

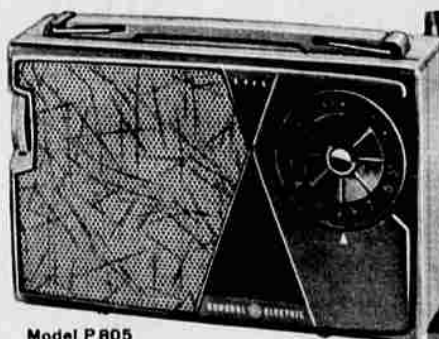
Fun around the Sun
indoors and out with new

All Transistor
General Electric
Portable Radios



Model P 795

● LUXURY STYLING—RUGGED DURABILITY. Handsome durable case with contrasting grille. Luggage-type fold-down handle. Full 4-inch high-sensitivity speaker. Plays on low-cost flashlight batteries. Long-life printed circuit chassis. Choice of colors at no extra cost.



Model P 805

● EXTRA POWER at a sensational low price. Big 3½-inch high-output speaker. Convenient fold-down handle. Earphone accessory and carrying case available. Choice of colors.



● SEVEN-TRANSISTOR rechargeable pocket radio. Batteries play thousands of hours—recharge automatically...put radio in leather recharger-travel case and plug in to any AC outlet. Choice of colors.



Earphone Accessory available at extra cost

Model P 785

Watch the G-E College Bowl every Sunday on CBS-TV. See your local paper for time and channel.

90-day written warranty on both parts and labor. Full one-year warranty on portable radio cabinet. General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Department, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



I WAS JUST
THINKING...

... THERE IS A SOFTNESS in my heart and a tenderness in my eyes. Both of them are the direct result of this gentle land on which I walk and the green of living grass and trees.

This is no year for brown and barren hills which ache for the loving touch of rain. This is a year to remember.

Across the rolling hills and the flat meadows of my earth are the shaded greens and gold of wealth I cannot buy. The blooming patches of mustard in the fields are the thread-like undergrowth of the carpet of crops.

And the mist melts around the black green of the trees as though it, too, feels a longing to be a part of the wonder of Spring into Summer and promise into fulfillment.

I remember England in the Summer and how I marveled at the giant blossoms of the flowers and feasted my eyes on the heather where "Wuthering Heights" was born. Then I believed there was no beauty quite so delicate, no reality more like the fantasy of paint on canvas, than an island in the fruition of its loveliness.

But this year, at least, I am wrong. The wild rose sprawls in luxury along the fences. The cattle roam knee-deep in clover and blue grass. The meadow larks fill the air to bursting with their voices. The sky is velvet.

Sometimes a pang of wanderlust touches me and I long for far places known and unknown. But not now, not this year, when each petal I find, each cloud I discover is a revelation of the goodness of the earth and the beauty.

It is not so much that I claim this treasure as that, in this special way, it claims me. For a man must be blind to such a Summer not to be moved by its richness.

It is true that sometimes judgment is swayed by emotion, but often we see most clearly what we feel most deeply.

And this is a season meant for the pure vision of the spirit.



Patty Johnson

