



OLDSMOBILE

ROCKET CIRCLE

October • November 1956



Here's a man who just
paid us a visit....

HE HAS THAT COMFORTABLE FEELING that comes with knowing that his car is all set for the coming season.

He brought it to us because we always service it in a quality manner. He depends on us for all of his Safety Maintenance needs because we know his Oldsmobile best. And he knows that we don't recommend unneeded services.

Yes, he got exactly what he needed, which is correct care for his Oldsmobile. Isn't that what you want, too? Why not put yourself in the contentment picture! Drive in, for the kind of maintenance service that makes it unnecessary to call for emergency service.

Or, if your Olds is old, this may be your best time to switch to a brand new model.

We'll be glad to give you the facts and figures, and let you decide.



Mr. J. W. Vogt

VOGT OLDSMOBILE, INC.

2950 Broadway

Phone 5-6921

Lorain, Ohio



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Mr. Frank Kaurek,
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Lorain, Ohio



ACROSS MY DESK

by R. T. Rollis
General Manufacturing Manager
Oldsmobile Division

ACROSS MY DESK come the engineers' specifications for all Oldsmobiles.

They are precise in every detail. Each dimension is defined, often down to one ten-thousandth of an inch, in the engineers' determination to give you quality.

Every one of the thousands of parts that go into the making of an Oldsmobile must measure within the tolerances established by the engineers. Every installation or assembly must satisfy engineering standards.

Oldsmobile management requires this, so that every car which leaves the factory will uphold Oldsmobile's reputation for quality. Every year, every month, almost every day the demands on us who manufacture the cars become more exacting.

Today we are achieving perfection which was undreamed of ten years ago. Tomorrow we will do even better, under our Quality Control Program which covers every phase of production.

Over seven hundred people are now enforcing Quality Control. They do not produce a single part, or perform a single manufacturing operation. They are strictly "watchmen over quality," guardians of Oldsmobile value. The story of their work is told on pages 6 and 7 of this issue of the Rocket Circle magazine. It is a record of patient, tireless vigilance to provide more lasting satisfaction in your Oldsmobile, to insure your safety, and to protect your investment.

Your Oldsmobile is a better value in every way, because of Oldsmobile's organized control over quality. We are proud to have been pioneers of Quality Control in automobile manufacture.

OLDSMOBILE ROCKET CIRCLE MAGAZINE, Vol. 1, No. 7. Editorial office: 41 E. Oak St., Chicago 11, Ill.; business office: 2320 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 16, Ill., published eight times each year. Nothing in this magazine may be reprinted either wholly or in part without written permission of the publisher. Copyright 1956, Edwards & Deutsch Lithographing Co., Chicago, Illinois. For subscription information see your Oldsmobile dealer.

ABOUT OUR COVER: Olds owners will find stimulating conversation and bizarre brews at the coffeehouses now experiencing a revival in popularity both here and abroad. See page 8 for coffeehouse customs and recipes.

TURNABOUT

is better than fair play

at California's wacky Turnabout Theater, where uninhibited puppeteers regale audiences seated on rehabilitated streetcar chairs on rehabilitated streetcar chairs

by Rob McCullagh



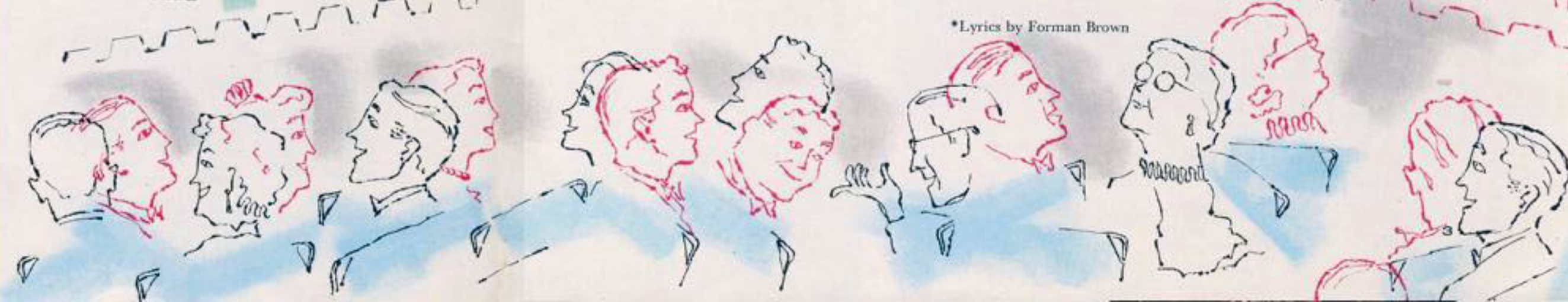
*I was lower than a lizard,
I pur-sued un-ho-ly ends;
I had trouble with my gizzard,
and I hadn't got no friends.
I was just a cold po-tater
Till I came to this the-ay-ter,
And I heard the magic word,
"Turn-a-bout!"
Turn-a-bout, turn-a-bout,
Turn your troubles inside out!
If your heart is sore and heavy,
Join this topsy-turvy bevy—
Turn-a-bout, turn-a-bout, turn-a-bout! **

A ONE-TIME SHOOTING GALLERY in San Francisco recently rang with the above pixilated theme, and Turnabout Theater packed 'em in to such a rollicking degree that it has just moved to the more convenient theater district on Mason street. Here, there is good fun while rocking with laughter in theater seats named (not numbered) "Kit'n Kaboodle," "Gargantua'n Pantagruel," "Beer'n Skittles," "Wait'n See," "Try'n Stop Me."

These titles—and nearly 400 more sets like them—are neatly lettered on antique, denim-covered reversible streetcar seats which give the theater its name. These seats, picked up from a streetcar company for \$3.50 each, allow Turnabout (for 15 years a Hollywood fixture) to present an original and absolutely unique combination of talents.

(Continued next page)

*Lyrics by Forman Brown





TESTIMONY to Turnabout's artistry is gallery of admirably inscribed photos.

The audience sees a puppet musical comedy on a small stage at one end of the theater, goes out for a coffee at intermission, and comes back to find the seats reversed, facing the other end of the theater. There, on a large stage, an intimate revue ensues. Thus, front row viewers of the puppetry are back row witnesses of the live performances.

No matter, both stages provide a wondrous repertory of fun. Guiding geniuses, founders and masters of all aspects for nearly 30 years are puppet master Harry Burnett, composer and MC Forman Brown and general manager Richard Brandon. The "Three B's," as they are sometimes known, own the only permanent puppet company in the country. Brown's considerable patter talent, warm and suave; Burnett's fantastically agile comedy, both with and without puppets; and Brandon's business guidance have spelled success ever since the three teamed up in college as The Yale Puppeteers.

Bounding about the large revue stage you'll find these three—plus guest stars with special talents



LIVELY TURNABOUT CAST opens its "stringless" half of the show with a sedate tone poem. Chanteuse Frances Osborne flats while Burnett fiddles.



LIFE-SIZE DUMMIES watch Turnabout from their private balcony, noisily turn around to face opposite stage at beginning of show's second half.

for an unusual comedy expressly suited for the close contact a small theater provides. Most famous of these talents is Elsa Lanchester, who appeared with Turnabout for 12 years—receiving Forman Brown's specially prepared comic songs as her only pay. Others who have delighted Turnabout audiences have been Gilda Gray, the Duncan Sisters, Lotte Goslar and Marais and Miranda. Right now, the intimate revue features Albert Mol, a Hollander who is a hilarious combination of French pantomimist Marcel Marceau and Danny Kaye; Odetta, a mellow blues singer; Frances Osborne, a comic singer of movie note, and Jinx Hone, an impish ingenue, fresh from dramatic training with Morris Cornovsky. These, in addition to the ubiquitous Messrs. Brown, Burnett, Brandon and 800 almost-human puppets—are Turnabout. *Turnabout, turnabout, turn your troubles inside out! If you're feelin' low and weary, join the Turnabouts, dearie. Turnabout, turnabout, turnabout!*

MEMENTO OF HOLLYWOOD home for 15 years is this wall of celebrity autographs, carefully transplanted to San Francisco.

PUPPET MASTER HARRY BURNETT creates Turnabout's famous marionette personalities—carves and shapes them, dresses them, even braids the hair of winsome soubrettes like this Dutch maiden.



Watchmen over Quality

THE NUMBER OF AUTOMOBILES produced by Oldsmobile in a single day, or even in an hour, is always impressive.

But it is not volume that Oldsmobile people usually boast about when they talk shop. Oldsmobile workmen and supervisors are much more concerned about quality. Machine operators speak with pride about the percentage of acceptable parts in their day's output. Foremen post scores hourly on the ratio of approved assemblies which their departments have turned out. Supervisors grade each operation on perfection of product.

Quality is the sole subject of weekly meetings of all Oldsmobile supervisory personnel. And quality is the sole concern of an "army" of over 700 inspectors, statisticians, reporters and planners who devote all their efforts to checking production and upholding Oldsmobile standards.

Armed with precision gauges and specialized



ALL FIVE CRANKSHAFT bearings are simultaneously measured by ingenious air gauges which indicate variations from standard. The lathe stops automatically if tolerances are exceeded.

OLDSMOBILE PISTON PINS must match hole diameters within 1/10,000th inch. This Quality Control machine is operating in a constant-temperature room for absolute accuracy.

FIVE DIFFERENT ENGINE rocker-arm machining operations are checked by this device, another important Oldsmobile control, which also automatically sorts the parts according to hole diameter.



measuring and testing devices they perform the customary inspections of the multitude of parts, sub assemblies and assemblies that go into making Oldsmobiles. That is only their protective function, however. Much more important to Oldsmobile, and to you as an Oldsmobile purchaser, are their constructive contributions to manufacturing procedure and the elimination of human error in the finished product. These Quality Control specialists not only reject parts or workmanship that might be unsatisfactory; they analyze the causes of production errors and point out ways to correct them.

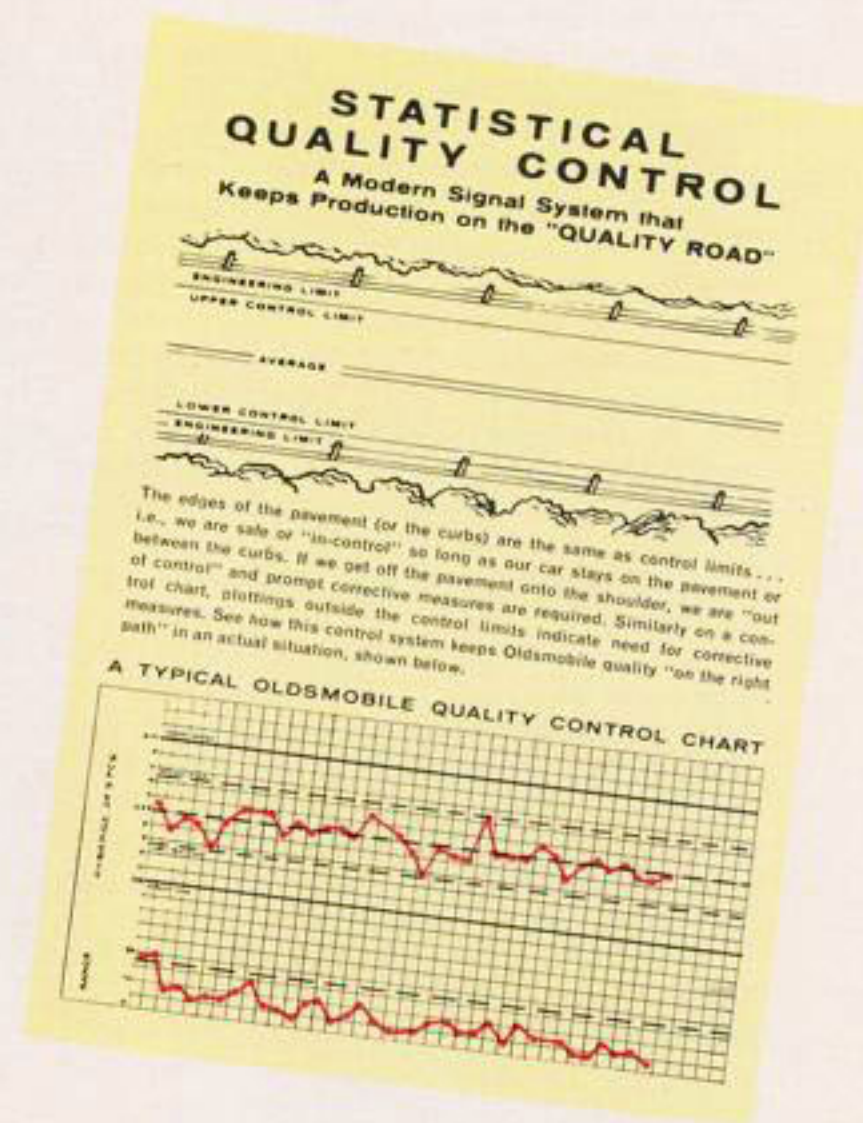
By promptly putting the finger on production machines when they start varying from standard, Oldsmobile Quality Control prevents much spoilage and waste of materials. That means manufacturing savings which are reflected in Oldsmobile value. By devising ingenious inspection devices, like those pictured on these pages, Oldsmobile Quality Control has eliminated much of the possibility of human error at the source. That means greater reliability in Oldsmobile cars.

By imposing new scientific means of checking and testing each part of Oldsmobile steering systems, brake systems and other controls, Quality Control contributes much to your safety when you drive an Oldsmobile. No procedure is ever considered too extravagant if it helps to give you a better value or a more reliable product. Sample forgings are cross sectioned, etched, and examined under powerful microscopes in the search for flaws.

Front axles, steering arms and other items critical to safety are sonic tested—they must "ring true" to win acceptance. Brake pedals, brake shafts, critical bolts and nuts, and many engine parts are electrically inspected by the magnaflux process to assure sound structure.

Rocket Engines are "run in" for 13 minutes, to give sharp-eyed inspectors time and opportunity to make certain that they will deliver full power for you. And every car that is built is test-run at the end of the assembly line, by the most critical drivers in the world.

Quality Control is on the job every minute of the day and night to make sure that every part of every Oldsmobile meets engineers' specifications to the split fraction of an inch.





Hospitality by the Cupful...

SINCE 1470, when the first coffeehouse was born in Mecca, the masculine counterpart of tearooms has been the symbol of hospitality in the social, political and business life of many of the world's foremost cities. Five centuries ago, the coffeehouse craze spread from Arabia to cities in Syria, Turkey, Persia, Italy, France, Germany, Austria, England and America.

New York's first was "King's Arms," which opened on lower Broadway in 1696. Today every major metropolitan city has its coffeehouses, providing an ideal atmosphere for conversation.

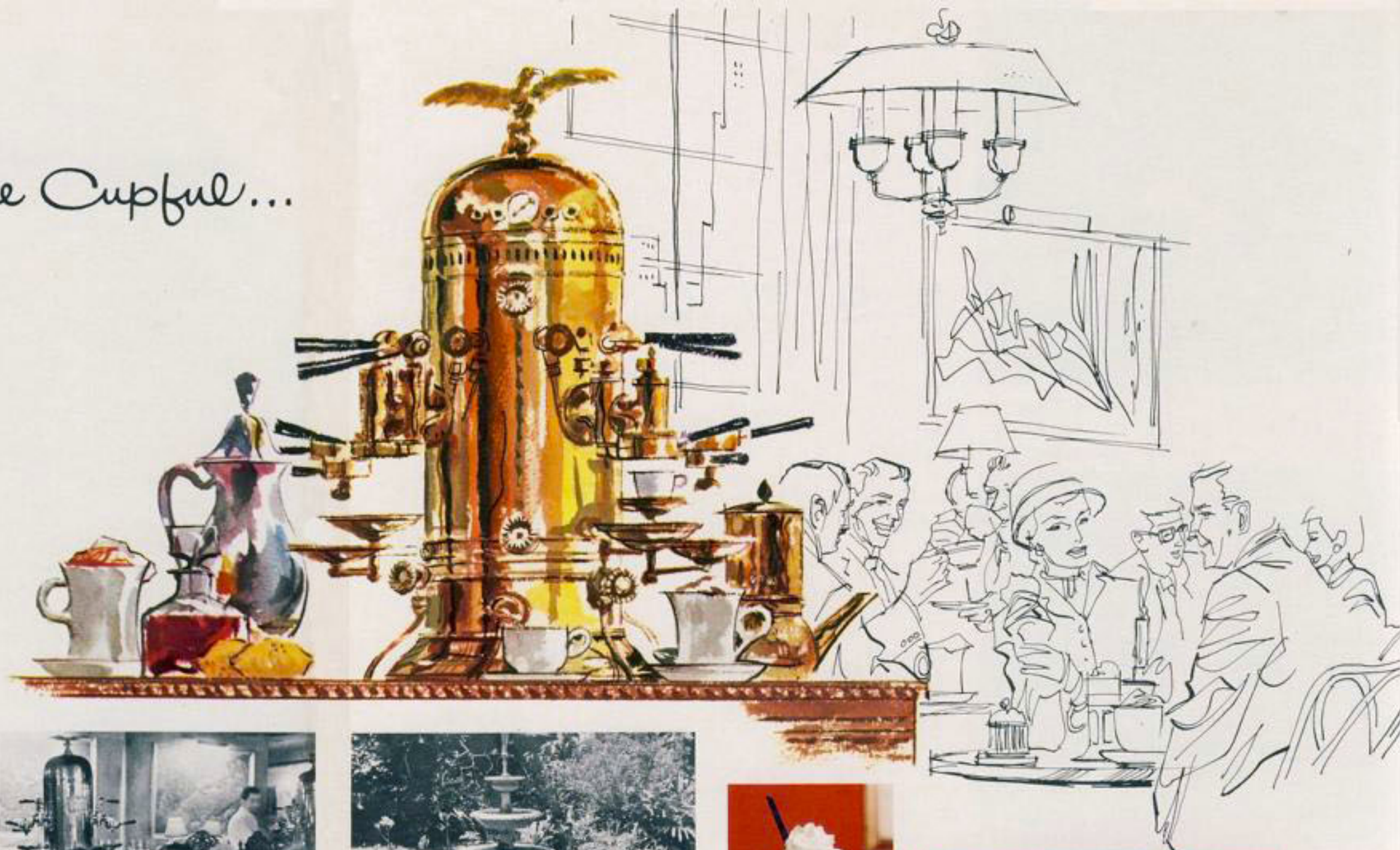
At the Gourmet Coffee Lounge in New Orleans, Serendipity 3 in New York, Bellini's in Chicago and Tosca Café in San Francisco, you'll find 50 different recipes for coffee. Unless a strong, black blend at tongue-searing temperatures is your only pleasure, you should sip among the world's many coffee cultures, while you sample coffeehouse conversation.

Nearly every European coffeehouse is built around an espresso machine, usually a great, ornate brass assemblage of tubage, nozzles and wheels that sprout forth defiantly from a gleaming central pot. This medieval-looking machine creates steam, which forces through ground coffee, then condenses into a rich, dark brown nectar that is *café espresso*. It has many ornamented versions. There's cappuccino (hot espresso, hot milk and cinnamon), *chocolaccino* (cappuccino, topped with shaved French chocolate and whipped cream)—then there are versions shot with lemon peel, anisette or rock sugar.

England, of course, upholds the coffeehouse tradition with aplomb. Although London doesn't boast 2000 such establishments, as it did in 1715, it is still a leading quaffer. And the English probably still make coffee pretty much the same way they did when Lloyd's of London had its beginnings in a coffeehouse. Many insist a change might be in order, but many British still prefer their boiled coffee, with some eggshells to "settle" it.

Napoleon, Voltaire and Benjamin Franklin sipped coffee at Paris' famous *Café de Procope*—which today works magic by adding liqueur to a slack cup of already strong brew. Milder but mellower is *café au lait*, equal parts of strong, hot coffee and warmed, creamy milk. Excellent at breakfast!

In America, it is almost axiomatic among *café* owners that the excellence of a restaurant's coffee can be the difference between success and failure. So it is to the hostess at a dinner party. That's why our newly awakened appreciation of fine coffee makes coffeehouses again become the social magnets for relaxed conversation.



NEW YORK's coffeehouses, like Orsini's here, thrive on after-theater patronage.



QUAINT CHARM of New Orleans' Gourmet Coffee Lounge keeps espresso flowing all day.

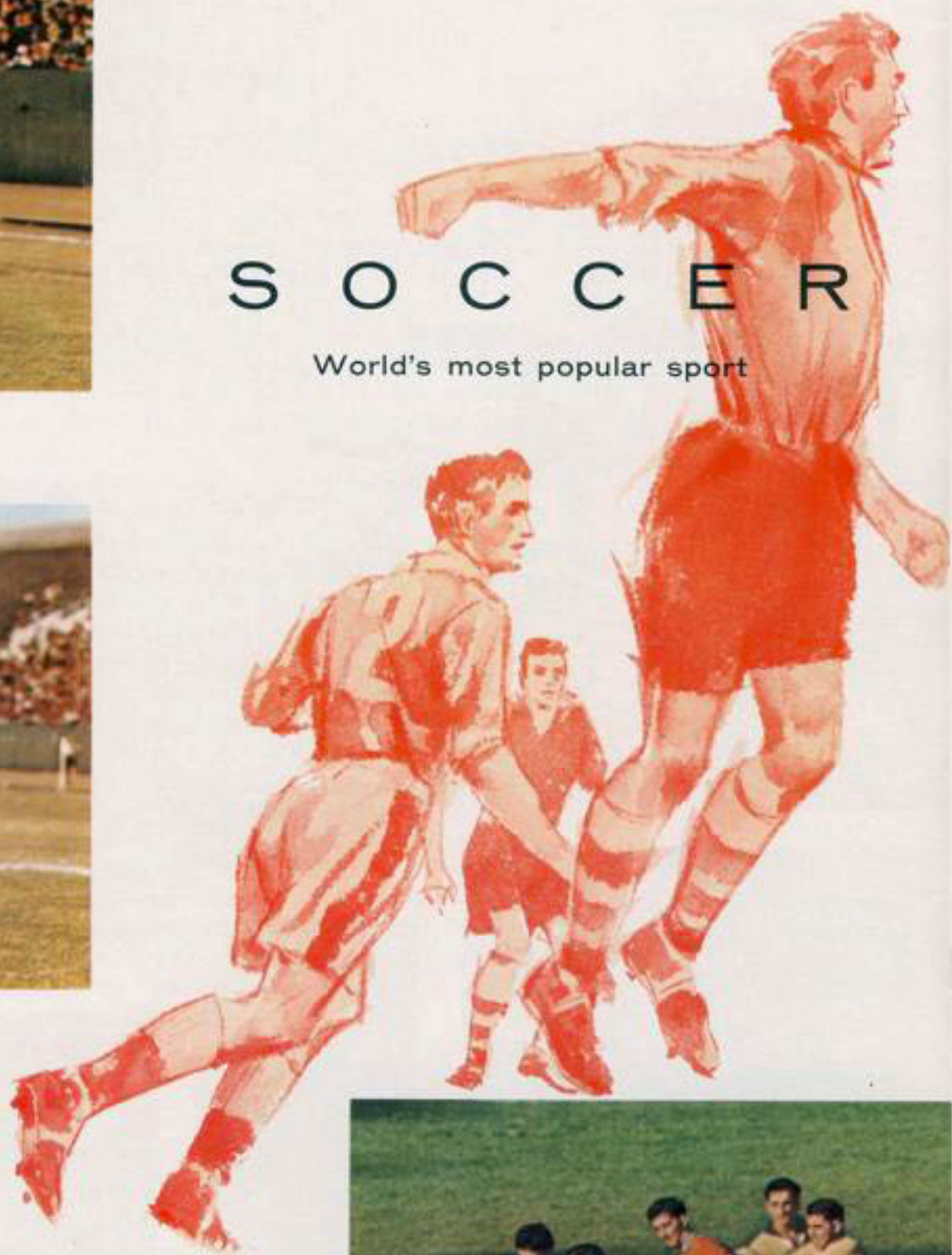


BELLINI's very dry coffeehouse prospers in the center of Chicago's lively night club belt.



S O C C E R

World's most popular sport



Photographs by FPG

THE PHALANXES OF GAIUS JULIUS Caesar are said to have brought soccer to the English-speaking world 2000 years ago. Today the United States is almost the last civilized island of resistance against the thrills of this "no hands" sport, which is easily the world's most popular. An exhausting, charging game, antique Britishers referred to soccer as "a bloodie and murdering practice rather than a fellowly sport or pastime . . . a friendlie kind of fighting!"

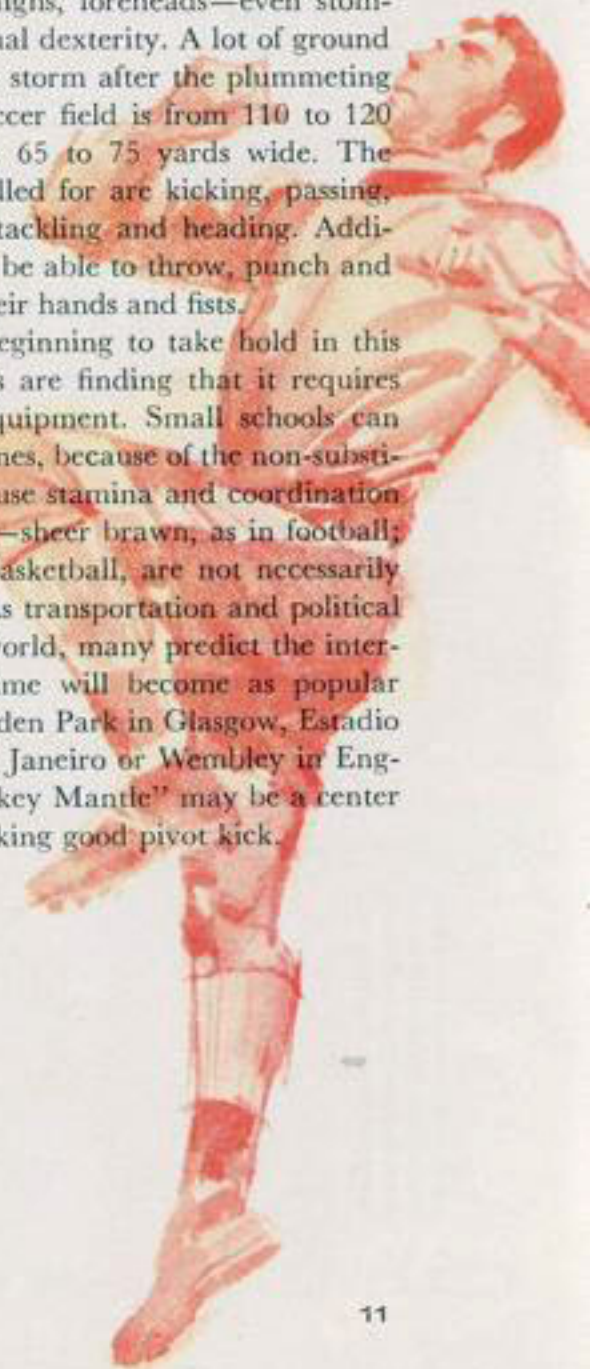
Modern soccer is about 100 years old. Before 1860 there were no consistent rules or standard playing fields. In some European villages, goal posts were placed at each end of town—and swarms of soccer players kicked and butted a crude ball across the cobblestones, over curbing and onto rooftops, as they slashed back and forth for a score—often battering away until after nightfall.

Soccer is the forefather of all inflated-globe games. It combines much of the technique and thrill seen in football, rugby, basketball and volleyball—except that the hands and fists may be legally used only by the goalies. A soccer team has eleven men, nine of whom range between the key offensive player, the center forward, and the key defensive player, the goalie.

The knee-banging sport is a 90-minute go, with

a ten-minute intermission—that's all. There are no time-outs, no substitutions. If a man is injured, his team plays on, minus a player. The game is an extremely fast, running scramble, depending on feet, knees, calves, thighs, foreheads—even stomachs—of almost manual dexterity. A lot of ground is covered, as 20 men storm after the plummeting ball. A regulation soccer field is from 110 to 120 yards long and from 65 to 75 yards wide. The fundamental skills called for are kicking, passing, dribbling, trapping, tackling and heading. Additionally, goalies must be able to throw, punch and strike the ball with their hands and fists.

Today, soccer is beginning to take hold in this country. Our schools are finding that it requires almost no special equipment. Small schools can compete with large ones, because of the non-substitution rule and because stamina and coordination are the prerequisites—sheer brawn, as in football; sheer height, as in basketball, are not necessarily premium qualities. As transportation and political interests shrink the world, many predict the international sports pastime will become as popular here as it is at Hampden Park in Glasgow, Estadio Municipal in Rio de Janeiro or Wembley in England. The next "Mickey Mantle" may be a center forward with a whacking good pivot kick.



"ROCKET CIRCLE" MEMBERS KNOW...

**Your
investment
holds...
when
you go
over
to Olds!**

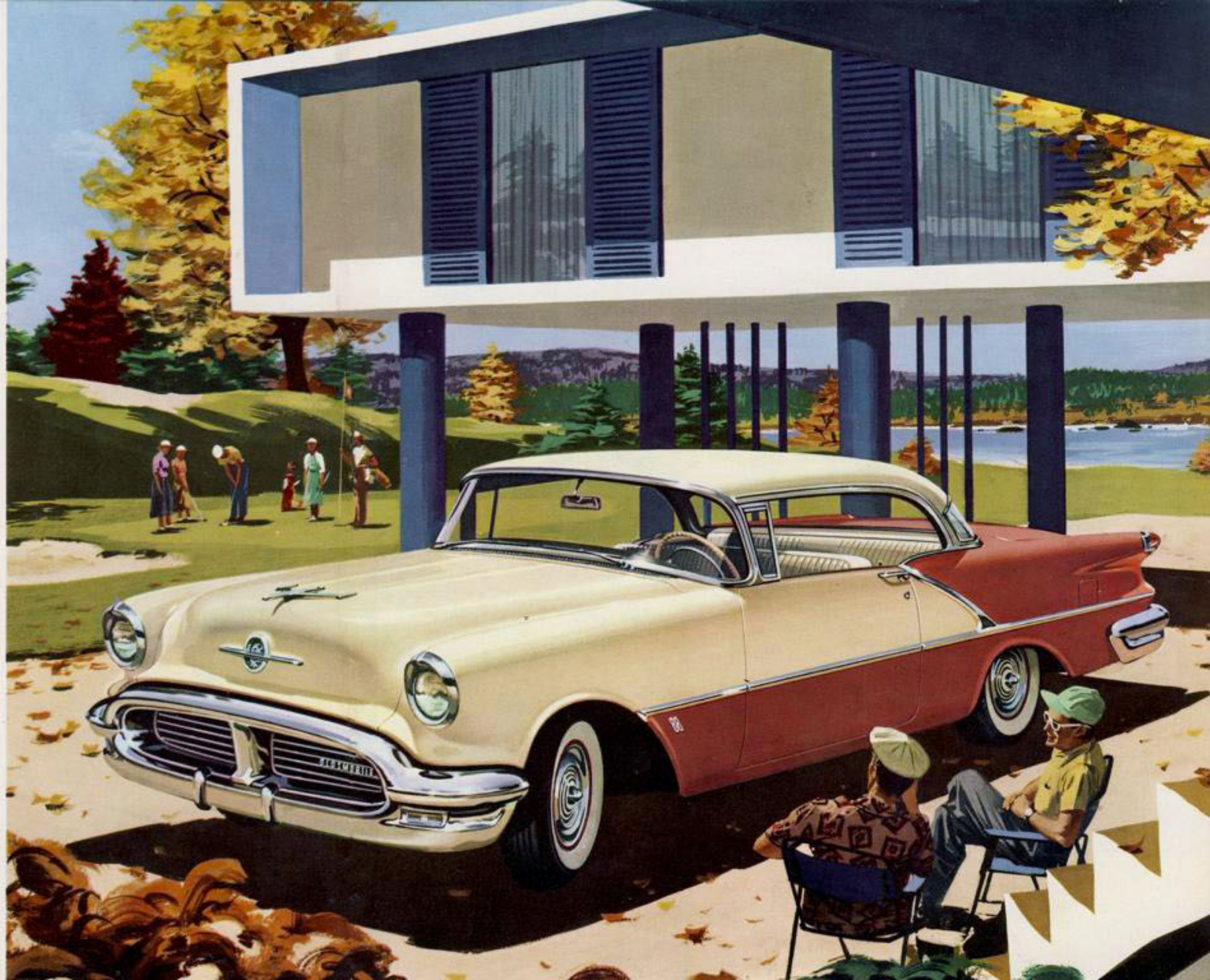


Bright idea . . . to brighten all your days! Many Rocket Circle members are including this beautiful, budget-priced Olds "88" in their plans for action. There's all the prestige of Oldsmobile's years-ahead styling, along with that famous 230 h.p.* Rocket Engine. But the pleasure only begins with this big car's power and road-handling versatility. There's a practical view, too, that translates into dollars and cents. For you'll receive the full benefit of Oldsmobile's traditionally high resale worth . . . plus the high value your present car commands *now!* So, if you haven't already, plan today to renew your Rocket Circle membership and your driving pleasure with a new Oldsmobile.

*240 h.p. in Series Ninety-Eight and Super 88



OLDSMOBILE



Celebrity Suite.....

ORIENTAL OPULENCE shimmering high above the sprawling Gold Coast is the lush penthouse palace of chi-chi Chicago — the Ambassador hotel's upper-case celebrity suite. For \$100 and up per day, you can luxuriate with a shah's serenity. The Ambassador, which is also famous for impaling almost any viand on a flaming sword and launching it with a full magnum of champagne, stinted not in commissioning this plush palazzo.

"The carpeting," quipped one dazzled V.I.P. who has learned to take mink undershirts in stride, "is so deep I have to wear snowshoes to get from my teak bar to my tangerine living room." It's wall-to-wall, of course—even follows you into the bathroom, as a matter of fact.

The effect, nonetheless, is of quiet, refined elegance. Because celebrities come in two well-known varieties, the decor is neither decidedly masculine nor feminine—it is at once exotic, antique and contemporary. Sparkling outside its broad terrace is the silken surface of Lake Michigan and the nighttime jewels of the city's skyscraper lights. Inside, Far Eastern murals, statuary, an Oriental mask and lush golden drapings remind budding academy award nominees and social registerees alike that there's no business like show business, of one kind or another.

In one of the masterful understatements in an overstating business, designer Harper Richards comments on his triple-plated suite: "We believe we have achieved an effect that is soothing, but not dull." And if jaded celebs should happen to find the bric-a-brac boring, hotel president James A. Hart has thoughtfully provided a series of peerless nighteries right in his hostelry. Just 17 flights down, there's The Pump Room, Parade Room, The Buttery, and, for members only, The Beau Nash. Here one of gastronomes' finest kitchens and wine cellars does as well by the platinum palates as the celebrity suite soothes the sumptuous sensibilities.





WINGED A WILDCAT with a light bow and one clean shot. Liberal seasons for bowmen are attracting thousands of hunters who can't get enough rifle hunting.

«Close-up» Hunting!

STEALTH, SHARP INSTINCT, deadly accuracy at first shot—as important to the bowhunter as his broadheaded arrows—supercharge archery to its amazing new popularity. Two hundred thousand Americans have purchased licenses to bowhunt big game. They're finding new thrills in this ancient mode of hunting, where it's man against beast—primitive weapons used with civilized cunning against primitive animals with keen instincts.

Of course, modern archery equipment is far superior to that used by the aborigines. It is better balanced, delivers more accuracy and is harder-hitting. A proficient bowhunter, armed with a 75-lb.-pull Grizzly bow as he slowly bellies through underbrush to get in close range of a heavy-antlered moose, realizes the ultimate in stalking his prey. He knows he is on a more equal basis with his quarry than if he were using firearms.

Many hunters have joined the ranks of the bowmen to escape crowded hunting conditions and to

avoid the higher accident rate which prevails during firearms seasons. Typical comparison of hunting seasons for firearms vs. bow and arrow is offered by Michigan. Deer is limited to the southern part of the state for eleven-day firearms seasons—is allowable for bowhunting for from one to two-and-a-half months, depending on area.

Basic equipment for bowhunting may be purchased for under \$100, including a top-quality Fiberglas laminated hard maple bow, quiver, matched arrows and glove. Hunting bow pulls range from 45 to 75 pounds, which deliver clean kills within the usual 30- to 50-yard range.

Although only about two per cent of legal U.S. big game kills were brought down by arrows last year, the army of ardent bowhunters continues to increase. No wonder the sportsman is rediscovering the lure of man's stone age reflexes—that the very essence of rugged hunting enjoyment is in basics like the longbow.



HE'S ABOUT to bring down a 1000 pound bull moose at 40 yards range.



BOWFISHING, somewhat like spearfishing from above the water, is captivating sportsmen this year.

Rocket Circle Picture Profile



Brigadier General Holger Nelson Toftoy



Mr. Missile



SON CADET CHARLES Toftoy packs for West Point, as daughter Mrs. George Williams helps.

WHEN "MR. MISSILE" was younger he pioneered in this home-engineered, but not rocket-propelled, speedster.



WHEN THE EARTH SHOOK, the sky seemed to tremble and a great searing flash pushed against the launching base . . . for an instant stable, then gone in the straight line that streaked 250 miles heavenward; when the White Sands, New Mexico Proving Grounds saw that astounding rocket test in 1949, America was well on its way to world leadership in guided missile systems.

Directing this program was Brigadier General (then Colonel) Holger Nelson Toftoy—the army's famous "Mr. Missile." From his command have come the Nike and Corporal guided missiles, the Redstone missile, the huge Honest John rocket and the super bazooka.

During World War II, General Toftoy and his assistants located and disarmed 100 German rockets, which were brought to the U. S. With them, the yet-to-become "Mr. Missile" transported 130 German scientists. The 16 Liberty shiploads of V-2 parts, blueprints, experimental data and scientific documents which the general shipped home gave



GENERAL & MRS. TOFTOY harmonize, while he plays piano. Toftoy's a great family man, enjoys group activities.

America a head start in its rocket and guided missile development program. The Ordnance department estimates General Toftoy's mission saved the United States ten years of research and millions of dollars.

Although the world spotlight is trained on American advances in guided missiles, rocket expert Toftoy works ahead undismayed. His command at Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama is secretly achieving superior weapons for the defense of his country. Off the base, "Ludy," as close friends call the general, relaxes with his family and friends—around the barbecue grille, while fishing, or perhaps quietly indulging in his hobby of designing and handcrafting contemporary furniture.

Rocket expert Toftoy is planning ahead to next summer. He's hoping to drive his Rocket Oldsmobile to Ontario, Canada for another go at the large-mouth bass. Meanwhile, America is making great strides in rocket and guided missile ordnance, under direction of Brigadier General H. N. Toftoy.

ROCKET CIRCLE LETTERS

SOME KICKS

Sirs:

Notably missing emphasis in your comments from coaches on modern football (September issue) was importance of kicking. Long a high art among the professionals, college teams are learning that a punting specialist can be a potent defensive weapon, because he can keep enemy team deep in its territory . . . that an adept place kicker can mean the difference between a so-so season and a conference championship.

PUG LASWELL

Santa Rosa, Calif.

HOT SHOTS

Sirs:

Your story on skeet had a distinctive masculine flavor, yet this exciting sport's most outstanding figure is a woman—our city's national champion, Carola Mandel.

MRS. DORALEE WHITED
Chicago, Ill.



SKREET CHAMPION MANDEL

Sirs:

Congratulations on your fine series of "picture profiles" about eminent Oldsmobile owners. Even though you sneak in a little advertising plug now and then, they're extremely interesting. I particularly liked the stories about George Gobel and about Kansas City's city manager, Perry Cookingham.

JEFF ARMBRUSTER

St. Joseph, Mich.

Sirs:

Each issue of the Oldsmobile Rocket Circle contains more and more reading matter of genuine interest than any other publication I receive. That's a big statement but I mean it!

The travel features in particular are excellent, and though I've been most of the places featured in the magazine, I read the stories with renewed interest and a strong desire to go back and visit each and every one!

It's strange that advertisements in large-circulation national magazines don't have informative advertising such as your June issue contained on air-conditioned comfort . . . caused me to stop at my local Oldsmobile dealer a few days after I received the Rocket Circle and had him explain the workings. I'm almost sure it will be included in my next Oldsmobile just from having read that article and seeing the local Olds people.

Keep up the good work . . . My thanks to Eggebrecht Motors for making the Rocket Circle possible.

DON PUCKETT

Wausau, Wis.



Bathing Beauties



THE MOST IMPORTANT fifty square feet of a house is the master bathroom. This morning, noon and nighttime traffic point must be efficient, cheerful, safe and comfortable. A well-planned bathroom can encourage family harmony, speed up house-keeping—even sell a house.

When designing, buying or remodeling—allow for some luxury in the bath. And don't overlook these efficiency features: Large mirrors (sliding, over ample medicine chests, so there are no space-gobbling swing-out doors), full indirect lighting and two-way ventilation, large basins and counter tops (cut down on floor drips, keep beauty aids out of the drain, afford room to diaper baby).

In your plans, specify large hamper space or clothes chute, linen shelves, a quick warming heater to switch on after you pop out of bed, vertical grab bars over tub and electrical outlets placed far from faucets, for safety.

Luxury touches you'll appreciate are thick cotton carpet on floor, extensive built-in cabinetry, telescopic heated drying racks for light laundry, sunken tub and separate three-way shower stall or glassed-in tub/shower combination, separate dental basin, built-in water softener, and lounge with overhead ultraviolet fixture for indoor sun bathing.

How well efficiency and striking design may be combined in contemporary bathrooms is shown in these photos of outstanding bathing beauties.

STOCKADE SCREENING (left) assures privacy for sheltered patio which opens off lavish family bath with sunken tub.

SLIDING THERMOPANES (right above) to sunbathing area reflect the neat geometry of this ceramic tile bathroom.

DECORATIVE TOUCHES (right) make this contemporary bath distinctive. It has "quick-warmer" for chill mornings.



slow,
slow—
quick, quick

By George Duke



"WHEN WE GET TO FLORIDA, we don't want to make fools of ourselves . . . so we've hired a private dancing instructor!" This female proclamation unraveled to mean that our group would be a bunch of clods if we couldn't cha-cha-cha, fandango, tarantella and rock 'n' roll like seasoned Murrys. To remedy this fate, a Mr. Peter Patter would bring his practice records and powdered floor wax to one of our homes twice weekly until we left for our vacation, a slickly trained troupe of dancing fools.

The first lesson began with Mr. Patter observing, while we self-consciously dipped and circled about him. I was sure he was deciding he might as well pack up his sapphire needle and patent leather pumps and leave, after seeing our polished 1939 junior prom style, when he said: "I can see it will be some time before we get to those cha-cha-chas you talked about. Tonight we'll concentrate on the basic box step." Someone courageously explained that we knew all about those simple basics, having all attended Miss Simpkin's Fortnightly Dancing School years ago . . . "so let's get on, unless we're too advanced for Mr. Patter?"

The third lesson—after we had learned that dancers should glide from the hips, lead with the

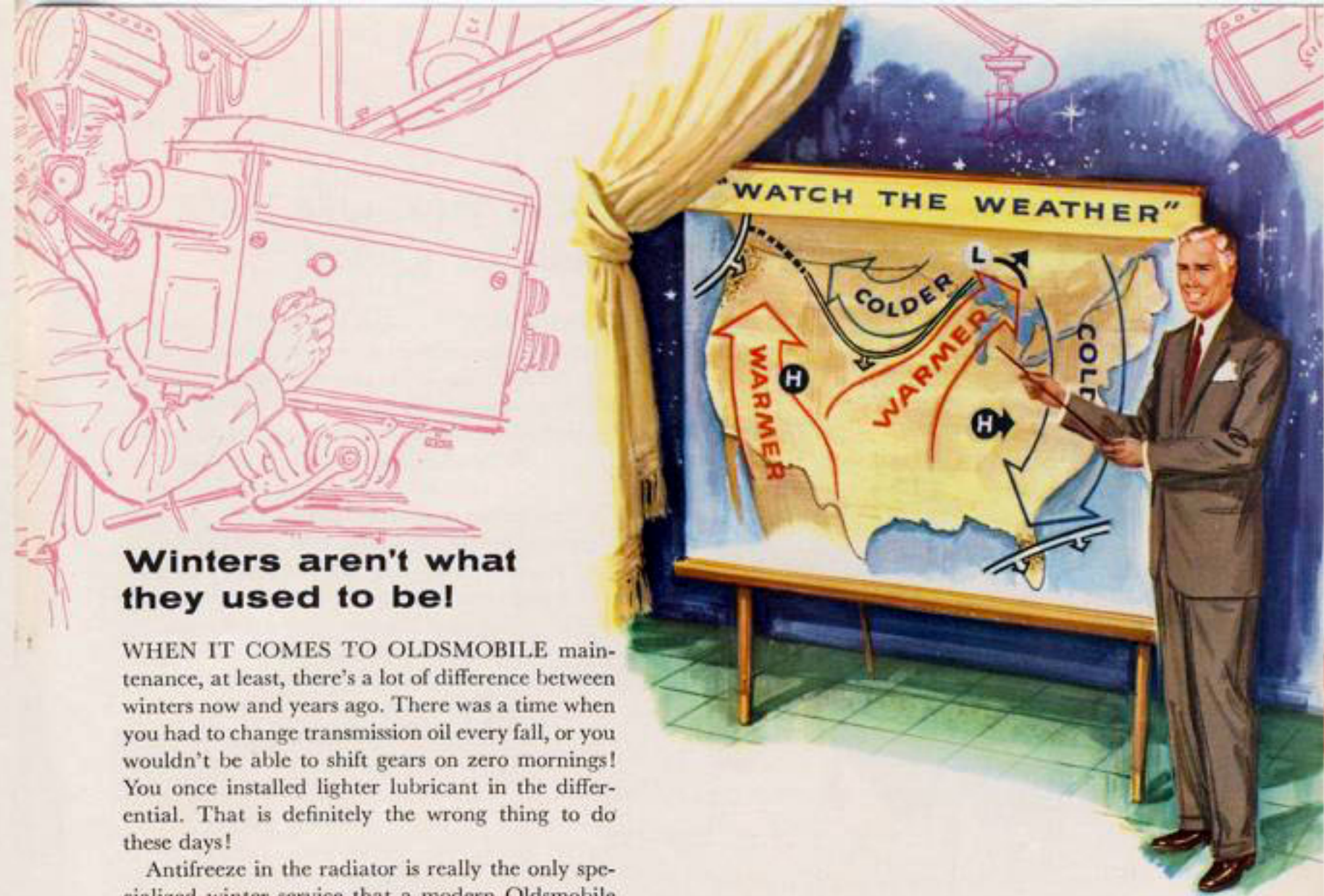
upper body, do the box step in right angles—we were introduced to the rhumba. "Now we're getting somewhere," I said, with my usual gift for turning a brilliant and apt phrase.

Where I got, unfortunately, was on the basement stairs. This may not seem odd to you, until I tell why I was there. The rhumba, Mr. Patter explained, has a charming hip rhythm, accomplished by throwing one's hips opposite to the natural way they move when one places one's weight on one's legs. For example, rhumba hips go the way hips go when one walks up stairs.

The women caught on, and were jiggling around the floor with South American abandon in no time. One of the husbands (a salesman who takes a lot of out-of-town business trips) smugly whipped his derriere around with gelatinous authority. The rest of us burned—then all were relieved, except me.

"Mr. Duke," Mr. Patter said, as he undulated my way, "you just don't seem to be applying yourself. Here, try it with me." Clenching my teeth, I shifted my sacrum with determined vigor. "No, no, no, Mr. Duke . . . you're placing the weight on the wrong feet!" He didn't mean his, although at the moment I wished he did; he meant that my hips refused to behave abnormally, as required by his Cugat record. So—I was assigned the basement stairs, where I soon learned to rhumba with proper grace. In fact, Mr. Patter had the class gather around and admire my rhythmic motion, as I plunged up and down the steps.

Our last class was tonight. We've all packed our cars, so we can get an early start for Florida in the morning. Although we never got to the cha-cha-cha, we've mastered the rhumba. I'm looking forward to discovering an authentic Latin-American nightspot, where I can show off my rhumba motion—provided, of course, there is a stairway near the bongos, and I can find a partner who can follow my escalator style.



Winters aren't what they used to be!

WHEN IT COMES TO OLDSMOBILE maintenance, at least, there's a lot of difference between winters now and years ago. There was a time when you had to change transmission oil every fall, or you wouldn't be able to shift gears on zero mornings! You once installed lighter lubricant in the differential. That is definitely the wrong thing to do these days!

Antifreeze in the radiator is really the only specialized winter service that a modern Oldsmobile needs. All other maintenance services should be timed by the speedometer instead of the weatherman. If you have all inspections and adjustments performed *when they are due*, according to the speedometer mileage, you preserve the value of your Oldsmobile much better than if you followed old-fashioned "winter" and "summer" service habits.

So, when you have new antifreeze installed this fall, let your Oldsmobile dealer check and attend to all of your car's Safety Maintenance needs *according to the speedometer*. That's the modern way, and the most economical way, to get ready for winter.



W. J. SUXTON, Oldsmobile General Service Manager, heads a staff of 191 factory service men who cooperate with Oldsmobile dealers to insure the finest of service for your car. Safety Maintenance is just one of many important service developments originated by Oldsmobile Service.