

**FORD'S FACTORY ATTRACTS THOUSANDS EVERY MONTH**

**Two Hundred Thousand Visitors Have Been Conducted Through Plant in One Year**

"Henry Ford's Interesting Personality" is the subject of the following article which is one of a series on "The Truth About Henry Ford" written by Sarah T. Bushnell.

The Ford company plant attracts thousands of visitors, foreign government officials and other distinguished travelers as well as plain Americans. Two hundred thousand persons have been conducted through the plant in a year, and in one month there were forty-eight thousand visitors. Naturally they all want to see and talk to Mr. Ford himself; naturally, too, he can receive only a small percentage of them if he is to have any time for his own affairs. One day his callers included a European queen, the Roskefeller of China, an x-president of the United States, several senators, two university presidents, a committee of educators and a California woman, 70 years of age, who had crossed the country in her Ford roadster.

A staff of secretaries is kept busy opening Mr. Ford's mail. Ten thousand letters were received each day for a considerable time. If he were to comply with all the requests he receives for help he would be compelled to close his business. Appointments generally are made for him by Mr. Ernest G. Liebold, who is Mr. Ford's general secretary, to whom industry, and he naturally has both he has delegated great power. He often acts for Mr. Ford. Mr. Liebold's assistant is Frank Campsall, built up. He had no college education, but he was schooled in the factory; starting in an unimportant position he worked his way through the does not read the newspaper and various departments and learned the touch with the affairs of the day. Both statements are untrue. Mr. Ford reads the morning papers more given industrial workers in Detroit, regularly than he eats his breakfast. The board felt, that he was more he glances through the noon editions needed in the factory than in active and the evening papers are always military service. Not by a word or put by his favorite chair and read-gesture did Mr. Ford seek to keep carefully. Moreover, he receives many cartoons and clippings that refer to him, both favorable and unfavorable.

**Studies Modern Needs**  
The activities of his experts show that Mr. Ford is in touch with modern conditions and needs. His chemical department has perfected a gas-

oline substitute by liquifying gases that form much as coke is made from coal. The same department has made tests with a milk substitute which is purer than the average cow's milk and which, it is hoped, will prove a blessing to many thousands of ailing babies. Mr. Ford frequently discusses small communities as industrial centers and many similar subjects.

It has happened not infrequently that persons who never knew Mr. Ford have drawn freely from their imagination to substantiate the claim that they are familiar with all the details of his life. A book was written by a writer with no more foundation than a few interviews with Mr. Ford as he stepped from an elevator or walked in the park with his wife. Nearly all the stories of the financial difficulties of the inventor in the early days of his car-making come from vivid imagination and nothing else.

At twenty-eight Mr. Ford's only son is at the head of the motor plant. The heir to vast wealth, it would not be unusual if he devoted much time to golf and other amusements and spent months at winter and summer resorts, or like many another son of a rich father, let Dad do the work. Instead Edsel Bryant Ford is at his desk every morning. Those who know him well say he has his father's genius, enthusiasm and common sense and his mother's poise, and that he is a young man of ability and strength of character.

Edsel Ford was a small child in his days when his father was struggling to get a start in the automobile industry, and he naturally has both he has delegated great power. He often acts for Mr. Ford. Mr. Liebold's assistant is Frank Campsall, built up. He had no college education, but he was schooled in the factory; starting in an unimportant position he worked his way through the does not read the newspaper and various departments and learned the touch with the affairs of the day. Both statements are untrue. Mr. Ford reads the morning papers more given industrial workers in Detroit, regularly than he eats his breakfast. The board felt, that he was more he glances through the noon editions needed in the factory than in active and the evening papers are always military service. Not by a word or put by his favorite chair and read-gesture did Mr. Ford seek to keep carefully. Moreover, he receives many cartoons and clippings that refer to him, both favorable and unfavorable.

**Seldom Wears Hat**  
Mr. Ford seldom wears a hat and to him, both favorable and unfavorable. He is a frail looking man, with shoulders slightly stooped and he usually wears a gray suit that matches his gray eyes. His features are delicate, his hands and feet small, and his height about five feet nine inches. In man-

ner he is friendly and genial, and although very retiring he is a delightful conversationalist. He has traveled much, has inherited a touch of his father's keen Irish wit and enjoys a hearty laugh. Around his home he whistles like a school boy. He is devoted to outdoor life, but abhors hunting. He will not allow anything to be killed on his land, not even the crickets, nor will he permit the servants to drive away birds.

Among his friends he is known for his quizzical glance at a rainy sky he will remark, "You can't change the weather, so change your attitude toward it." "Pool your knowledge" is a favorite bit of knowledge he gives, and a comment familiar to his intimates is, "It takes pluck, not luck, to make people successful." One Sunday while he and Mrs. Ford were attending services in the Episcopal cathedral in Detroit Mr. Ford's car was stolen from in front of the church. Since then he laughingly declares that he has lost interest in church services. And he is fond of saying that he "believes in religion, but doesn't work at it much."

His country estate of seven thousand acres was ten miles from Detroit but extends almost to what is now the city limits. There Mr. Ford lives the year 'round, entertains his friends and is happy among his birds and trees. A part of his grounds extends behind the Dearborn village school. It is a natural amphitheatre and Mr. Ford has had it cleared for the use of the school athletic association. He delights in driving through the village where his own boyhood was spent, filling his limousine with boys and girls and carrying them off for a picnic in the woods. For his personal use he generally drives a small gray closed car—a Marmon—but he has, of course, many other cars, including a "flock of Fords."

**Skillful Camp Cook**  
He is a skillful camp fire cook, and one of his favorite amusements is a steak broiling contest with some titled visitor. On such occasions he personally selects the meat at the butcher's. His frequent visitors include John Burroughs, who died recently, Thomas A. Edison and Harvey S. Firestone. These four regularly spent two weeks together camping or touring, their automobiles followed by a "house on wheels," a large motor truck equipped like the prairie wagons in which the western sheep herders cook, live and sleep. Mr. Ford and Mr. Firestone, being in the same business, have many interests in common. Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison have been the closest of friends for twenty years. Both are possessed of many similar characteristics and have the same tireless, inventive genius. Both believe that "success is one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration." They have consulted each other in their problems and correspond by letter and occasionally by wireless, for both have wireless stations at their homes.

Mr. Ford first met John Burroughs some twenty years ago when the great naturalist was visiting in Detroit. Their devotion to the outdoors soon made them the closest of friends, and that friendship was unbroken until death took the naturalist a few months ago. The last time Henry Ford saw his old friend alive was in December, 1920. At that time Mr. and Mrs. Ford visited the Burroughs place, River-by-on-Hudson. Mr. Ford stopped at a butcher shop on way and bought a number of choice steaks so that "J. B." could prepare what he called "brigs and steaks." Here are the directions: Place a steak, a slice of bacon and an onion on a long green stick and hold over the hot coals, turning often. Mr. Ford, although he had never mentioned it, hired men to clear up Mr. Burroughs' rocky land and also paid off the mortgage so that the naturalist would not lose his paternal homestead. This Mr. Burroughs mentioned in his will.

Mr. Ford still takes a keen delight in skating, and the small lake on his estate is kept clear of snow from the first freeze to the coming of spring. There Mr. Ford spends many winter evenings gliding over the ice. It is to such pastimes as this, no doubt, that he largely owes his excellent health. He has lived all his life practically in the same spot and even today he seldom leaves the vicinity of Dearborn for any length of time with the exception of a summer cruise on his yacht, a hasty inspection or for a brief camping trip with old friends.

The Ford residence is of gray native stone and built along Gothic lines. His study is in the round tower. Long bookcases shelter his books, the technical ones among them showing plainly their constant use, and a large window looks toward the bungalow which Mr. Ford built in the first days of his prosperity as a resting place where he would be safe from intrusion. Its

broad veranda and great fireplace surrounded with easy chairs make it comfortable in summer or winter. The study windows overlook what at first glance seems an Indian mound, but which is the natural shelter for the electric boat which Mr. Ford drives up and down the river. All the windows give a view of the River Rouge, which has been compared to the James of Virginia.

Within a short distance of the residence is the gray stone garage in which are Mr. Ford's laboratory and experiment rooms, and where he perfected the tractor on which he worked harder than on any of his other inventions. In reality this garage building is a modern power plant with exceptionally heavy walls to shut in all noise. Here the inventor often labors until late in the night, just as he did in the red brick barn in Bagley street, Detroit, where he made his first car.

About ten years ago a certain clergyman in Detroit, who was ambitious to build a costly church, went to Mr. Ford for a contribution, hoping to get a large sum.

"No," replied the millionaire, "I don't believe in expensive churches." "Then," said the clergyman, "will you come to my next service and let me preach a sermon especially for you? I hope to convince you that you are wrong."

The following Sunday the minister cast a searching eye over his congregation; then he announced his text. It was from I Chronicles, 17 chapter and first verse: "And it came to pass when David said to Nathan, the prophet: 'Lo, I dwell in a house of cedar, but the ark of the covenant of the Lord dwelleth under curtains.'" The minister raised his eyes from his Bible and explained: "The word curtains used here means tents." He followed the text by reading verses one, two, four, five and nine with especial emphasis on the fourth, fifth and ninth. Then he turned the pages to II Samuel, 7 chapter, and read:

"And Nathan said to the king 'Go, do all that is in thine heart; for the Lord is with thee.'"

"And it came to pass the same night, that the word of the Lord came unto Nathan, saying:

"Go and tell my servant David. 'Thus said the Lord, Shalt thou build me an house for me to dwell in.

"I have been with thee whithersoever thou wentest and have cut off thine enemies from before thee and I will make thee a great name like unto the name of the great ones that are on the earth.'"

The clergyman launched into his sermon. After he was well started he fixed his eyes on Henry Ford and said: "The church is the dynamo of the Lord's business. It is right and proper that churches should be beautiful and should be as lovely as it is possible to make them. Why should we live in fine houses, houses of cedar, and worship the Lord in tents? There is a rich man in this city who considers that his engine is the dynamo of his factory. It has always been the custom to place such engines near the rear, in an ugly section of a factory, facing an alley. This rich man had put his engine in the front part of his factory, it is in a beautiful room with pure white tiling. He keeps men constantly polishing and cleaning it; he has surrounded it with handsome plate glass windows. The engine faces the most expensive thoroughfare in our city. Sightseers stop to admire its immaculate beauty. The very rich man loves this engine; he surrounds it with the best that money can buy. He considers it the dynamo of his business. This is true with churches. They are the dynamo of the Lord's business. They should have in and around them everything that is lovely and beautiful. No expense should be spared in the construction of a church nor in its location."

The minister went on and on with his argument. The following week he went to see his richest parishioner. No mention was made of the sermon until he was leaving.

"I haven't changed my mind," said Mr. Ford then. "I feel just as I did. I don't believe in expensive churches. But I do think that a minister should be paid a salary that will enable him to live in comfort and lay by something so that he can buy a home or a farm or a little place in the country where he can round out his last days. I'm going to disappoint you; I'm not going to give you anything for your new church." He handed the minister an envelope. "Please give that to your wife when you get home, just a little token of my regard to you both."

When the rector returned home he told his wife about the disappointing visit and handed her the envelope. In it were twenty one-hundred dollar bills.

The rector later built his big church. He succeeded in his ambitions. He was taken abroad, and sent to various parts of the country

by the millionaire; eventually he received a large salary.

Eventually the minister and his wife drove into the country; they found and bought a little fruit place, with a tiny house on it, something to tie to in case of old age or misfortune.

It is characteristic of Henry Ford that he took no offense to the frankness of the sermon, but it did not change his mind.

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In order to keep his factory running full blast through December, 1920, Mr. Ford took a loss of fifteen millions. Against the advice of business associates he kept production going until after Christmas day. When New York reporters telephoned his office he refused to give his reasons for the shut down, his idea being that a statement regarding his retrenchments and the reorganization of his business might depress the market. Immediately there arose wild rumors that he was in financial difficulties. Happily, these were untrue. His aversion for borrowing has placed his gigantic undertakings on a safe financial footing. Detroit is not New York; Griswold is not

Wall Street, but a prominent Detroit banker has said: "If Henry Ford should need large sums of money, Detroit will secure it for him."

However, it was the serious illness of his only son, who went through an appendicitis operation, which caused Mr. Ford grave concern during the winter of 1920-21, and not financial difficulties.

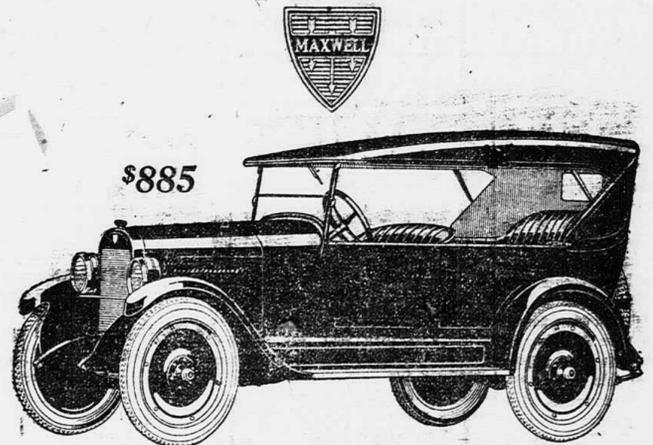
A joy he is getting from his money is refurbishing his mother's old home, which he bought from his brother, John. As stated before, the town line when finally surveyed ran through the house. The county commissioners ordered the house moved so that a road called "Town-line" could be built. Accordingly, the dwelling was thrust back to make way for progress, and the forest trees in the yard were hewn down because they interfered with the grading. Mr. Ford is having similar trees placed around the old home. He has gone into the attics and found discarded furniture which he associates with his mother's memory and he has said to the rest of the family: "Before many years roll by we will begin to grow old. We will

**CITATION OF LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION.**

The State of South Carolina, County of Newberry—By W. F. Ewart, Probate Judge: Whereas, M. E. Abrams hath made suit to me to grant him letters of administration of the estate and effects of Thomas J. Abrams, deceased.

These are, therefore, to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and creditors of the said Thomas J. Abrams, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the court of probate, to be held at Newberry, S. C., on Wednesday, the 16th day of August, next, after publication hereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand this 25th day of July, Anno Domini 1922. W. F. EWART, P. J. N. Co.



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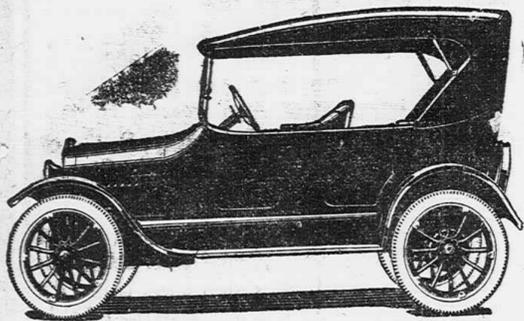
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