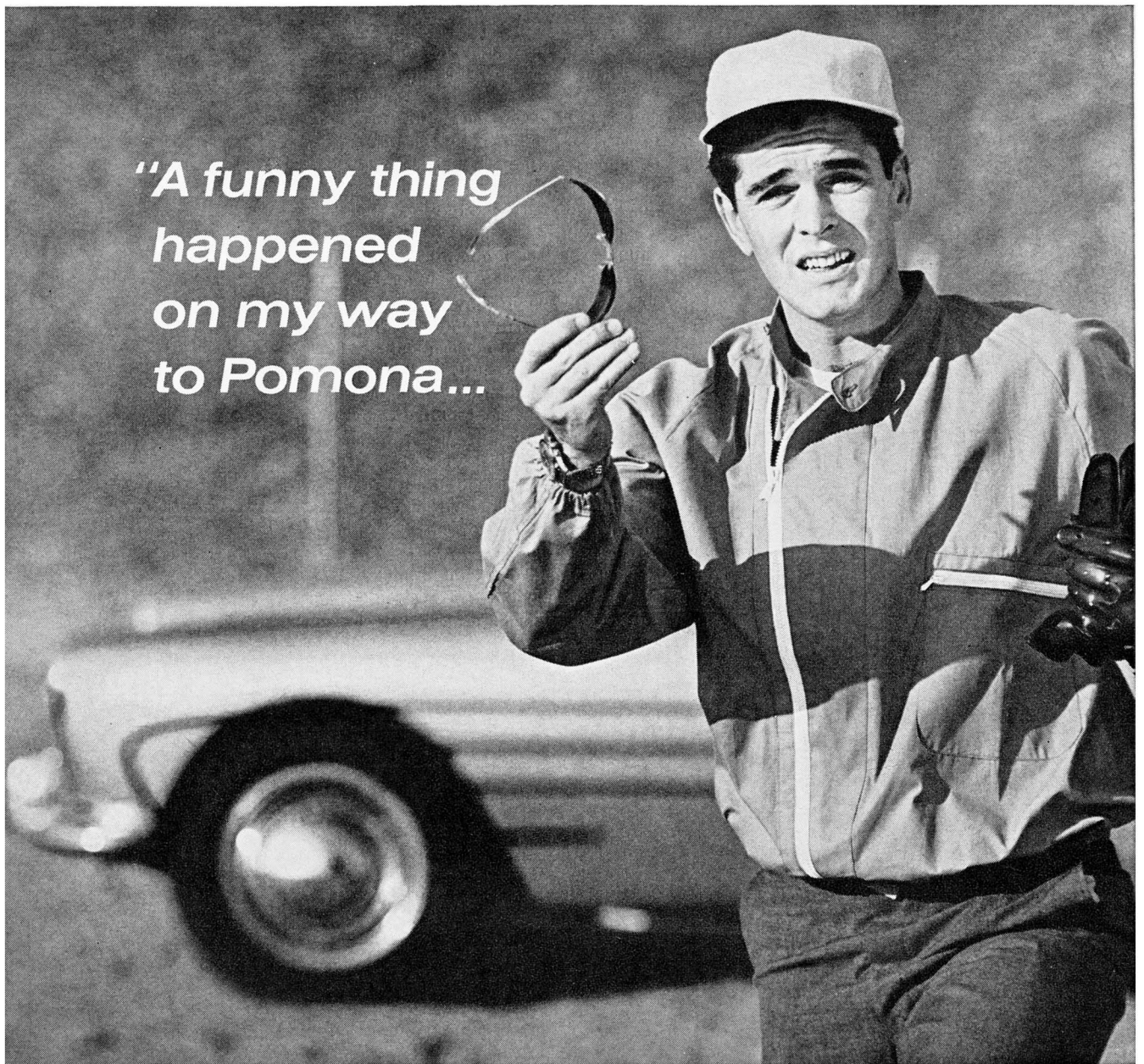


*"A funny thing
happened
on my way
to Pomona..."*



...I was gobbled up by a Falcon"

A Falcon Sprint V-8, of course . . . and there's nothing odd about that. Tuck an ultra-compact V-8 into Falcon's fat-free shell, back it up with an optional four-speed floor shift, give the roof a slippery rake and you've got a car that deserves to be called "Sprint." Because sprint it does; it responds when bigger cars are still trying to figure out what the driver wants . . . and when those 164 horses say "move!" there's no lard to say "not

right now." There's plenty of beef in the rear axle, drive-line and suspension, though. And all the rest of the good things drivers crave—bucket seats, console, chrome in the engine room (who else does this?) and a tachometer up where you see it and the road too. Of course, you can get a V-8 in any Falcon sedan, hardtop, station wagon or convertible now, but this is the far-out version and the price is a lot smaller than the performance.

One thing's sure, you'll be seeing plenty of Sprints from now on . . . but mostly a rear view. Unless you have your own, that is.

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Falcon Sprint V-8