

Put yourself in his shoes



Suppose there weren't enough money to bring your child into the world? In a tearful, dejected letter, Pvt. R.'s wife told him she was going to have a baby. There wasn't enough money to pay for medical care and hospitalization. Helpless, Pvt. R. appealed to the Red Cross. In a few days he received word that they had assisted his wife in applying for emergency maternity and infant care.

Suppose you were wounded, disabled, jobless and discouraged? A Marine Private, he was wounded in the South Pacific and discharged for disability. He went home discouraged at the prospect of making his living again. Unable to take up his former trade, in desperation he appealed to the Red Cross. They put him in touch with the proper agency—he's doing swell, now.

Suppose your mother were ill and without funds? Seaman T. M. received word his mother was desperately ill and without money. He remembered advice he'd heard and went to his Red Cross Field Director who requested the boy's local chapter to arrange for care. They did. Now, anxiety lifted, Seaman T. M. is a better fighting man. Another example of your Red Cross in action.

Suppose your son were taken prisoner of war? Imagine the anxiety of the parents of Pvt. E. D., who had had no word from him in months. The Red Cross sent a welfare inquiry. And then the International Red Cross reported that he was healthy and well, and receiving regularly the American Red Cross packages that helped keep up his spirits. Your money gets the packages to him.

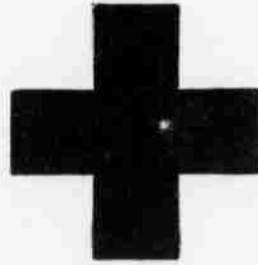
Suppose you were dying for want of blood plasma? The shrapnel and fragments from a shell burst riddled Sgt. R. J. M.'s left arm. He was losing blood fast. A medical corpsman administered first aid and Red Cross blood plasma. Then they carried him to the field station and gave him 8 more pints of plasma. Without it, he would have died.

Suppose you couldn't bring yourself to tell your family you'd lost your leg? He hadn't told them he'd lost his leg...Dad and Mom would take it too hard. But they were coming to see him in the hospital. He appealed to a Red Cross worker to break the news for him. It was a tough job, but she did... and soon Mom was holding his hand while Dad was telling some funny things that had happened back home—and Sgt. J. T. was smiling happily.

The Red Cross can't do this work without your help!

The actual cases outlined above illustrate just a few of the thousands of ways in which the Red Cross helps our fighting men—at home and overseas. But without *your* help there would be no Red Cross to do this humanitarian work. For the Red Cross is wholly dependent on the money that you and other sympathetic Americans contribute. And after three years of war, the work of your Red Cross is greater than ever.

Think of the pain and suffering you can alleviate by your contribution—and how proud you can be of your part in this heart-warming work. *Won't you give all you can?*



**KEEP YOUR
RED CROSS
AT HIS SIDE**

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**NEWS
BEHIND
THE NEWS**
By PAUL MALLON

Released by Western Newspaper Union.

PRESENT LABOR TRENDS SPELL REAL DISASTER

OUR TOWN, U. S. A.—This is Our Town, U. S. A., just like many another I suspect, and a rather astonishing place right now for everyone in it.

I should not say "astonishing" because no one is astonished at anything these days. Its peculiar condition is a chief subject of conversational concern among its residents, although not yet recognized in public statements. It just seems to be growing into something no one understands.

There is our plumber, for instance, as good a plumber as there ever will be. His integrity shows in his work. When he fixes a pipe, you know it is fixed, which is perhaps an unusual thing in itself these days.

In the past year, there were only three days out of the customary 365 in which his entire force of help appeared for work. They are making such high rates of pay that they can live comfortably (to the fullest of the liquor ration also) by working only half the time, and nothing can get them to work the other half. He keeps 12 men on the payroll in order to get the six necessary for his business.

I called the best bricklayer in Our Town to do a little job. He said he had gone out of business. His health could not stand the strain of trying to keep his troupe of bricklayers together, as none wished to work regularly.

FORCED OUT OF BUSINESS

It was not worth the trouble to try to handle them because you could never get a job done. He opened, instead, an old blacksmith shop which had been closed for 30 years. Yes sir, our leading bricklayer has become a blacksmith, a symbol of our progress.

The hotel manager in Our Town is a superior fellow, has had top experience in New York City, a progressive kind of manager who wants to make his food better, his place efficient and superior. He broke down trying to do it, and after a few weeks in the hospital is now taking a month's rest.

His waiters made enough money to allow them to retire each payday and return, either rested or bleary-eyed the following Tuesday or Wednesday. His maids went off to the local war factory where they could make \$30 a week and more standing around doing practically nothing. Some days only one employee showed up.

What has happened to Our Town? No one wants to work. No one who can live otherwise wants the responsibilities of an employer. It is not a manpower question (the men are here) or an economic question involved in all those statistics the government bureaucrats wrangle about. It is a state of mind, a condition for which there seems no remedy.

The elderly couple down the street finally got a man to wash their windows this fall, but he wanted \$8 a day for that simple task and they could not afford it. The kitchen maids ask \$30 a week—more than twice as much as a soldier fighting at the front—and sometimes get it.

But like others they do not want to work, as a group, and they increase their salaries while cutting their hours of labor and their days off, laying off when they accumulate enough money to rest up for a few weeks.

RUIN OF NATIONS

Is this a war situation or a local phenomena? I think not. It is not a war question because it started long before the war. Indeed it is the same condition to which most authorities ascribe the fall of France and it ruined Communism in Russia.

When conditions encourage people not to work, they naturally will not work, and when a nation does not work it deteriorates and gives its eminence to nations which are producers. A nation has no wealth except the product of its labors and when the production falls off, for any reason, it declines.

But what bothers me is the future. The government is pledged to an inflationary postwar policy of high wages and high prices, thus continuing the conditions which are causing the unofficial institution of the three-day week, of work avoidance and employer retirement.

I know labor leaders who doubt that the union people in our war factories can be kept at their jobs after peace in Europe. I hear authentic predictions of a breakdown in American production before Japan can be conquered.

This is Our Town already. Will it soon be our country.

The best possible nonpartisan authority recently has made a check of inner union campaign trends and returned here with doubts that put even California and Washington in unsure categories. Mr. Roosevelt is holding a good portion of the CIO,