

The Ever Dependable Ford

During the bitter fighting in France in September 1918, when the United States Marines took the heart out of the Prussian Guards, and in fact, out of the whole German Army, and during the wicked fighting at Belleau Woods and vicinity, some twenty Marines captured the little French village of Bouresches. Scarce 200 yards beyond lay the German trenches. As the Germans were driven from the village of Bouresches, their artillery dropped a fierce barrage behind the village to make impossible reinforcements being sent to our soldier boys. Our boys fought until their ammunition was exhausted, their food was gone, and they had no water, and still they held the village, and still the barrage fell around them, when suddenly out of the hell of fire of the barrage a truck broke through bringing water, food, and munitions. Upon receiving this, our American "war dogs" proceeded to drive the Germans out of the trenches.

It seems to have fallen to a certain American Motor Car Company that here was an opportunity to do some advertising, and so it ran a full page advertisement in the newspapers recounting the above facts, and then inserted the following line:

"It was a ——— truck that did this glorious work."

Everybody was glad and rejoiced that American industry came in just at the right time to endorse American courage and heroism.

A manufacturer of another motor truck doubted the statement, and wrote the War Department asking if it wasn't one of their trucks that should have received the glory, and was informed by the War Department that neither their truck nor the truck mentioned in the advertised was entitled to the glory, but that it was a "Ford" that showed up just at that particular time. The latter manufacturer advised us of these facts, and we wrote the War Department, and the attached correspondence speaks for itself.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS

Washington, February 15, 1919.

Mr. C. A. Bronell,
Manager of Advertising,
Ford Motor Company,
Detroit, Mich.

Sir:

Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of the 11th inst., and in reply the Major General Commandant directs me to inform you that the truck mentioned in your letter was a Ford truck.

There are enclosed for your information an extract from a letter from Major Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C., Adjutant of the 6th Regiment of Marines, A. E. F., and a copy of a poem by Wallace Irwin entitled "Elizabeth Ford."

Very respectfully,

J. D. BRADY,

1st Lieutenant, A. A. & I. M. C. R.

(Extract from letter from Major Frank E. Evans, U. S. M. C.,
Adjutant, Sixth Regiment, U. S. Marines, A.E.F.)

MARINE FORD HISTORICAL

"Elizabeth Ford, as the regiment knows her, has a unique career. Not only in Quantice, where I drove her, but in Bordeaux, and later up in our training area, she carried everything from sick men to hard tack. Then we had two months in the trenches near Verdun, and in the end it seemed as though she would have to go to the scrap heap. Her top was entirely gone and we made a mail wagon of her. In some way the men, who have an affection for her that you can hardly comprehend, patched her together and we brought her down to our first billets. A week later we had to go to another area, forty kilometers north of Paris, and in the long trip the Elizabeth Ford sailed along without mishap and was the talk of the division.

"Then we came up here and she rose to the heights of her service and her record. The night we took Bouresches with twenty odd men, and news came through that others had flittered in and the town was ours, we shot out a truck load of ammunition over the road. The road was under heavy shell and machine gun fire. Later in the night we sent the Ford out with rations. For the next five days she made that trip night and day, and for one period ran almost every hour for thirty-six hours. She not only carried ammunition out to the men who were less than 200 yards from the Boche, but rations and pyrotechnics; and then the battalion on the left of the road, in these evil Belleau Woods, she carried the same, and water, which was scarce there. For these trips she had to stop on the road and the stores were then carried by hand into the ravine. I saw her just after her first trip and counted twelve holes made by machine gun bullets and shrapnel.

A JOAN OF ARC MACHINE

"At one time the driver, Private Fleitz, and his two understudies, Haller and Bonneville, had to stop to make minor repairs, and another time, when they had a blowout, how she and the men escaped being annihilated is a mystery. The last time I saw her she was resting against a stone wall in the little square of Lucy-le-Bocage, a shell-wrecked town, and she was the most battered object in the town. One tire had been shot off, another wheel hit, her radiator hit, and there were not less than forty hits on her. We are trying every possible way to find new parts and make a new Ford of her. She is our Joan of Arc and if it takes six old cars to make her run again, we'll get those six and rob them."

Telephone for
Demonstration

ELIZABETH FORD

(By Wallace Irwin)

We carried her over the sea, we did,
And taught her to hep, hep, hep—
A cute little jinny, all noisy and tinny,
But full of American pep.
Recruited into the Corps, she was—
She came of her own accord.
We flew at her spanker, the globe and the anchor,
And named her Elizabeth Ford.

'Cute little 'Lizabeth, dear little 'Lizabeth,
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford!
She was short and squat, but her nose was sot
For the Hindenburg line—O Lord!
She hated a Hun like a son-of-o-gun,
The Kaiser she plumb abhorred,
Did chunky Elizabeth, Hunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford.

We took her along on our hikes, we did,
And a wonderful boat was she,
She'd carry physicians, food and munitions,
Generals, water or tea.
She could climb a bank like a first-rate tank
And deliver the goods aboard—
When we touch our steel kellies to "Somper
Fidelis,"
Remember Elizabeth Ford.

'Cute little 'Lizabeth, dear little 'Lizabeth,
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford.
She took her rests in machine gun nests
And on bullet-swept roads she chored.
Where the Devil Hounds were first on the grounds
Of a section of France restored—
Why, there was Elizabeth, Chunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford!

But 'twas on the day at those murder-woods
Which the Yankees pronounce Belloo;
We were sent to knock silly the hopes of Prince
Willie
And turn 'em around d. q.
We prayed for muintions and cleared our throats
With a waterless click—Good Lord!
When out of a crater with bent radiator
Climbed faithful Elizabeth Ford!

'Cute little 'Lizabeth, dear little 'Lizabeth,
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford.
With a cylinder-skip she had made the trip,
Water-and-cartridge-stored.
With her hood a wreck and broken neck
She cracked like a rotten board,
Hunky Elizabeth, Chunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford.

When they towed her out of the town next day
Said Corporal Bill, "Look there!
I know of one hero who shouldn't draw zero
When they're passin' the Croix de Guerre.
Who fed the guns that's startin' the Huns
Plumb back to Canal du Nord?"
So his Cross—and he'd won it!—he tied to the
bonnet
Of faithful Elizabeth Ford.

'Cute little 'Lizabeth, dear little 'Lizabeth,
Bonnie Elizabeth Ford!
Where shrapnel has mauled her we've now over-
hauled her,
Her wheels and her gears restored.
Her record's clean, she's a true Marine
And we're sending the Dutch War Lord
A note by Elizabeth, Chunky Elizabeth,
Spunky Elizabeth Ford!

Telephones
120-121

A. G. McPHERSON

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS

Sales Agent for Ford Motor Company

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