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The Adventures of

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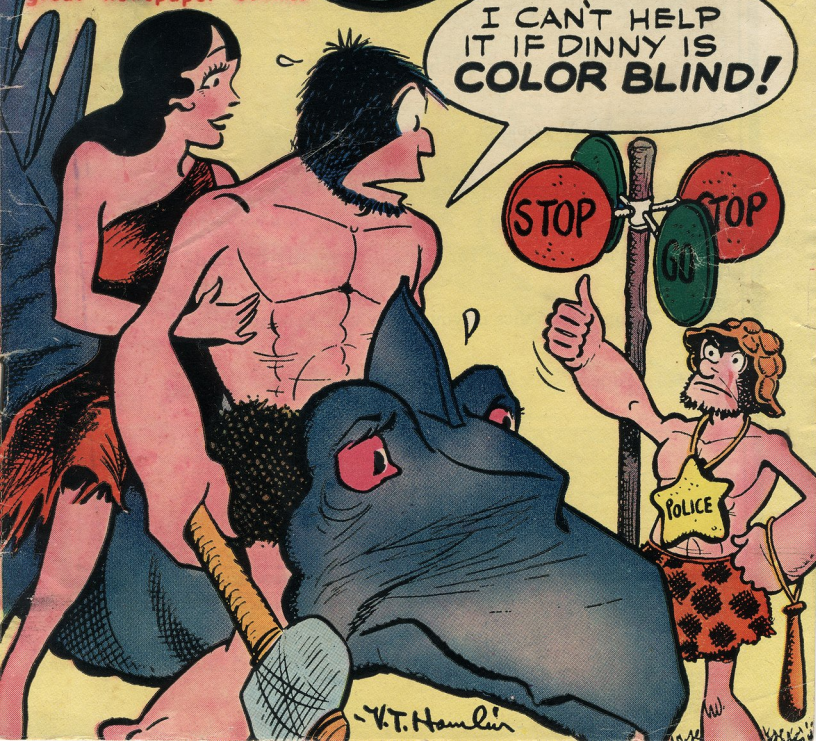
ALLEY GOOP

MARCH

10¢

One of America's great newspaper comics

I CAN'T HELP IT IF DINNY IS COLOR BLIND!



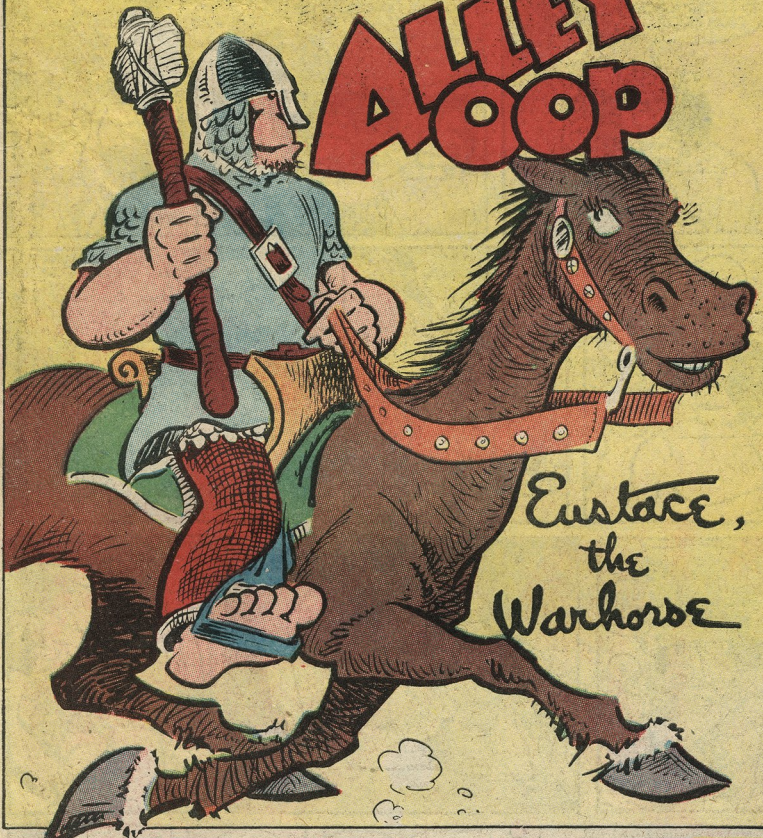
V.T. Hamlin



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ALLEY OOP



Eustace,
the
Warhorse



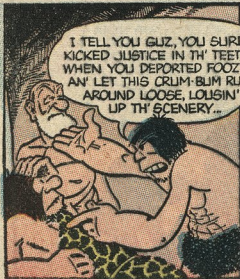
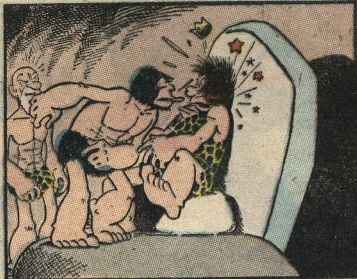
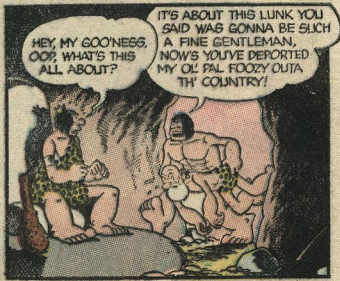
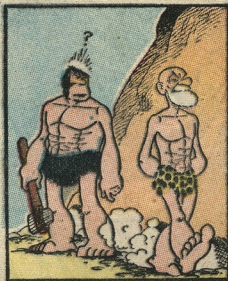
WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, YOU DEPORTED FOOZY?
YEH, OOP, I JUST HADDA DO IT... QUARRELIN', FIGHTIN' ALL TH' TIME...

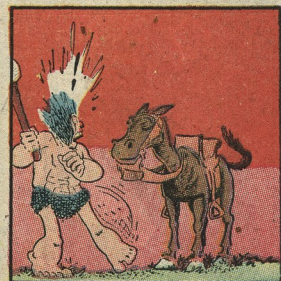
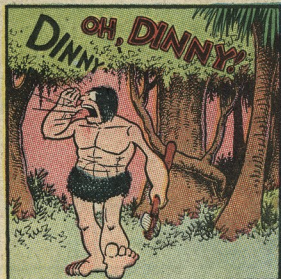
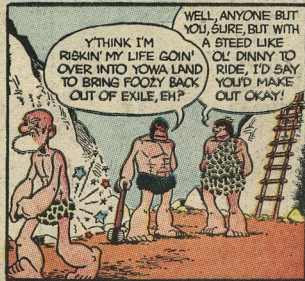
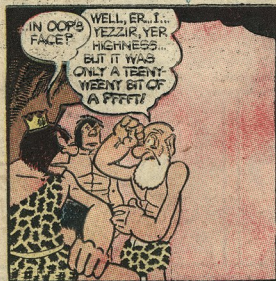


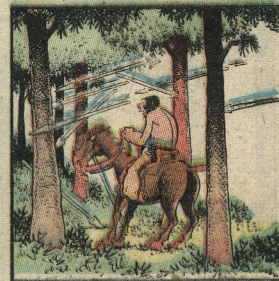
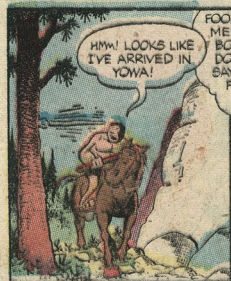
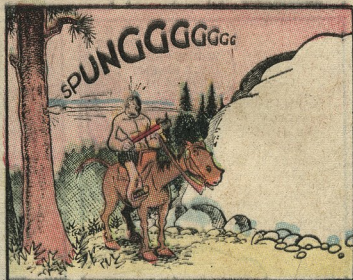
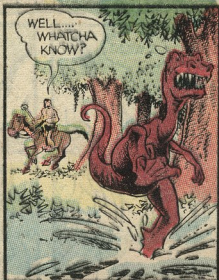
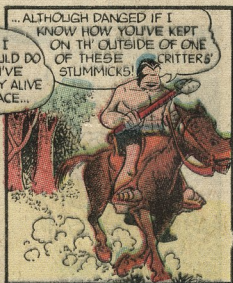
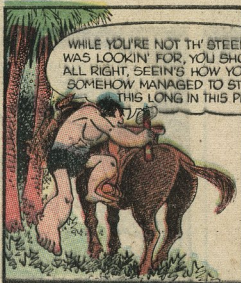
...I SWEAR HE WAS GETTIN' SO MEAN NOBODY COULD DO ANY-THING WITH 'IM!
WAS HE FIGHTIN' WITH ANYBODY (CEPT TH' GRAND WIZER?)

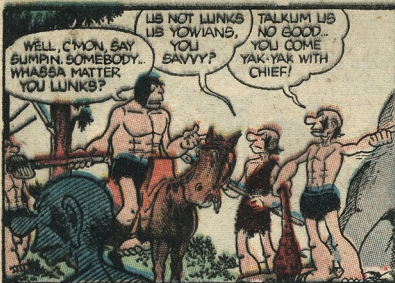
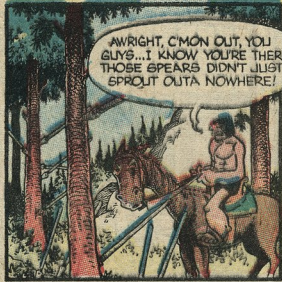
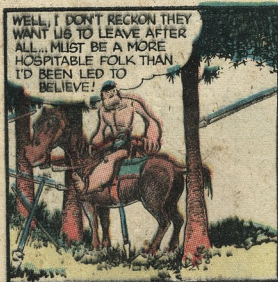


WELLLL, NO, NOT'S I KNOW OF, BLIT...
THEN, WHY'NCHA DEPORT THAT WHISKERY OL' GOAT TOO?

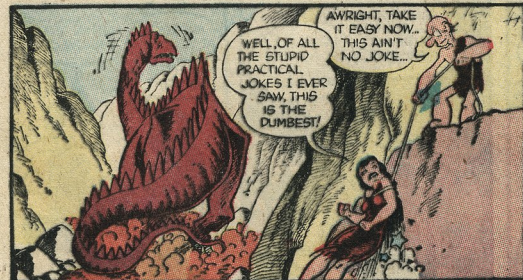
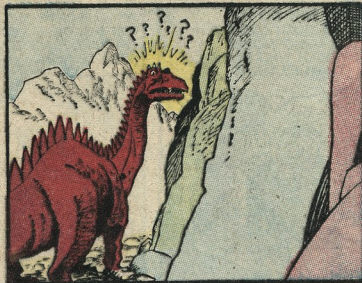
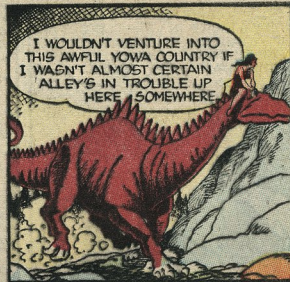
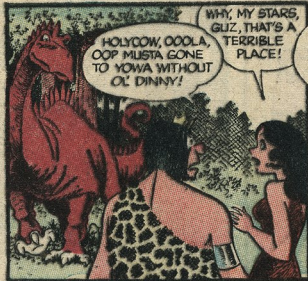


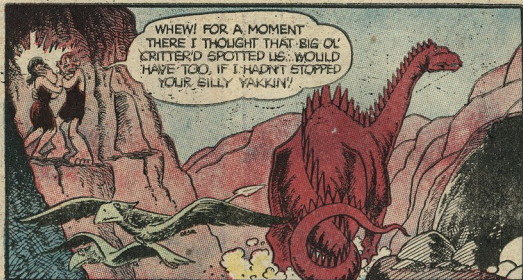
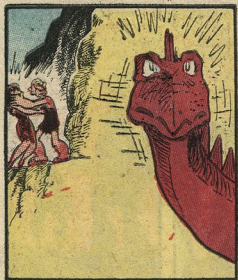




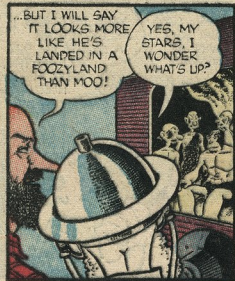


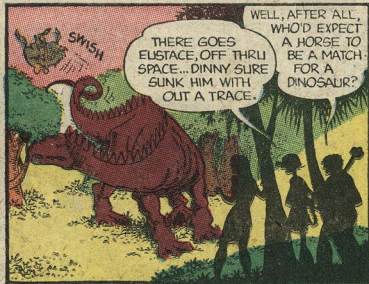
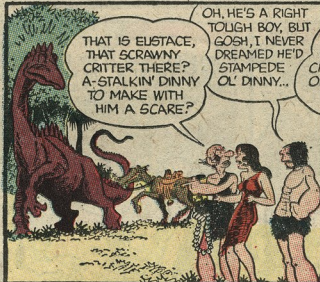
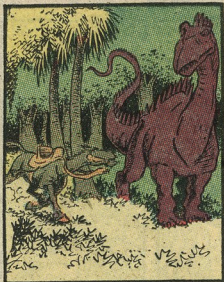


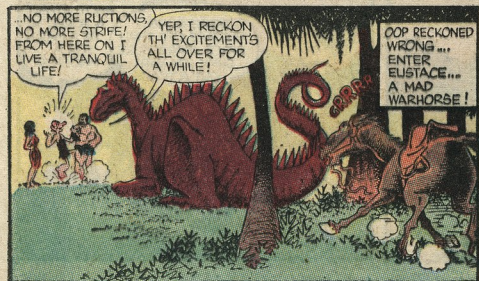
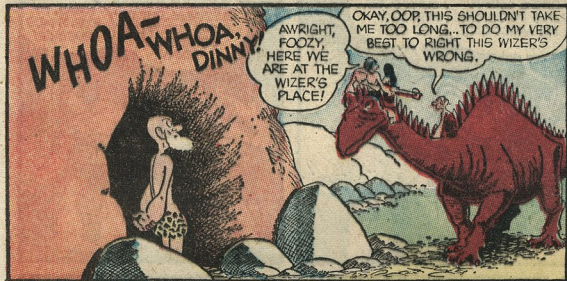
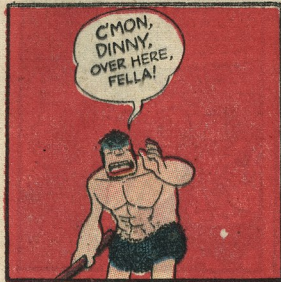


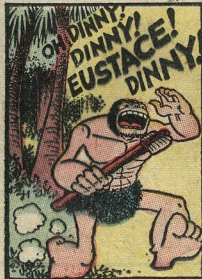
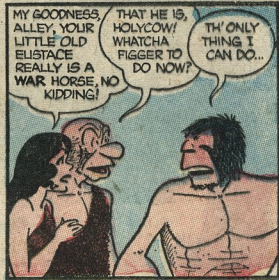
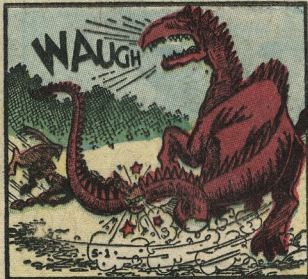
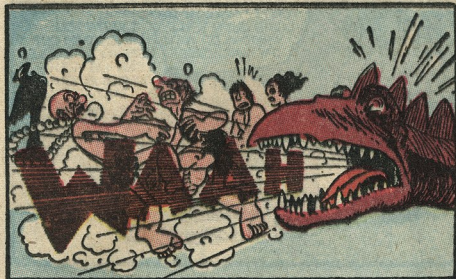


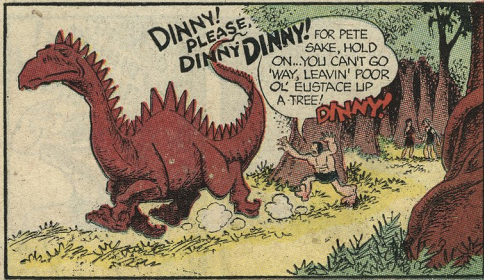
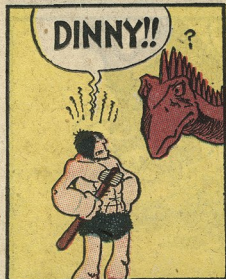
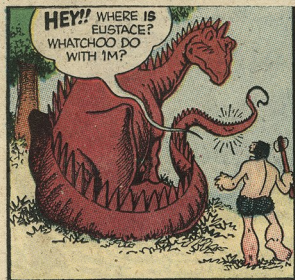










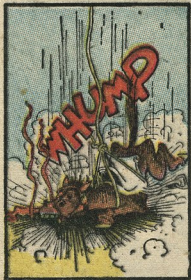




STOP YOUR FRETTEIN', YOU'VE NAUGHT TO FEAR...AFTER ALL, MY FRIEND, I'M AN ENGINEER WHO AT SALVAGING HORSES KNOWS NO FEER, SO NOW I WILL TAKE OVER HERE!



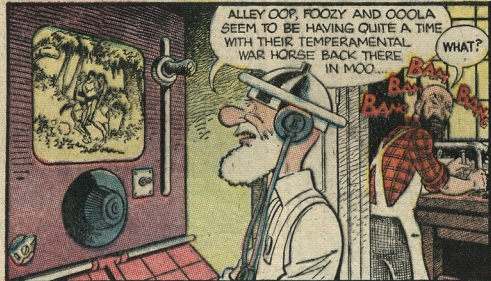
AWRIGHT DOWN THERE, HANG ON TIGHT... TO SALVAGE EUSTACE, WE GOTTA DO THIS RIGHT.



AS I'VE SAID BEFORE AN' NOW REPEAT, BRAINS IS SLUMPIN THAT CAN'T BE BEAT!

'AT'S RIGHT, FOOZY YEZZIR, Y'GOT SLUMPIN THERE ALL RIGHT!

I'LL BET DINNY'D BE SURPRISED TO KNOW WE GOT EUSTACE DOWN WITHOUT HIS HELP!



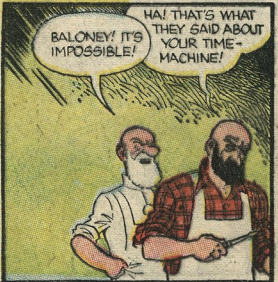
ALLEY OOP, FOOZY AND COOLA SEEM TO BE HAVING QUITE A TIME WITH THEIR TEMPERAMENTAL WAR HORSE BACK THERE IN MOO...

WHAT?



MY GOSH, OSCAR, YOU WASTING YOUR TIME ON THAT DARK LIGHT THING AGAIN?

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE SO DOWN ON MY DARK LIGHT PROJECT... IT'S ABSOLUTELY REVOLUTIONARY!



BALONEY! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

HA! THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT YOUR TIME-MACHINE!



SO YOU'RE ENGAGED IN A REVOLUTIONARY PROJECT. BUT DO YOU HAVE TO?

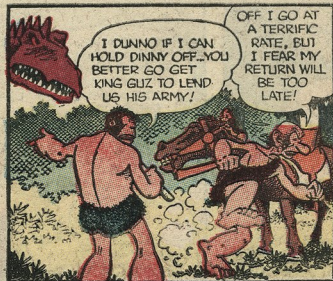
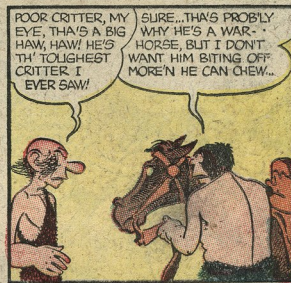
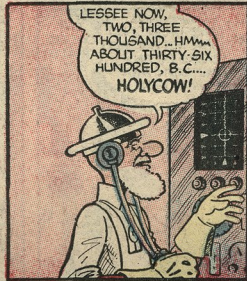
IF MY WORK DISTURBS YOU, CLOSE THE DOOR...IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT!

SLAM



BECAUSE OF THE LOSS SUFFERED BY INVESTORS IN HIS ILL-FATED VENUS EXPEDITION, OSCAR BOOM HAS FOUND IT EXPEDIENT TO STAY OUT OF SIGHT







SERIOUS SITUATION, EH?

YEZZIR, YOUR HIGHNESS, I TELL YOU IT'S BAD! ALLEY OOP'S DINOSAUR HAS SURELY GONE MAD!



HEY, WHAT IS THIS? WHERE'S OOP? ALL I SEE'S DINNY AN' HE DONT LOOK ANY BALMIER THAN EVER!

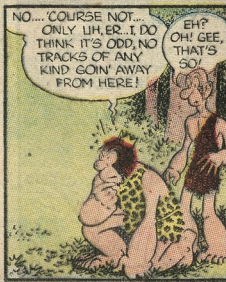


BUT OOP WAS HERE, RIGHT ON THIS SPACE... A-WAVIN' HIS AX IN DINNY'S FACE!



GEE, FOOZY, YOU DONT SUPPOSE TH' CRITTER SLIPPED A COG AN' ET 'IM UP, DO YUH?

HOLYCOW, YOU BLOWED YOUR LID? 'COURSE HE DIDNT, HE NEVER DID!

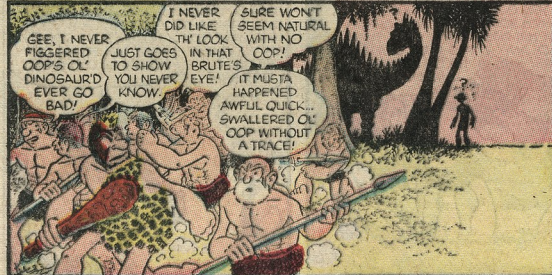


NO... 'COURSE NOT... ONLY 'UH, ER, I DO THINK IT'S ODD, NO TRACKS OF ANY KIND GOIN' AWAY FROM HERE!

EH? OH! GEE, THAT'S SO!



YEH, IT SURE IS! 'C'MON, BOYS... 'S TIME WE WAS GETTIN' OUTTA HERE!

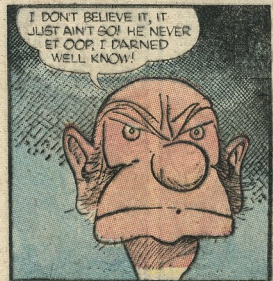


GEE, I NEVER FIGGERED OOP'S OL' DINOSAUR'D EVER GO BAD!

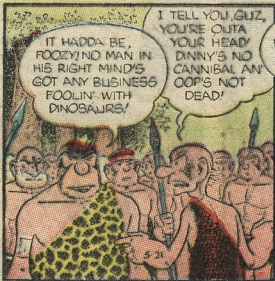
JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU NEVER KNOW.

I NEVER DID LIKE TH' LOOK IN THAT BRUTE'S EYE!

SURE WONT SEEM NATURAL WITH NO OOP! IT MUSTA HAPPENED AWFUL QUICK... SWALLERED OL' OOP WITHOUT A TRACE!



I DONT BELIEVE IT, IT JUST AINT SO! HE NEVER ET OOP, I DARNED WELL KNOW!



IT HADDA BE, FOOZY! NO MAN IN HIS RIGHT MIND'S GOT ANY BUSINESS FOOLIN' WITH DINOSAURS!

I TELL YOU, GUZ, YOU'RE OUTTA YOUR HEAD! DINNY'S NO CANNIBAL AN' OOP'S NOT DEAD!



HOLYCOW, LOOKIT TH' EVIDENCE!

NO SIGN OF STRIFE, NO LITTER, NO GORE, NOR IS OOP'S AX ON TH' JUNGLE FLOOR!



LOOK AT 'IM... SEE THOSE BULGES? DID YOU EVER SEE DINNY BULGE JUST LIKE THAT BEFORE?

WELL, NO, BUT I... (CHOKES)



NEVER MIND... I'LL SEE TO IT OOP GET'S TH' BEST GOL-DAGG FUNERAL EVER THROWN IN MOO!



HEY, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT A BIG FUNERAL? WHO'S DEAD?

IT'S OOP! HE'S GONE... PLUMB ET UP BY HIS DINOSAUR... NUTHIN LEFT OF 'IM!



GOSH, UMPA, SHE GOT ET, AN' THAT SILLY HORSE TOO..

OH, HOW AWFUL! WHAT ABOUT OOCOLA? HAVE YOU TOLD HER YET?



WELL, HI, DOC! GEE, Y'SURE TOOK YOUR TIME BRINGIN' US BACK HERE WITH YOUR OL' TIME-MACHINE! WHAT'S UP NOW?

WELL, NOTHING RIGHT NOW... JUST WANTED YOU STANDIN' BY IN CASE!



GOODNESS, DR WONMUG, IT'S AWFULLY GOOD TO BE BACK HERE IN THE 20TH CENTURY!

YEAH, IT SURE IS, BUT GAY... WHEN DO WE EAT?

OH, MOST ANY TIME ALLEY! LOOKING AT YOU, I WOULDN'T SAY THERE WAS ANY HURRY.



AW, COME ON, NOW, DOC... I'M HUNGRY!

OKAY, BOY, THERE IT IS... HAVE AT IT!



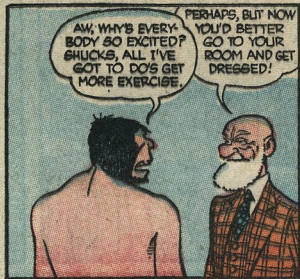
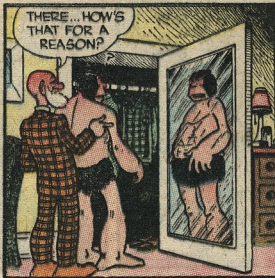
ONE LAMB CHOP, ONE BOILED SPUD AND ONE SLICE OF TOAST, "MELBA"!

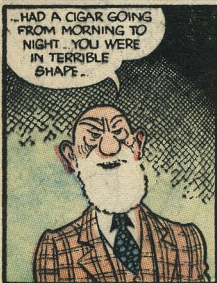
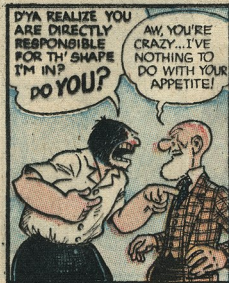


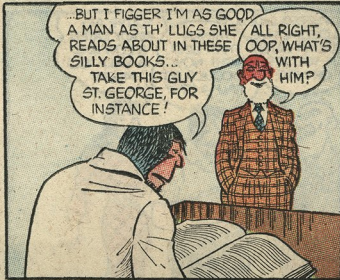
HEY! WHAT'S THIS? ONE STINKIN' OL' LAMB CHOP, A POTATO, AN' A SLABBA TOAST... THAT'S FOOD??

YES, MY BOY, THAT'S FOOD... A GOOD AND SUFFICIENT AMOUNT FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!

LOOK, DOC, THIS AIN'T NUTHIN TO GET FUNNY ABOUT! I CAN'T SEE ANY REASON FOR GETTIN' A GUY LIKE ME DOWN TO A LIL' DAB 'N' LIKE THIS!







ALLEY'S STRANGE QUEST

ALLEY OOP froze in his tracks. An icy tremor of fear shot up his spine as a terrible howl echoed in the night. He shivered as he realized that the menacing sound was issuing from the royal cave of King Guz.

Was Guz in danger? Alley was the King's bodyguard. It was his job to protect His Majesty at any cost. Alley charged into the cave, his stone axe upraised, ready for battle. He was no sooner inside the cave when he tripped over a protruding rock and fell headlong to the dirt floor.

"You clumsy fool!"

Alley staggered to his feet to find he was confronted by Guz himself. The King's face was purple with rage.

"Quiet — the Queen is sick!" he shouted. "Can't you do anything without making a racket?"

Alley looked across the room. A shocking sight met his gaze. In the dim light from the fire as he saw Queen Umpa on her hands and knees, howling like a wolf, her face upraised as if baying to the moon. What terrible affliction had befallen her? Had she lost her mind?

"What's the matter with Umpa?" asked Alley.

At that moment the Grand Wizer entered the cave. He pushed Alley aside and walked over to the stricken queen.

"She's got the Howlin' Sickness, a very rare and dire disease," said the Grand Wizer. Despondently, he ran his hand across his forehead and sat for a moment in deep thought.

"It's no use," he said. "There's only one thing that'll cure her — beedleberry juice!"

"Well, get some," growled the King. "What are you waiting for?"

"Whoa, up," answered the Grand Wizer. "That won't be easy. Beedleberries are very, very rare. The only place they grow is on the top of Owga Mountain!"

"Yeah," added Alley. "And Owga Mountain is jinxed. Everybody who ever went up there never came back. That's what I've been told. It'd take a mighty brave man to risk his life climbin' Owga Mountain."

Guz scratched his head as he stared at his bodyguard. "Alley, my boy," he said, "you've just volunteered to climb that mountain and bring back a load of beedleberries."

Alley's knees rattled like pebbles in a tin can. "Oh, no you don't," he protested. "I ain't goin'!"

"Oh, yes you are," roared Guz. "That's a command!"

Well, a command is a command, espe-

cially when it's issued by a king. Even if he lost his life Alley had to obey. Crestfallen, he slouched out of the royal cave.

The dawn was breaking by the time Alley had made his way half the distance up Owga Mountain. The higher he climbed the less trees he saw, and the green grass was sparse on the hard earth. A mile higher up he found himself in a desolate region of twisting rocks. Soon he could see small wispy clouds floating around his head.

He had come this far in complete safety. So far he had seen no hostile enemy, either human or animal. Perhaps the stories about Owga Mountain were mere superstition. Maybe the tales about people disappearing were only the workings of wild imagination. He felt reassured. He walked onward with a new confidence and his grip relaxed on the handle of his axe.

He followed a twisting trail around a huge precipice till he came to a stone arch. He walked through the arch and found himself in a beautiful valley. To his surprise he found that the air had become warmer and the valley was overgrown with thick tropical foliage. The slopes were covered with verdant bushes and palm trees were everywhere. A heavenly scent filled the air. Then he noticed that the bushes were heavily laden with tiny tear-shaped berries.

"Beedleberries!" gasped Alley. "They must be the beedleberries that the Grand Wizer was talking about."

He followed a path that led through the tall grass toward the nearest slope. All he had to do, he figured, was pick the berries, stuff them into the bag he carried over his shoulder and head back down the mountain to Moo. But, suddenly, he stopped.

A piping noise came from the pathway a little ahead of him. It seemed to be coming nearer. He dropped out of sight in the grass and waited. It was someone weeping. The tiny whimpering voice was like a little child's. Presently, he saw a little old man with a long white beard walking along the path. The tiny man's head was bowed, his shoulders drooped, and he was crying as if his heart would break. Alley reached out and grabbed him. As he lifted him up and held him in his arms, the little man shrieked with terror.

"Please! Please!" he screamed. "Don't kill me. Let me go!"

Alley patted the little man's head. "Don't be frightened," he said soothingly. "I don't aim to hurt you. I want to help you. Tell me why you're crying."

The old man wiped his nose on his sleeve and sniffled before he spoke. "I'm crying,"

he said, "because my father beat me."

Alley stared at the man in disbelief. "Your father beat you?" he snorted. "Why, you must be at least ninety-years old. Ya mean to say your father is still living? And if he is living, do ya mean to say he's strong enough to beat you?"

The little old man pulled a tiny handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away his tears. "Sure, my father is still living. He's a hundred-and-twenty years old."

"What!" gasped Alley. "That's mighty hard to believe. But, tell me, why did he beat you?"

Another fit of sobbing shook the aged man before he answered. "My father beat me," he stammered, "because — because I was throwin' stones at my grandfather!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" Alley grabbed his sides and fell back on the grass, helpless with laughter. "Throwin' stones at your grandfather?" he roared. "Now I've heard everything. That means your grandpaw must be about a hundred-and-forty years old!"

"A hundred-and-fifty-two, to be exact," the old man corrected. "Everybody up here on Owga lives to a ripe old age — 'cause we drink a gallon of beedleberry juice every day."

"Beedleberry juice!" said Alley. "That's what I came up here to get."

The old man hesitated. "It's against the law. My people don't want outsiders to get any of the berries. If we allowed strangers to pick the berries we wouldn't have enough for ourselves."

"But I need 'em badly," pleaded Alley. "Beedleberry juice is the only thing that'll cure my queen of her terrible sickness."

"All right," said the old man. "You tried to help me and now I'll help you. Start picking the berries and I'll act as lookout. If I see our warriors coming I'll whistle. Then you'd better start running for your life. You might be big. But you wouldn't stand a chance against a thousand Owganians!"

Hurriedly, Alley started to pick the berries and stuff them into his sack. The bushes were heavy with the berries and the job didn't take too long. He had the bag almost full when he heard a long, high whistle.

"That's the old man," he bellowed. "The Owganians must be coming. I better get outta here fast!"

Alley slung the bag over his shoulder. Suddenly, the high, shrieking cries of many tiny voices filled the air. Then he saw them. Thousands of little men, swarming down the slope with spears and bows. The bowmen were already shooting and arrows started to fly around his head.

"OUCH!" cried Alley as a tiny arrow nicked his shoulder. He started to run down the mountain as fast as his legs could carry

him. Another arrow hit his ear. It felt like a bee sting. A third arrow pricked the back of his neck. But his long legs helped Alley to rapidly outdistance the ferocious little warriors. Soon he heard their cries fading into the distance.

"I made it," he gasped. Nevertheless, he took no chances. He kept running and only stopped twice in his long descent down the mountain.

Five hours later, Alley returned to Moo. When he entered the royal cave, King Guz and the Grand Wizer were waiting for him. The Queen was still kneeling on the bed, howling piteously.

"I got the beedleberries," Alley announced proudly.

"Good boy!" cried the King. "I'll reward you handsomely for this!"

"Gimme the 'berries!" cried the Grand Wizer, snatching the bag from Alley's hand.

The Wizer spilled the berries into a stone bowl and crushed them with a wooden club. Then he dipped a spoon into the juice and started to feed it to the helpless queen. After the fourth spoonful the Queen relaxed and lay back on the bed. The howling stopped and she smiled happily.

"She's cured!" cried the Grand Wizer. "See? She's smiling. The howling's stopped!"

"Wonderful!" cried the King. "Tomorrow night we'll have a big feast to celebrate. We'll—"

The King stopped before the sentence ended. He looked toward the bed. Once again the Queen was climbing to her knees.

"GRRRRrrrrr!" The Queen's teeth were bared as she growled deep in her throat.

"Omigosh," cried the Grand Wizer. "She's cured of the Howlin' Sickness. But now she's got the GROWLIN' SICKNESS!"

The King hurled his club across the cave. It bounced off the Grand Wizer's head. Then he picked up a rock and heaved it at Alley.

Alley and the Grand Wizer beat a hasty retreat out the door. Guz stood in the cave entrance, watching them as they frantically raced towards the woods. He turned to stare helplessly at his stricken wife. But, as he turned, his jaw dropped and his eyes bulged out of his head. Queen Umpa was sitting on the edge of the bed, grinning. Her growling had stopped.

"You mean—" gasped the King.

"Yeah," laughed the Queen. "I was just teasin' 'em. The beedleberry juice really cured me. But I couldn't resist throwin' a scare into the poor boys!"

"Hmmp," grunted the King. "That's gratitude for you. But what can you expect from a woman. I wonder how far Alley and the Wizer will get before I catch up with 'em?"

THE END

The COMIC ZOO

INSTEAD, I'M GOING TO HAVE FUN IN ECHO CANYON!!

TODAY I'M NOT CHASING SQUEAKY THE MOUSE!!

Echo Canyon

Echo Canyon



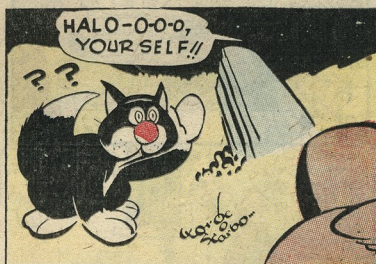
HALO-O-O-O!



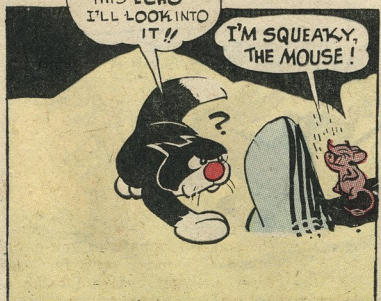
I'M GYPPER, THE CAT!!



NOW I'LL LISTEN FOR THE ECHO!!

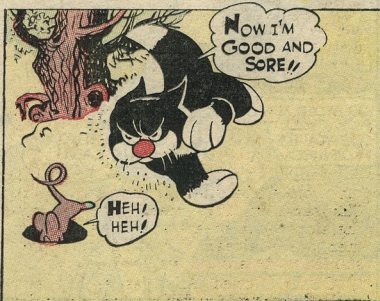


HALO-O-O-O, YOURSELF!!



THERE'S SOMETHING PHONY ABOUT THIS ECHO--- I'LL LOOK INTO IT!!

I'M SQUEAKY, THE MOUSE!



NOW I'M GOOD AND SORE!!

HEH! HEH!

THE NUT BROS.

CHES' and WAL

Go To COLLEGE:
CHES WENT, AND IT TOOK HIM 17 YEARS TO GET OUT — HE GRADUATED BY DEGREES

WAL JR., MEET YOUR UNCLE CHES! HE'S GOT DEGREES OF M.A., L.L.D., PH.D. AND N.G.!

GREETINGS LITTLE MAN

HODDEN!

THIS PIE WE CALL "1", AND THE OTHER WE CALL "2" — RIGHT?

ADDING "1" AND "2" WE GET "3"!

AMAZING! SUPERB!

THAT SOLVES OUR DILEMMA — I'LL EAT "1", GIVE POP "2" AND YOU CAN HAVE "3"!

I BET YOU LEARNED A LOT AT COLLEGE, UNCLE CHES!

OH, YES! FOR INSTANCE, I CAN PROVE THERE ARE THREE PIES ON THIS TABLE!

IMAGINE THAT!

USING THE RIGHT WORD:

AUNT HAZEL'S NEW BOY FRIEND PLAYS THE VIOLIN!

IT MUST BE NICE TO HAVE A BEAU WITH A FIDDLE!

I USED TO BE WARDEN HERE — I GOT FIRED WHEN THE MEN RIOTED!

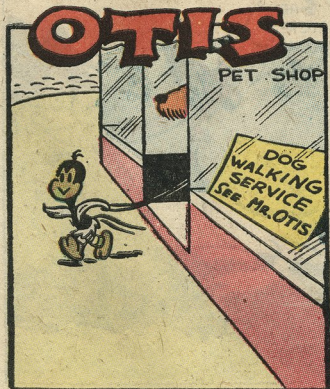
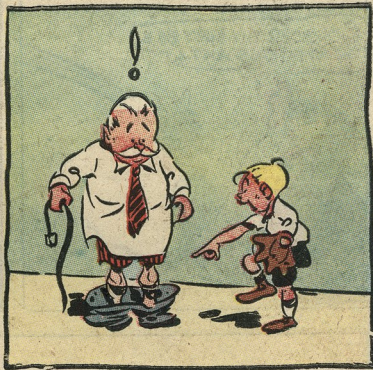
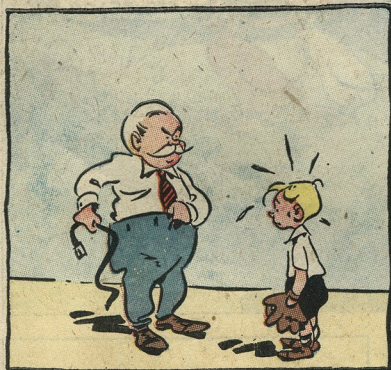
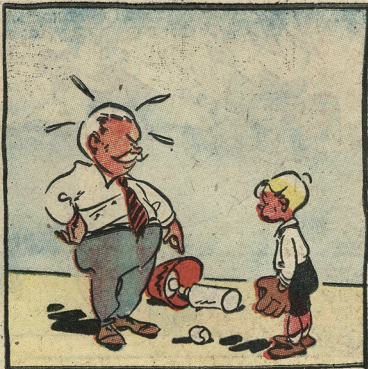
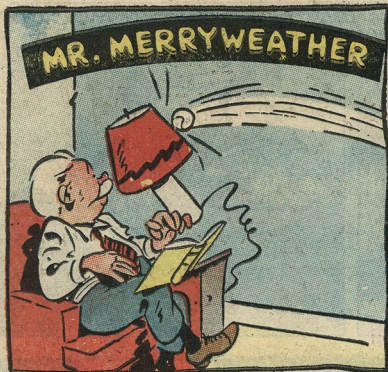
I SUPPOSE IT IS DIFFICULT TO TAKE A PEN IN HAND!

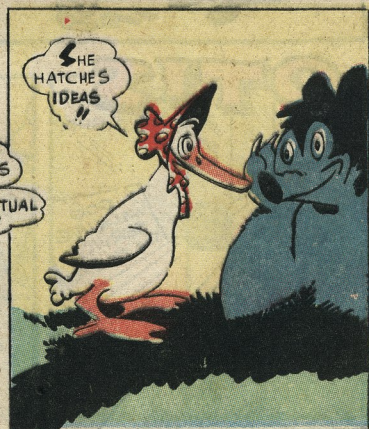
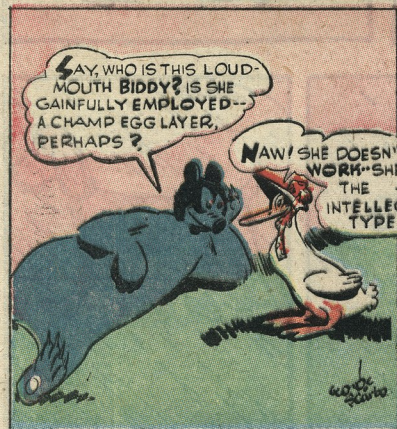
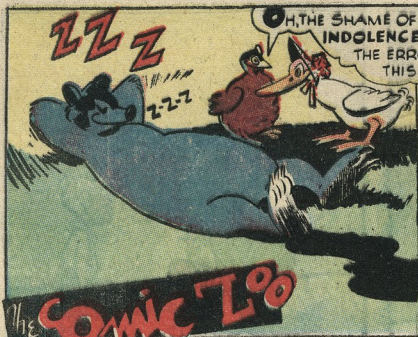
YOU STOLE A TOOTH-PICK? YOU OUGHTA BE FLOGGED!

SPEAKING OF PUNISHMENT, JUDGE, THAT'S THE LASH WORD!

THIS DONKEY ACTUALLY TALKS!

THOUNDS TO ME LIKE A THILLY MYTH STATEMENT!





The **COMIC ZOO**

THE NUT BROS.

ANIMAL LORE:

WAL IS ALWAYS CHASING HIS RUNAWAY GOAT AND THE BEAST IS A KIND OF ESCAPE GOAT =

CHES & WAL

WHY DID THEY PUT A STATUE OF A WHITE HORSE IN THE PARK?

SO WE TOURISTS WOULD KNOW THIS IS A WAN HORSE TOWN!

HOW'S YOUR HOG GETTING ALONG, WAL?

JUST FINE! AND HOW ARE ALL YOUR FOLKS?

I'M TEACHING MY CHICKENS THE NATIONAL GAME!

I HOPE YOU'RE USING THE FOWL BALL!

COACH

IF YOUR DUCK BIT YOU, WHY DON'T YOU BITE HIM BACK?

I DON'T WANT TO GET DOWN ON MY MUPPERS!

I HEARD THAT HANDSOME ROOSTER WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT AND I'M SURE EGGING HIM ON!

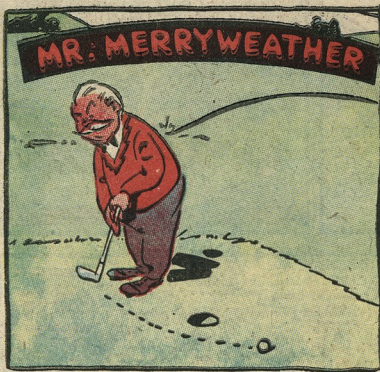
YOU CAN'T KEEP PIGS IN THE CITY!

OH, DEAR! IS THAT WHAT THEY MEAN BY THE LITTER OF THE LAW?

W. M. DELANY

WHY ALL THE BOXING GLOVES?

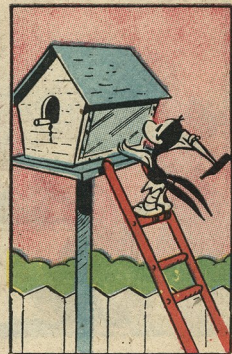
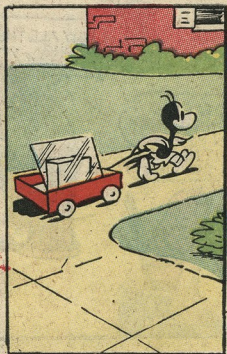
MY SON IS PRACTICING TO BE A COW PUNCHER!



OTIS

THE GLASS SHOP

MODERNIZE YOUR HOME WITH A PICTURE WINDOW

A cartoon illustration of a small, round character with a large nose and a red bow tie, standing in front of a storefront. The storefront has a sign that reads "OTIS THE GLASS SHOP" and "MODERNIZE YOUR HOME WITH A PICTURE WINDOW". The character is holding a small red cart with a white box inside. The background is a simple outdoor setting with a red building.

COMIC ZOO

TODAY I'M GOING TO MAKE A SCIENTIFIC AND SYSTEMATIC SEARCH FOR SQUEAKY THE MOUSE AND I'LL CATCH HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!



HAVE YOU SEEN SQUEAKY THE MOUSE IN THIS DESERT?

NO SPEK ENGLISH! I SPEK MEXICAN!!



GOLLY, NO! I HAVEN'T SEEN A MOUSE FOR DAYS!!

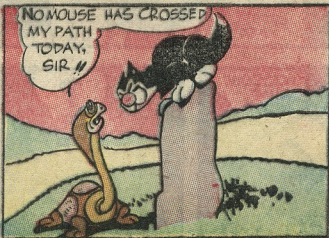
HE'S NO COMMON, ORDINARY MOUSE!



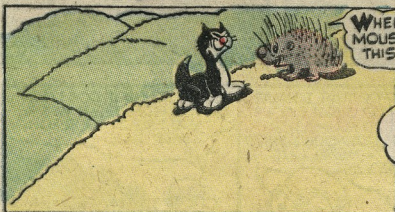
I'M AFRAID NOT IN THIS DESERT NO MOUSE CAN HIDE FOR LONG!



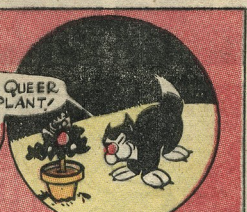
NO MOUSE HAS CROSSED MY PATH TODAY, SIR!!



WHERE WOULD A MOUSE HIDE IN THIS DESERT?



WHAT A QUEER LOOKING PLANT! BUT RIGHT NOW I'M INTERESTED IN A MOUSE!



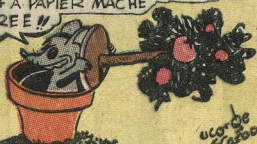
IN YONDER TREE IS THE ONLY POSSIBLE PLACE TO HIDE AND YOU CAN SEE THAT THE TREE IS EMPTY!



NO MOUSE CAN OUT-SMART THIS CAT-I'LL FIND HIM!

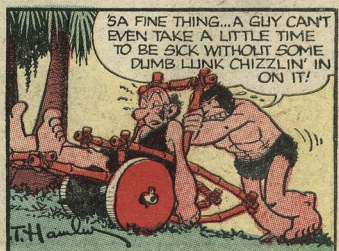
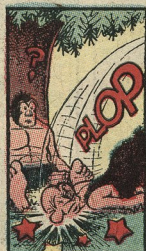
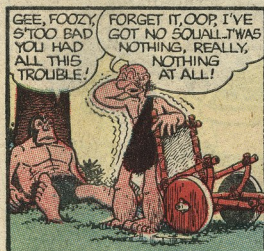
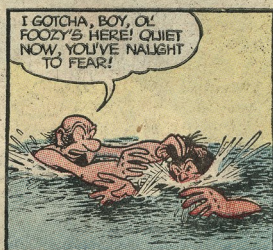
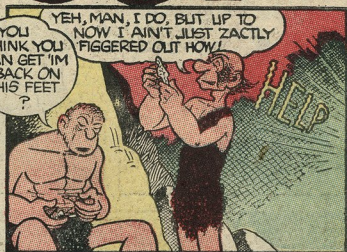
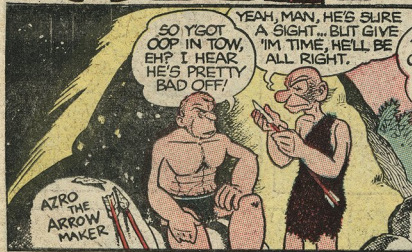


CATS ARE SO SILLY! THEY'VE NEVER HEARD OF A PAPIER MACHE TREE!!

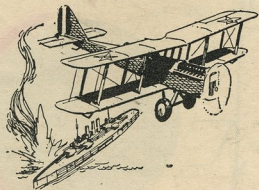


George Clarke

ALLEY OOP



Mr. Daniels was willing to be bombed



ADMIRALS smiled when, in 1921, he claimed air power could sink battleships. And Mr. Josephus Daniels, the Navy secretary, said he was "prepared to stand bare-headed on the deck of a battleship and let General Mitchell take a crack at me with bombing airplane."

But in an actual test, the most heavily armored dreadnaught ever built sank in minutes under the sledge-hammer blows of the world's first 1-ton bombs—bombs built to Billy Mitchell's order.

Mitchell was used to disbelief. In World War I, Pershing called his idea for dropping infantry by parachute absurd. "Experts" laughed when he talked of putting cannon in planes, scoffed when he predicted air speeds way in excess of 200 miles.

In his early fight for a strong air force, Mitchell saw very dark days. Yet he never lost faith in the American people, nor they in him. For they recognized his clear foresight and great fighting heart as part of the real American spirit.

It is this courageous spirit that makes America strong—so strong, in fact, that our country's Savings Bonds are regarded as one of the finest investments in the world.

Why not take advantage of that strength? Use United States Savings Bonds to guard your future, and your country's future. Invest in them regularly—and hold onto them.



It's actually easy to save money—when you buy United States Series E Savings Bonds through the automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work! You just sign an application at your pay office; after that your saving is done for you. And the Bonds you receive will pay you interest at the rate of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish! Sign up today! Or, if you're self-employed, invest in Bonds regularly where you bank. There's no surer place to put your money, for United States Savings Bonds are as safe as America!

*Safe as America—
U.S. Savings Bonds*





They're waiting for the teacher

... maybe it's you!

Ever think you might make a good teacher?

Ever consider how much satisfaction there is in helping to mold and guide the personalities and futures of young Americans?

Today, you have an unparalleled opportunity to enter one of the finest and most respected professions in the world. It's a profession in which you, yourself, can develop and use your talents to their fullest.

And it's a profession that needs you—because the kids need you.

America's postwar babies have suddenly started

pouring into the schools. In fact, there are so many of them that, today, the elementary schools alone need *over 70,000 new teachers a year* to handle these children.

By 1960—with over 8 million more children entering our schools—the need for qualified teachers will be even greater.

So think it over. Think of what it will mean to you—to your community—and to America, when you decide you're going to become a teacher.

The kids, too. They're waiting for you to make up your mind. They're hoping you'll say, "Yes"!



BETTER SCHOOLS BUILD BETTER COMMUNITIES

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