

# Greatest Pleasure From His Cattle

Col. A. W. Thompson, in His Opening Remarks at ElDorado, Referred to the Fact That Though Robert H. Hazlett's Interests Were Many, His Herefords Came First of All.



COL. A. W. THOMPSON.

In opening the Robert H. Hazlett sale, Col. A. W. Thompson, Lincoln, Neb., who occupied the auctioneer's box every minute of the more than 20 hours required for the actual selling during the three days of the sale, was equal to the importance of the occasion. "In the course of many years," he said, "I have opened several thousand sales with remarks which I felt were appropriate and adequate for the occasion, but I frankly confess that today I find no suitable thoughts or phrases to convey my feelings.

"This is not an auction sale in the strictest sense of the word. Rather you have been invited to participate in the division of the masterpieces of a great artist or sculptor, who laid down his tools only after he had moulded, carved and painted the two most perfect specimens of last year in his chosen field. Surely and truly that achievement alone was the work of a master.

"This event is more than an auction. It is a memorial occasion with hundreds gathered from the four corners of North America to pay tribute to a deceased friend. He was a friend in the fullest sense of the meaning. No man ever left the presence of Robert Hazlett without being conscious of having met a gentle and inspiring soul, one of God's noblemen.

"So we assemble here today on almost hallowed ground to pay tribute to a friend, and one of the most constructive breeders of livestock the world has ever known. We offer the "Premier Herd" of the world as evidence.

"That he loved his work more than life itself is testified to by the fact that he arose only by a super-human effort to follow his cattle to the last International Live Stock Show and we shall never forget the "great master" as he sat in his wheel chair with a champion on either side, his face agleam with the pride of achievement.

"This was the zenith of a long and useful life, his material crown, and then his tired soul took flight out into that vast unknown, to that bourne from which no traveler returns.

"I had a dream last night. I saw Robert Hazlett in another world. He was choosing his vocation for eternity. He was shown a palatial bank building, with millions of capital and surplus, with a note case with no delinquencies,

he was shown a tremendous oil field with unheard of production, all of which was piped to a refinery, which was beyond the fondest imagination, and still he refused that offer.

"Then he was taken out, away from the rabble of the market place, out into the green rolling hills. There was a gateway over which was inscribed the words, 'Hazford Place,' and just before I awakened I saw Mr. Hazlett standing on the porch of a beautiful country home, and as he looked out over the rolling green hills he saw all the generations of Hazfords and Bocaldos browsing on the hill sides. As I awakened I knew that he had found lasting peace and happiness.

"We can feel his presence here, and I firmly believe his spirit walks among us today. If Robert Hazlett sees and knows, it will be as the music of heavenly harps to hear the names of his friends recorded as the rubies, pearls and diamonds, the gems of his life of labor and love, pass into new ownership.

"Millions of dollars have been spent throughout the world in the building of monuments in memory of our great statesmen, philosophers and patriots, but none of these has added more wealth and dignity to animal husbandry than did Robert Hazlett. He would not ask a memorial in bronze or masonry, but it is fitting and proper that each and every lover of Hereford cattle do his utmost to make this the outstanding event of its kind ever held around the wide world.

"The report of this event will encircle the globe, and when the history of this sale is finally filed in the archives of Herefordom as a monument to Robert Hazlett, we hope your name will be written there. Ladies and gentlemen, we are ready to write the name of the first subscriber to this memorial."