

Best Friend

an oversleeper ever had!



New General Electric Clock-Radio with Snooz-Alarm*

Calls you 5 times automatically!

LIKE to grab that extra "40 winks" in the morning—with no risk of oversleeping? You can with this wonderful new General Electric Clock-Radio with Snooz-Alarm! Wake to music—then if you doze off again—Snooz-Alarm is right on the job! Calls you 5 times at seven minute intervals! In choice of smart colors at no extra cost, this new General Electric Clock-Radio has every convenience feature. An ideal gift for your favorite oversleeper!

*Snooz-Alarm is a trademark of the General Electric Co. 90-day written warranty on both parts and labor. General Electric Company, Radio Receiver Department, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



**I Was Just
Thinking...**

... THE VALLEY lies enchanted in the moonlight.

It is a pool surrounded by the trees black in the moonlight, gray against the night. In this stillness, human breath is a shout and human speech a scream. In this quiet, man has no place.

Against the far horizon a little town is glorified. Its illumination is the brilliance of diamonds pressed on velvet, its identification only the accent of a single perfect teardrop on ebony. It, too, is silent as though it had been created solely for this moment out of all time.

The grasses of the valley rest and move again in the night breeze. A ripple crosses, beats against the trees, and returns. The silver tips of grain whisper together. They have become the sparkling edge of waves.

From somewhere beyond swells the ground fog, the mystic miasma. Now it has reached the circle of trees to await the instant of its entrance. Now it subsides and clings, lifts and lowers, hovering like dying smoke.

And then it sweeps across the valley gently as a cloud in Summer, peaceful as a petal falling, still as the altar's incense. It erases the trees and the grasses, it dulls the grain. Soon the lights of the town will blur.

And the world stops.

But above the valley, above the town is the moonlight. And above the fog the brighter stars. The great pattern of the universe is a shimmering quilt pieced by a patient hand. The moon rests there in glory.

Man was created for a multitude of purposes. He was preordained to live and love and die and become a part of the pattern. And surely this, too, that he should have the eyes to see and the mind to marvel and the soul to be stirred by this night.

The fog gathers unto itself and is gone. The trees return and the valley, wet with memory. The town glows again like a jewel.

And a star falls.

Patty Johnson