



THIS IS THE NEW 300G BY CHRYSLER

A car that heats up your blood. The 300-G . . . the 1961 version of Chrysler's championship breed of motorcars. A car that can take its well-proportioned heft and go record-breaking at Daytona Beach.* The rare American that's turned out one at a time; a few thousand times a year. You'll find this tiger powered by the latest in Chrysler's brilliantly engineered ram-injection V-8s. With a full 375 horsepower that you manage with incredible ease. Power brakes and steering help. But the real clue to the "G's" handling genius is its superbly balanced suspension. Conveniences are complete. Comfort is served in typical 300 style: four leather-lined, foam-padded bucket seats. This is a total machine. The one that can tour confidently with the best automobiles the world has to offer. The 300-G . . . a rare kind of car for a rare kind of man.

*The "F" captured the top 6 places in the 1960 Daytona Flying Mile!

ONE-MAN BRAND

Those who master the 300-G are not necessarily disposed to treat it kindly.

With respect, yes. But not with the solicitude reserved for lesser breeds.

What might appear as a brutal demand for some cars produces uncringing, unruffled obedience from the "G." When 600 miles of prairie highway must be put behind between sunrise and sunset, the 300-G's remarkable reserve of ram-fed power steps up to the challenge without protest.

Should mountain curves intervene, the "G's" torsion-bar suspension permits cornering without discomforting wallow or sway. Assume also that your route calls for determined braking. The 300-G supplies 251 square inches of bonded lining area—largest of any American car outside the Chrysler clan.

True, the "G" may appear and may sound like a handful to the man who knows it not. But wait a thousand miles.

Then you'll know who's boss. And which is the devoted servant.

CHRYSLER 300/G



There are four fine Chryslers—Newport, Windsor, New Yorker and the most powerful of all—the 300/G.



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SAND BLASTER

Point the 300-G down a sandy trail well off the beaten track.

Stop it. Start it again . . . just for the boot you'll get out of it!

The "G" will blast up a veritable "sand-storm" around you . . . plus a deep-throated growl that tells you this is no mild-mannered

car when it has a job to do! This tiger is fitted out with a superb suspension design that gives you track-sure handling on roughest terrain and "hairiest" turn.

Its walloping getaway stems from a ram-induction powerhouse. 30-inch manifold tubes ram fuel and air into the chambers with incredible velocity. You get ground-missile acceleration. And you feel it when the "G's" wrap-around leather bucket seat gives you a spine-tingling belt in the back!

Talents like these, inherited from its spirited sire, the 300-F, prompted Tom McCahill, dean of automobile experts to say:

"As a Gran Turismo competitor nothing can come close to this hell-for-leather product!"*

Orchids like these are rare. But then the "G" (be it hardtop or convertible) is admittedly a rare kind of car for a rare kind of man.

*Article on 300-F in *Mechanix Illustrated*, May 1960.



CHRYSLER 300/G



There are four fine Chryslers: Newport, Windsor, New Yorker and the finest of all—300/G.



THREADING THE NEEDLE!

You are entering a 60-degree corner on one of those gamey, two-lane highways. This is the kind of corner that slows most cars to a crawl—lest there be shrieking and howling of rubber. You are driving a 300-G, the grand touring car Chrysler builds.

Fortunate!

Because with the torsion-bar suspended "G," you're managing the one full-size domestic that won't betray your driving skill. You can

aim the 300-G with pinpoint accuracy. You won't heel over. Deep bucket seats will hold you (plus three passengers) comfortably in place. And you'll hear no ear-piercing complaint from the 15-inch, sports-racing tires with which the "G" is shod this year.

Now, a car of American origin is not supposed to react with such sporting gusto when the road starts throwing curves at you. Yet the 300-G takes corners with an authority that

endears it to the nation's best-known road testers (who also enjoy the instant reaction of the "G's" optional 3-speed manual gear-box). If you like to drive, or if you're inclined to doubt, may we suggest a private road-test excursion of your own. The "G," and your dealer, will be most willing to oblige.

CHRYSLER 300/G
A rare kind of car for a rare kind of man



The 300-G / finest of all Chryslers. The others / Newport, Windsor, New Yorker.



TRY THE KEY OF "G"

Go ahead! Turn the key. And you'll be listening to a kind of music you've never heard before. A different kind of mood music.

Chrysler's 300-G speaks with deep-chested authority. Speaks of you and your instinct to know a rare blend of brawn and beauty. You're the kind of man who likes his comfort

leather-lined in individual, deep bucket seats . . . who likes to steer with needle-point precision . . . to corner and stop with sports-car ease . . . to manage husky, high-torque power with the flick of a stick (you can have your "G" specially equipped with an optional 3-speed manual gearbox.)

This is the thoroughbred sired by the 300-F—the one that walked away from all the others at the Daytona high-performance trials in '60.

Stop feeling a twinge of envy when you see the finest of Chrysler's big four for '61. Go whet your appetite with the most exciting test drive you ever took! Take your pick of hardtop or convertible.

Then proudly take over the key of your own Chrysler 300-G.

CHRYSLER 300/G
A rare kind of car for a rare kind of man