## Poetry on wheels!



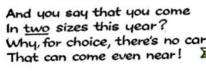


on, sweet chariot, swung low You're a dream-car come <u>true</u>. There's no car in your field That is longer than you

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

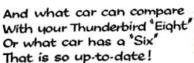


You, who <u>first</u> in your field Went so low and so wide— You're so heavy and big And so roomy inside!





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





To think a low Ford price Brings all this. That's the thing Oh, sweet chariot, swung low Youre 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!)







