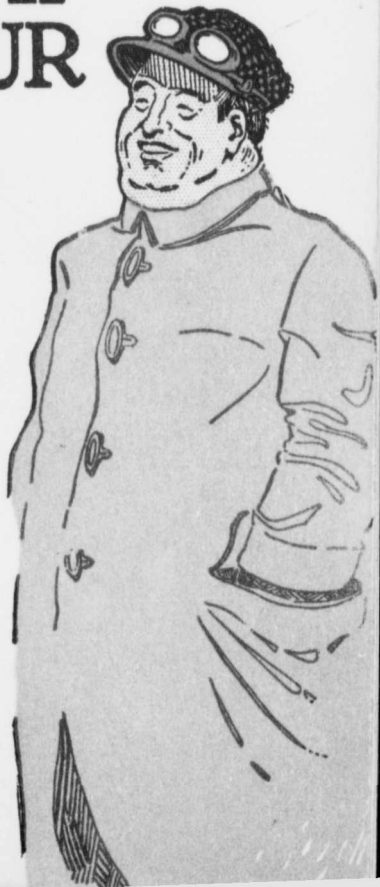


Six Talks by the
JOLLY FAT
CHAUFFEUR

with the
Double
Chin



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6
TALKS
by the
JOLLY FAT
CHAUFFEUR
with the
DOUBLE
CHIN



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Walkerville, Ontario

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The FIRST TALK



MET up with a newly-ripened Fall Pippin yesterday, that wanted to talk cars," said the Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin. "Well, that was where he had me dealing from my private deck.

"In me you behold one who was weaned on the fluid called 'gasoline,' and my fond parents gave me a spark plug to cut my first teeth with. I am the Original Car-buretor Kid.

"But I didn't engender such a high esteem for the Chap that was endeavoring to educate him. The party of the second part was a





dog soldier, if I ever saw one. Of course, on such short notice I'm not actually prepared to say he was crooked, but I'll bet he could digest a pretzel a heap sight easier than a cheese straw.

“And pretty soon I gathered that he was trying to induce Young Prince Charming to look favorably on one of those scrap-iron invalids that is always vacillating between walking typhoid and creeping paralysis, and is sometimes called a ‘motor car’ by the unthinking. So I knew my preliminary diagnosis was correct.

“I felt it was up to me to take our Young Friend in hand and give him some real fountainhead information with the dewy spray still on it. I bade him come to my knee, and when he came I poured horse-sense into him until he must have felt like a measure of oats.

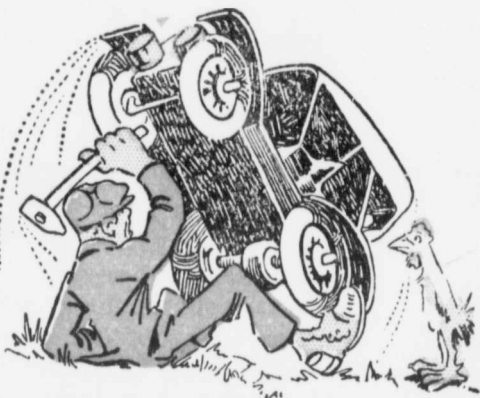
“‘Son,’ says I to him, ‘if it is your desire to do most of your riding standing still, far be it from me to interfere with your simple pleasures. Only you’ll

save money at the start by taking out a stationary engineer's license and joining the Stand Still Club.

"Of course," Isays, 'there are people

who'd rather spend their time under their car than in it. Maybe you're one of these amateur house-smiths who thinks it's perfectly lovely to put in a pleasant afternoon lying on your back in the busy highway beating a balky junkpile in the abdomen with a monkey-wrench, and emerging at twilight covered with lubricants that don't match your complexion and smelling like a family grocery store next door to the place where they clean hats with benzine.

"'But as for me,' I says, 'as for me, give me a Ford. That's a car what is and always was, and always will be—a real motor car.



“Do you run a Ford?’ he says.

“No,’ I says, ‘not exactly. But from time to time,’ I says, ‘I climb up on her front veranda and harkens to her purring a lullaby while she runs herself.’

“Talk about your full-jeweled movements,’ I says. ‘She starts gentle like a slide trombone, but when you pull out all the stops, she goes batting across the geography of our common country so fast she makes the telephone poles look like a picket fence around a cemetery, or the capital I’s in a high school essay. And every time

the man who owns the repair shop sees her pass, he goes home and is cross to the children.’

“What kind of cars does Ford make?’ he asks.

“All kinds,’ I says, ‘all kinds and then some few other varieties. They put up a Town Car that only needs a dumb waiter and a coon elevator boy asleep in the





front hall to be a city apartment. It has fore-doors, is a beauty and carries six passengers. They have a Touring Car that is a fleeting dream of joy, fore-door also, five-passenger job; and they put out a snappy two-passenger Torpedo Runabout that is all to the good — and then some; and

a Commercial Rumble Seat Roadster that is to all other roadsters as a roused blue-racer is to a torpid guinea-pig. All these cars are sold fully equipped—none of the 'Extras' so called are left off—you get a whole motor car f. o. b. the factory at Walkerville.'

"That's the way I talked to him and when I got through his eyes were bulged out like a couple of Yale locks and you could see his gills work



up and down, he was thinking so hard. He sent for a catalog, and if you're thinking of going into the market for a real motor car, you'd better spend two cents for one of those red portraits.

"Because, take it from me, Kiddo, the Model T is there, or thereabouts, when it comes to being a real motor car.

"No charge my boy—just bank the saving and credit yourself with being Mr. Wise Guy, instead of Mr. E. Z. Mark."

The SECOND TALK



WELL sir," said the Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin, "you'd be astonished to know how many people blow up with a low dull reverberation, through not being able to focus. They have brains full of ideas but what they mainly need is a patent separator on the mansard floor. I

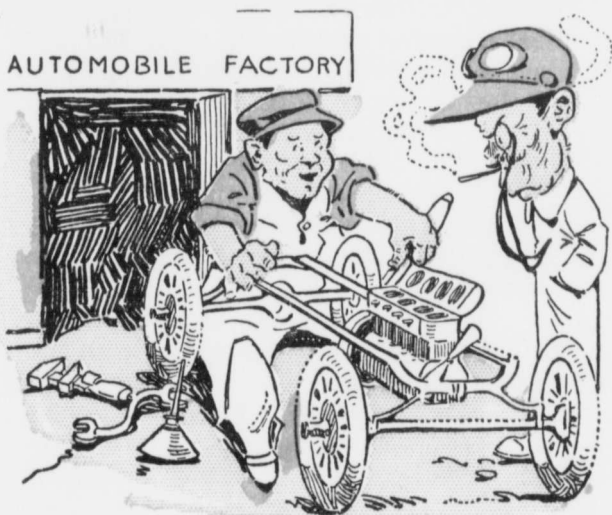


knew a profoundly learned guy once who spent nine years grafting the internal organs of a Pug Dog onto a Pelican and vice versa. And what was the net result to science? The Pug Dog



drowned, diving for minnows in a creek, and the Pelican went out into the back yard one night and barked himself to death at the moon. And I heard of another party that wasted the best part of his life trying to invent plaid ice for Scotch highballs and then just when it looked like he was going to win out, he switched off to breed an egg with a green yolk for Irish society dinners.

“But now you take Henry Ford out at Detroit. When he started in to do some





thinking he didn't scatter all over the township. He didn't do his thinking with a wobbling sight. Says he to himself,

I'm only going to do one thing—turn out the best automobile that there is to be had for the money, or in fact any money—and then he up and did it. Did it the very first crack out of the box, too.

“Moreover he didn't build his car just to sell it. He has sold quite a few of them—about s'teen thousand more than anybody else ever sold. But what he really undertook to do was to turn out a car that would serve—a car that would wear well and look well and bear well and stay by you. And in consequence of these laudable intentions he just rolled up his sleeves and spit on his hands and jumped into the fray and pretty soon he was revolutionizing the automobile industry so fast the opposition felt like they were riding on a runaway roller coaster and had dizzy spelis in the head.

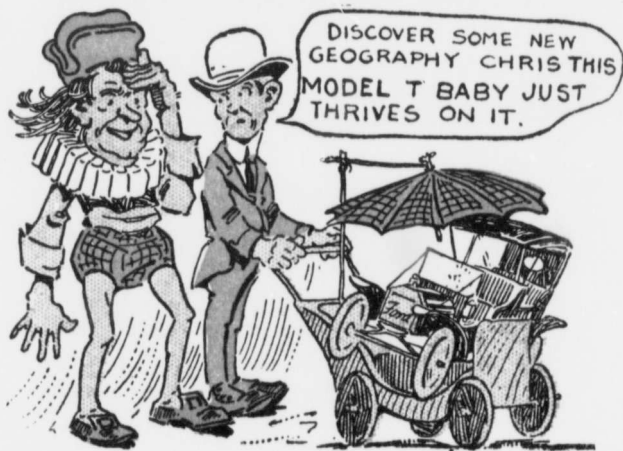
“Henry Ford was the first man to put a four-cylinder runabout on the market for five hundred dollars. That was

more'n six years back, and six years in the automobile game is a longer time than nine centuries is to a Chinese dynasty. The buying public sat up and took notice and in the trade it created as much sensation as a Fox terrier would at a Chipmunk's annual outing. Some people would have stopped there, but not Henry Ford. He saw that there wasn't quite enough size to this run-about. He hopped right in again and the next year he turned out a four-cylinder Touring Car for \$950 and this time two Fox terriers came to the Chipmunk picnic.

"Now then, says Mister Ford, I have the car. There she stands complete as a new set of mahogany furniture and pretty as a grand piano. It's a question now of keeping this same car and paring down the price. And year after year ever since he's been doing that same—improving the quality and cutting the price. Doing it with a calm, cool regularity that has made the Opposition utter low moans and pick at the coverlid. Naturally he had a few little things behind him to help out—such things, f'rinstance, as the most compact factory

in the business, the best selling organization on earth and unlimited financial strength. When you've got all the assistance you need from Hetty Green's favorite son, Colonel Long Green, it helps out. Henry Ford has that and the gray matter to use it in the right direction.

"As a result he's gone on and on until now he's the only man alive that can sell you a five-passenger, four-cylinder touring car equipped throughout, with no extras, for \$850 in Canada, and still make a decent profit for himself. Nobody else can touch that. Nobody else is even trying to. Ford got there first. He's the Christofo Columbo of the auto trade.



“And yet in all these years there has been no material change in the chassis or in the mechanism, except in such small refinements as reducing the weight and making the motor a little more accessible. Here’s a car that has established itself and proved itself in design, in construction and in service. It’s all there when you take it out of the shop. Nothing is being held back on you. There are a lot of manufacturers who spend this year making a car, and next year finding out how many mistakes there are in it, and the year after undoing them if they can, or bringing out a new model to help sell the old failure—and in the meantime the unfortunate gink who buys either one finds he has acquired a perambulating symposium of errors when he thought he was getting an automobile.

“You know there are various kinds of Time—Greenwich Time and Central Time and Railroad Time and Time for a Drink and Standard Time. But there’s only one Sun, and the Sun, he’s universal.

“The Model T is not merely the Standard Car. It’s the Universal One.”

The THIRD TALK



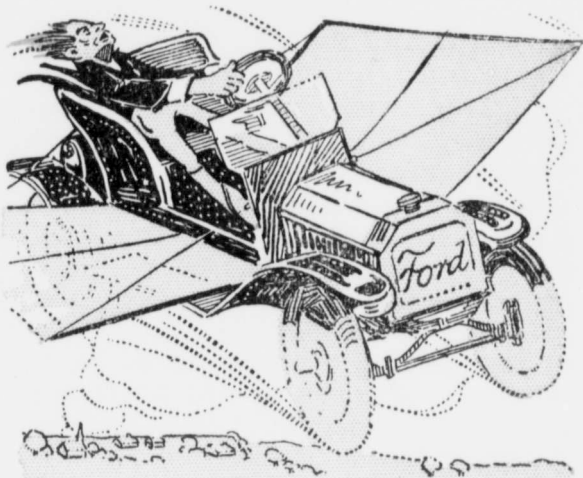
“J’ever stop to think what improvements have been made in this here automobil- ing industry?” said the Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin. “Well, take a day off some time and do it.”

“Remember, don’t you, when an automobile looked like its mother was a switch engine and its pa was a tailor’s goose and it was made, princesse style, with a placket down the back seam to get in and out by? You saw something coming down the Big Road that looked like a patent pea huller in a bad state of repair and sounded like a steam feather renovator with the asthma and you knew some hardy adventurer was abroad in his little nine-ton key-winding, 1904-model steam roller for a pleasant afternoon’s outing. When she ran, which was rare, she sobbed aloud like the whangdoodle mourning for its first-

born and when she stopped, which was frequent, it took a safe blower to break into her motor and a fortune teller to tell what ailed her. You could take enough extra parts out of her to build two more cars and still have plenty left. She had more things the matter with her than a rich widow at an expensive sanitarium.

“That was only a few years back and now look at the changes. But better still look at the Ford, because, when all’s said and done, Rollo, that’s the car that’s led the way and still leads it and will continue to lead it, world without end. I’m not speaking now so much of its looks, although it’s the American beauty of automobiles. And I’m not talking about its speed—I’m figuring on doing that some other time when your system’s prepared to hear about riding and flying at the same time. At this present moment I’m





giving you a can of condensed education touching on construction—which means a construction that is permanent and durable and flexible and no more complicated than the works of your Uncle Hector's old side bar buggy.

“Some of the other makers are talking now about using Vanadium Steel, but so far as the use of Vanadium Steel for automobiles is concerned, Henry Ford, Esquire, Post Office Address, Detroit, Michigan, is its father and its mother and its favorite uncle. He saw it first. He brought it here. He wrote

it, words and music and incidental orchestration.

“I hear certain manufacturers have what they call heat-treating plants, but to tell you the honest-to-goodness truth they only have a process for heat hardening, not for heat-treating. But Ford years ago spent over \$200,000 to perfect a process for giving each part that goes into his cars just the given degree of heat-treating which it should have. What’s more, the metal parts are practically constructed throughout of Vanadium Steel. The chemistry sharps will tell you that just a six per cent admixture of Vanadium incorporated into ‘molten steel carbon—before it has jelled, you know—increases its strength 85 tons to the square inch. This steel costs a whole lot more, but because of its strength the parts in a T chassis are only one-fifth the size of the similar parts in an ordinary car, and twice as strong.

“Vanadium is so hard that if you ground it to a point it would cut glass like a diamond and it’s so tough that if you had the strength—you’d only have to be about nine thousand times as

strong as the late Mr. Sampson was—you could tie a strip of it into 'a neat four-in-hand without breaking it. The fender irons are the size of your little finger but you can raise the weight of the whole car on these rods without bending 'em.

“Look at the rear axles. When the opposition contemplates the rear axle on a Ford it just busts out crying.

This axle is of Vanadium, light and strong, and it's encased in pressed steel with the compensating gear in the middle and it doesn't carry any weight except its own weight. Just let that little detail sink into your system and mingle with the other ingredients awhile. In any other car the bulk of the weight and the heavy transmission both rest on the overworked rear axle, requiring truss rods or other supports to hold them up. Ponder that over, and you'll know why the Model T runs and rides so easy and is so easy on tires.



"In most cars the magneto hangs on the frame of the motor like a wen on an ear and it's full of brushes and intricate little what-you-may-callems and gezookums and a whole Queen Rosamond's Mystic Maze of wires. It's just built to get out of order and snarl up into jigsaw puzzles, and it usually does.

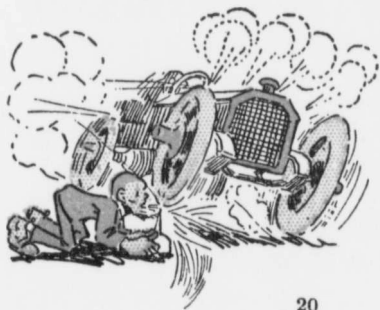
"But in the Ford the magneto is built right into the motor and when the flywheel starts to revolve the sparks feed straight into the cylinder, so you're kissing old Mrs. Ignition Troubles a last fond goodbye.

"Take it from me, Rollo, this car is pretty near the last word in automobiles.

"Perhaps some day they'll invent a car that will press your pants for you and come in the morning to boil your eggs and give you a clean shave—but until that day comes, the nearest approach

to human and mechanical perfection will be summed up by those four letters—

Ford



The FOURTH TALK

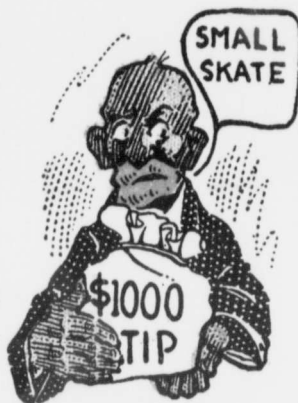


"AFFORD a Ford?" said the Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin. "Say Fond Heart, I just dearly love to have somebody ask me that question. It not only sounds well when spoken rapidly—a'ford a Ford—just like that; but it likewise gives me a chance to lift my front flukes and spout a little of the sperm oil of truth on my favorite topic.

"Can you afford a Ford? The ayes have it. You certainly can. When you buy one of these cars you don't have to mortgage the old homestead. It isn't necessary to melt down the last piece of family plate or pawn your wife's jewelry. On your first ride in your new car you don't need to stop at the county poor farm while your wife picks out a nice sunny front room with a southern exposure.

"I'm not denying that when you buy some makes you think you're going bubbling when you're really going

broke. I know all about some of these dealers. I've watched them before now, leaping nimbly from crag to crag, uttering their characteristic flute-like notes and quoting you their brand of car for a measly little old fifteen hundred. It actu-



ally seems to pain some of those boys to mention any sum under fifteen hundred. They leave you under the impression that a thousand is merely small change and should be handed to the waiter to avoid cluttering up your pants pocket with chicken feed.

“And suppose one of the James Brothers does sell you his car at fifteen hundred. The chances are that before you get through you'll be invading your bank account to the point where nothing will be left of two thousand except the rind. Because his car isn't fully equipped. It's merely a foundation upon which you erect a monument of incidental expenditure. Everything is extra except

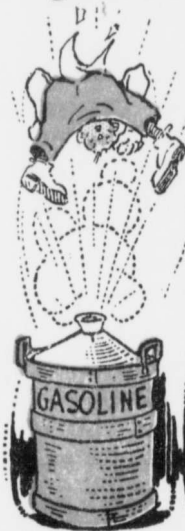
the catalog—shield, lamps, tools, top, speedometer and the rest. It runs into money. It positively gallops into it and then lays down on your shrinking cash balance and rolls on it and squashes it out thin and flat like a tight wad. That's what it does. Buying the average car is like buying a house without a roof. You've got to get a roof before you can live in it.

“But suppose on the other hand you buy a Ford. A Touring Car costs you just perzackly eight hundred and fifty, f. o. b. Walkerville, no more and no less. And for that you get all that should go with any car. It includes that darling little Pet Lamb of a Magneto, built right into the motor. It includes the Extension Top—some Extension Top, too, permit me to state. It includes the Speedometer, to tell you how far you've beaten the chap in the more expensive machine. It includes the Automatic Brass Windshield, the two Gas and three Oil Lamps and the Generator, the Horn, and the Tools—every blame thing you can possibly need except a license tag, a couple of thirsty friends, and the right to sign checks at a clubhouse.

“Any other car of the same power and capacity as the Model T will weigh from 2000 to 2500 pounds and from there on up. Much obliged to Vanadium steel, the T weighs, fully equipped, about 1200 pounds. One gallon of gasoline will carry the other fellow ten



or fifteen miles. It carries the Ford from twenty to twenty-five miles. That's what makes the Standard Oil Company feel sort of low in its mind when one of these cars buzzes by. One set of tires will run from 5,000 to 10,000 miles. The other chap is lucky if he gets anywhere from 1,000 to 3,000 miles out of his set. And that's why the Rubber Trust just naturally hates you to mention a Ford in its presence. Thousands of Ford owners—and there



are thousands more of those boys than any other of the 72 varieties of owners—say they hold their bills for all running expenses including repairs and supplies down to \$5 or less a month—and keep the car going all the time, too. You couldn't hardly keep a family of white rabbits in the comfort to which they have been accustomed for less than that per month, could you, Soul's Delight? Now, honest, could you?

“You see it's this way. The Ford people never issued any bonds nor gave any mortgage nor exploited any scheme for raising money. They never sold their cars on time—or on the installment plan—or took any notes. The Ford Company always pays its own way and insists on customers doing the same thing—hence the low cash price of their cars and parts. They've got money enough to buy the

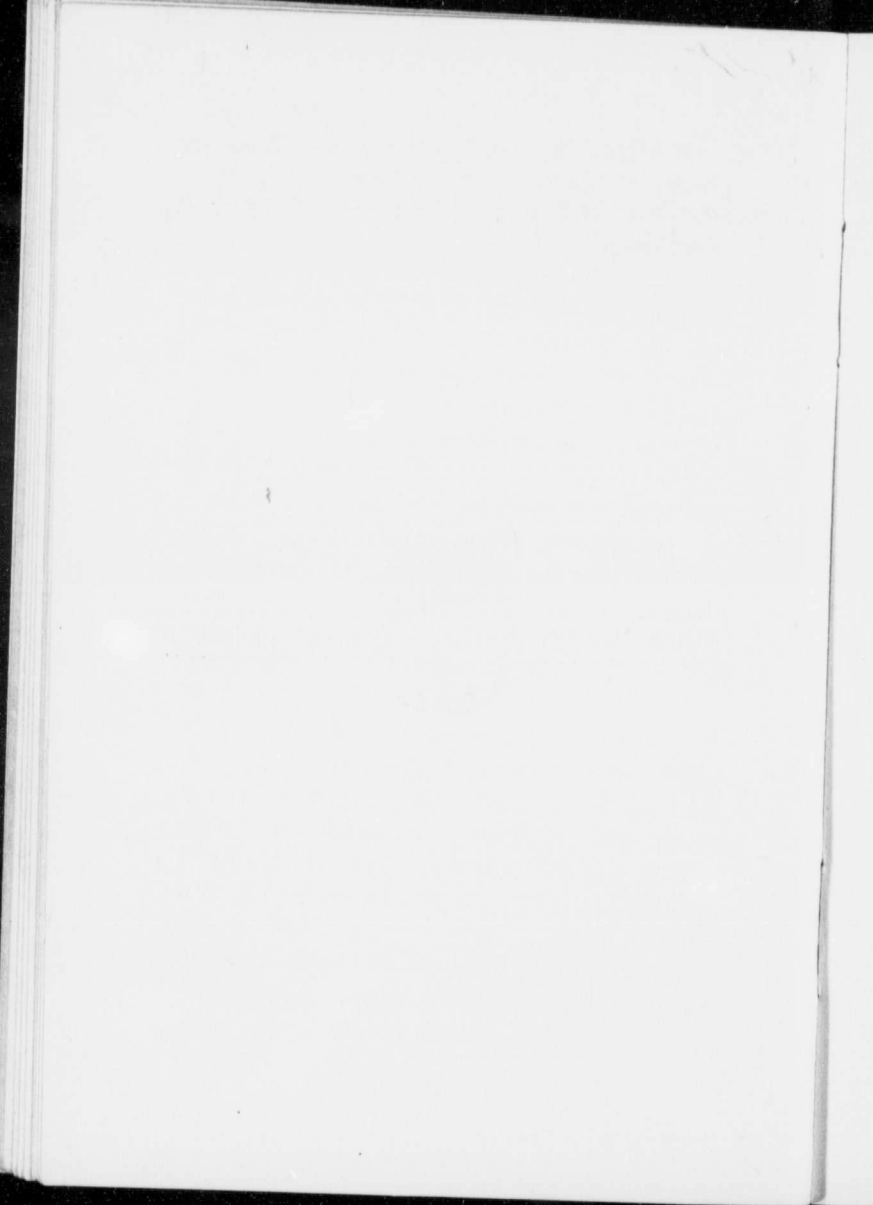


raw material in the largest possible quantity at the lowest possible price. So you see the Magical Mums—Minnie and Maxie—are working for them in the open market all the time. Their factories in Detroit and Walkerville are the completest and the compactest in the business. They build only one chassis for every car turned out—Touring Car, Torpedo Runabout, Commercial Roadster with a Rumble Seat, Town Car, Delivery Wagon—everything. In every branch of business they've got smart chaps cutting out weight, simplifying design, thinking up economies, saving waste, time and money. They mix human brains into everything they make and sell.

“That's why they can sell you the Model T so cheap. That's why they can give a guaranty broader than any other car without regard to the price it carries—a guaranty with no 'ifs' and 'buts' in it either. They haven't got a 'But' on the premises and if one of these here old Saw-Toothed 'Ifs' came mooning around the works they'd sic Tige, the Honest Watch Dog, on it.

"A'ford a Ford? Why, Goldielocks,
take it from Your Uncle Dud, you
can't afford anything else and keep it
running."





The FIFTH TALK



“MAYBE you’ve noticed,” said the Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin, “the difference between an eighteen carat waiter and the German silver kind. The low grade Gustavus thinks he’s done his whole duty by you when he’s taken your order and brought you something you don’t want served in a style you don’t like. But the full jeweled movement lad sticks around and sees to it that your glass is re-filled and your butter plate is reloaded and everything like that. He fusses over you like you were a new laid egg and he was the hen that laid you.

“That’s the difference between first class service and second class in a restaurant. There’s also a first class service and a second class service



in this here automobile business. There's the Ford service and there's the other, or Camembert kind. Some automobile concerns think they've done enough when they unload their car on you. And very often they have. The Ford people don't stop

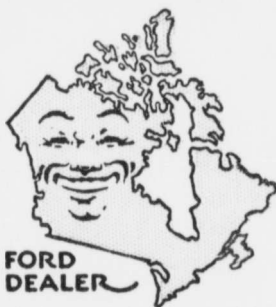


there. With them selling you the car is just the beginning. They keep right on serving you with the best in their shop. You've joined their Good Fellow's Club—hundred odd thousand members and still going strong—and you're entitled to all the privileges.

“More than 4000 dealers in these United States and Canada handle Model T's. They say that you can't drive fifty miles in any given direction without bumping into a Ford agent. And each and every one of these 4000 dealers, big and little, dealerettes and dealeresses, is under contract to carry in stock all the time a full line of Model T parts. With the possible exception of the body, a car

can be assembled almost any time on the floor of the shop of any of these dealers. On top of that just stop to consider that the construction of a Ford is so simple that anybody with a massive enough intellect to turn a monkey wrench without bringing on nervous prostration can replace any part of it in a few minutes' time.

"That's worth something to you, old pal—to know that no matter where you go or how far you go or how fast you go, from the rock-and-rye-bound coasts of New England to the wine-clad shores of California, from the cheerful, healthful climes of Canada to the bourbon belt of the Sunny Sour-Mash Southland you are always in touch of a Ford dealer and one who can't touch you back either because there's a set price on everything he sells you—a price that is fair and square and moderate. Besides all that, there's something else to be considered. If one of these dealers finds his supply of parts running short he



doesn't have to send far for a new supply. At Kansas City, at Long Island City, at Cambridge, Mass., at Winnipeg, Man., and of course at the parent works in Detroit and Walkerville, there are big reserve warehouses and Mr. Dealer can draw on them by wire. The Constitution follows the Flag and Model T goes along with the Flag to see that it gets there on time.

"Yes Sirree, when I get to talking about Ford I'm like Webster's Unabridged—one word leads to another and I can run on plum through to zymole and zymology without getting tired. But here's one point I'd like to press into you deeply: After providing all these supply depots for you, they go further and help to make you independent of them by framing up such simple and durable styles of operation and control that you'll need almighty little repairing in your's.

"There's another thing that appeals to the simple mind of the chauffeur. Henry Ford thought the whole beautiful scheme out when he was designing the car and he hasn't had occasion to change his mind since. When you're driving a Model T the control is on your left. Under the

laws of the road you turn to the right, so with the drive on your left there's no danger of a collision. You don't figure in tomorrow morning's paper under the head of "Seriously Injured." The traffic rules likewise say you must drive up to the right of the sidewalk. So there you are again. The driving gear is over here on the left and your passengers on the front seat as well as on the back seat pile out from car to curb in one step without any bother and without any mud.

"Because Ford was the man who thought out the Planetary Transmission you have both hands free for the steering wheel and you just sit there regulating the speed with your feet like little Mehitable, aged seven, playing the 'Maiden's Prayer' on the cottage organ, sure and easy, safe and sane.

"Son, you can't beat it. You can't even tie it. Ford Construction and Service are the original Big Screams in this business.

"Remember the story, don't you, about a



village blacksmith in South Rome Center, Vermont?

“‘Hiram ain’t the man he uster be,’ says one chap.

“‘No; he ain’t,’ says the other, ‘ain’t the man he uster be—and what’s more he never wuz.’”

“Some automobiles ain’t the cars they used to be, and what is more they never were. But the Model T—she’s just the same as she always was, and always is and always will be the best car on earth at twice her price.”

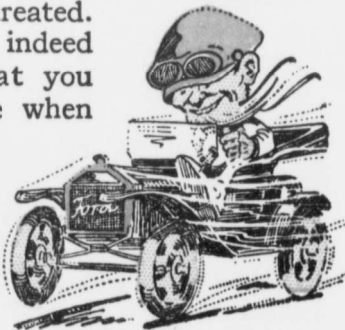


The SIXTH TALK



The Fat Chauffeur with the Double Chin lit a stogie and leaned back. "Dearly Beloved," he said, "while the congregation stands and sings that familiar tune 'Shall We Gather at the Ford?' I wish to direct your attention to a few Class A facts.

"Every third car sold in this country is a Model T. If you don't know it by sight your education has been frightfully neglected or else you ought'er have your eyes treated. But if you are indeed so benighted that you don't know one when you see it, I'll tell you how you can recognize it. Two cars pass you, we'll say, each with the



owner aboard and said owner is looking sad or uneasy or just moderately satisfied, as the case may be. Then the third car goes batting by, running as smooth as silk, purring like a tabby cat and steering like a barn swallow, and up on her conning tower sits a Proud Proprietor wearing a grin so wide that nothing is left of his face but a recent site with a pair of ears hanging on the edge of the excavation. And then ye may know all men by these presents that there goes a Model T—one in every three and cutting down the percentage all the time.

“There are more than a hundred thousand of these cars in actual service today—not in the hospitals for sick and decayed automobiles, not in the show windows of the garages, not on the scrap piles or the junk heaps, not in the second-hand market—but in everyday use. The factory at Detroit turned out forty thousand of them in 1911 and in 1912 they’ll turn out seventy-five thousand more and still there won’t be enough.

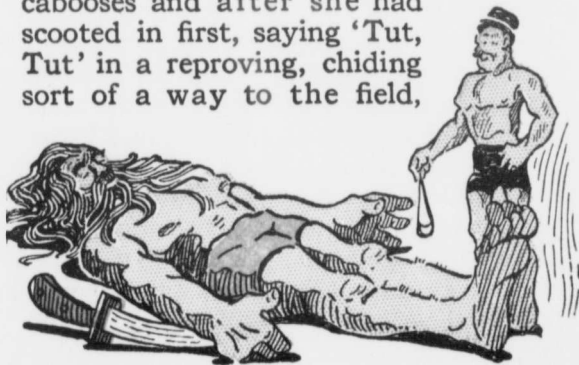
“During the past year the John Wanamaker stores in New York and Phila-



delphia bought fifty Model T Delivery Cars in one chunk for delivery purposes. The Bell Telephone Company bought over a hundred for its service and the New York Fire Department, the fastest fire department this side of Tophet, bought ten for its battalion chiefs, and all in the face of opposition bids and lower competitive prices. They tell me straws show which way the wind blows and the julip goes, and if you're in the market for a car wouldn't just a little bunch of ready reference statistical straws taken by itself alone serve to detain you for an appreciable period of time?

"Still, if you're one of those hogs for straws from Farther Missouri and want more showing, I can do that, too. They only advertise their car to run from forty to fifty miles an hour, but Frank Kulick has stripped one and driven her 75 miles an hour in a race. Scared jack rabbits and agitated teal ducks have nothing on the Model T when it comes to getting up from one place and going right on to another.

"At Winnipeg here awhile back they took a little old regular Model T out of stock like taking a two dollar derby off the shelf for a hired man, and put her in a race against a lot of big forty and sixty and ninety horsepower cabooses and after she had scooted in first, saying 'Tut, Tut' in a reproving, chiding sort of a way to the field,



one of the big 60 H. P.'s protested, the result on the ground that the Ford was *under-sized*. Even the late lamented Goliath was a better sport than that. When little David soaked him in the ear with that dornick, he laid right down and died like a gentleman, without saying anything about David having taken an unfair advantage of him by being so much smaller. Without an exception the Ford has won every hill climbing contest it ever entered—an average of 1,000—and you can't pile up any higher mark than that without inventing a new set of figures. She just naturally goes up a hill like said hill wasn't there, showing I might say, that she's a great car on the level and a sure car on the slope.

“Believe me, dearest, there's a lot of things worth knowing about the Ford. There's the price for one thing and the capacity and power—for another. There is the hundred inch wheel base, and the saving in tires, oil and gasoline because of the lesser weight. There's the construction—



Vanadium steel—the transmission. There's the spring suspension, different from any other make and better, and as easy in its motion as a hammock on a moonlight night with a pretty girl sitting about an inch and a quarter away from you. There's



the magneto, built right into the motor—trim as an eighty dollar watch and accessible as a Sunday side door. There are no batteries or dry cells—the magneto does the job of igniting without any extra help. There's the simplicity of control and operation. There's a hundred other things too.

“But what's the use. Just try one once. Give her a good trial and then you'll be saying with me:

“All to the orchids, Kiddo, all to the orchids!”



