

NEWSREEL 48

truly the Steel Corporation stands forth as a corporate colossus both physically and financially

Now the folks in Georgia they done gone wild

Over that brand new dancin' style

5 *Called Shake That Thing*

CARBARNS BLAZE

GYPSY ARRESTED FOR TELLING THE TRUTH

Horsewhipping Hastens Wedding

10 that strength has long since become almost a truism as steel's expanding career progressed, yet the dimensions thereof need at times to be freshly measured to be caught in proper perspective

DAZED BY MAINE DEMOCRATS CRY FOR MONEY

shake that thing

Woman of Mystery Tries Suicide in Park Lake

15 *shake that thing*

OLIVE THOMAS DEAD FROM POISON

LETTER SAID GET OUT OF WALL STREET

BOMB WAGON TRACED TO JERSEY

Shake That Thing

20 Writer of Warnings Arrives

BODY FOUND LASHED TO BICYCLE

FIND BOMB CLOCKWORK

TIN LIZZIE

"Mr Ford the automobileer," the featurewriter wrote in 1900,

5 "Mr Ford the automobileer began by giving his steed three or four sharp jerks with the lever at the righthand side of the seat; that is, he pulled the lever up and down sharply in order, as he said, to mix air with gasoline and drive the charge into the exploding cylinder... Mr Ford slipped a small electric switch handle and there followed a puff, puff, puff... The puffing of the machine assumed a higher key... She was flying along about eight miles an hour. The ruts in the road were deep, but the machine certainly went with a dreamlike smoothness. There was none of the bumping common even to a steamer... By this time the boulevard had been reached, and the
10 automobileer, letting a lever fall a little, let her out. Whiz! She picked up speed with infinite rapidity. As she ran on there was a clattering behind, the new noise of the automobile."

For twenty years or more,

ever since he'd left his father's farm when he was sixteen to get a job in a Detroit
15 machinshop, Henry Ford had been nuts about machinery. First it was watches, then
he designed a steamtractor, then he built a horseless carriage with an engine adapted
from the Otto gasengine he'd read about in *The World of Science*, then a mechanical
buggy with a onecylinder fourcycle motor, that would run forward but not back;

at last, in ninetyeight, he felt he was far enough along to risk throwing up his job
20 with the Detroit Edison Company, where he'd worked his way up from night fireman
to chief engineer, to put all his time into working on a new gasoline engine,

(in the late eighties he'd met Edison at a meeting of electriclight employees in
Atlantic City. He'd gone up to Edison after Edison had delivered an address and asked
him if he thought gasoline was practical as a motor fuel. Edison had said yes. If Edison
25 said it, it was true. Edison was the great admiration of Henry Ford's life);

and in driving his mechanical buggy, sitting there at the lever jauntily dressed in a
tightbuttoned jacket and a high collar and a derby hat, back and forth over the level
illpaved streets of Detroit,

scaring the big brewery horses and the skinny trotting horses and the sleekrumped
30 pacers with the motor's loud explosions,

looking for men scatterbrained enough to invest money in a factory for building
automobiles.

He was the eldest son of an Irish immigrant who during the
Civil War had married the daughter of a prosperous
35 Pennsylvania Dutch farmer and settled down to farming near
Dearborn in Wayne County, Michigan;

like plenty of other Americans, young Henry grew up hating
the endless sogging through the mud about the chores, the
hauling and pitching manure, the kerosene lamps to clean, the
40 irk and sweat and solitude of the farm.

He was a slender, active youngster, a good skater, clever with his hands; what he
liked was to tend the machinery and let the others do the heavy work. His mother had
told him not to drink, smoke, gamble, or get into debt, and he never did.

When he was in his early twenties his father tried to get him back from Detroit,
45 where he was working as mechanic and repairman for the Drydock Engine Company
that built engines for steamboats, by giving him forty acres of land.

Young Henry built himself an uptodate square white dwellinghouse with a false
mansard roof and married and settled down on the farm,

but he let the hired men do the farming;

50 he bought himself a buzzsaw and rented a stationary engine and cut the timber off
the woodlots.

He was a thrifty young man who never drank or smoked or gambled or coveted his
neighbor's wife, but he couldn't stand living on the farm.

He moved to Detroit, and in the brick barn behind his house tinkered for years in
55 his spare time with a mechanical buggy that would be light enough to run over the
clayey wagonroads of Wayne County, Michigan.

By 1900 he had a practicable car to promote.