



What a mink coat does to perk up a lady, a Thunderbird does for a male

Mink Coat for Father

Never fails, mused the salesman, as he left the customer sitting dreamily in his new Thunderbird. Once they're behind the wheel—they're really sold! He thought back to a few minutes before when the customer had asked him:

"What's her horsepower?" "225," answered the salesman. "It's a blood brother of the engine that out-accelerated all American production sports cars at Daytona Beach. She really scoots."

"Looks it," replied the customer.

Then his fingers lightly patted the Thunderbird's smooth glass-fibre hardtop. "Heavy?" "One person can carry it easily. There's a smart convertible top available, too!"

"Mmmm." The customer wandered around to the back of the car. "That rear-mounting for the spare tire extra?" "Standard equipment. Means lots more room in the trunk."

They walked back slowly toward the front of the Thunderbird. The customer opened the door. "I like the way the steering wheel adjusts

to fit the driver." "And it's a deep-center steering wheel," said the salesman, "a new Lifeguard feature. So are these double-grip door locks, optional seat belts and padding for the control panel and sun visors."

The customer thought for a minute, and then quietly asked, "I'm six-foot-three. Don't suppose . . ." "Almost four feet of leg room," broke in the salesman. "Climb in."

"Say," said the customer, unwinding his long frame behind the wheel, "now I know this is the car for me!"

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