



*“...and you'll always have tobacco
in your old tobacco box!”*

WHEN I was a kid my father used to sing a song that ended up with this refrain:

*“Oh, save up your money and
put it in your box,
And you'll always have tobacco
in your old tobacco box.”*

Well, the words stuck with me, but I guess the moral didn't.

No matter how hard I tried . . . I never seemed to be able to save up a red cent.

But it's all different now!

About 10 months ago, I started buying War Bonds on the Payroll Savings Plan. Figured it was the least I could do for Uncle Sam.

And that's the *only* way I thought about it . . . until just recently.

Now, all of a sudden, I've discovered that—for the first time in the history of Yours Truly—I'm *saving dough*. Every month, rain- or -shine, hell-or-high-water I'm sticking away a War Bond, a Bond

that'll bring me back \$4.00 for every \$3.00 I put in.

Those Bonds are beginning to mount up now. And I'm going to *keep* them mounting up. For I've discovered what a swell feeling it is to be *saving* . . . on a plan that's regular as clockwork and twice as sure.

So I'm singing father's song . . . a little different.

*“Oh, save up your War Bonds and put them in your box,
And you'll always have tobacco in your old tobacco box.”*

**SAVE WITH U.S. WAR BONDS
EVERYBODY...EVERY PAYDAY...**



AT LEAST 10%

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