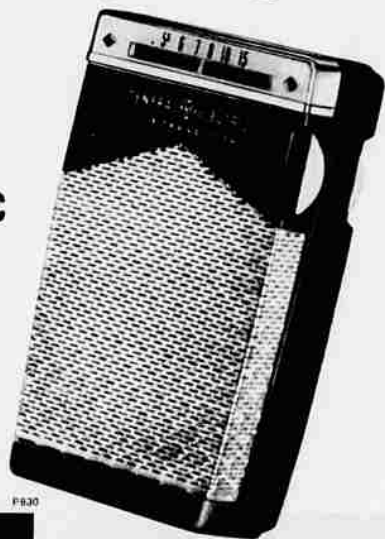




fun goes  
where  
you go..!

WITH THE NEW  
GENERAL ELECTRIC  
6-TRANSISTOR

SHIRT-  
POCKET  
RADIO



YOU'LL put fun in your pocket (or your purse) with this tiny new 6-transistor portable. It's the smallest General Electric radio made...weighs only eleven ounces with battery, yet gives you almost unbelievable reception and tone. Plays three times longer on its battery than many radios this size. Stands on its own built-in easel. Earphone for private listening, and carrying case available. Gift-packed in attractive hinged-top box. Choice of charcoal gray and gold, or blue and gold.



**ALL-TRANSISTOR PORTABLE.** Powerful, long-range reception and full-rich tone...at a budget price. Large, 3½-inch speaker, fold-down handle. Earphone and carrying case available. Choice of colors. 90-day warranty on both parts and labor — one year on cases. General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Department, Utica, New York.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Trouble with living in a big ranch house is that the trip from the living room to the kitchen takes longer than the TV commercial.

—Francis O. Walsh

### The Vengeance of Creepington Brown

Creepington Brown was a people-hater,  
A misanthrope unadorned,  
And he sought for a means of venting his spleen  
On the fellow men he scorned.

He dreamed of inflicting a combination  
Of sheer discomfort, humiliation,  
And impotent fury: some outrage which  
He could visit alike on poor and rich.  
And what he conceived was a piece of clothing  
The entire race would regard with loathing:  
A vesture no human alive could fit in,  
Too short to stand in, much less to sit in,  
Exposing the rear of the stuffiest vicar  
Or merchant prince to a vulgar snicker,  
And making a clown of a duke or banker.  
Creepington chuckled with merry rancor!

Yes! This was the way to get even with people,  
Thought creepy Creepington Brown.  
So the dirty varmint invented the garment—  
And called it the "hospital gown"!

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Hesitantly, the woman entered a vast store devoted entirely to greeting cards. "I suppose I'm being silly," she told the manager, "but do you have a card for—oh, no you couldn't possibly."

"Our slogan is, 'Cards for every occasion,'" the store manager replied haughtily, "and we mean it." "Well, have you a card for—well, for somebody who got sunburned?"

"Please, madam," the manager said impatiently, "be specific—first- or second-degree burn?"

—Paul Steiner

For the first time, her little boy knelt reverently through Sunday service. No restlessness, no whining—just a quiet youngster with bowed head and clasped hands. Afterward, the appreciative mother congratulated him. "You see," she said, "pay attention and you'll learn a lot."

"Sure will," the boy said. "Why, do you know that fly walked in and out of my hair 265 times?"



"Regardless of what you were in civilian life—the word is 'Halt,' not 'Tickets, Please!'"