



**“And I say it’s 12:02, Cindy Baby.
Fairy godmother or no, it’s back
to pumpkinsville for the chariot.”**

That’s one of our new Le Mans convertibles that Cindy’s moping on. Wish you could see her face; she’s cute. She’s also slightly cracked, doing her moping back there on the trunk. If it were us, we’d be taking advantage of the splendid bucket-type seats all the while the tears drip.

Talking about it doesn’t do justice to the interior of either Le Mans (there’s a coupe, too). How can mere words get across the message transmitted by yards and yards of lush carpeting and carefully pleated Morrokide, or white-on-black round dials that are so easy to decipher, or floor-mounted shift levers for both the manual and automatic boxes?*

Could be Cindy’s only faking it, of course, and is just sitting

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there getting a blast out of our new V-8. Tried one yet? It’s a 326 cubic incher (over 5.3 liters, measuring metrically), pumping out a hill-flattening 260 bhp and 352 lb. ft. of torque. It’s a bit heavier than our standard engine, the 115-bhp 4 (with stronger versions up to 166 bhp*), but we’ve modified the front suspension to keep the car happy. And, at the same time, we’ve redesigned the rear suspension and widened the track all around to make handling a matter between you and the little voice that says “You’re going too fast, Clyde!”*

*Go get your jollies. They’re all wrapped up in a Le Mans at your Pontiac chariot dealer’s. **Pontiac Tempest***

*optional at extra cost