

Farmers' Co-Op. Oil Company is Success Here

The "Farmer's Cooperative Oil Company," an organization of Lincoln county farmers, which was effected on July 20, 1931, for the purpose of mutual benefit, has met with unusual success, having proved both beneficial and profitable. The principal office of this building is located on highway 84, just at the outskirts of the Sixth Ward, where one of the service stations is also located.

The officers of this corporation are: President—Ernest Jahns. Vice Pres.—Clarence Peterson. Secretary—Harry Bauman. Treasurer—Gust Klingfuss. Manager—Ernst Lenz. Directors—E. H. Schuls, William Natzke, Charles Boettcher. Manager Lenz reports that over \$11,500 has been turned over to Lincoln county farmers and consumers up to the present time, and that the treasury now contains a saving of over \$3,900, which will be turned over to the same beneficiaries after the first of the coming year, which sum will be increased by whatever additional accumulation may exist at that time.

The manager also reports that the business of the year thus far, shows an increase of 22% over last year, which is indeed, a remarkable showing.

"Co-operation" is the watchword as well as the slogan of this organization, and those directly interested are indeed thankful to those who have contributed to their success. This organization has a number of service stations located about the city and county, which will be found listed in their advertisement in this issue of the Daily Herald, for the reference of those who may be interested.

Koch Brothers Open Service Garage in 1933

In the outlying district to the northward of Merrill, on Federal Highway 51, but yet on Center avenue, is located the garage and service station of the Koch Brothers—a service and garage business started a little more than a year ago by Erwin and Andrew Koch, Merrill born boys, who are making good.

These brothers were born on East street, in this city, and both are graduates of the Sweeney Automobile College, of Kansas City, one of the accredited mechanical schools which turn out worthwhile mechanics. There is also a third brother who is similarly equipped, but is not a member of this particular firm.

This garage is not only equipped to service cars, but likewise to attend to all the necessary repairs with which the motorists have to contend, and that promptly and satisfactorily.

The Koch Brothers sell the well-known and reliable "Cities Service" gas and oils, both in bulk and retail, which they say always gives the motorist full value and service for their money.

They are also sales agents for the "Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tires," the "tire that may save your life," as adopted from the Goodrich slogan, and not improbable in case of such an emergency.

All retail gas purchasers have an opportunity to learn for themselves just how much gas they are getting, and how much it will cost, as the "white pumps," being of the very latest design, total the cost as fast as the gas runs into the tank on your car, as they say: "Watch for the White Pump."

The Koch Brothers being located near the "tourist park," on 51, are permitted the use of the "Hottelmann Park," a pleasant parking spot, for the purpose of charge applying at the garage for permission.

If you desire any further guarantee of the truthfulness of the

HENRY SALES, RIVER PILOT, TELLS STORY

Seventy-eight years ago and thirty-eight years before the railroad came to Merrill, a lad of seventeen walked from Madison to Jenny Bull carrying all his earthly belongings in a small satchel and looking for the means to earn a living.

This young Englishman was Henry Sales, a pioneer who until recently lived with his son in this city, and this is the story of his early life, as it concerns the development of our city.

"That trip took me some four or five days," said Mr. Sales. "There was only a teaming road then, no stages, and once in a while a heavily loaded wagon would carry my satchel while I walked along with the driver.

"My first sight of Jenny wasn't one that would have made a city dweller long to stay, for there wasn't much here in those days. Jenny was only nine years old and outside of the Cooper store and a few cabins and the mill there wasn't much in the way of buildings.

"I was put to work around the house by Mr. Wright, helping his wife and doing odd jobs at first. Later I got a chance to go to St. Louis on a log fleet, and since then I made forty-six trips down the river to the metropolis. Mrs. Wright was one of the five or six women in town."

Henry Sales was born in England in 1839 and when six years of age he moved to Canada with his parents. At their death the family separated, some of the boys went to Montana and some to California; Mr. Sales came to Merrill. Transportation in those days was carried on over trails cut through the virgin forests. Some of these old highways still exist, but the oxen that used to haul heavy loads over them are all gone. Horses were a scarce article, then, there being only a half dozen in the logging camp of Jenny Bull.

Worked Off Debt
"One winter I remember I was deep in debt," recalled Mr. Sales. "Pay wasn't big for inexperienced men and if we managed to earn a living we felt successful. Well, this year I was \$800 behind and I was afraid to tell my boss, August Kickbusch, about it. There's a man I'll never forget. When I finally screwed up enough courage to tell him, he said, 'Well Hank, maybe you'll come out better next winter.' And the following winter I worked to beat all git out and I paid him all I owed him and saved a little besides."

At 23 Mr. Sales rose to the rank of pilot among the rivermen and that spring floated his first fleet of logs down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers to the lumber yards of St. Louis. "I made that first trip in four weeks," he said proudly. "I wasn't scared but I sure did watch that timber carefully. On the Wisconsin we made the fleet into ten rafts or cribs but when we hit the Mississippi we joined them all into

operators of this garage and service station, a trial will settle the question for you.



The above illustration is a recent caricature of the Editor of the Daily Herald, drawn by Al Demaree, famous sports cartoonist, of Cleveland, Ohio.

one big raft about an acre in area. I've taken down as much as a million feet of timber at one time. We'd have about twenty-three men on such a cruise and they were a great bunch for good times.

"A pilot rode the first raft, and he had to know the river night and day and all the rapids. They paid us from \$400 to \$800 a trip, which was mighty good money in those days.

"Once I reached Grand Rapids with a big fleet and found that the regular pilot there was busy getting and set over the rapids and that I would have to wait. Walking back up the river, I met Tom Burns and I told him I had never run these waters before and asked him if he would steer us over. 'Never you fear,' says he, and he and I started out on the first raft. I watched every move he made on that trip and on the two following ones and then I was ready to do my own running over those rapids. I went around afterwards to see the regular pilot and I told him he was out of a job as far as my lumber was concerned.

Running Dams
"Jenny was the furthest up the river, that a fleet was made up; our load went over the dams on log 'fingers' that we slid down a fall of log slides. Sometimes a man would be on these slides and then it was a straight drop which broke up the whole raft and necessitated

a lot of work to pick the timber all up again. The inch timber was piled in layers lying in alternate directions, often twenty layers to a crib.

"After the lumber was safely in the Missouri yards we came back to La Crosse on a river boat, then staged it to Stevens Point or New Lisbon and at first had to walk from there to Jenny. Later a stage connected Jenny with those towns that were on the railroad.

"When the water was high, I have made the run from Wisconsin Rapids to the Mississippi in six days. That was some ride!

"It was often dangerous work, too. Fourteen men were drowned at Trappe Falls one spring. "We had other troubles besides the river, though. The men used to stop in the small towns and raise Cain in general. One time in Portage some of the fellows were chased by the police and they ran onto the rafts, cut the ropes, and floated out of reach. They'd have put us in jail if they ever caught us and got us strangled.

"Times then were real exciting; I've seen whites and Indians fighting in the streets with every kind of weapon they could lay hands on. Alcohol usually caused the row.

"The Indians would gather at the mouth of the Prairie on their way to Wausau to be paid off by the government; I've seen as many as three hundred camped there at one time. After they got their money, back they'd come, and before they left Jenny it would be all gone.

"The barkeeps used to put whiskey in oyster cans and sell it to the Chippewas that way because it was against the law to sell an Indian firewater. Blankets and

shawls they would barter for a drink till the poor redskin was either drunk or stripped."

Banking practices were far different than they are now, according to Mr. Sales. Once with Mr. Cooper of the Cooper and Smith mill as his sponsor, he went down to Wausau to borrow a thousand dollars cash to pay off the men and his own expenses to St. Louis. The banker, Mr. D. L. Plumer, assured himself that the man before him was Hank Sales and without note or security handed over a thousand dollars on demand. Again in St. Louis, where he was not known so well, Mr. Sales secured nearly as large a loan "on his face."

"The coming of the railroad in '81 killed the trade of the riverman and slowed up the lumbering industry for about a year. Mr. Sales was one of the first to ship timber on the cars, and when he got the first consignment of his million feet down to St. Louis no one would touch it. He finally sold it at \$18 a thousand instead of the standard \$25, because dealers preferred a lumber that had been floated down, claiming that the water soaked the pitch out of the lumber and that it dried better.

Those were the days when "we three aside every stick under twelve feet and those that weren't perfectly sound," says the old riverman. "At first Jenny was populated only by Americans, generally they came from Maine or Canada, but later when Mr. Kickbusch brought in a colony of Germans they would come around on Sunday and pick up the lumber we had discarded and take it home to build with. The older a country is, the more economical it gets."

Glad to change your oil for you, Mr. Jones. You've just done 1,000 miles since the last change.

ALWAYS USE

A SMART MOTORIST

A smart motorist watches lubrication carefully, keeps his tires well inflated, takes care of his battery regularly, and numerous small things about a car that are a bother to a busy man or woman. Bring your car to us for your greasing and gassing and we will see that all these small and important things are cared for regularly.

KOCH BROTHERS

SUPER SERVICE

GAS and OIL

On Highway 51 Near Tourist Park

"Let's Build Our Community Today for Our Children Tomorrow"

JUST TRY

Our Complete SERVICE

STATIONS
West Station, Highway 64
East Station, 1/2 block west of Court House.
Gleason Station
M. A. Peterson, Grand Avenue
Christ Severt, near Page plant
Harry Moosh, Highway 51
Peter Riesel, Tomahawk
Harry Moody, Irma

Our service is not complete with the measuring into your tank the amount of gas you order. We are pleased to give you other services of greasing, cleaning off your windshield and windows, checking your tires and battery and other little things that are so easily forgotten by the busy car owner. Bring your car to us and we will see that it is kept in order.

FARMERS' CO-OP. OIL COMPANY

MERRILL, WIS. ERICH LENZ, Mgr.