

# Poetry on wheels!



Ford's Fairlane Five Hundred (in case you wundred.)



Oh, sweet chariot, swung low  
You're a dream-car come true.  
There's no car in your field  
That is longer than you

Your trim, sculptured lines  
Stretch o'er seventeen feet.  
Even medium priced cars  
Find it hard to compete



You, who first in your field  
Went so low and so wide—  
You're so heavy and big  
And so roomy inside!

And you say that you come  
In two sizes this year?  
Why, for choice, there's no car  
That can come even near!



There's no car at the price  
That's so rugged. That's sure!  
Your all new Inner Ford's  
SOLID... SILENT... SECURE

And what car can compare  
With your Thunderbird 'Eight'  
Or what car has a 'Six'  
That is so up-to-date!



To think a low Ford price  
Brings all this. That's the thing  
Oh, sweet chariot, swung low  
You're so easy to swing!



(Of Ford's great new story—we've told but a fraction  
So see your Ford Dealer... and try Ford in action!)

## '57 FORD