



“I want my boy’s first car to be a FORD”

“I’VE knocked around the world a lot in my time. And everywhere I went I found Ford cars . . . licking sand and rocks out West years ago . . . crawling along a camel path in Turkestan . . . pulling through deep snow on the Yukon.

“A man gets a friendly feeling for a car that’s stood

by him in strange places. I’ve had Fords of my own ever since I settled down . . . Model T, Model A, and V-8 —I drove ’em all in turn and they were all honest, dependable cars.

“That’s the kind I want my boy to begin with. These new Fords, now—they’re safe and smooth and easy to

handle. They’ve got the best brakes I ever felt underfoot. And they go a long ways on a little gas.

“You let the boy pick out any model you’ve got in the place that he likes. As long as it’s got the Ford name on it, I know it’s all car!”

F O R D  V·8