

## Companies that specialized in Chromo-Lithographic printing on metal advertising items

### 1887-1901

The Tuscarora Advertising Company  
(Coshocton, Ohio)

### 1888-1901

The Standard Advertising Company  
(Coshocton, Ohio)

### 1901-1905

The Meek and Beach Company  
(Coshocton, Ohio). This firm, in 1901,  
purchased both the Tuscarora Advertising  
Company and the Standard Advertising  
Company.

### 1901-1909

The Meek Company (Coshocton, Ohio)

### 1901-present

The H. D. Beach Company (Coshocton,  
Ohio)

### 1909-1950

American Art Works (Coshocton, Ohio).  
This firm was formerly called the Meek  
Company.

### 1890-1935

Charles W. Shonk Manufacturing &  
Lithograph Company (Chicago, Illinois)

### 1890-1970

Kaufmann & Strauss (New York City)

### 1901-present

American Can Company

### 1930-1950

American Colortype Company (Newark,  
New Jersey). Advertising printed by this  
firm is marked "A.C.Co."

This research is provided courtesy of "The  
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Inc. - Publishers, New York, 1970.

## Something for Nothing

by Cecil Munsey

As a boy living at York Beach, Maine I heard tales of people getting rich from finding a lump of ambergris – a natural digestive bile produced by sperm whales and occasionally vomited up by the creatures, usually out to sea. You see, ambergris was – and is – used in perfumes, medicines and flavorings (except in the United States, where it is banned under endangered species legislation).

Of course I daily walked the shore of York Beach dreaming that I would find a chunk of ambergris. And later I combed the beaches in Florida where we moved and lived for a year or so.

I studied and learned that ambergris, in fresh form, is soft and foul smelling, often studded with bits and pieces of beak from giant squid – a primary prey of sperm whales. But if it remains afloat and intact long enough, sun and salt water transform it into clean, waxy, compact substance with a sweet, alluring smell.

As one would expect, I never found any ambergris but I wallowed in the dreams of the riches I would have when I found my piece of whale vomit as I beach combed for those several years. I look back and recall the hundreds of pieces of beach glass (chunks broken glass that had been tumbled smooth by the ocean waves), seashells, and the occasional glass bottles that I found. Not knowing that there was value in old bottles, I focused on the sea glass and seashells. Today, all I have left from those youthful times is a conch shell

I took away from the creature living in it. I turned the shell into a horn by cutting off the tip, so that it could be played like a trumpet and as an adult I turned it into a lamp that is still shining here in my office as I write this.

Recently, in my seventh decade, I visited Australia on a vacation. Besides their summer being more hot and humid than I can ever remember (their summer is our winter), I experienced many interesting things. I came across some of those old bottles I have come to appreciate since those beachcombing days of my youth.

AND I finally came across a lump of ambergris. Yes, I did. On the local television news one evening there was a story about Leon Wright and his wife who recently were strolling along the beach around Streaky Bay in South Australia when they happened upon a large, strange lump of unidentifiable stuff. Being prudent folk, the couple poked the lump, frowned intently and left it right where it was. Two weeks later, while taking another walk along the same stretch of beach, they came upon the lump again. This time Mrs. Wright persuaded her husband to take it home. They showed it to a local marine ecologist named Ken Jury. Ken's verdict was swift and certain: The lump was a rare bit of recovered ambergris. The Wrights quickly cashed in upon their beach treasure, converting their 32 1/2-pound lump of ambergris into \$295,000.

