convention and hope that I will be able to attend this year. The associations and acquaintances made at these Conventions are invaluable.

Yours for the High Dollar
Clyde Jones
Alva, Oklahoma

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed, please find check for \$5.00 and place my name with Col. Ernie Sherlock's on the Booster Page.

We read "The Auctioneer" every month and enjoy it very much. I attended my first Convention last year at Omaha, and truly enjoyed every minute of it. We will sure try to be at the '55 Convention in Indianapolis, as I am sure it will be worthwhile.

Sincerely,
J. B. Hickerson
Wichita, Kansas

IF YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT

● It's pretty safe to admit that sooner or later, if you drive a car, you will be involved in an accident. If you never have been in one, do you know what to do? Most folks don't.

The answer is provided pointedly in a release this week from the Minnesota State Bar Association. The high points are these, listed in order of importance:

● Stop safely off the main traveled part of the road, that is, well off on the shoulder. Better, pull off in a driveway or on a side road.

● Assist but don't move the injured.

● Call an ambulance or doctor, or see that someone does.

● Call police and report the accident.

● When the dust has settled and the injured are cared for, get the license number, name and address of other driver. The same information should be taken on passengers in the other car and of all witnesses.

● Since you can forget rapidly afterwards, make written notes of the accident as soon as possible.

BUT, above all, never drive away from an accident in which you are involved without giving the other persons involved your name and other pertinent information about yourself.

Now that you know what to do if you HAVE an accident, try to avoid ever having to put this information to use.

— New Ulm Journal.

THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW

"THE AUCTIONEER" is seldom or never thrown into the post-office wastebasket. It is rarely thrown away at home until every adult member of the family and the children have looked it over. The recipients almost always file their copies for future reference. It is often sent to friends and relatives.

Consequently the advertising placed in "THE AUCTIONEER" reaches more people and stays with them longer than other types of advertising. Advertising rates will be found on page 1 of this issue. Send your copy and check to the Editor, Col. Bernard Hart, 803 South Columbia Street, Frankfort, Indiana.

Crowded Schools — Problem of All

The opening of schools this month brings fresh reminders of how difficult it is to keep up with some of the problems of a fast-growing population.

Farm communities are not feeling the population surge to the extent of the cities and the mushrooming suburban areas, but farm folk cannot isolate themselves from all of the problems that are arising.

The number of boys and girls in public schools this year is about 36,000,000. The estimate for 1960 is 44 million.

For the areas of heavy population concentration this is going to mean tremendous school building projects if the children are to be adequately housed. Already there are nearly a million pupils attending school on a half-time basis for lack of classroom space.

While the average farm community may not be overwhelmed by the size

of its current school population, farm families are going to feel the pressure of the current situation when the time comes to send Johnny and Mary to the state college or university.

It is estimated that some of our mid-west colleges and universities will be asked to handle enrollment increases of up to 50% in the next ten years. To do this adequately most of them will need new classroom buildings, new dormitories, new teachers.

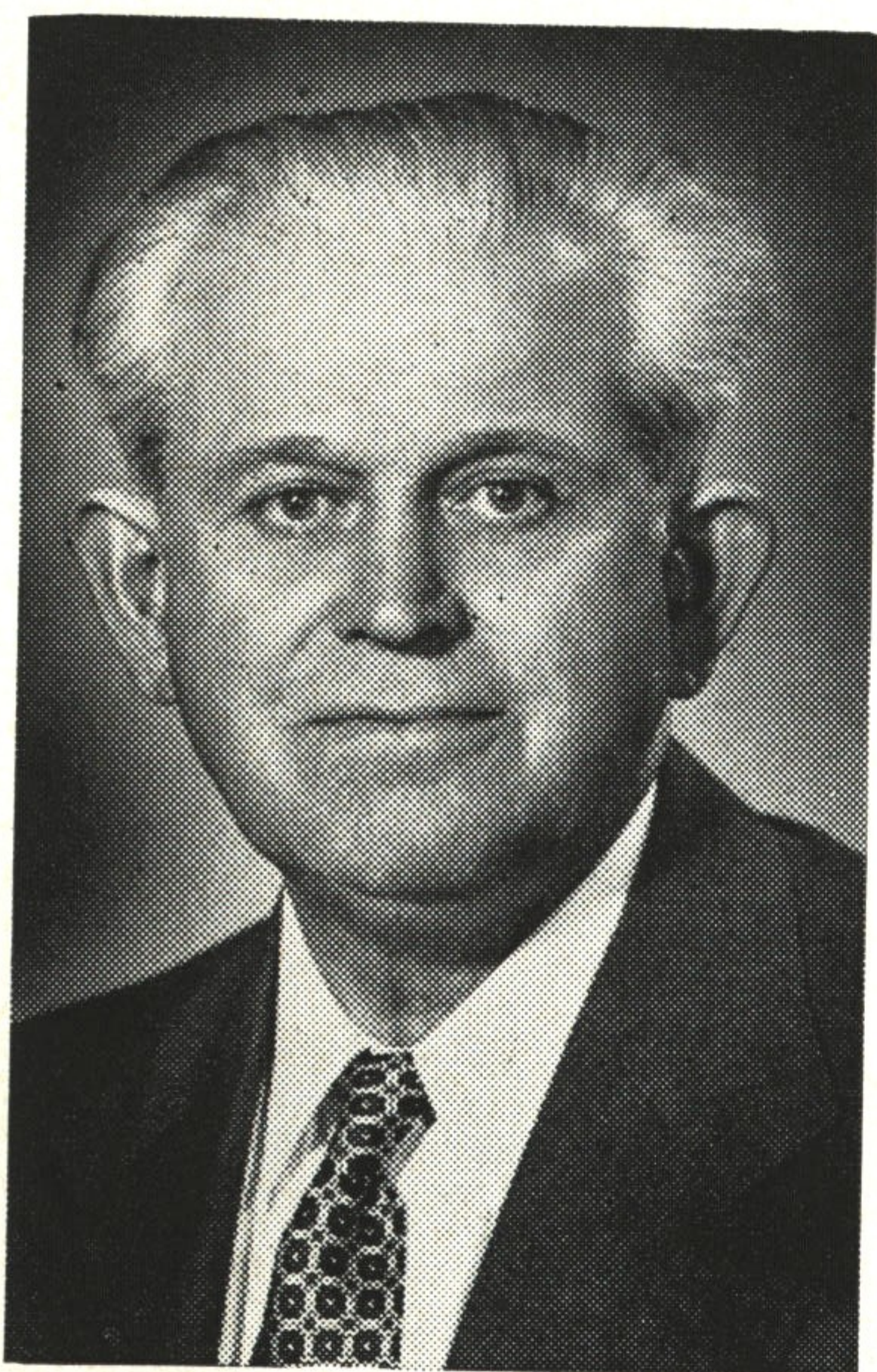
That's where farm folk will feel the pressure of the present rapid increase in school population. They will feel it as parents looking for the right place to send their sons and daughters for higher education. And they will feel it as citizens whose taxes are the main source of building and maintaining state colleges and universities.

"If I can be of any help in any way for the Convention, don't hesitate to call on me."—Col. L. T. Crawford, Mishawaka, Indiana.

Progress

By COL. R. C. FOLAND

It is thrilling and awe-inspiring to reflect on the marvelous progress which has been made in the world in almost every line of endeavor. So rapid in fact, has modern progress been made that it is little wonder the mind of man can be made to function properly in harmony with these modern times. Perhaps we have advanced too rapidly, but who would dare to venture anything to slow down this wonderful progress.



The auction method of selling, both real and personal property, has certainly played its part in this march of advancement and progress. Considering the fact that auctioneers have been and even are yet, very largely self-made, it is perhaps true to say that no other business so far reaching in service and influence, has made such wonderful advancement with such little help.

Look at other professions. Even the ministry which possibly should stand at the head of the list, requires preparation, education, inspiration and experience. The legal profession requires col-

lege training. Likewise the medical profession in all its various fields. In fact we could enumerate many, many lines of business and industry which has made great advancement augmented by schools of preparation.

It is true there are now schools of auctioneering but most of them are only from one to four weeks in duration. It is utterly absurd, unreasonable and out of the realm of logical thinking to even presume that a great and broad business like auctioneering can be practised successfully with only a few weeks schooling. The schools in existence are perhaps a step in the right direction and better than nothing, but take it from me, most of the graduates only acquire a smattering of fundamental knowledge and build to that, out of the great school of experience. Even so, some brilliant and successful auctioneers grace the profession.

The genuine unadulterated plan of auction selling has been ignored and pushed aside too much. The unfair practices among many auctioneers in playing the auction game with tricks and schemes, is perhaps the worse enemy to the further advancement of our grand and noble profession. It is my belief, however, that more and more auctioneers are becoming aware of the fact that clean, honorable, legitimate and bona fide bidding is the way to secure and maintain the confidence of bidders and the general public.

Certainly we will all agree that the confidence element should run high and permeate the atmosphere about every auction in order to stimulate free bidding and thus result in better prices.

My advice to young auctioneers is not to become too anxious to contract sales with "riders" in the contracts which is unfair to bidders. In fact I believe auctioneers should be willing to show prospective buyers their authority for making any sale.

It is my candid belief, based on many years of practical and successful selling, that an auctioneer can render the great-

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH

est service to the seller, only when and if he plays the game square with those who handle the bids sealed up in their own minds. Just remember that when an auction sale is opened, the prices repose in the minds of the bidding public and the clever auctioneer, it occurs to me, should depend on his ability; on the merit of what he is selling and on the demand concealed in the minds of those who do the bidding, to get the very best prices.

In this march of progress may we auctioneers "part the curtain" so to speak and get the picture of genuine auctioneering and practice our profession open and above board and command the admiration and respect of the buying public. Then and only then can we render the best service to those for whom we sell.

Join your state and national auctioneers associations, if you are not already a member, and help us all to pull to-

gether and push together. May we be worthy of even greater advancement and progress.

IN MEMORIAM

Col. Ted Witkin,
Burlington, Vermont

Col. Faye L. Houtchens,
Monmouth, Illinois

Col. William Rubin,
Norfolk, Va.

Col. Charles J. Madison,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Col. J. G. Sheets
Roanoke, Va.

Col. Ralph Drake
Montpelier, Ohio

YOU MISS SO MUCH

*When You Are
on the Outside*

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

Join Now

NATIONAL AUCTIONEERS ASSOCIATION

803 S. Columbia St.

Frankfort, Ind.

Webb Family Finds Stamp Collecting Wealth Of Info

"Whoa! Slow down a minute. Let's get that word again."

"Philately."

"Ah, yes. And that translates into the collecting of stamps."

"In a broad view, yes. Our main interest lies in postal history through stamps on covers."

"On covers? I'm afraid you'll have to wade through slowly. This hobby has a language all its own."

The two philatelists were very patient. They began at the beginning.

Donald W. Webb, as most schoolboys do, went through the stamp collecting stage. From 1898 to 1910 he expanded a great deal of energy in these bits of colored paper. But as hobbies will, this one found its way into the attic and was forgotten. Many years passed until a day in 1935 when Donald's son, F. Thomas Webb, while recuperating from an illness, displayed an interest in stamps. Down came the accumulation of all the early material and father and son have been working together ever since.

Wealth of Knowledge

"There is an excellent source of knowledge in stamps." Mr. Webb, Sr. says "Some depict historical events. Foreign stamps display their industries, youth sports, flowers and religious themes. It's as if a small part of everywhere has come into your home."

Thomas Webb, eager to share his love for this consuming hobby broke in with, "Let me explain what we meant by stamps on cover. A cover is an envelope and we try to record postal history through the cancellations on the envelopes which come into our possession. For instance here are decorative corner cards."

An album, heavy with envelopes, painstakingly mounted and recorded was placed on my lap. "An envelope with any kind of decoration in a corner — such as these with color pictures of

hotels are in this category. Some of them are quite elaborate."

A slim volume changed hands. "Cancellations of all kinds make fascinating reading. Here are examples of slogan cancellations. '1918 — Food Will Win The War—Don't Waste It' and 'Give To The Red Cross Fund—1953.' Highway post office marks reflect the times when mail was sorted and delivered by bus route and earlier trolley cars. Some going still further back have wagon post markings."

Donald Webb added, "Did you notice this early cancellation of a town called Riceville which is known now as Leonardo in Monmouth County? And did Tommy show you these? Beautiful, aren't they? They're old valentines in their original envelopes."

I looked at the puckered, daintily engraved messages of love with their matched covers and thought of the hands receiving them and dusting years until this moment, and it was beginning to get me—the excitement this father and son feel for their hobby.

"Did you know that envelopes were not invented until around 1840? Letters were folded and the address was transcribed on the outer side. Home made envelopes—and of old wall paper—are prized items." Donald Webb continued with more of the details which made their pursuit such an eager one. "Years ago railroad cancellations were much more common than today. Traveling salesmen wrote letters in the evening and dropped them off at the railway mail car as they caught the morning train. People wrote while traveling the rails and mailed their letters at stop-overs. Today, with the predominance of motor cars and the active tourist trade, railroad post office markings are not as prevalent." He smiled briefly, "So you see, again, postal history reflects the progress of our country."



The Harris Wilcox Sales Organization. Front, left to right, Wallace Barnes, truckman; Peter Steckley, barn superintendent; William Fritts, cashier; Clarence Bontrager, auctioneer. Back, left to right: H. C. Searls, office manager and auctioneer; Harris Wilcox, sales manager and auctioneer; Maurice Mix, assistant sales manager; Peter Sinclair, leadsman. Col. Wilcox is a Director of the National Auctioneers Association.

I turned to Thomas Webb as he spoke, "Adhesive postage stamps were unknown in America until 1847 and were first introduced in England in 1840. So, in the pre-stamp era in the late 1700's and the early 1800's overseas mail was handled in a curious manner. Newspapers advertised the sailing date of a ship a few days in advance to give people time to write their letters and bring them to the ship or a designated depository. The name of the vessel was written in a corner and it was as simple as that." Captains often set their own fee for mail transportation, and these fee-markings on the folded mass are always of interest. History in its most personal sense recreates itself through this typical ex-

ample. Included in the Webb collection are letters and covers received by Charles Guiteau, the assassinator of President James A. Garfield when he was waiting for his execution. One letter reads:

June 8, 1882

"Charles Guiteau—U. S. Jail, Washington, D. C.

You miserable whelp. There are to be celebrations all over this part of the country on the night of your suspense June 30th. We hope the rope will break so that you will have to hang two or three times. The devil is getting a nice gridiron warmed for you. He will have Guiteau on toast July 1st and don't you forget it.

Many Citizens."

Auctions Rival Luxury Baths in Hot Springs, Ark.

Sales of Foreign Wares, Jewelry and Paintings Becoming Lucrative Business

Reprinted From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch Issue of February 7, 1955

By W. R. DRAPER

HOT SPRINGS, Ark.—Central Avenue in Hot Springs is known not only for its luxury bath houses, but for the many large jewelry stores and auction houses widely advertised as art galleries.

Here in these galleries one sees cut diamonds, porcelain vases and dishes, ivory inlaid stand tables from India, teakwood chairs and setters from China, redwood buffets with marble tops and gold plaques from Italy, capo di monte chinaware, porcelain lamps from Italy, French vases, oil paintings of famous people and other items from all over the world.

This display of foreign wares, expensive jewels and stones, attracts as much attention as bath house row.

The baths are a "must" for an average annual attendance of 325,000 men and women from all parts of the country.

5 Flags Flown Over Baths

Five flags have flown over the thermal waters of Hot Springs, including the Spanish insignia unfurled by DeSoto. France's fleur de-lis was planted by La-Salle in 1682. During the War between the States, the stars and bars of the Confederacy substituted, for a short time, for Old Glory. Arkansas attained statehood in 1836, and the official state flag was adopted in 1913.

Hot Springs has 18 bath houses and a dozen or more places where hot water may be obtained free for drinking purposes. The springs flow about 1,000,000 gallons of water daily. Less than half of the water is used.

The United States Park Service has control of the waters and regulates prices for baths, as well as operations

inside the bath houses. No one is permitted to bathe in the hot water until it is cooled down from 147 to less than 100 degrees. The water was dedicated to the people for all time by an act of Congress in 1832.

Regardless of economic conditions in the United States Hot Springs enjoys increasing attendance by those who wish to be healed by the hot waters of this famous spa.

Interest in Auction Houses

The auction houses also have their fascination.

On display at one is a capo dimonte harp-shaped lamp and urn; also a rosewood buffet with an Italian marble top and bronze plaques. This piece once belonged to Thomas Jefferson, it is said, but is now owned by a collector. It, like other background items, is to attract visitors and is not for sale.

However, there was offered for sale at a recent evening session a ring from the Fanny Brice collection which was said to have cost the late actress \$12,500. Also offered was a diamond necklace from the Evelyn Walsh McLean collection, valued by the estate at \$165,000. Neither of these items sold.

That a rich buyer may not be far away is evidenced by the fact that one auction house did actually sell \$2,000,000 worth of diamonds to a Texan who came to Hot Springs to purchase real estate, but was fascinated and switched to the uncut stones instead.

Auction Entertainment

If you have never attended an auction on Central avenue you have a treat in store. The auctioneers are skilled in entertainment, psychology and high-powered salesmanship. Unless you are

impervious to so-called bargains and have a tight grip on your checkbook, you are likely to leave one of these places minus several hundred dollars. Sometimes the bargains are real, often dubious.

Every one of the auction houses employs street barkers who invite you to a soft-covered seat in a brightly lighted "gallery," a ticket which entitles you to a gift and a lot of tomfoolery entertainment, almost as good as vaudeville.

"Just go inside and watch the show," pleads the barker. "You don't have to buy anything. Come, come good people, this is no time for dilly-dally." Inside the auctioneers are warming up the crowd with stories and drawings. Almost everyone in the house is given a present. These auctioneers work in 30-minute shifts and there are four to six salesmen in each place.

Between offerings the auctioneers usually lecture on astrology, diseases of all kinds and how to handle wives. But they never discuss religion or politics.

Christie Hogan, 42 years a jewelry auctioneer, likes to talk about his wife and how much he loves his mother-in-law. Hogan is well versed in astrology and takes pride in making a quick horoscope for a possible customer.

Luxury Tax Collections

No one knows how many thousands of dollars are left with the Hot Springs auction houses each season, but the sum must run well into the millions of dollars as Hot Springs district is one of the largest collectors of luxury taxes in the country.

Certainly the auction houses, the horse races and the gambling houses (when they are permitted to operate), furnish the greatest amount of income for Hot Springs, although the guests who come each season in increasing numbers leave millions of dollars for the millions of gallons of hot radioactive mineral water in which they bathe. The water is all owned and controlled by the Government and a part of the revenue accrues to Uncle Sam. A bath costs from \$1.50 to \$2.25. Each guest takes from six to 18 baths, and there are an average of 325,000 guests each year.



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Once the 47 hot springs and all of the land thereabout were owned by the Quapaw Indians. When DeSoto came riding through in September 1541 on his way to find "the seven cities whose streets were paved with gold," Indian guides led the expedition into the valley known as the "place of hot waters."

Subtle Slam

A man went to a little Pennsylvania village for a summer's rest and he bought a fine saddle horse from an elderly man who wore the regulation Quaker long drab coat and broad-brimmed hat. The man was highly elated at his bargain but he had ridden the horse only a short distance when the animal developed a limp. The man turned back and soon met the Quaker plodding along the road. He drew the horse to a stop and started to speak. But the old man held up both hands and said:

"No, no! Thee must not ask me to take back the horse."

"Oh, I wasn't going to," replied the man shortly. "All I want is to borrow your hat and coat until I can sell him to someone else."

"I enjoy 'The Auctioneer' very much."
—Col. Ray E. Field, Onondaga Hill, New York.

THE LIGHTER SIDE . . .

WRONG APPROACH

Willie and his new girl friend were sitting on a park bench one night, and Willie, trying to make conversation, said tentatively, "Some dew!"

"And some don't!" she snapped back. "You take me home right now!"

CHARACTER WITNESS

An actress, seeing a questionable dame, sweetly remarked: "There goes the original good time that was had by all."

WHAT WILL YOU WEAR?

Two ladies were discussing what they would wear to the country club dance.

"We're supposed to wear something to match our husband's hair, so I'm going to wear black," said Mrs. Johnson. "What will you wear?"

"Goodness," gasped her companion. "I don't think I'll go."

RETROACTIVE

A traveling salesman checking in at a hotel noticed a charming bit of femininity giving him the "glad eye." He walked over casually and spoke to her as though he had known her all his life. Both walked back to the desk and registered as Mr. and Mrs.

After a three day stay he checked out and was presented with a bill for \$250. "There's a mistake here," he protested. "I have been here only three days." "Yes," replied the clerk, "but your wife has been here for three months."

EXPLORER

Overheard in a night club: "Hands off, Columbus, you've discovered enough for one night."

FRIENDSHIP

Bridget had been discharged. Extracting a \$5.00 bill from her roll, she threw it to Fido. Then the shocked mistress heard her exclaim: "Sure'n I niver fer-git a friend. That's for helpin' me wash the dishes."

WHAT THE TEA LEAVES SAY

Fortune teller: "I'm sorry to tell you that you'll be a widow soon. Your husband is going to die a violent death."

Woman: "And will I be acquitted?"

THAT'LL TEACH HIM

Two Irishmen met one day and were discussing local news.

"Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat.

"Faith," said Mike, "an' I do."

"Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him."

"Ye don't say so!" said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."

READY AND WILLING

This incident took place during one of our recent football games:

Nothing the home team did seemed to stop the visitors, as they drove for one first-down after another.

At last the coach turned wearily to the bench. "Jones, go in there—and get rambunctious!"

Jones grabbed his helmet and sprinted onto the field. He stopped suddenly and looked back over his shoulder, "What's his number, Coach?"

DEFINITIONS

Back in the good old days, a security risk was generally nothing more than the new charge account customer at the corner grocery.

VEHEMENT

"No," said the centipede, crossing her legs, "a hundred times no!"

POSSIBLE

Lulu: "I see where a young wife presented her 85-year-old husband with a baby boy. What do you think of that?"

Luke: "The same as you."

BONUS

It's what you learn after you know it all that counts.

SALIENT POINTS

The little boy watched with interest as a new family moved in down the street. He then ran home with this report:

"They look like a nice bunch. They've got a boy a little bigger than me and a girl about my age and a cocker spaniel and a 21-inch screen!"

STORMY WEATHER

Once during a severe rain storm, three roosters found themselves caught in the deluge. Two of them ran for the barn. The smartest one made a duck under the porch.

SECOND BEST

Captain (on ferry, shouting down to crew's quarters): "Is there a mackintosh down there big enough to keep two young ladies warm?"

Voice from below: "No, but there's a McPherson who's willing to try!"

MEOW!

The young doctor was taking his wife out one evening, when a pretty girl smiled and spoke to him. The wife, scenting an earlier love affair inquired: "Who is the lady, dear?"

"Oh, just a girl I have met professionally."

"No doubt," his wife answered, "but whose profession? Yours or hers?"

RECRUIT

A Navy recruit on guard had strict orders to admit no car unless it bore a special tag. He stopped a car carrying a high ranking officer and heard the brass instruct his chauffeur:

"Drive right through."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the recruit, deferentially, "but I'm new at this. Whom do I shoot—you or the driver?"

NEED TWO PRETTY GOOD ONES

"Your leg," writes a schoolboy in an anatomy test, "is what if you ain't got two pretty good ones of you can't get to first base, and neither can your sister."

DID SHE BLUSH?

Harold: "Did Frances blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

Gerald: "I didn't notice."

MOTORIST LOST HIS WAY

In the heart of the Ozarks a motorist lost his way and inquired of a native, "Am I on the road for Kansas City?"

"Well," answered the native, "not exactly, bud. That road moseys along for a piece, then it turns into a hog trail, then a squirrel track, and finally runs up a scrub pine and ends in a knot-hole."

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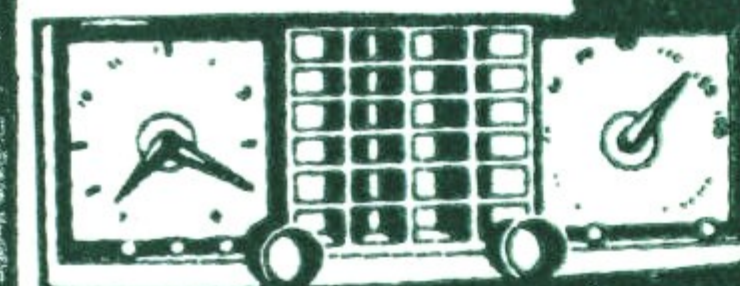
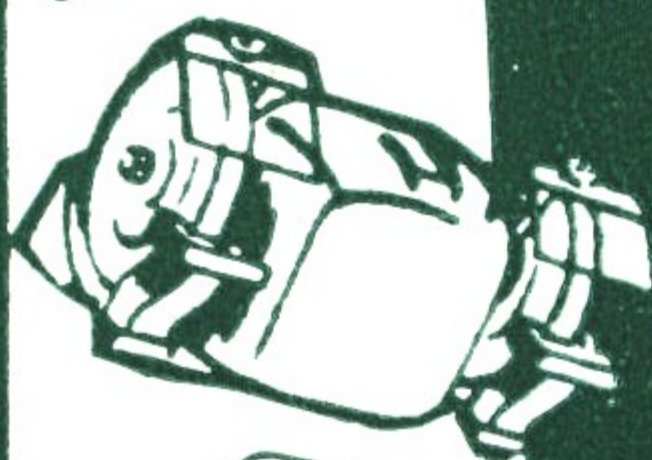
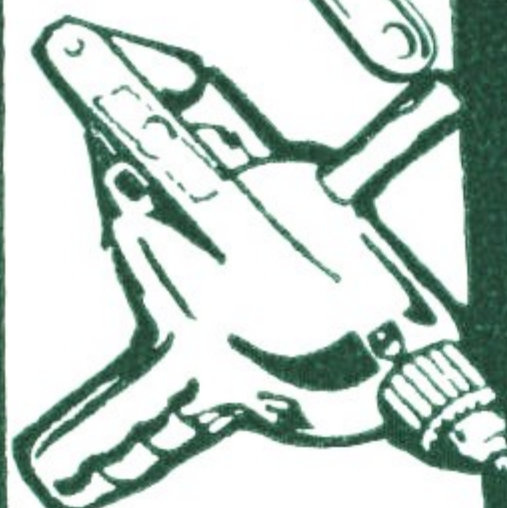
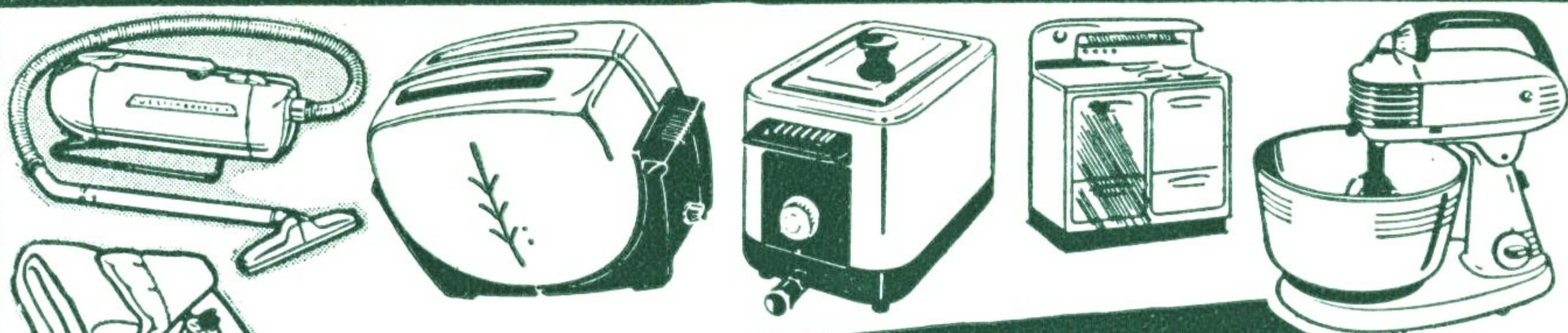
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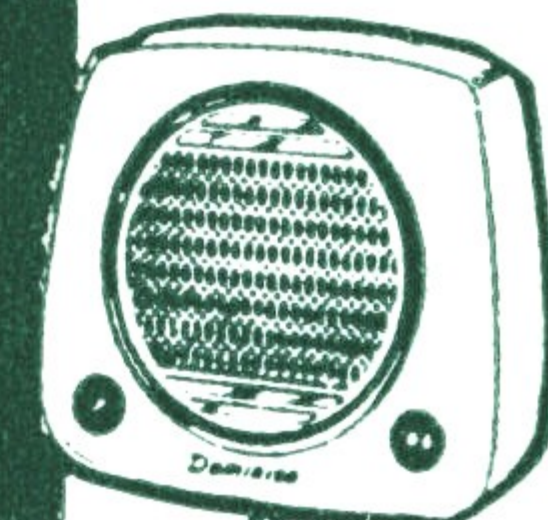
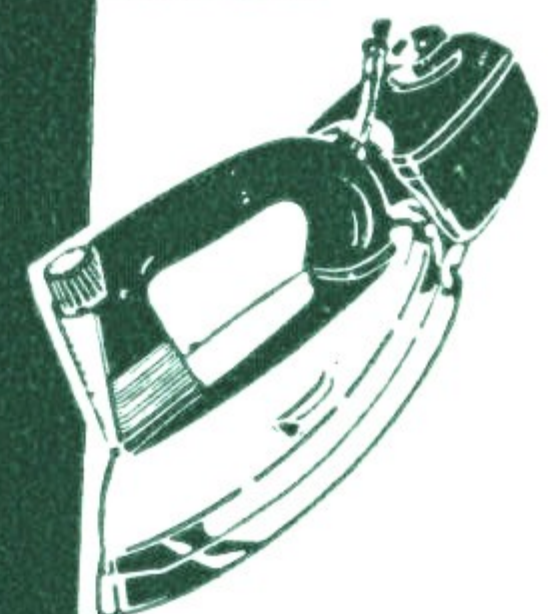


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