

OLDSMOBILE

ROCKET CIRCLE



June 1956

## Putting It Back Together Is Where The Know-how Counts

ALMOST ANY WAYSIDE MECHANIC might be able to take your car apart, if trouble should develop. But it takes know-how, special Oldsmobile tools, and respect for Oldsmobile standards, to make repairs right. The more serious the trouble, the more important it is that you get expert service . . . Oldsmobile Service.

You'll get a factory-quality job. And you usually save money in the long run.

Oldsmobile service mechanics know your Oldsmobile best.



Mr. Heber Jones

### HEBER JONES, INC.

440 North Verity Parkway  
Middletown, Ohio

Phone 26301



Dick Jones



## ACROSS MY DESK

By *J. F. Wolfram*

J. F. WOLFRAM

General Manager of Oldsmobile

and

Vice President of General Motors Corporation

THIS SUMMER all of us are being encouraged by the National Safety Council to put new emphasis on safety—in our homes, in our factories, on the streets and highways, and in our every-day activities. There is no more commendable cause than the prevention of accidents.

Safety campaigns, such as those being conducted now, are accomplishing much toward prevention of accidents. But no organization, no program, no safety regulations can do as much as can be done by people themselves.

Safety is everybody's business, everybody's individual responsibility. Only when everyone determines to do everything the safe way, to take no chances, can avoidable accidents be eliminated. There is no such thing as an accident-proof home, an accident-proof machine or automobile, or an accident-proof street or highway.

In the Oldsmobile factories we have conscientiously installed protective devices on the machines and eliminated other work hazards. In fact, we have a group of engineers who devote all their time to safety and safety installations. But our greatest progress toward avoiding accidents has been the training of our individual employees in accident prevention. This is a responsibility of supervision.

In the design of Oldsmobile cars we make strict provision for safety—in roadability, handling, in safe brakes and safety passing power. But the fact remains that the greatest safety feature in any car is a safe driver behind the wheel.

I urge you to drive safely this month . . . and every month!

## Private Peninsula

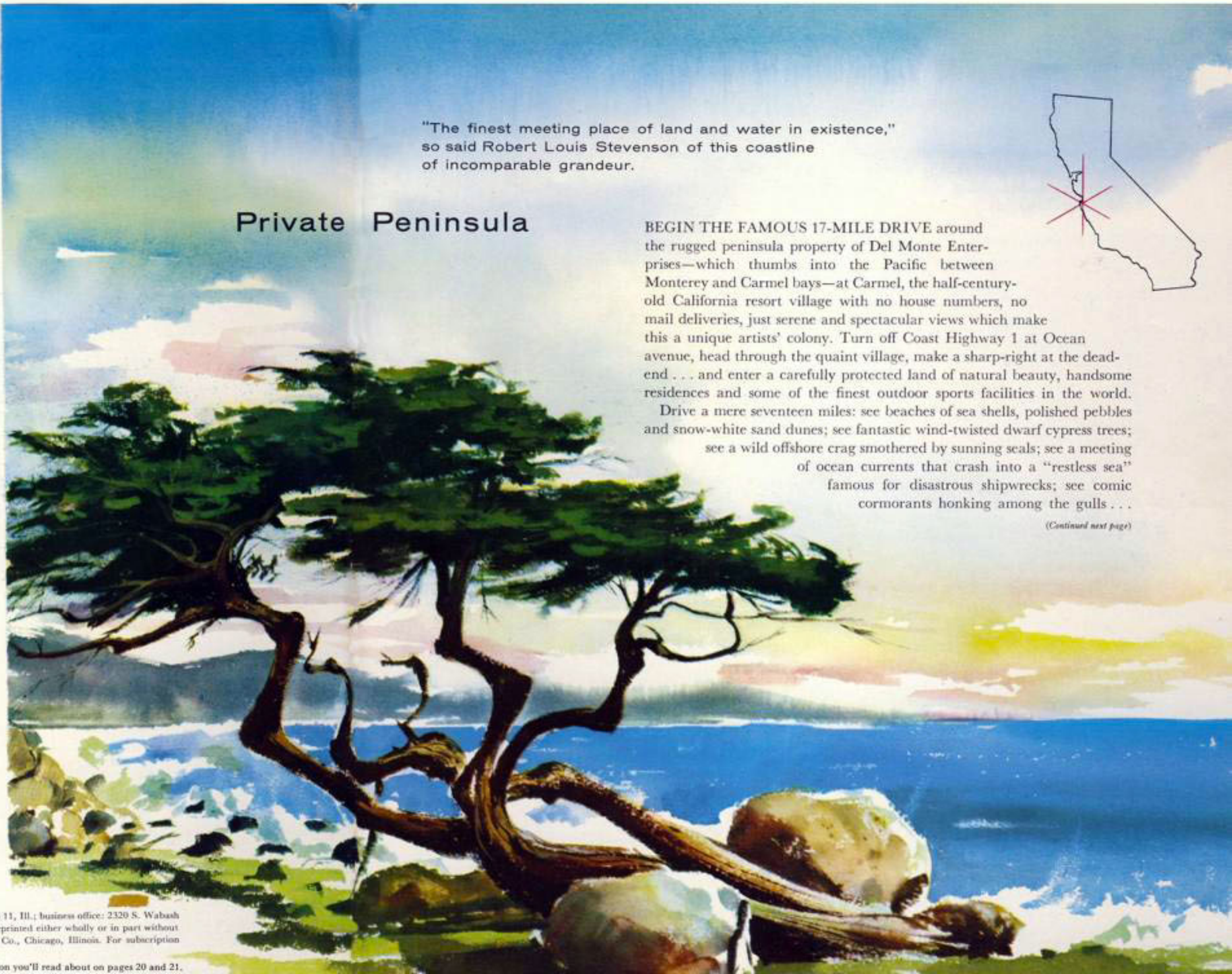
"The finest meeting place of land and water in existence," so said Robert Louis Stevenson of this coastline of incomparable grandeur.



BEGIN THE FAMOUS 17-MILE DRIVE around the rugged peninsula property of Del Monte Enterprises—which thumbs into the Pacific between Monterey and Carmel bays—at Carmel, the half-century-old California resort village with no house numbers, no mail deliveries, just serene and spectacular views which make this a unique artists' colony. Turn off Coast Highway 1 at Ocean avenue, head through the quaint village, make a sharp-right at the dead-end . . . and enter a carefully protected land of natural beauty, handsome residences and some of the finest outdoor sports facilities in the world.

Drive a mere seventeen miles: see beaches of sea shells, polished pebbles and snow-white sand dunes; see fantastic wind-twisted dwarf cypress trees; see a wild offshore crag smothered by sunning seals; see a meeting of ocean currents that crash into a "restless sea" famous for disastrous shipwrecks; see comic cormorants honking among the gulls . . .

(Continued next page)





and see it all in weather that varies less than ten degrees from summer to winter, with less rainfall in a year than New York has in July. Monterey peninsula residents claim there is no place in the world where you can play as hard and feel as good as you do in this climate!

And if it's play you want, go no further. Here are three of the world's most famous golf courses; over one hundred miles of adventurous bridle paths along the shore and through the pines, oaks and cypress of the Del Monte forest; fabulous public and private country clubs, with heated swimming pools and all-year tennis courts; The Beach Club; Stillwater Cove yacht harbor . . . and a spectator sports calendar unrivalled anywhere. Here's a sample:

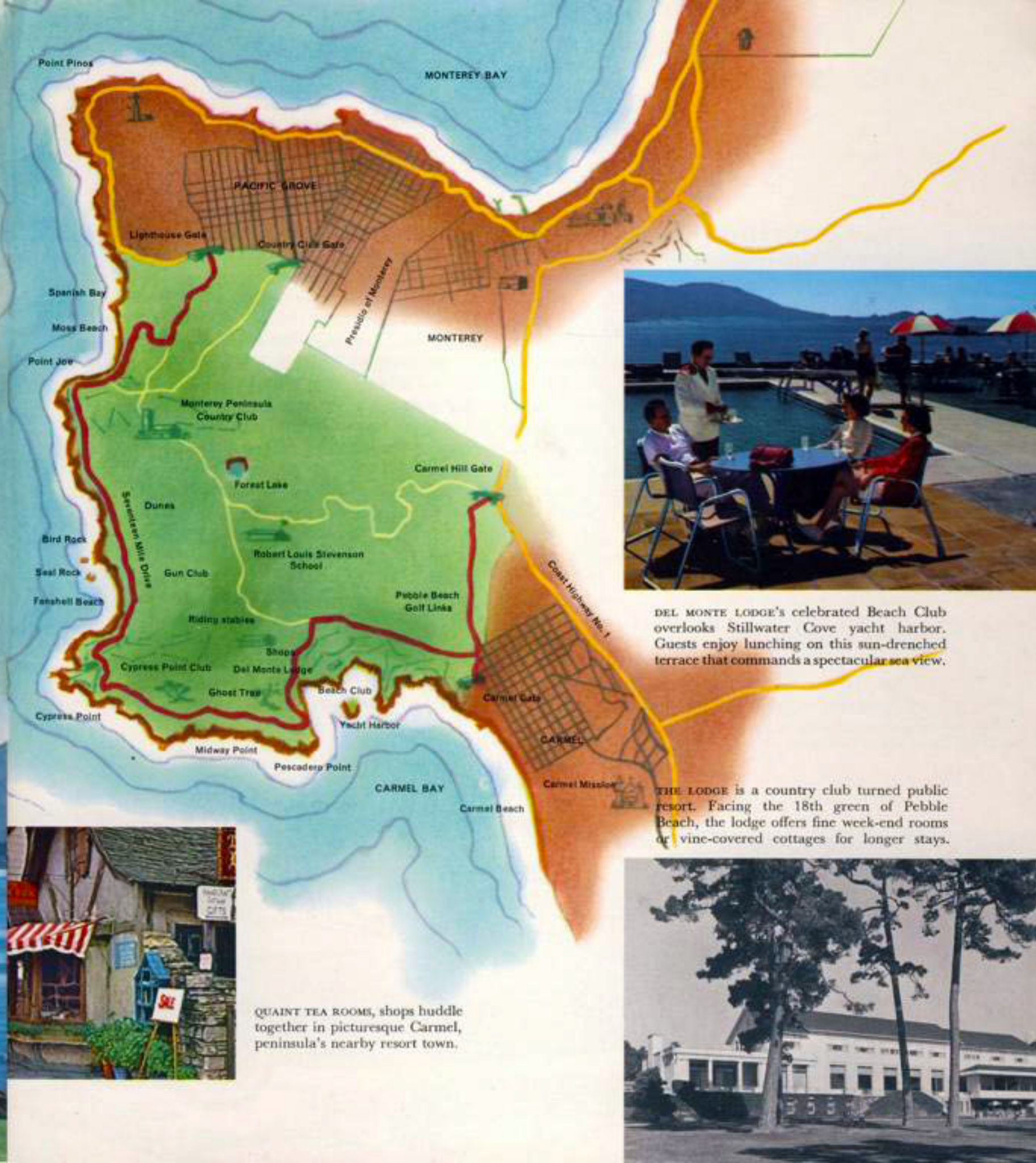
May 28-30, Stuart Haldron Perpetual Trophy yacht races; May 27, Del Monte dog show; June 3, Pebble Beach Spring horse show; June 15-17, Swallows golf tournament; July 9-12, Northern Sectional Junior Girls' golf championship . . . and the golf season of tournament play goes on through October 13, with competition at the Monterey, Del

Monte, Cypress Point and the fabulous Pebble Beach links. Of course, it isn't all golf the rest of the year. There're the big Labor Day events, the tennis jamboree and the exciting Mercury regatta. Next spring, plans are made for a hunt, hunter trials, and sports car road races.

Even if you're not a sportsman, veer off the private drive to follow the championship Pebble Beach course, 6,661 yards that have seen more big-time play-offs than any course in the West. No. 8, 425 yards into the salt spray, is one of the most famous holes in the world. The approach shot must carry across a natural chasm 75 yards wide and hit close to the green. The putt rolls fast toward the ocean. If you're down in par 4, seals may bark approval from rocks in the surf a few yards away.

If you're of more sedentary nature, take to an easel or camera . . . capture albino ghost trees, the orange smear of a sunset over the churning ocean, the gnarled silhouette of the lonely cypress at Pescadero Point . . . In pictures or memories, retain the image of this at once most romantic and most exciting scenic province.

GOLF IS MOST invigorating on famous tournament links that skirt the sparkling seashore, where the winds shift and the traps yawn.



DEL MONTE LODGE's celebrated Beach Club overlooks Stillwater Cove yacht harbor. Guests enjoy lunching on this sun-drenched terrace that commands a spectacular sea view.

THE LODGE is a country club turned public resort. Facing the 18th green of Pebble Beach, the lodge offers fine week-end rooms or vine-covered cottages for longer stays.



QUAINT TEA ROOMS, shops huddle together in picturesque Carmel, peninsula's nearby resort town.





# this Summer... ...watch the windows!

YOU'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN on the streets and highways the past two years. Cars with the windows closed tight on hottest days, the passengers relaxing in cool, air-conditioned comfort.

You used to be able to spot those cars by the plastic air tubes at the rear windows. Usually these automobiles were the biggest, most expensive models.

If you looked in the trunk you'd find much of the luggage space taken up by bulky refrigeration machinery. If you questioned the car owners you were told enthusiastically that *any* kind of car cooling was better than nothing, that they wouldn't think of driving through another summer without it.

During the past two years, however, new out-of-sight equipment has been developed which does not take up a single inch of usable passenger compartment space—or any luggage space. And, as invariably happens when anything new goes into volume production, the price is drastically reduced.

The air-conditioning system that is offered in 1956 Oldsmobiles has all of the latest advancements. You turn it on, or off, simply by moving the thermostat-control lever. In less than a minute,

after you start the engine, cool air is circulating throughout the car. Once you set the controls at the temperature you prefer, you never touch them again. Operation is automatic, self regulating.

Even on scorching hot days the car interior is cooled to perfection. The system can generate as much "cold" as if you put 3200 pounds of ice in the car in 24 hours. That's three times the capacity of the average room cooler.

But coolness is only half the story. People who have driven through a summer with air conditioning say that the clean quiet comfort inside the car is as important as the relief from the heat. With the windows closed, there are no drafts. And there is no dust with the new Oldsmobile system, because all of the air entering the car is washed and filtered.

There is no excess of humidity... the system will remove as much as a barrel of water a day from the air in the car. In the hottest weather, you can drive all day without wilting a shirt collar... your spirits are higher... you are more alert and have more energy in conditioned de-humidified air.

At highway speeds, the quiet inside the car allows

you to converse in normal tones... wind noise and road noise are shut out. The system will completely refill the car with fresh air, perfectly cooled and conditioned, every 60 seconds. Smoke, odors, and stale air are constantly being forced out.

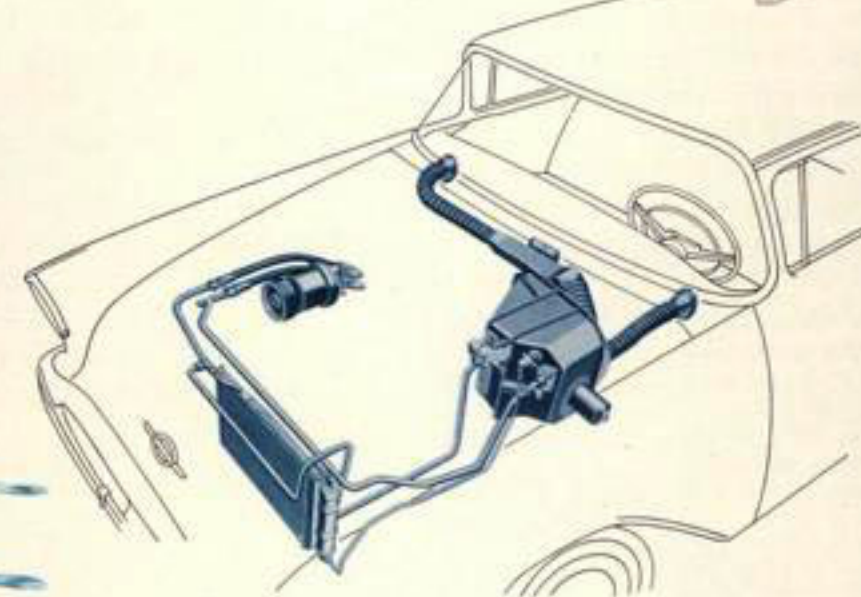
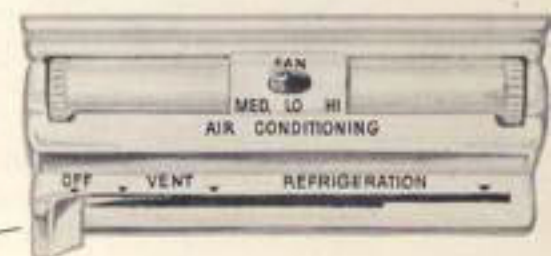
Now, with the new Oldsmobile system, it will not be as noticeable that so many of the new Oldsmobiles are air conditioned. You see nothing different from outside the car. The only difference you see inside is the adjustable air conditioning outlet at each end of the instrument panel.

So, watch the windows! When you see them go up on a hot day, the same as they go up when the weather is cold, you'll know that their owners are enjoying the greatest new comfort feature since the introduction of the first fresh-air heaters.

There's nothing else today quite as sensational. Or as sensible! Within a very few years, it is expected, the great majority of all cars will be air conditioned. Oldsmobile owners, of course, will be among the first to enjoy this advance feature. Because people who buy Oldsmobiles are the people who want the newest things first.



OLDSMOBILE'S AIR CONDITIONING for '56—the quickest-acting, most efficient system in the industry. Just a flick of the thermostat-control lever floods car's interior with cool, filtered air.



COMPLETE UNDER-HOOD installation means no sacrifice of valuable luggage compartment space.





SCORE										CARD									TOTAL	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	TOTAL IN	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	TOTAL OUT	
5	8	6	9	5	7	8	6	6	60	3	5	9	6	8	7	5	8	9	60	

*120—and like it!*



*This is Jack Mabley, a sports writer for the John S. Knight Newspapers, an authority on Lousy Golf and, incidentally, the author of the following. His accounts of struggles with overlapping grips, his heartening story of changing an agonizing slice into an overwhelming hook, his tales of travels in the wilderness around golf courses have brought hope and encouragement to golfers everywhere. Let this expert help you as he has helped others get started on the road to Lousy Golf.*

ANYBODY CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME out on the golf course when he shoots 75 or 80. It takes a golfer of character, a person with nerves of steel and the determination of a lion to shoot 120 and walk off the 18th green with a smile.

120—and like it? Well, we don't like the 120, but we do like golf. The trick is to be serious about the game—but not too serious. You never stop trying to better your score, but you don't live and die with every shot.

**YOUR EQUIPMENT:** Your game is only as good as your clubs. My equipment helps explain my score. It is Alex Gilchrist unmatched with Thistle putter—two woods, and irons number 2, 4, 6 and 8, or maybe it's 9. The number is worn off. Most of these clubs are survivors of a set I bought in 1927 for \$5.98 with bag and a box of sand for teeing up the ball. I shot a 47 for nine holes with these clubs in 1934, and if I could do it then I can do it again with the same tools. Or can I?

**IMPLEMENTS** for the 120-golfer include assortment of weapons and sleek retriever. This one happens to be Chester, the author's trained dachshund. He retrieves backyard pitch shots, providing ball has been liver-rubbed.



THIS EXPLAINS the early popularity of knickers. Underwater divot diggers early discovered that it was easier to skin-off argyles than to wrinkle the slacks.

**WATER HOLES:** Always use ten-cent repainted balls at water holes. Only new and expensive balls go into the water. (A water hole is no place for character, nerves of steel, or the determination of a lion. Let's be practical about this thing.)

**YOUR SLICE:** There are two approaches to curing a slice. The Pros' way—push your right thumb around to the left side of your driver. For this lesson they charge you five bucks. The Lousy Golf way—face the cows over in the field to your left, hit the ball at an angle 45 degrees to the left of the hole, and if your slice is properly trained it will come to rest right in line with the hole.

Left-handed golfers reverse everything. When you're facing south, and the ball curves west, do you call it a hook or a slice?

**CADDY CARS:** If you like swimming in your overshoes you'll love those little electric carts that haul you around the golf course. They have some advantages over boy caddies—they don't snicker when you drive and they can't count your strokes when you're trying to pick up a little lost ground. They don't complain, either. But they eliminate the exercise, and if a 120-golfer isn't out there for the exercise I don't know what he IS seeking.



IF YOU CAN GET your golf cart between the ball and the rest of your foursome, it is sometimes possible to rectify bad lies, while creating one of another nature.

**FRINGE BENEFITS:** The Lousy Golfer has advantages in golfing that the expert never dreams

of. In what other sport can you get the equivalent of a college education? The 120-golfer gets laboratory sessions in higher mathematics, nature study, physical culture, psychology and debating.

**CHEAT?** Never. Obey every rule, every regulation, every local variation down to the last letter and comma and period. Avoid such dodges as "winter rules." Never concede a putt to yourself. Shoot from the meanest gopher hole even if you have to dig your way in with a 9-iron. Cheating—or shall we charitably call it a casual approach to the rules—is for the 70 and 80 shooters. Also we lose part of our alibi if we don't adhere strictly to the rule book.

**THE FUTURE:** Here is the most glorious part of Lousy Golf. What has the expert got to look forward to? Where is the 68 shooter going? 67? Ha. The low-handicap player shoots a 74 or 72 and he's had it, he's shot his wad. He has nothing to look forward to but memories.

If he shoots 90 or 100, he's ready for the knife. If WE shoot 100 it calls for a celebration.

The experts have nowhere to go but down. We can only go up. Aren't we the smart ones?





DAVE CHASEN came down the sawdust trail, via the Greater Meyerhoff Shows circus and a succession of Broadway musicals beginning with Earl Carroll's Vanities, before he discovered Hollywood appetites 20 years ago. Co-proprietor with Dave is wife Maude, former Saks Fifth Avenue executive.

## Chasen's Circus

CHASEN'S IS A PLACE IN HOLLYWOOD where the stars don't go to be seen, and the fans don't go to see them—they go there by droves, but they go there to eat. Dave Chasen sees that his guests get the finest foods, without flashbulbs, table hoppers or autograph hunters. Dave got in shape for hosting the stars by seeing plenty of them during his years as a clown with the late Joe Cook. You see, his top act consisted of being hit over the head by a prop sledge hammer. A painting of Dave Chasen, as he appeared in those days of aspirin-regularity, guards the restaurant's entrance. There's Dave, complete with red fright wig and blacked out tooth.

Chasen's, which does a healthy catering and canned specialties business as well as being the favorite haunt of celebrities by the score, once was The Southern Pit Barbecue (spareribs, 35c, chile, 25c). Today many of Dave's catered parties run \$25,000—of course, he's not serving chile. Many say he should. His chile (available in tins: plug) is rivalled only by his Caesar salad, steaks and deviled beef bones, of which more later.

Being a clown, Dave Chasen has always attracted a circus of comic talent to his restaurant. Comics, they say, like to eat, and where better than at Dave's? Among the early Chasen fans were James Thurber, Jimmy Durante, Groucho Marx and the



CELEBRITIES find Chasen's is one public eatery where they can enjoy a good meal, without worrying about table hoppers or candid cameras. From left, Dick Powell and Mrs. June Allyson; Don Ameche and Dave Chasen.

late W. C. Fields. One evening Thurber disappeared for several hours. Later, to Dave's delight, he discovered that the famous *New Yorker* humorist had decorated his men's room walls with witty murals. A conscientious cleaning woman spared his lavatory immortality, however, when she scraped the cartoons clean away later that very night. When this self-same room was enlarged years later, the witty writer-director-producer Nunnally Johnson secretly arranged to surround the restaurant with giant searchlights and bowers of flowers, to provide fitting Hollywood props for the event. Hundreds of curious spectators pressed into the restaurant as phalanxes of tiring Western Union messenger boys pushed through the throngs to deliver Johnson-faked telegrams of congratulations from the President, the Mayor and many foreign dignitaries.

Chasen, of course, is used to getting compliments. He attributes much of his restaurant's perennial success to the business abilities of his wife Maude, a former Saks Fifth Avenue executive; his chef, Batiste Zoppis; his head waiter, George Alpert and the fine food and wines he personally selects: brook

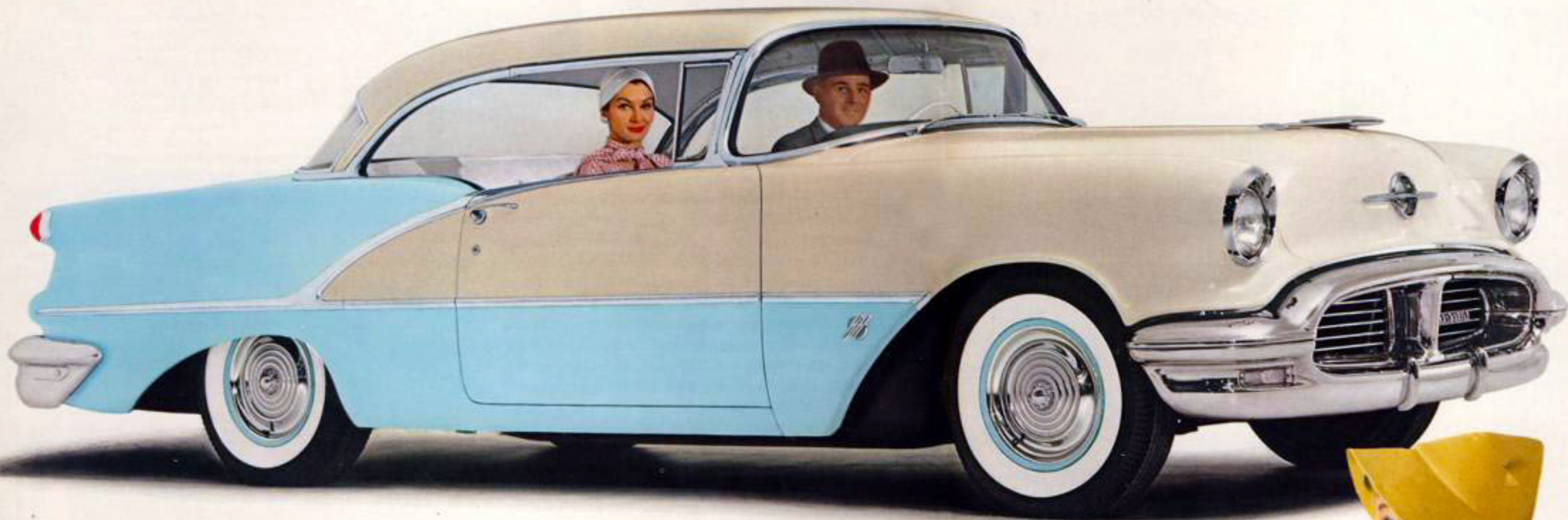
trout from Colorado, pompano from Florida, oysters from Baltimore, whitefish from the Great Lakes, shrimps from . . . Well, you get the idea, everything on the menu is special at Chasen's, like his steaks and ribs, which are slow barbecued over a pit of glowing white oak coals. He personally selects the meat during frequent trips to the Middle West.

A by-product of the prime aged beef Dave Chasen selects is his simplest, but most celebrated dish. Here, published for the first time, is a fitting climax for this story of Chasen's restaurant, the recipe for *Deviled Beef Bones—Chasen*:

Detach the bones from a rib roast (previously roasted), leaving some meat on the bones. Cut the bones apart, dipping each bone separately into a sauce of English mustard thinned with a small amount of Escoffier sauce. Then roll bones in bread crumbs, place in a pan and roast in 450° oven until golden brown, finishing for last few minutes under broiler flame. Serve with a sauce made of English mustard, Escoffier and a small amount of butter blended together and sprinkled with chives.







**HOLIDAY  
ON A  
BUDGET!**

Here's the smart new way for "Rocket Circle" members to go . . . *first class!* It's Oldsmobile's stunning Super 88 Holiday Sedan. All the stretch-out comfort of a spacious four-door . . . and no center post to mar the view! Driving's a vacation, too! Oldsmobile's exhilarating Rocket Engine melts the miles away and sturdy six-point stabilization cushions the ride, no matter where you roam. Best of all, here's a Holiday that fits most any budget—and you profit later from Oldsmobile's high resale value! See your dealer. Make *your* Holiday plans, now.





## summer bedrooms...

Give them a cool, airy feeling. They'll be more relaxing, an elegant change from daytime in the sun. . . .  
Here are three fabulous object lessons



CONVERTIBLE BEDROOM. An office for the Mrs., when it's not serving as guest room. Light gray, well-scaled furniture helps create calm.

INTERIOR BY WILSON-JUMP CO.

IF YOU CAN'T DO IT electronically, air condition your bedrooms with clear, fresh colors, cool fabrics and wide open spaces. This summer, make your bedrooms true retreats from Sol.

Start by moving all the non-essential bric-a-brac out . . . then relocate each bed to catch the cross ventilation. Try arranging a wall decoration opposite the foot of the bed that symbolizes coolness in shape or form: a predominantly blue-green painting, a luscious frond of purple ceramic grapes leafed with deep green, milk glass sconces or a

lavabo cascading silver-blue flowers, a pastel China-framed mirror . . . Or go crazy-daring: paint the ceiling over your bed to achieve the effect of a weeping willow towering above, as you stretch out below looking up toward the cool blue sky through the long, moist, trailing leafy branches.

Summer slip covers in citric-ade colors, bright but not hot, may be tied in with a matching dust ruffle on the bed, or as a valance covering. Lavish use of green plants, cut flowers and sheer fabrics also help create the illusion of coolness.

*Left*—AQUA, GRAY, OYSTER white, relieved by golden throw pillows, give this ample master bedroom a welcome coolness for summer. *Right*—Green growing plants are the drapery prints, sheer embroidered linen the pure white café curtains, bright lemon the bed—in this model room for daughter.

INTERIOR BY MARSHALL FIELD & CO.







In a pure white, skylighted three-story tower, photographer William Ward produces softly lighted studies that sell shoes, gloves, magazines, face creams, lingerie . . . because he has made the camera a second consideration to the dramatic moment

## Ward Room

WILLIAM WARD has been an architect, a tombstone designer, a movie actor and, most prosperously, a commercial photographer with few peers. To the rarefied world of High Fashion photography he has brought a High Humor and masculine virility too often lacking.

Ward's photographs seem to take the merchandise quite seriously—but not the strained-posturing the models have learned to assume automatically. True, Jean Patchett, Suzie Parker, Sunny Harnett, Lois Gunnis, Nancy Berg—all the big-name models of this season—can be found doing the Vogue stance in Ward chromes . . . ah, but with a difference. At the very least, Ward strives for an attention-getting prop, attitude or composition. At the very most, he gets stoppers heavy with a symbolism exactly correct for the varied kinds of merchandise his photography displays.

Ward's 54th street studio is among New York's finest. A former laundry, including an 11x17-foot elevator, the studio has more than 1,000 square feet of usable space, including the gallery, developing, contact, enlarging, dressing, reception and

office rooms. The spaciousness, however, is not what makes it unique—it is that it is completely floodlightless! Ward shoots his pictures as Brady and Daguerre did: by natural light. This gives his photographs a warm, almost misty softness, without harsh shadows. Although this effect may be approximated by using highly diffused artificial lights and reflectors, nothing quite approaches the flexibility of a studio like Ward's. He can shoot from any point without moving lights or reflectors. An equal light pours through the skylight and refracts from the walls and floors, which are painted stark white. He reads his light source with an incident light meter, and controls the light to some degree by pulleyed window shades on the skylight.

Bill Ward's non-photographer side is a robust personality that is more fluent with French cookery than the language, although the latter is improving. High fidelity recordings, swimming and boating from his Long Island home, literature and the somewhat astounding creations of an Italian tailor all help make this renowned photographer a fascinating artisan in the world of commerce.

PAINSTAKING interest in detail by William Ward and his staff help make him one of the most sought-after commercial photographers. He once sat through an all-night rainstorm on the roof of a New York skyscraper, trying to get just the right light reflection pattern through the raindrops. He got it.



BILL WARD considers the camera an extension of his creativity, and he has done everything possible to avoid all technical blocks to pursuing expression of himself on film—including the construction of a super-studio that allows him always to work with diffused natural light.



THAT EXTRA TOUCH that sparks an advertising photograph is illustrated by this series.







## Rocket Circle Picture Profile

"I'M A GREAT ONE for the outdoors when I get the chance to leave the indoors," says George Gobel, the television comedy star. "And being in an indoor business, it's pretty tough to do—particularly when business is good."

George has just finished his first feature picture, "The Birds and the Bees," which his own company (Gomalco) produced for Paramount release. "And that took about ten weeks of indoor work," comments Lonesome George. "What I mean is that it took ten weeks of fun, is what it took, but the Paramount people call it work—for tax reasons, you know. But I call it fun. You would, too, if the job called for love-making scenes with a beautiful leading lady by the name of Mitzi Gaynor, and such great fellow actors as David Niven and Fred Clark."

YOU CAN'T HARDLY GET this here kind of work no more, unless you're George Gobel starring with Mitzi Gaynor in their latest Paramount movie, "The Birds and the Bees."



REAL GEORGE KISS for real Alice, who is really for real. Jeff Donnell is for television Alice . . . and Lonesome George is for golf.

"But to get back to the subject of outdoors: between television shows, when wife Alice isn't paying much attention to me, and the children are at school, I do sneak out with my golf clubs and head for Lakeside Country Club in Burbank, California, where I prove to myself how rough a game of golf can be.

"And on open week ends, I try to catch up with the local football and baseball activities—particularly when the Chicago Bears are anywhere near Los Angeles. Which may give you an idea that I'm still loyal to ye olde home team."

George, Alice and their three children (Gregg, Georgia and Leslie) live in a seven-room ranch house in Sherman Oaks, California, a 20-minute Oldsmobile ride from the NBC studios in Hollywood where the George Gobel show originates. He is now completing his second season on television and this summer plans to start another picture. Before then, however, he may be making personal appearances in several key cities in connection with local openings of "The Birds and the Bees."

SHERMAN OAKS' GOBELS absorb patio patina, as they sun. Georgia, who's five, thinks her father is pretty funny. Gregg isn't sure. He's just finished washing father's "dirty bird."



## ROCKET CIRCLE LETTERS

### MOTEL MAIL

Sirs:

You forgot one of the best motels in your fine story "Luxury on the Highways." Rancho Santa Maria, on the outskirts of Santa Maria, Calif., is one of the most delightful stops between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Several years ago, when it was first built, we stopped for a delicious open-pit barbecued pheasant dinner—wound up staying for three pleasant, pool-side days.

GEORGE DUKE

Webster City, Ia.

Sirs:

Just returned from a delightful motor trip through Florida. Both Castaways and Golden Shores motels are everything you say. Motels and hotels have immensely improved in recent years, make Oldsmobile touring more fun than ever before possible.

CORRINE LINN

Milwaukee, Wis.

### FAMILY FUN

Sirs:

As an about-to-be new home owner, your story "Relaxed Living" assisted me a lot in orienting our furniture.

MRS. JAMES MACKIN

Palatine, Ill.

### DIET DILEMMA

Sirs:

Although it doesn't feature handle-bar moustaches on its waitresses, San Francisco's Blum's observes the "old fashioned ice cream parlor" tradition as well as any marble tabled emporium. I've been cheating my diet there for months, and I still haven't spooned my way through half the icy delights.

MRS. K. M. SEERY

Mill Valley, Calif.

### OLDS OSCAR

Sirs:

The promise of your story about the academy awards ceremony was fulfilled by the wonderful Olds-sponsored telecast, even if my favorite Frank Sinatra didn't win!

SARAH JAYNE

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Bravo for a job well done! Your format, approach, balance and copy are as smooth as your automobile.

WRENN TIMBERLAKE

Syracuse, N. Y.



# YO-HO MATIES-

Windjammer's got  
a fair wind,  
and we're sailin'  
at four bells!

THROW YOUR SPARTAN gear into the trunk of your Oldsmobile. Head for windjammer territory—and clamber to the deck of one of these venerable schooners. As its sails billow, you're on your way out of Penobscot Bay toward salt water adventure.

First of all, tote your duffle into the hold, where your comfortable cabin creaks romantically as the 68-foot schooner bends to breezes that drive the stanch two-master.

With a good wind, you may make up to 50 miles today . . . poking among the offshore islands, lacing knowingly between the lobster pots along colorful inlets. You're sailing through the Deer Islands out of Penobscot Bay, a deep natural harbor that cuts into the state of Maine near the exact center of its rugged, eroded coast line.

You've sailed from Camden this very morning, and you're less than 70 miles from the shores of New Brunswick, Canada. The sun burns off the chill fog by ten. It's warm with a breeze on deck. You take

a turn at the tiller. It's easy to imagine that it's back around the turn of the century, and that you're guiding the schooner "Merchantile" through the treacherous seas to port, with a cargo of costly silks and spices. Your thoughts are interrupted by a leaping porpoise . . . and the delicious aroma wafting up from the galley.

After a New England dinner, you join your fellow passengers for a small boat excursion to shore. You look back at the great, broad windjammer rocking quietly at anchor . . . then you look ahead to a quaint Maine fishing village, where you'll enjoy exploring through the pine-covered rocky hills. That night, back on board, you'll gently rock to sleep in your bunk . . . the slap, slap, slap of the ocean, the occasional cry of a gull, the heavy, winey sea air welcomes Morpheus.

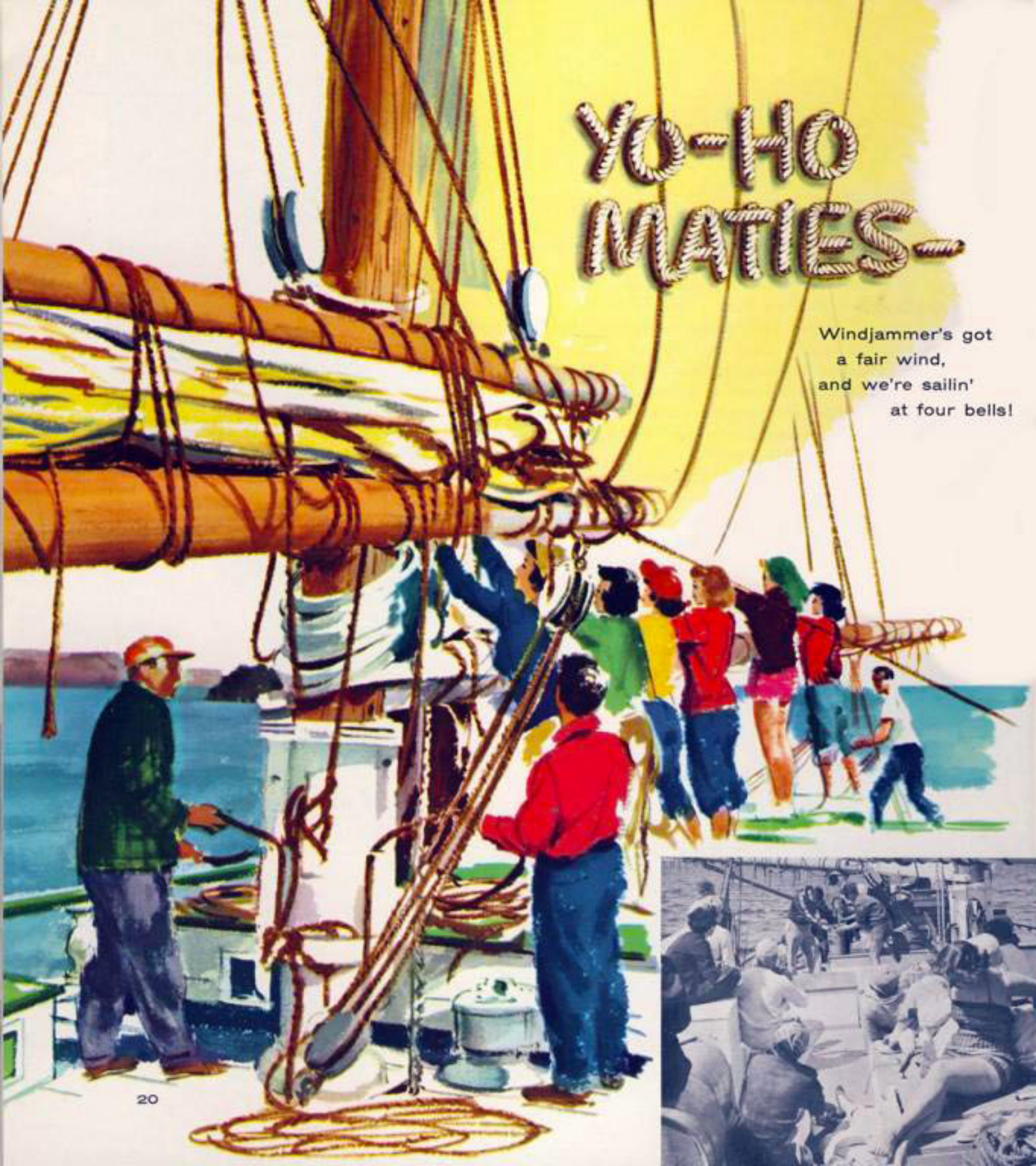
For an unforgettable week, a landlubber has a seafarin' adventure with Captain Frank Swift's windjammers, sailing out of Camden, Maine.

LEFT—Passengers take to salt-spray sunbathing, while crew makes ice cream. Churners lick the bucket.

BELOW—All hands turn out for a Friday noon lobster dinner. Seafarin' seafood's a windjammer specialty.

RIGHT—84-year-old Captain Montaford Haskell has memorized Penobscot Bay's every buoy and reef.

FAR RIGHT—Schooner "Mattie" framed by rigging of the "Merchantile." There are six ships in fleet.





## The Unicorn in the Garden *by James Thurber*

ONCE UPON A SUNNY MORNING a man who sat in a breakfast nook looked up from his scrambled eggs to see a white unicorn with a gold horn quietly cropping the roses in the garden. The man went up to the bedroom where his wife was still asleep and woke her. "There's a unicorn in the garden," he said. "Eating roses." She opened one unfriendly eye and looked at him. "The unicorn is a mythical beast," she said, and turned her back on him. The man walked slowly downstairs and out into the garden. The unicorn was still there; he was now browsing among the tulips. "Here, unicorn," said the man, and he pulled up a lily and gave it to him. The unicorn ate it gravely. With a high heart, because there was a unicorn in his garden, the man went upstairs and roused his wife again. "The unicorn," he said, "ate a lily." His wife sat up in bed and looked at him, coldly. "You are a booby," she said, "and I am going to have you put in the booby-hatch." The man, who had never liked the

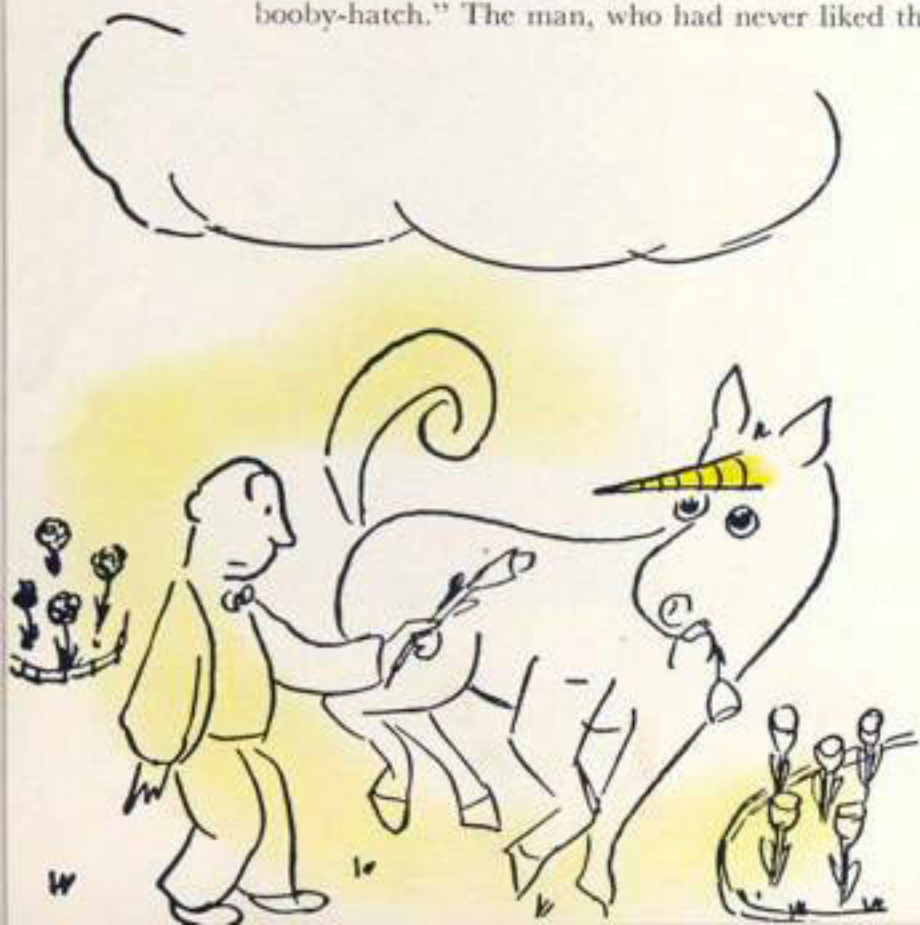
words "booby" and "booby-hatch," and who liked them even less on a shining morning when there was a unicorn in the garden, thought for a moment. "We'll see about that," he said. He walked over to the door. "He has a golden horn in the middle of his forehead," he told her. Then he went back to the garden to watch the unicorn; but the unicorn had gone away. The man sat down among the roses and went to sleep.

As soon as the husband had gone out of the house, the wife got up and dressed as fast as she could. She was very excited and there was a gloat in her eye. She telephoned the police and she telephoned a psychiatrist; she told them to hurry to her house and bring a strait jacket. When the police and the psychiatrist arrived they sat down in chairs and looked at her, with great interest. "My husband," she said, "saw a unicorn this morning." The police looked at the psychiatrist and the psychiatrist looked at the police. "He told me it ate a lily," she said. The psychiatrist looked at the police and the police looked at the psychiatrist. "He told me it had a golden horn in the middle of its forehead," she said. At a solemn signal from the psychiatrist, the police leaped from their chairs and seized the wife. They had a hard time subduing her. Just as they got her into the strait jacket, the husband came back into the house.

"Did you tell your wife you saw a unicorn?" asked the police. "Of course not," said the husband. "The unicorn is a mythical beast." "That's all I wanted to know," said the psychiatrist. "Take her away. I'm sorry, sir, but your wife is as crazy as a jay bird." So they took her away, cursing and screaming, and shut her up in an institution. The husband lived happily ever after.

*Moral: Don't count your boobies until they are hatched.*

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