

New General Electric Clock-Radio with Nite-Light* and Snooz-Alarm*



● **NEWEST, MOST EXCITING** Clock-Radio from General Electric. Tap the Nite-Light control, clock-face glows with soft light...tap, it's off again. Snooz-Alarm wakes you, lets you catnap, then calls again...and again...and again. Lulls you to sleep...wakes you to music or news...turns itself and appliances on and off. Phono-jack. Choice of colors.

*T. M. General Electric Company.



Model C440

● **ALL-TRANSISTOR POCKET PORTABLE.** You'll be amazed so much power is packed into such a tiny cabinet—unbreakable in normal use. Fits pocket or purse—plays on low-cost pen-light batteries. Five select-quality transistors plus two diodes. Earphone jack for private listening. Choice of colors.



Model P746

● **NEW MUSAPHONIC® RADIO—NEW LOW PRICE!** Exclusive G-E Musaphonic tone in a beautiful new table radio! Big 5-by-7-inch speaker. Bass-Treble tone control. Slide-rule, Dial Beam tuning. Choice of two-tone colors.

90-day written warranty on both parts and labor. General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.



Model T130

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



I Was Just Thinking...

... ONE OF THESE days I'll look in a mirror and not be able to place the face.

The end will have come at last and it will be just as all my former friends predicted.

Distinguishing between castor beans and string beans or between dogs and cats gives me no trouble at all. But unless I've known you all my life, I'll wonder who you are for the rest of it.

There are all sorts of inconsequential items stored in my head. A fellow named Howie Judson once played baseball in the Three-I League. Robert Taylor's real name is Spangler Arlington Brough. My next-door neighbor drops in and I try to give him the clothes I've stacked in the hall for the cleaners.

The only faces I could remember immediately would be the ones with three eyes. So few people have them. If your name is Theophilus Crocodile, I'll never forget it, but your face is no place.

While I am saying, "How do you do?" and smiling brightly, you may be saying, "Oh, we met last week at the city dump."

"Yes, I know," I say. "I remember you very well." This is a big lie, so then I cover up by asking you about your wife and naturally it turns out you were divorced day before yesterday and I am in disgrace.

To avoid this, I made a stab once at assuming the offensive myself.

When I was introduced to my bridge partner the other day, I said, "Oh, we've met." I smiled at her fondly.

"Why, no we haven't," she said. "I've never seen you before in my life."

"That's what I mean," I rejoined, quickly trumping her ace.

I'm popular on the dance floor, where I recognize wives if their husbands are with them.

"Hello, Mrs. Figbine," I shout.

Mr. Figbine frowns and his partner blushes. It is Mrs. Gastric. They hurry over to explain.

"But we've met, you know," says Mrs. Gastric.

"At the Swallows'."

I clutch at a clue.

"Oh, yes. Wasn't it lovely?"

Mrs. Gastric's mouth opens.

"Well, I don't know," she says carefully.

"They were so devoted."

"Just wonderful," I say heartily.

When I get home, I remember, of course. Mrs. Gastric and I met at the Swallows' house right after Mr. Swallow's funeral.

Patty Johnson

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