



**Dead! I never saw a man die . . . DIE . . . he's DEAD.**

**One minute he was here,  
Laughin' and scratchin' out a fox-hole  
Then a kick of dust in the dirt beside 'im . . .**

**In Los Angeles—after he had given his blood they  
found out he was a Marine furloughed back  
from war.**

**"I thought I was dead—but plasma saved me," he  
said, "and I came to pay back the blood I re-  
ceived."**

**His dad was a big shot and he could have stayed  
home holding down an office job—some sine-  
cure—**

**But he fought, for he wanted to play his full part.  
He's home now . . . having left both his legs in a  
foreign desert.**

**There's a Sailor up where the sea is bitter . . .  
Waiting for a stretcher,  
Groaning up his sleeve.  
. . . Sometimes such numb legs walk again.  
Good God, they've GOT to!**

**The slender artist—she lost her fiance the day his  
wings  
In the RCAF were to be pinned on his breast.  
And then en route from camp to that funeral  
Her younger brother crashed and died—only  
man in the family.**

**There's a kid Marine over there . . .  
Panting his heart out in the thick wet jungle heat,  
Watching life run from him in a lazy ooze . . .**

**And you?  
Day and night, throbbing.  
"I want him back, Dear God, I'll do any-  
thing—but bring him back."**

**Sorry . . .  
All you can do to help him is buy bonds.  
Bonds in honor of the kid Marine . . .  
In honor of the soldier, APO San Francisco . . .  
Bonds to speed victory . . .  
You'd do anything . . .  
You CAN buy more bonds . . . and more . . . and  
more  
In HIS honor .**

**To BACK YOUR BOY.**

# Roseburg Victory Council

An Organization of Business and Professional Interests United in All-out War Effort