



Staff Sgt. Marshall Hamer
1622 Eleventh St.

★ A Mother ★ A Son ★ A Prison Camp ★ The Fourth War Loan

Because she had already given three of her sons to her country's service, with two more classed I-A the heart of Mother Hamer was already filled to the point of breaking. . . . A telegram . . . a mother's intuition moved her lips to say: "My son" . . . with trembling hands she opened it . . . yes . . . it was her son . . . shot down in an air raid over Germany . . . a prisoner of the German government.

Since that telegram, moments filled with anguish . . . have seemed like weeks . . . the weeks like years . . . no word from Marshall . . . oh, if only some would come . . . the world seems so empty . . . a mother feels so helpless.

Only a mother can understand this kind of SACRIFICE!

Mrs. Hamer . . . the world is not empty . . . you are not alone . . . you are not helpless . . . because . . . the people of Scioto county are your friends . . . during this Fourth War Loan . . . you'll find them, each and everyone, rallying around you, buying bonds that will hasten the day, when the gates of that prison will open wide . . . and Marshall will come home to you . . .

WESTERN UNION (44)

GOVT=WUX WASHINGTON DC 27 624P
MRS BESSIE HAMER=
1622 11 ST

REPORT RECEIVED THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS STATES
THAT YOUR SON STAFF SERGEANT MARSHALL S HAMER IS A PRISONER
OF WAR OF THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT LETTER TO INFORMATION
FOLLOWS FROM PROVOST MARSHAL GENERAL=
ULIC THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

THE COMPANY WILL APPROPRIATELY RECOMMEND TO YOU THE NATIONAL FINANCIAL ADVISOR

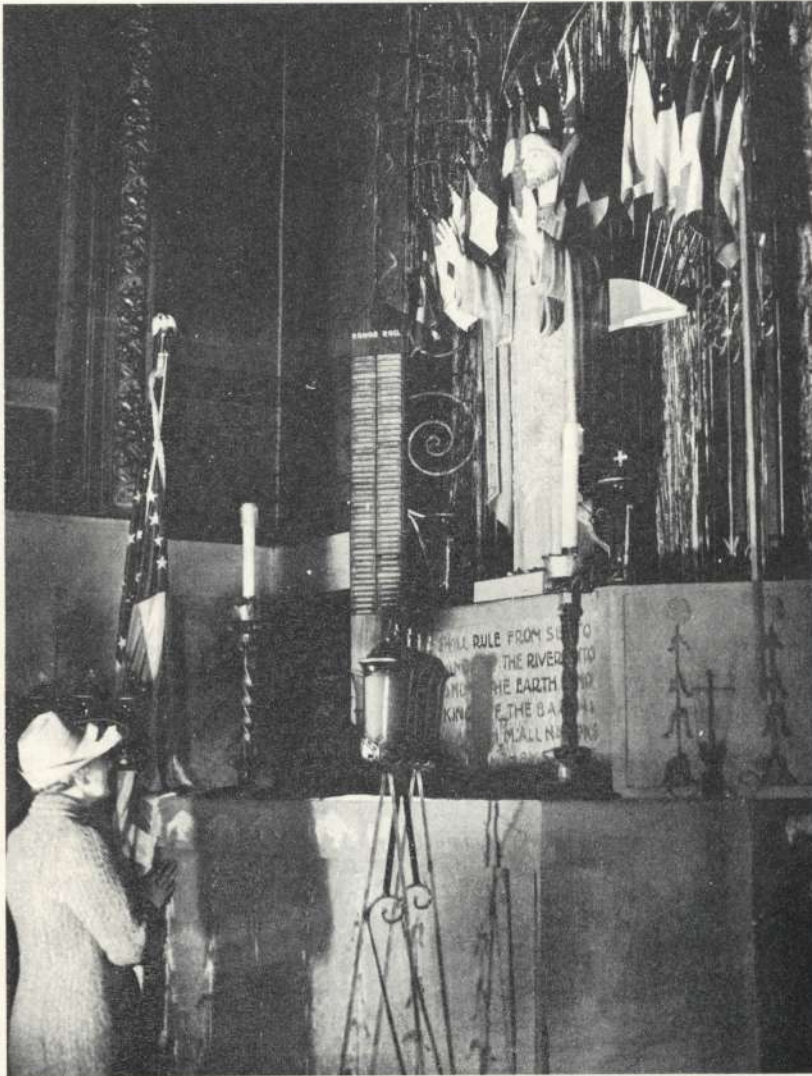
ATLAS' FASHION EMPLOYEES

Will Appreciate Having The Opportunity
To Sell You, Your War Bonds:--

During this Fourth War Loan Atlas' Fashion employees will devote a great portion of their time to the sale of War Bonds. Your favorite salesperson will appreciate having the opportunity to sell you bonds.

Make Atlas' Fashion Your War Bond Headquarters

ATLAS' FASHION



Mrs. John A. Gemperline

1925 Timmons Ave., offers her Thanksgiving Prayers for her three sons in service.

A War Mother's Prayer at Thanksgiving Time

O, Sacred Heart of Jesus, I thank Thee for the many blessings I have received; for the harvest of Thanksgiving, for my three soldier boys, Robert, Howard and Eugene, wherever they may be serving their country this Thanksgiving Day.

I thank Thee for the many blessings I have received, but I plead for this one. Let Thine infinite mercy restore our dear ones to us. God of Love, there are such broken links of affection as we gather around the home table.

Father of all brave soldiers, watch over these, Thy children, abide with them under the silent stars; steel their hearts for the hour of battle and the shadow of death; lead them not into temptation; protect them from a merciless foe.

Inspire them with an ever-present faith in God. On the long hard road to victory keep their courage high and their devotion unflinching. Let a mother's prayer be their comfort and the love of a mother's heart their battle shield.

They are our all, dear God, let them know today that a mother's arms are yearning to clasp them again, to nurse them through injury or sickness, to welcome them home to peace at last.

God of the far-flung battle line, go with all our boys; make them good soldiers for our country and its just cause.

May this, a mother's prayer for their every good, swell across the bourne of time and space to reach them with the hope that we may all be together in spirit this Thanksgiving Day.

We ask it as Thy blessing upon our daily bread.

ATLAS' FASHION



JACK E. SCHLICHTER AMM 3-c
son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Schlichter

The Lost Children?

Here in this pest ridden country,
Lost nephews of Uncle Sam;
Supplies and relief are diverted
Until they don't give a dam.

Fight mosquitos and rats in the night time,
Suffer heat and rain every day;
There's work to be done every minute.
With no time to be happy and play.

Up before dawn in the jungle,
Cutting and breaking through hell;
We may not fight all the battles
But we still have adventures to tell.

With rain coming down in sheer torrents,
And moist sweat melting your face,
There may be a South Sea heaven,
But surely it can't be this place.

There are ships to be quickly unloaded
And work goes on through the night.
We may not kill Japs by the thousand
But God knows we're deep in the fight.

No cool beer in the evening,
No women, no wine, and no song,
Just a lot of rats and mosquitos
And a night that is ten ages long.

Now when we return from this hell hole
And act as if we had blown our top,
Just remember this little poem
And then let the whole matter drop.

So next time you think of your heroes
And the boys lying there neath the sod,
Shed tears for the ones on this island,
The forgotten "Children of God".

J. E. Schlichter, AMM 3-c

*They're not lost Jack . . . neither are they forgotten
Scioto county folks will find them . . . and remember!*

Jack, when you sent that description of the life of our fighting men on some Pacific Island—your pen must have been guided by the dictates of your heart. But please don't feel that way. Being a Scioto Countian, you know that the folks back home are not the kind to forget.

With our hands we are building war materials, with our lips we are selling War Bonds to pay for them, with all our hearts we are giving our dollars and our blood to those agencies of mercy. They are not lost, for some way, we of Scioto County through our contribution to the war effort, will find them wherever they are . . . no Jack they are not lost—or forgotten.

★Contribute a pint of your blood to the
RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR SERVICE
Weeks of March 20 and 27

ATLAS' FASHION

★Contribute your just share to the
RED CROSS WAR FUND
During the Month of March



Lt. John Clay Smith

for ten days he faced death --- wandering in the jungle
**AND CAME UP SMILING,
READY TO FIGHT AGAIN!**

the story of Sciotoville's Lt. John Clay Smith
is another chapter in the record of Scioto
county's heroes. A tribute to him . . .
an inspiration to all.

"They came in from the north trying to intercept our bombers. Thirty-five Jap Zeros were coming in at eleven o'clock (meaning almost head on) and we were outnumbered. So we immediately broke into the elements and started to fight. We blew hell out of 'em while our bombers got three 7,000-ton boats and a heavier boat. I got one Zero, blew the engine out of another — but I had stayed too long and had to make a crash landing in the jungle."

Just as simple as that is the story as Lt. Smith tells it.

Back of this experience is the story of courage—of wandering for ten days in the jungle, footsore, weary, hungry, thirsty. His food—bamboo sprouts—his water only the moisture in those bamboo sprouts—his companions—snakes—crocodiles—head hunters—his reward—RESCUE—

And he came up smiling, ready to fight again.

. . . After a well earned rest in Australia Lt. Smith returned to the battle fronts. Latest reports give him credit for bagging three more planes since his return, bringing his total to four.



● Do Your Christmas War Bond
Shopping At Atlas' Fashion.

BOB KAVANAUGH GAVE HIS RIGHT HAND!



Pfc. ROBERT KAVANAUGH
1125 Eleventh St. Portsmouth, Ohio

The scars of war are deep . . . some of our thousands of Scioto County boys who serve will carry the scar in their hearts . . . burned deep into their memory will be those scenes of sacrifice, heroism and the horrors of war. Sealed lips will in time help them to forget that which they want to forget . . . remember that which they want to remember. Others . . . yes . . . there are others who, because of the loss of limb, sight or physical capacities, will never be able to forget. These boys will stand as a living memory to all of us of the sacrifices of war . . . the cost of freedom . . . and will in the end give us a deeper appreciation of what it means to be an American.

Bob Kavanagh Gave His Right Hand!

Bob Kavanagh Can Never Forget!

Scioto County Will Never Forget . . . Bob Kavanagh!

His is a memory that will help us keep faith with the present . . . with our fighting men who still are giving their all to preserve our kind of life . . . liberty and happiness. His is a memory that will help us keep faith with the future . . . a future that will offer once again all that America ever meant . . . all that America can ever mean.

WILL YOU LEND A HAND *to the success
Of Scioto County's Contribution To The Early Winning Of The War By*

★Contributing your just share to the
SCIOTO COUNTY WAR CHEST
February 17 to 26

★Contributing your just share to the
RED CROSS WAR FUND
During the Month of March

★Contributing a pint of your blood to the
RED CROSS BLOOD BANK
Weeks of March 21 and 28

★Continuing to buy
WAR BONDS
All the time

ATLAS' FASHION



LT. ROBERT E. YOUNG
Nephew of Dr. E. C. Jackson
726 Second St. Portsmouth, O.



IN BATTLE TOO, THE MAILS GET THROUGH,COME WHAT MAY!

Carved in stone above the entrance of the Main Postoffice, New York City, is a slogan which has long since, been the inspiration of the thousands who serve in the United States postal service:—

*"Not snow, nor rain, nor heat
nor gloom of night stops these
couriers from the swift comple-
tion of their appointed rounds."*

It would seem now, after all these years that slogan will have to be changed . . . nor heat, nor gloom of night, NOT EVEN THE JAPS, stops these couriers. . . .

February 19 Lt. Robert E. Young of Portsmouth put down his plane in Eniwetok atoll's lagoon to pick up out going mail, while American soldiers were still storming the

beaches. Lt. Young thought the island had been taken. Whether or not he got the mail is not known, but, the fact remains he was there to get and leave mail, in the shortest possible time.

That's nerve, it is devotion to an appointed duty. Important yes . . . because his cargo was MAIL . . . mail from homefolk. Letters that would tell of home, of things they wanted most to know about . . . letters that would carry their thoughts away from the hell of battle . . . letters that would build MORALE!

When, through stories like this of Lt. Young, we learn to what end our boys go to deliver our mail . . . is it asking too much that tonight you pick up your pen and write some soldier a letter? His appreciation will best be expressed by his doing a better job to hasten the day of Victory.

MAY WE SELL YOU YOUR APRIL WAR BONDS?

The bonds you buy today . . . help the boys right now when they need help most . . . they will help YOU tomorrow when you will need it most. Atlas' Fashion employees have bonds for sale everyday in any denomination. May we fill your bond requirements for the month of April?

ATLAS' FASHION
A WAR BOND AGENCY



MRS. BERTIE MOORE
1135 FOURTH ST.
Mother of Four Sons in the Armed Forces
Three of Whom are Reported Missing in Action

A TRIBUTE TO SACRIFICE—REAL SACRIFICE!



EDWARD R. MOORE
Missing in action at sea.



JAMES MOORE
He's all his mother has left



GROVER KELLY MOORE
Missing in action at sea.



CLYDE LEROY MOORE
Missing in action at sea

All of Portsmouth is shocked . . . just as true as an arrow to its mark . . . War has struck home. Since Pearl Harbor forty-five homes in Scioto county have been saddened by a terse message from the War Department . . . "We regret to inform you that your son has been lost in action". Portsmouth knows and understands what it means to parents and wives to receive such a message . . .

. . . that's why Portsmouth is so profoundly shocked and pauses to extend its deepest sympathies as tribute to Mrs. Bertie Moore, a Portsmouth mother who now has three, of four sons in the service of their country, reported "missing in action"

Here is an American mother, a Portsmouth mother who has lived her life for her children, a mother who has dreamed with them, dreamed of the time after the war when they would once again be together, each seeing his dream fulfilled in his own way. With her heart breaking, her head high, she bears the burden of her sorrow like the sterling character she is . . . the mother of the Moore boys—Edward, Grover, and Clyde, missing in action in the service of their country.

After all, the only real comfort which a community may give to any bereaved parent is its definite assurance that their sacrifices have not been made in vain—that there will be a day of Victory and lasting Peace. Your purchase of war bonds is this pledge of faith.

ATLAS' FASHION



Scioto County's First WAC
First Officer

Nancy Johnson



Scioto County's First WAVE
Seaman Second Class

Mary L. Suter

ATLAS' FASHION

Salutes the Gallant Women of Scioto County

Look about you . . . you find them everywhere in Scioto County . . . in the city, the villages, the hamlets and on the farms . . . Courageous women with a sparkle in their eyes . . . a smile of confidence on their lips and patriotism swelling their hearts. The women of Scioto County are representative of all American womanhood striving to build and to protect the true spirit of the American way of life.

The responsibilities placed on women are many . . . A war increases these responsibilities and Scioto County women rise to meet them. From all walks of life they come to serve their country on the war fronts and on the home front. Personal problems are forgotten and in their stead they tackle the common problems of keeping America—American for you and for me. Many have joined the WAC's and the WAVES to take on a man's job . . . to release a man for combat. This is American womanhood reflecting its quality in service.

On the home front the same foresight and fortitude prevails for at home we find women doing a man's job in the factories and on the farms . . . women serving as nurses aides, the Red Cross, the Civilian Defense . . . All volunteers doing their full share to bring victory . . . and to bring it in the shortest possible time.

They are all working to make it possible for our boys to come back home once again to live in a nation blessed by peace and freedom. They are meeting the challenge to our country's freedom with courage and determination. The spirit of our women has helped to make our community strong in peace . . . and now strong in a war period.

The real strength of Scioto County women is the strength of America . . . their faith is the faith of America . . . their confidence is an inspiration for all to work for lasting security, precious freedom and a peace that will last for ever and ever more. Atlas' Fashion salutes the gallant women of Scioto County.

ATLAS' FASHION





PETTY OFFICER FIRST CLASS
ARTHUR J. BODMER Sr.



LT. ARTHUR BODMER Jr.

From Somewhere In The South Pacific....
A FATHER SCANS THE SKIES....
Could One Of Those Pilots Be His Son?

The Bodmers, Art Sr., Mrs. Bodmer and Arthur Jr., 1846 Coles Boulevard were a typical American family. Life to them meant the having of each other. Long hours, and hard work had built for them a successful business. The future held the reward—the pleasures that were theirs to enjoy.

War Came!

Father and son didn't stop to consider personal sacrifice—they enlisted—Dad in the Seabees, Son in the Air Corps. They were willing to invest their lives in the cause of freedom and security. Sure they hope for the break—a chance to come back home to a wife and mother—to be, once again with the people they love.

But—RIGHT NOW—there is a job to do—father and son are doing it—to the exclusion of all their personal wants.

Somewhere in the South Pacific, planes roar overhead, from fox hole or tent dad dashes out—scans the skies—a lump in his throat—a quickened heart—a prayer on his lips—one of those boys could be Art Jr.—spreading his wings to protect his dad—to hasten the day when all their hopes and dreams will come true.

Home—wife—mother—security.

This Fourth War loan is our opportunity to match this sacrifice if we can—Let's be sure we do it—WITH WAR BONDS!

ATLAS' FASHION EMPLOYEES

*Will Appreciate Having The Opportunity
To Sell You, Your War Bonds: . . .*

During this Fourth War Loan Atlas' Fashion employees will devote a great portion of their time to the sale of War Bonds. Your favorite salesperson will appreciate having the opportunity to sell you bonds.

**Make Atlas' Fashion Your War Bond
Headquarters**

ATLAS' FASHION



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

- 1 Come towards our lines waving a white flag!
- 2 Strap your gun over your left shoulder, muzzle down and pointed behind you.
- 3 Show this ticket to the sentry.
- 4 Any number of you may surrender with this one ticket.

JAPANESE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS

通行證
本軍特務部へ投降者ニ付保護ヲ加フベシ
大日本軍司令部

AN INVITATION TO SURRENDER

This is an exact reproduction of the pamphlets dropped by the Japanese to American soldiers fighting in the Cape Gloucester Area. An invitation to surrender. All our soldiers had to do was follow instruction on the pamphlet . . . for an honorable surrender.

Marine Private James V. Lester, Lucasville Rt. 2 is one of the many Scioto County boys fighting . . . and winning in the Cape Gloucester area. It's fellows like Lester who get "fightin' mad" at such an invitation as the Japanese saw fit in their desperation to drop to our troops. It's fellows like Lester who get so mad they do something about it . . . what do they do . . . they blow up ammunition dumps . . . capture their stores . . . and wear the Jap shirts they capture!

What happens to our boys . . . happens to us at home! Let's get "fightin' mad" . . . and let's do something about it! Let's do the most effective thing we can do . . . BUY BONDS . . . and buy them now. Let it be said of us at home that we answered this Jap treachery just as promptly . . . and just as effectively as did our boys. Our record of Bond purchases is that answer.

A Japanese INVITATION TO SURRENDER THAT INSPIRED OUR BOYS TO VICTORY . . .

An invitation that should
... and will . . . inspire us to
BUY BONDS



MARINE PRIVATE JAMES V. LESTER—Lucasville Rt. 2

ALERT MARINE—On the alert for Japs in the Cape Gloucester jungle is Marine Private James V. Lester, 15, of Route 2, Lucasville, Ohio, member of combat engineers. He is wearing a Japanese soldier's shirt taken from an enemy quartermaster dump.

Official U. S. Marine Corps Photo

Atlas Fashions
A WAR BOND AGENCY