

6 BEST FOR
'66

Plymouth Street Hemi

ILLUSTRATION BY JON DAHLSTROM



THE 1966 Plymouth Satellite with the 426-cu. in. "Street Hemi" engine resembles a professional football middle linebacker wearing an Ivy League suit. It is a brute in Sunday best. The convertible version of this high performance entry was driven by *Car Life* when Chrysler Corp. introduced its 1966 models in Boston. The drive was very short—too short because it developed an instant taste for more Plymouth driving.

At first glance, the exterior of this Satellite presented an almost subdued appearance—an understatement when compared to other contemporary high-performance automobiles. Perhaps it is the addition of aluminum bars across the grille or curved glass or a lowered top line which cuts through the aura of conserva-

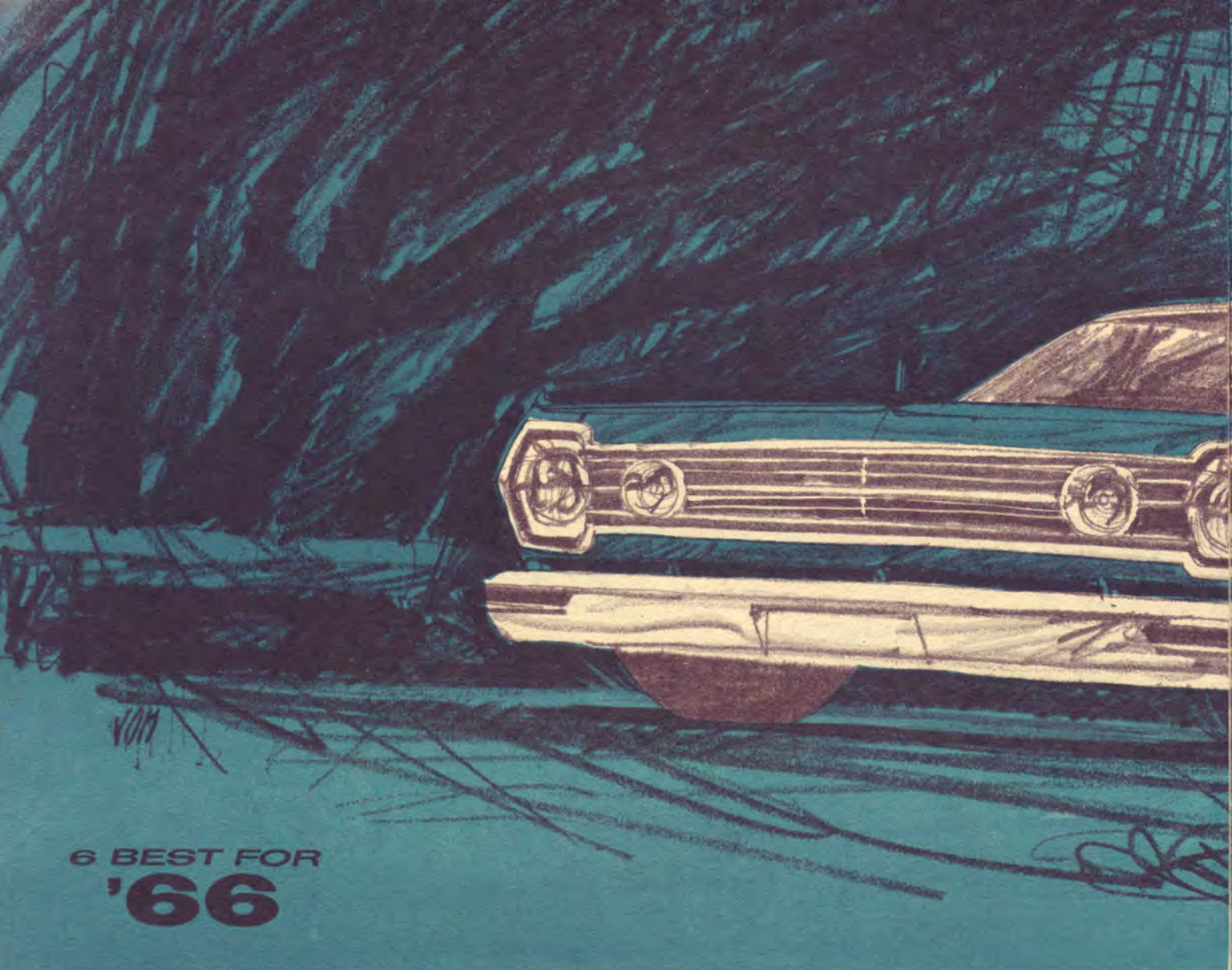
tism to say, "This car can go, man, go."

Plymouth's new shell-type bucket seats, with higher backs, give the driver a feeling he is in a businesslike position for operating the vehicle. A turn of the ignition key and the 426 V-8 engine with its two 4-barrel carburetors comes to instant life, sufficiently silenced to harmonize with the Brooks Brothers exterior. The detent mechanism is pressed and the selector lever slides easily into "1," "2" or "D." Slight pressure on the accelerator eases the Satellite to a smooth start, but knowing the 426 is there, under the hood, causes that slight pressure to become a jab and suddenly all the controlled violence of 425 bhp is available to spin 7.35-14 tires and massage the driver's back with a surge of pure accel-

eration, an awesome display of muscle.

But, lift that foot slightly and the middle linebacker becomes a stockbroker on his way to the office. Brute becomes businessman. When not using all those 426 cu. in. and all that multiple carburetion, the Satellite is a very roadable machine which presents ease of steering and braking through power assists, less than average body lean in corners while approaching the Chrysler Corporation's sought-after "boulevard ride," and above all an impression of quiet purpose which masks altogether the available power reserve. But the driver knows the power is there should he desire to use it. That knowledge is very satisfying to the driver who enjoys a little controlled violence now and again.





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