

# Monkey Grip Tire Patch National Week April 12-18



LOOK FOR THIS WINDOW DISPLAY OF MONKEY GRIP

## Join the "Anti-Puncture-Grief" Club

During the week April 12 to 18, 60,000 good garages, filling stations and auto supply houses will feature Monkey Grip Tire Patch in their windows and on their counters. Ask any of them how you can avoid 99% of puncture troubles.

These merchants guarantee, and we back them, that Monkey Grip will permanently repair any puncture in 3 minutes for 1 cent. It can't creep or

loosen—road heat makes it a part of the tube. No tools needed to apply. Guaranteed satisfactory.

The open road begins to beckon motorists in early April. Answer its call without a worry about those punctures that may happen miles from a service station. A can of Monkey Grip bought during Monkey Grip Week will free you of puncture grief the rest of the year.

Look for the Monkey Grip display. If you can't find it send us \$1 for 100 Puncture Package, postpaid.

THE MOCO COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Augusta, Ga.

# MONKEY GRIP

"The World's Best TIRE PATCH"



# A Strange Business Partner

An Oklahoma City Electrical Worker Had Eight Dollars and a Heart—  
He Gave to Befriend a Monkey—Then Fortune Smiled—

A MONKEY, a man, a messenger boy and a miracle combine to make the strangest story in American business history. This narrative ought to begin with "Once Upon a Time," for no romance of the Arabian Nights rivals it in unexpected climaxes. And no fantastic tale by Hans Christian Andersen excels this truthful account of how a sliver of gold was bestowed upon a man as the direct result of a simple, kindly act.

The monkey was "Doc," an abused creature in the hands of an animal dealer. The man was a \$30-a-week electrical worker of Oklahoma City.

The messenger boy has never been located, but a warm welcome awaits him if he is found.

The miracle —. But that's the story.

## Where His \$8 Went

Up to four years ago the Man had a \$30-a-week job, some installment furniture, more than his share of debts and a heart that warmed toward every living creature—human or brute. That was one of the things that kept him in debt. It "broke" him the day he purchased Doc, the monkey.

The animal was on exhibition in a store window, his narrow cage so placed that the sun's rays beat upon him during the hottest part of the afternoon. The Man entered the store and remonstrated with the dealer.

"If you don't like it you'd better buy him and give him a home," he was smugly told.

"How much?" asked the electrician.

"Ten dollars—cash!"

The Man had eight dollars—and payday was three days off. But he borrowed two dollars from a fellow-workman, returned to the store and left with Doc under his arm.

This is what happened because the Man had a heart:

Today, forty-eight months later, the company he founded—he and the monkey together—is the largest automobile tire patch concern in the world. The two factories, one at Oklahoma City and one at Mt. Vernon, Ill., run at capacity, turning out Moco Monkey Grip Tire Patch. A Canadian branch factory is in immediate prospect and another is planned for Australia. The company has 60,000 dealers in the United States and hundreds more abroad. It numbers its employes by hundreds.

## What The Monkey Did

For the monkey, in whose behalf the electrician went "broke," by one swift stroke of his mischievous paw, raised his benefactor from poverty to greater riches than the fiction writers even dreamed of when their fairies waved magic wands. And it happened in the twinkling of an eye:

The Man and his newly bought pet were in the bicycle repair shop of a friend. He was worse off that day than when he purchased the monkey. Several weeks earlier he had deliberately left his \$30-a-week job. A request for higher wages had been met with the suggestion that he sell his "fool" monkey and otherwise live within his income. So he quit, resolved to find a better job or start in business for himself.

But nothing had developed. He had gone deeper and deeper in debt. His watch had been pawned. Other belongings had gone the same way to satisfy the corner grocer. Even an old motor stored in his shed had been taken apart and its copper contents sold for five dollars. Everything of value had been sacrificed until, as he relates, he "had to reach up to touchy bottom."

When the Man and the monkey entered the shop the friend was repairing a bicycle puncture for a messenger boy. The workman was using the only known method at that time—the ancient, long-drawn-out process, involving a liberal use of sticky cement, the cutting of a large patch and then a long wait while the puncture was vulcanized.

The Man sat down to wait, after placing Doc on the friend's work table.

## Monkey Was Curious

"I should have known better," he says in relating the incident. "No healthy monkey could have resisted the temptation to 'examine' so many new and interesting implements. But I was pretty blue just then. I forgot all about Doc and everything else and sat with my head in his hands."

The first thing I knew there was a crash of tools and cans to the floor, a yell from my friend and the messenger boy, a screech from Doc—and the messiest pair of monkey hands in all creation were twined about my arm.

"Doc had overturned a large can of rubber cement, an acid container and another solution."

"I grabbed the cans off the floor, scraped up what cement I could and then tried to clean Doc's paws. It was an awful job! Most of the stuff I could scrape off with a stick but some of it stuck to his hands. It was beginning to dry, too, and that made it harder to remove. I found that rubbing my palm over his warmed the cement slightly and little rolls came off in that way."



## Monkey Grip Discovered

"As these tiny rolls came off I placed them, one after another, on the table by my side. I would have thought no more of it. But when I had about finished Doc reached out his foot and before I could stop him had knuckled all the little rolls into a ball. I supposed I was in for another time taking this off his foot. But the cement had so hardened that none of it stuck."

"All this time my friend had been working on the puncture. Doc climbed to my shoulder and I sat kneading the cement between my fingers. The vulcanizer was working improperly. 'Can't get enough heat to even dry the cement!' exploded the repairman. I sat up with a start! The cement between my fingers had grown dry and pliable from the 'working' it had received—and no fire had been used."

"Why, I reasoned, 'with cement in this condition, would not the heat from a rapidly moving tire actually vulcanize a patch and make it part of the tube?'"

## Messenger Boy Impatient

"Going to the work table I picked up a piece of rubber and spread some of the cement upon it. 'Patch it with this,' I said to my friend. 'Maybe it will stick without vulcanizing.'

"'Patch it wit' sumpin, quick,' said the messenger. 'I've waited morn' n' half an hour.'

"'Here,' said my friend, 'you're out of a job. Patch it yourself.'

"I did it. Then I waited several minutes, but they seemed like eternities. Finally I pulled at the patch. It stuck! But was it air tight? I inserted the tube and plugged it into water. Not a bubble arose! I could have yelled."

"I saw at once what I had accidentally discovered or, rather, what the monkey had discovered and placed in my hands."

"When the boy rode away I grabbed Doc under one arm and made a bee line for home. In twenty minutes I was at work on a self-vulcanizing patch that would withstand the pressure of an automobile inflation."

## Monkey Used in Experiments

The experimental work continued for several months. Many failures were recorded. The acid in the container overturned at the shop, mixed with the second solution in correct proportions, formed the basis of the secret process. But the peculiar "working" of these ingredients into the cement was a most important element. Time after time the Man smeared the hands of his pet with the mixture and took it off in the original fashion before he discovered the secret.

After that came the work of perfecting a patch material which, instead of "creeping," would give and take with the tube and actually become part of it.

"The Man exhausted his credit with friends and with merchants. His acquaintances called him crazy. 'But Doc stayed by me,' he tells with a grin. 'He and I worked out and perfected the patch.'

In the end he (or they) produced a self-vulcanizing patch of rubber compound that stretched with the inner tube. Road heat produced by the moving wheel vulcanized the patch and merged it with the tube until the two were one. What had formerly taken half an hour in a permanent garage with a complete vulcanizing outfit could now be done in three minutes by the side of the road at 1-50th the former cost.

## How Patch Was Named

When casting about for a name for his product the Man naturally thought of his pet. Also he had noticed that a monkey has four means of holding or "gripping" an object. He grips with hands, feet, teeth, and tail. Hence the name "Monkey Grip."

Then came the idea of saving money in the home. The tremendous demand for Monkey Grip Tire Patch proved that people would and wanted to save money. Monkey Grip Junior, a product similar to the Tire Patch, but specially prepared for household use, proved worthy of the parent product. Hot water bottles, garden hose, rubber gloves and aprons, rubber boots and shoes—it makes them all air tight and water tight.

## Messenger Boy Disappears

And that's the story of how Moco Monkey Grip Tire Patch came into being, how it was named and what it has done—to date. There's one missing member in the chain of principals leading up to its discovery, and that's the messenger boy.

He never knew but his puncture was repaired in the old styled way, done thousands of times before. Yet his was the first self-vulcanizing patch ever applied. The method was crude. Later experiments showed that it could not have given satisfactory service.

But how long did that first patch stay on? A day or a week? The Moco Monkey Grip company wants to know. It wants to find the boy.

Millions of cans of the perfected product have been sold throughout the United States, Canada, South America, Australia, Norway, Sweden and a dozen other foreign countries. And out of the millions of cans used throughout the world,

not one has ever been returned to the factory because of dissatisfaction or failure to properly vulcanize. It is doubtful if any other product can even remotely approach this record. Each \$1 can contains enough material to repair 100 punctures.

This will be read throughout the civilized world. It may reach the former messenger boy of Oklahoma City. If so, the Moco Monkey Grip company would like to hear from him.

And maybe Doc would know him if they should meet.

**MONKEY GRIP**  
"The World's Best TIRE PATCH"



# MOCO MONKEY GRIP

**“MONKEY GRIP?  
OF COURSE!”**

That's the answer! And it's a money-making answer, too!

There is no substitute for Monkey Grip—that has been told to almost every motorist in America many times—and now they realize it to be true.

Year round advertising in the Saturday Evening Post, American Magazine and Country Gentleman carries the message of Monkey Grip to millions! And now—right in the height of touring season, motorists are demanding the Original Monkey Grip.

And when you say “Of Course”—it's a real profit-making answer—for there is money in selling Monkey Grip—and it makes friends and customers, too.

60,000 Dealers, Filling Stations and Garages sell it—and if you are not one of them—you are overlooking a sure profit.

**SPECIAL**—Send \$12 for striking display case with 6 cans each of large, medium and small size Monkey Grip. Retail for \$20. You make \$8 quick and easy. Use order blank below. We will supply you thru your jobber.

**THE MOCO COMPANY OF AMERICA, Inc.**  
Oklahoma City, Okla. Mt. Vernon, Ill. Augusta, Ga.



**THE MOCO CO. OF AMERICA, INC.**  
Box Y, Oklahoma City, Okla.

Send me special assortment of 18 cans of Monkey Grip Tire Patch prepaid and packed with display case as advertised. I enclose (check or draft) for \$12.

Name .....

Address .....

Jobber's Name .....

# MONKEY GRIP



*"The  
World's Best  
TIRE PATCH*

## It has displaced the old way of fixing punctures

Monkey Grip repairs any puncture in 3 minutes for 1 cent—guaranteed. Not one can out of millions has come back. A Monkey Grip Patch can't creep or loosen—it becomes a part of the tube—self vulcanizing.

Monkey Grip is the original Tire Patch—the biggest seller—the most widely advertised—and the leader in every way. There is no special season on Monkey Grip—our Saturday Evening Post advertising runs the year around.

60,000 dealers push Monkey Grip—millions of motorists use it in place of the old time method. It is the big profit maker.

Sold by jobbers—If you can't get it from your's order from us. We will supply you thru nearest one.

THE MOCO COMPANY OF  
AMERICA, Inc.

Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Augusta, Ga.

**SPECIAL:**—We will send 6 cans each of large, medium and small size Monkey Grip, postpaid and packed in striking display case, for only \$12. Retail for \$20 and make \$8 quick and easy. Send for this assortment now, giving jobber's name.