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EXCLUSIVE FINGER-TIP CONTROL Automatically sets revolving arms to sprinkle any area you want from 5 to 50 feet.

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TIP Spread UNDERWOOD DEVEILED HAM generously on plenty of crackers, toast or thin bread slices — and there you have the easiest, most delicious snacks for any party!

UNDERWOOD DEVEILED HAM

THE ORIGINAL — ALL FINE HAM ZESTFULLY SEASONED For 86 years America's favorite spread

dark, Swift and Mannix washed and cleaned their mess kits and dropped them off at the schoolhouse. There, Mannix picked up certain tools and a GI flashlight, and he and Swift set forth on Operation Shave. After some difficulty, they found the cable they were looking for, and started to follow it out of town. Not wishing to attract attention, Mannix didn't keep the flashlight on all the time, just snapping it on and off intermittently. Once they stopped.

"It don't look like the same cable to me," Swift said.

Mannix himself looked doubtful for a minute, then said, "Sure it is. It's gotta be. We been walking right in a straight line, haven't we?"

"There was a fork in the road back there," Swift said. "It seems to me this morning —" He stopped, because he found himself unable to remember which fork they had taken that morning.

"It's the right cable," Mannix announced positively.

"Anyway," Swift shrugged, "what's the difference?"

They walked on a little farther. The road, which wasn't the main north-south highway, was completely deserted. The night was jet black.

"This'll be as good a place as any," Mannix said. "Shield the light and put it on the cable."

As Mannix worked, he chuckled, "I guess the damn army won't care if we steal a little of their juice!"

After a while he clamped onto the cable a short length of wire, on the end of which was a standard appliance outlet.

"Courtesy of the Air Force machine shop," Mannix chuckled. "Now just plug your razor in there, and we'll see how it works."

Happily, Corporal Swift plugged in, grateful that he hadn't shaved that morning, and thus could appreciate this luxury all the more. For a moment, nothing happened, and then Swift spun the flywheel.

Immediately, the vicinity was brilliant with a bluish light. There was a crackling, and a great puff of smoke belched from the razor. With a cry of astonishment, Swift dropped the razor and stood there stupidly watching the plastic case melt away.

"Too much juice," Mannix said sadly. "It was the wrong cable!"

While the razor was still crackling on the ground, throwing off its blue bolts, there was another sound, just as startling and far more ominous. It was the sharp ripping of a submachine gun, not too far distant. Furthermore, ears thoroughly attuned to the noises of combat informed Swift and Mannix immediately that the shots came from a Russian-made chopper. They both hit the deck, and the slugs from another burst sang over them. They lay there still for a moment, then got up and, crouching low, ran away from the direction of the shots. Shortly, a hand grenade blew up at approximately the spot they had just vacated and there was some more automatic fire.

From somewhere off to their left, they heard a voice cry out, "Turn out

"Advance and be recognized!" "Don't throw no light on us," Mannix warned, not moving, "or it might be the last light you ever flash. We're two soldiers of Able Company, Tenth Regiment."

"Who won the National League championship last year?" the sentry demanded.

WISH BOOK

By Irene Carlisle

- Big catalogues are in; the mail will run A little late today. For sixty miles Women will sit tonight to ponder styles In drapes and dresses. Many a wistful son Will price a compass or a BB gun. Husbands will thumb through drills and roofing tiles, And pretty girls will wait with secret smiles To pick from patterned silks the loveliest one.

- Dream in four colors, spring and summer dream (Exactly as described; state actual measure) Nothing the hand could close upon would leaven The heart like this or wear this pictured gleam. A thousand pages spread their gaudy treasure: We all sit late tonight along Route Seven.

"Philadelphia," Mannix answered promptly.

"Who were their pitchers?"

Just as promptly, Mannix answered again, "Roberts, Simmons, Meyer, Konstanty and some Dutchman—Heintzelman, his name was. The catcher was Seminick and Lopata, the first baseman was Waitkus, the second —"

"That's enough," the sentry interrupted. "Advance."

Corporal Swift arose, full of gratitude that he was accompanied by Mannix. Being a native Californian, Swift had never been very much interested in major-league baseball. They advanced very cautiously until the sentry could see them in the starlight. Behind him was some kind of structure, the door of which now opened, flooding the area with light. A man with two stars on his collar stood in the doorway, and Mannix and Swift could see now that this was the trailer which they had inspected that morning.

"What the hell's going on out here?" the general demanded irritably.

"General," Mannix said crisply, "either shut that door or put out the light!"

As if to punctuate the advice, there were several bursts of fire out toward the road, and a bullet slapped into a nearby tree.

sound of firing became and finally ceased along general's aide, a captain report.

"It seems, sir," "that a small enemy tried to raid this probable intention of or killing you. But for reason, they opened and have been met the guard and other quarters company."

"Thank you, captain. I think it's safe unknown reason for the mature fire was the two soldiers, who frigh hasty action with a new

"Yes, sir," said the "I want you to take serial numbers, captain want you to prepare cit to accompany the Silver ing to award them. The special attention to, que ness with highly special dox weapons, the fearle use of which prevented overrun of a bivouac in manding general was quote."

"Yes, sir," said the notes. After this, he too names, serial numbers ations of the two soldi briskly, just as they did and departed. Swift stood there, looking uncom embarrassed.

"What's the matter, meral asked. "Have I disapp Did you expect to be a Medal of Honor?"

"Cripes, no, general! ploded, horrified at this tion of their discomfite. deserve anything!"

"All we done," Mannix up and then run like hell."

The general looked at moment before asking, have you men been with ment?"

"Ever since Stateside day "In that case," the gen "these Silver Stars will mak of the times you should hav up for it, but weren't. And poral Swift, would you like razor?"

"Why—ah—yes, sir!" S mered.

The general got out the re it in and set it to whirring. it, looked at it uncertainly, ing in the mirror, applied it to his face.

"Use a straight up-and-down corporal," the general directe up and down."

"Yes, sir," said the corpor To the whir of the razor, he was composing the letter to telling her how she had been mental in saving the valuable blades of the razor cut bravely whiskers, he found that he imagine exactly what his girl like, without having to refer to frayed snapshot.

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