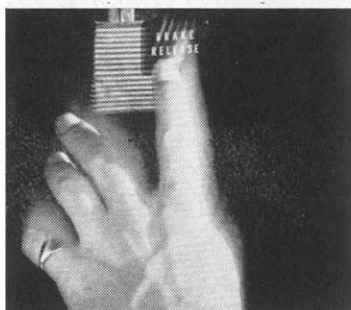
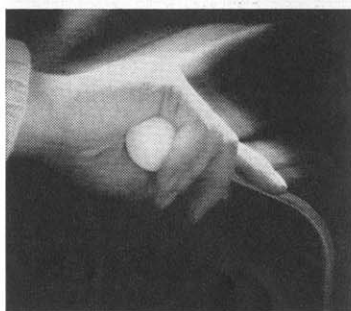


For people who like to sit at home and knit, Tempest is not.

We could go on claiming a Tempest to be the cat's whiskers until we're blue in the face. But what's the use if you think we're just tooting our let's-sell-more-cars trumpet?

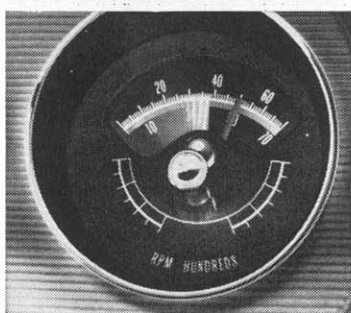


Do yourself (and your friendly car tailor—us) a favor. Amble into your Pontiac dealer's and try a Tempest. Maybe a Le Mans convertible, now that the weather's warming up.



Then reluctantly (of course) pry yourself out of its deep bucket seat and go off somewhere by yourself to do some serious thinking. Choosing the right engine (V-8 or 4?) and transmission (stick shift or automatic*?) and axle ratio and color and all that jazz isn't the work of a minute.*

When you're ready, snatch an order form from a salesman and check off what you want in your Tempest. It's the next best thing to building your own car, because we use your order as our jig, so to speak.



Unless you're one of the purl-one-drop-three brigade, strike a blow for something or other. Pack up your raveled cares (in your old knit bag?), turn on a Tempest and make off with all the fun.

*Optional at extra cost **Wide-Track**

Pontiac Tempest

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

