

**LONELY?**  
*You'll  
 never know...*

It's the waiting that gets you down. It's the long days, and the longer nights, when you lie there thinking . . . will you ever get home again? . . . why don't they write more often . . . did Dad ever get over that heart trouble . . . is your best girl still waiting . . . will you ever get a job again . . .

Sometimes, when the mail is slow, you get to imagining things. And after a while, they begin to seem real. You're sure your Dad is dead, but they won't tell you. Your girl has found somebody else. There won't be a place for you . . .

You feel lost, and helpless, and terribly afraid. And then, something saves you.

Like the day the Red Cross field man got a rush cable report from home, telling you your Dad was getting well.

And the time some Red Cross girls came up in a jeep, handing out doughnuts and coffee and million-dollar American smiles. And you all started to laugh and kid, the way you used to at home.

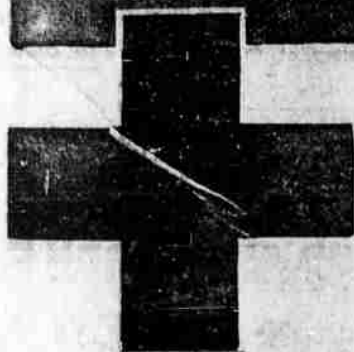
There was the time you wanted to forget it was Christmas. And the Red Cross girl at the club made you trim a palm leaf Christmas tree, and you all had presents and sang the old carols, out there in the hot tropic night.

Maybe it doesn't sound like much. The Red Cross does a lot of bigger things . . . such as collecting blood plasma for the wounded . . . sending food packages to prisoners of war . . . clothes for bombed-out kids.

But to us, home seems just a little nearer, because your Red Cross is with us.

*Americans: To keep at the side of your fighting men, your Red Cross must have funds. Contributions from you are the only source of income. Millions of our men are still far from home. They need your Red Cross . . . they must have it.*

*Keep your*  
**RED CROSS**  
*at his side*



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 GIVE MORE**

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