



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Who said you can't buy success?

Grand Prix's secret, like all successes, is that there's nothing else quite like it. An elegant driving machine. Elegance that begins with an arrogantly sculptured body and ends with a surfeit of accommodations: Strato bucket seats, center console, flexible assist bar, silent electric clock, walnut-trimmed instrument panel and steering wheel—even dual-speed wipers with washers to clear your way

ahead. The flip side of the Grand Prix sales record is a stable of V-8's of up to 376 hp, capable of bringing every nuance of the sporting Wide-Track suspension into vivid reality. Enough driving excitement to make you wonder why the kids haven't caught onto it yet. If you're after luxury with a kick, get inside a Grand Prix. You'll still find it only at your Pontiac dealer's.





1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Obviously.



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Arrogant split grille. Sleek sculpturing with no chrome coverup. Rich walnut paneling, elegantly enveloping buckets, windshield washers to help you see your way clear in any weather. And underneath it all, a driving machine: up to 376 horsepower tied to a silky automatic or fully synchronized manual transmission and wedded to a sporting Wide-Track chassis. The classic Grand Prix formula for success. Notice how so many 1966's are attempting to follow it? And failing?

1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Obviously.



Another beautiful sleek new luxurious responsive Pontiac Grand Prix for '66.
So what else is new?



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A gentleman's carriage, but tread lightly.

Grand Prix. On the surface, a luxury car. Rich bucket seats, glistening center console, warm walnut trim, dual-speed wipers with washers to clear the way ahead. And then you twist this little key, and 389 cubic inches of V-8 and a formidable Wide-Track suspension come into play—to an extent that makes you realize, very suddenly, what all the

pavement is out there for. And what the other luxury cars are still missing. You may not use Grand Prix's hidden talents every day. But isn't it nice to know you've got them? In case you might want to deal with something in a hurry sometime. A road, for instance.

GRAND PRIX BY PONTIAC





Has success
spoiled
the Grand Prix?

Obviously not.

Ever notice how it is? A car gets one sniff of success and it starts coming on fat and lazy, dull as dust? Meet the exception. It's all little reasons, really. Like deep bucket seats (or bench), carpeting, console and all the other niceties being standard equipment. And a big 389-cubic inch engine that puts out 333 hp. Not to mention styling that makes any other car look positively drab. We could go on, but you get the idea: the only thing going to be spoiled about Grand Prix this year will be the people inside. The tiger scores again!

Wide-Track
Pontiac/'66

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