

that you've done all you can in every way to back our boys, here, there and everywhere. As we are nearing the end of our Red Cross Drive, we ask you, in the name of our boys, have you given all you can - giving all you can, means giving until it really means a sacrifice, not just giving a dollar or two that you'll never miss. The picture on the preceding page of the wounded boy could be yours and might be yours before this war is over, in that case, the Red Cross will be there helping him - you cannot be there, the Red Cross can. It is every boys Mother on the battlefield.

If you have already contributed, think it over carefully and see if you can't give more, and if you have not contributed as yet, please look up one of the local Red Cross workers and make a substantial donation.

For the sake of all our boys, on all our far-flung battle lines give every dollar you possibly can. You may be saving your own boy's life, or your neighbors boy's life, or some fine Carolina boy's life. Before you sleep tonight, make up your mind to give until you have earned a clean conscience.

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### "Pvt. Newton Neely writes from Nazi Prison"

The silence of months was broken recently when relatives and friends heard from Pvt. Newton Neely. Pvt. Neely was captured in the North African campaign in February 1943 and since that time only occasional bits of news have come through to his family and friends.

The letters recently received by him were written last October - in them he stated he had received packages sent from home as well as cigarettes ordered from the manufacturers'. He also said he had "just returned from having a bath and washing his clothes and was preparing to spend the remainder of the day cooking" since Red Cross packages of food had been distributed that morning. He added "You just ought to see the cakes and puddings we bake with Red Cross supplies."

Pvt. Neely is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Neely of Waxhaw - he has two sisters now living in Spindale, and we rejoice with them in their good news.

Pvt. Neely worked here as pharmacist in the Lawndale Drug Store, before entering the Army. He has many friends here who enjoy hearing from him and wish for him the best of luck.

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### "Thanks for Service Publications"

Its swell of you fellers' to keep on sending us your most interesting papers from your stations, here in the States and overseas. This past month we've received copies of "Yank" published in the States and also "Yank" published "down under", "Hi-Life" from Hendrix Field, Sebring, Fla. and "Army Air Forces" magazine. Thanks, fellers, for remembering us and keep on sending them, we enjoy them all and appreciate them lots.

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A lone and weary GI was plodding through the well-known mud and drizzling rain near Bizerte. Around the curve came a big army truck. The driver saw the lone pedestrian too late for warning and swerved, but not in time to prevent a wheel from hitting him and sending him sprawling into a ditch.

Jamming his brakes on, the driver yelled excitedly, "Look out there!" The soldier rubbed the mud out of his eyes and sat up. "What in hell are you going to do now, back up?"