

NICK KNUDSON SINGS OLDSMOBILE'S PRAISES ON DEMONSTRATION DRIVE

"Every time you think of Nick," says Nick Knudson, "then you think of Oldsmobile; and everytime you think of Oldsmobile, think of Nick!"

This article will, therefore, try to help you think of Nick and Oldsmobile together. However, there must be some order. When we talk about stream-lining and knee action and reinforced steel bodies, we mean Oldsmobile and not Nick. And when we talk about hauling lumber and having a permanent location on Highways 51 and 85, we mean Nick and not Oldsmobile.

To begin with Mr. Knudson, therefore: He is vociferously and historically a REPUBLICAN (he asked for the capitals himself); a 180-average bowler, a fourth-string skat player, and a fellow something like this article in that why the article is made this way. You can't always take him seriously. He is a busy man who does a lot of some things and a little bit of everything.

For sixteen years Mr. Knudson was with the Stange Lumber company, reaching the position of assistant general manager. When he went into business for himself, however, he employed himself generally. When he hired Nick Knudson he hired a half-dozen hands in one; he got a secretary, a general executive, a politician, a real estate man, and a tie-and-timber buyer all at once.

World Fair Piling
Mr. Knudson furnished the piling for the new concrete bridge on the north side of Wausau, and he furnished a great deal of piling for the Century of Progress exposition at Chicago. He sells ties to all the railroads around here—the St. Paul, Northwestern, Soo, and associated lines. These ties he buys all over Lincoln county. He also does a lot of contract hauling for the various local manufacturing concerns.

His only job, aside from that with Stange, was when he worked for the Wisconsin Valley Electric company, in its local office, previous to his enlisting for the World War.

On the political side, besides being a pro-Chapple, pro-Greene, pro-Hoover, anti-Roosevelt, down-with-Democracy Republican, he has been practical enough to serve four terms as alderman, two terms as county supervisor, and as president of the city council for three terms.

About 1931 Nick Knudson bought out a little filling station on the corner of West Main and Genesee streets and kept building and adding to it until it is now a complete but fully-equipped sales and service garage and one of the busiest little offices in the city. It is here that he dispenses his Oldsmobiles, although he talks about them all over town. Nick is so thoroughly proud of his cars that they are sold as fast as he produces them and are more like an especially cherished branch of his family, or a dangerous operation. After a five minutes' talk with him, you understand why people say "when you think of Nick, you think of Oldsmobile."

New for the Olds
Since this is Nick's article, and it is supposed to be something like Nick, we'll have to fill just about all the rest of it with talk about Oldsmobile, just as he would a barber's while we get a glimpse of his wonder-car.

Make believe you're out for a demonstration drive with him. He pulls up before your door, and as you come out he says: "Say boy, look over here, door. They're all peeping through the curtains at this car." (They're all.) "Isn't she a beauty? You'd think it was a high-priced limousine, wouldn't you? Well, I ain't ready to tell you the price yet, but you'll find it hard to believe. Now get into the front seat." You do. "Take hold of that little crank down there beside you." You do. "Now make yourself comfortable."

The front seat adjusts instantly and easily. When you change your

position, a turn of the hand adjusts the seat position to suit. Then you begin to drive. The engine's running now, but you can hardly hear it. Then there's the amazing silence as you shift into gear, as you try it out experimentally you find it operates silently in all speeds—even reverse. But Nick has the floor again:

"All right now—let's step ahead."

Quick Pick-Up

You pull out into the street before you realize you're away from the curb—while another car would still be getting into motion.

"She'll go from five to sixty in 28 seconds," Nick chortles beside you. "Get out in the country and I'll prove it. . . . Keep your eye on the speedometer, now, and head out of town."

It's all easy. The big aviation duals are plainly visible through the three slim spokes of the steering wheel, and as you pull through the traffic it doesn't matter that you hardly seem able to hold the car in. Through traffic openings, even if there's not much room to spare, the Center-Control steering puts the car right where you point it.

Then out on the highway. The dial moves swiftly upward. The car begins to coast into a race, but it's soon far behind. At 75 miles an hour the car glides easily without pitching or rolling. You sweep around a curve without a hint of danger, while Nick sings of the virtues of the Oldsmobile's Ride Stabilizer, and the scientific distribution of weight.

Then there's a bit of road under construction. Over bumpy ground you approach a planked stretch of corduroy.

"Here's where we get a sensational test," Nick announces. "Keep up your speed. Go right over it—don't be afraid!"

Obediently you rush onto the bumps and holes, tense and clutching. The road pouts under you just as before. Another shock as you hit the planks—but the shock doesn't come. You pull across the patch onto the road again, leaning to relax and laugh at the torn-up surface, while Nick goes into a regular rhapsody about Knee-Action, and the way the independent suspension of the front wheels takes up jolts in the back seat too and makes an auto ride as smooth as an air tour.

Super-Hydraulics
You're breathing along again when a dog appears on the road in front of you. When you sound the mellow horn he cringes, runs first to one side, then to the other, and finally hides up on the road. You pounce on the brakes. "Good—I was going to ask you to do that anyhow," says Nick. "You got super-hydraulics on this car—smoother than ordinary hydraulics. Perfectly equalized—you wouldn't skid if this was ice. Did you notice how you get the feel of them right away, so you always put on just the right pressure?"

By this time you've noticed Nick's cigar—in fact, if you hadn't been so interested in the car you would have noticed it long ago. For Nick's cigars are almost as bad as his skat. But when you open the window while going better than sixty the wind tears your hair loose and blurs your vision. Nick keeps his cigar but takes the chance to complain about Fisher no-draft ventilation. You try it, and find that the fumes go out, the fresh, cool air comes in, and yet the drafts are all done away with.

Now skip two hours of delightful driving, and come back into town and up to the gas pumps at Mr. Knudson's station. As the courteous attendant fills the tank, you check the mileage—and then it's your turn to talk.

"Holy spikes! Seventeen miles on a gallon at a fifty-mile average!"

It's Nick's last chance, but he doesn't lose it. He tells you about the operating economy of a six-cylinder car and the freedom from repair bills, which, since he is also a repair-man, are the only defect in Oldsmobiles from his standpoint.

We might, if we liked, finish this article with another little sketch, showing you three years later with the Oldsmobile you bought im-

mediately after that demonstration drive—still very proud and very satisfied with your car. But that's something we'd rather have you experience for yourself.

W. H. AuBuchon Is Commercial College Head

The Merrill Commercial College, one of Merrill's exceedingly worth while educational institutions, has steadfastly maintained a reputation of the highest order since the first day it opened its doors to the public.

W. H. AuBuchon is not only the proprietor and owner of the college, but an experienced instructor as well, who devoted years to that line of endeavor, preparatory to his public entrance in educational work.

Mr. AuBuchon was born in St. Genevieve county, Missouri, on May 28, 1889, and is a direct descendant of the AuBuchons who settled in St. Louis as far back as the 18th century, and whose predecessors were prominently identified with the early settlement and progress of that section, in fact, one of the early AuBuchon homes in St. Louis has been preserved in part, as a historical relic of the early days.

Educated in the public schools of Missouri and the Ozark Business University, Mr. AuBuchon began teaching bookkeeping in 1909, in the school in which he had been a student, the president of which was a personal friend of William J. Bryan, who visited the school on several occasions because of his close friendship with the president, G. W. Moothart. After four years in the employ of the Ozark Business University, Mr. AuBuchon came to Milwaukee, selecting Wisconsin for its climatic conditions conducive to good health. He became connected with the Williams Chain of Business Colleges, which connection continued until 1915, when he came to Merrill, and established the Merrill Commercial College, first in the Barrett Building on West Main street, until 1918, when he purchased the business property at 1024 East Main street, and located the college on the second floor thereof.

The present term is the 19th of this institution, and during the previous terms, inclusive 1,200 and 2,000 students have attended either the day or night schools, many of whom would have been unable to do so had not Mr. AuBuchon, in his deep interest in their future success, aided them in various and unusual manners, to secure an education that would permit them to enter the worlds pursuits the better prepared.

Coming to Merrill with a well-developed idea of making this city his home, he purchased a residence within the first year, and has since acquired property that places him well among the worthwhile taxpayers of the city and county.

Mr. AuBuchon's political party adherence, is to the Republican party, and he so dedicated his first

vote in 1910, despite the fact that his ancestors were and still are Democratic followers. However, he is not so "hide-bound" politically that he cannot recognize the worthiness of candidates of other parties, of their ability to serve their constituents, and even vote for them should his better nature so dictate.

Mr. AuBuchon has four sons, two in the University of Wisconsin, preparing themselves for service in teaching, to succeed their father in the Merrill Commercial college; also one son in the Merrill High school, and one son in the graded schools.

Mr. AuBuchon's ability and true citizenship was quite readily recognized by his townsmen, and in 1916, he was elected to the office of alderman from the Third ward, and re-elected in 1918, changing his residence to the Seventh ward, he was chosen to serve in an aldermanic capacity from that ward; by 1928 Mr. AuBuchon and family had again become "Third Warders," and the following year he was elected to represent that ward on the city council, without opposition. In 1932 he was elected mayor of the city, and in 1934 was re-elected to that office without opposition, for the present two-year term.

As to his objective in public service, Mr. AuBuchon recited: "In serving as mayor of Merrill, I am working persistently and continually to save the taxpayers' money, and still keep the City of Merrill on a par with other cities in progress, in health and in educational advantages, maintaining that should the depression conditions



IVER J. C. SOLBERG, pioneer shoemaker and shoe dealer, now retired, is enjoying a well-earned rest, and with Mrs. Solberg is spending the time with their daughter Clara, now Mrs. Harry Glantz, in Denver, Colorado.

overtake and depreciate us to whatever extent, the last public institutions to close, shall be the public schools, which I feel as a citizen and official, is due from me to future generations."

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