THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS

Vol. XI STOW, OHIO, FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1944 No. 26

THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF JOHN

The Master's work on earth was almost done. He was about to exchange earth for heaven, it was Thursay night. Friday he would be crucified. In love and tenderness Jesus plans to spend these last hours in company with His Disciples. It is in Jerusalem, in an upper room, it is the preparation for the great feast of the Passover, commemerating the passing of the Angel of God over the homes marked by blood during the Egyptian bondage. Here it is that the Master institutes the Lord's Supper, emblematic of His own broken body and shed blood so soon to be enacted. However, at the close of the Passover Supper or as recent commentators suggest, while supper was in preparation, Jesus riseth from supper, lays aside his garments, pours water into a basin and, takes a towel and girded himself and began to wash the disciples feet and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. This is a never to be forgotten act of our Saviour, and said to be accompanied with a loving embrace and a holy kiss. But there were shadows that fell across this loving deed, the shadow of death, the shadow of separation, but the deepest was the shadow of contention among the 12, and the betrayal of one. In Matt. Chap 20 we read, and Jesus said unto her, what wilt thou? She said unto him grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom. See Luke, chap. 22 for another account of the strife among the Apostles all immediately previous to the Last Supper.

With this introduction permit me to point out three lessons, worthy of serious consideration from this 13th chapter of John. In verse 7, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter. How blessed is this promise, sometime we shall know! The dark things will all be made plain, the mysteries will be solved, we shall know! Peter did not know or did he dream of an open grave and a risen Lord three days later; nor of an ascension into heaven 40 days in the future. Peter did not know himself his weakness, his own flesh that would sin against the Son of God. But O! to know, someday to know why clouds were over so many cherished plans, we can bear it all, if only sometime we may understand.

In verse 8, Peter said, Thou shalt never wash my feet! Jesus answered, if I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Verse 9, Lord not only my feet, but my hands and my head. Herein is the mystical washing by the blood of Christ. The body of Peter was bathed before he came to the supper, sandals were removed and the feet were usually washed as guests enterd in. If omitted on this occasion, it was for a purpose; the fact being that not one of the 12 desired the humility of washing the others feet. So Jesus performs this humble service for them. It is not the physical washing of feet that the church needs to follow as a religious rite, but it is the lesson that Jesus taught that we all need, a spiritual cleansing, a humble meekness, a forgiving spirit, a loving heart.

Verse 13-14. If I then your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
GEORGE M. HULME.....Minister
859 Ardmore Ave., Akron—UN-1685

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS
Drawer C
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another's feet. Let strife and bitterness, bids for position, contention for prestige and office all pass in the mystical washing of the saints feet.

The lesson is, that we His followers should be sowing seeds of kindness for our reaping by and by, that no act of service is too lowly, that daily we should find opportunity for some act or deed that will help a fallen world or cheer a lonely heart.

Summary of the sermon Sunday morning June 18.

George M. Hulme.

PRAYER MEETING

The regular Friday evening prayer meeting will be held this week and next at the church. This is a central location and should be convenient and within walking distance for a number of people.

COMMEMORATION OF LORD'S SUPPER

This Sunday is the time of our quarterly communion service. All members of the church should feel it a privilege to be present at this Holy Supper which was instituted by our Lord, and of which he said "This do in remembrance of me."

NAVY MOTHERS HOLD PARTY

A Stanley Brush party will be held at the Legion Room, Town Hall. Tuesday, July 11th by the Stow Navy Mothers Club. The public is invited.

Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God. 1. John, 4.7.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world the love of the Father is not in him. 1. John, 2.15.

We want you to know that the reverent customs of the past aided by a modern professional knowledge and improved facilities make ours a service of idealism.

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PARK SHELTER HOUSE COMPLETED

Adell Durbin Park shelter house will be completed so that Stow residents will be able to use its facilities for their 4th of July picnic.

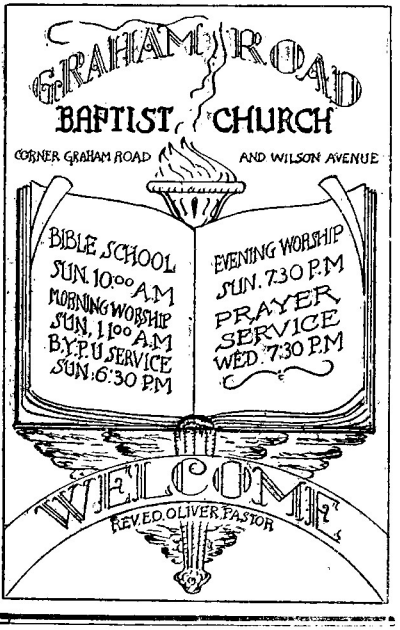
According to A. L. Isenman, president of the Park Board, the general contractor for the project, I. O. Palmer promises to have the building completed and ready for use by the 4th. Other members of the Board are C. E. Perrine and A. H. Turner.

Members of the Board are proud of this shelter and claim it to be the best of its kind in the state. The building is constructed of rough chestnut and boasts a massive fireplace that is designed to comfortably heat the building for winter use. Attractive and easily operated overhead doors make it possible to use the shelter in all seasons.

The support of the campaign for funds by Stow citizens last year made it possible for the board to obtain sufficient tax money to erect the building this year. Further improvements to the park are planned but the nature and extent of these will depend on how much the park is used.

Howard Gaylord is custodian of the park and has been given legal authority to enforce the rules and board.

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethern. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. 1. John, 3.14.



VACATION

Knight Service Co.

So that all members of our organization may have a vacation Knight Service Co. stores will be closed JULY 1st to 15th.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Sermon Report

In Romans chapter eight, verse nine we read: "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." Developed fully this verse may have much meaning. It pronounces the doom of many who call themselves Christians or church members. On the other hand possession of this "Spirit of Christ" overrides most of the creeds, doctrines, and many things such as form of baptism, church membership, etc. held by some as fundamental to salvation. Study further in this eighth chapter of Romans and you will understand.

Last Sunday evening the subject of the sermon at Community Church was the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit, sometimes called the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Trinity (Namely, God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost) is too vast a subject to report upon in a brief few lines. Only a "high spot" or two can we touch.

In the first place Jesus in his ministry here on earth lived, worked and taught under the spell of the Holy Spirit. In Luke 4.18 we read "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me."

The Holy Spirit is a personality. Thruout the Bible pronouns that imply personality are repeatedly used for the Holy Spirit.

The work of the Holy Spirit is boundless. It is IMPORTANT to know that sinners cannot be converted without the Holy Ghost baptism. A church cannot operate in a spiritual sense without the Holy Spirit. Besides convicting the world of sin the Holy Spirit bears witness to the truth. One possessed with this Spirit of Christ can recognize it in others. One filled with the Holy Spirit is one who is free from the laws of sin and of death.

The Holy Spirit is Power. As an example of this Power, a story was told of Peter Bilhorn who was holding evangelistic meetings in Reedsburg, Wisconsin. It was in the winter. It was bitter cold. After the evening's meeting Peter Bilhorn went home to bed. Out of a sound sleep at 2:00 a. m. he was awakened by hearing his name called. He had an urge to get up and dress and go out. What a fool I am he thought. But after prayer he dressed, put on his coat, pulled his cap down over his ears, picked up his portable organ and went out into the bitter cold. He crunched down the street. Not a person did he meet. Not a light anywhere, until finally he saw a crack of light coming from beneath the drawn shade of a store basement. He went down the steps. He knocked. No answer. He knocked again and said: "Let me in, I am cold." Finally the door opened and he was admitted. There in the basement room, were eighteen men gambling. Cards, chips, money on the table. After warming his hands before the fire Peter Bilhorn unfolded and set up his little organ and said "I have come to play for you." Starting out be played and he sang. First it was "Oh, where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight." Then another song. Finally sixteen of those eighteen men were down on their knees, convicted of their sin, and then they were converted. It was not Peter Bilhorn that did it but the power of the Holy Spirit which was with him.

Some folks say "I invite people to come to church but no one ever comes." No wonder they do not come. The one who gives the invitation has none of that power of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of

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Christ is not there. They must first get right with God before they can hope to do any of the Lord's work.

Finally, mention of the unpardonable sin was made. This may be more fully understood if you will read Matt. 12:31 and Heb. 10:29.

Sergeant Harold M. Behymer

A telegram received June 19th by Mrs. Marcia M. Behymer, 642 Wall St., Akron from the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C. informed her that her son Sergeant Harold M. Behymer was seriously wounded in action in Italy, May 30th.

Sgt. Behymer was a graduate of Stow High School, Class of '37. An employee of the B. F. Goodrich Co. when inducted he had been in the army two years May 2nd. It will be remembered that in his most recent letter published in the Community Church News he told of being put in as acting tank commander—later being permanently assigned to that position with the rank of Sergeant. No details of his injuries other than the telegrag have been received but it is our hope and prayer that he may have a rapid and complete recovery.

MISSING IN ACTION

In a telegram sent by the War Dept. last Saturday, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Olson, Munroe Falls Rd., were informed that their son, Lt. John H. Olson, navigator on a Liberator bomber, had been missing in action over Germany since June 13th.

A member of the Stow High School class of '39, "Jack" up until the time he entered the service of Uncle Sam was a regular attendant at Community Church Bible School and played in the orchestra.

The above picture was taken by Miss Dorothy Egger, his fiancee, when he was home last December. A letter received from him and written just two days before he was "missing in action" appears on the last two pages of this issue of the Church News. It is our sincere hope that we may be able to report later that Lt. Olson is safe.

Lt. John H. Olson

Stow Council No. 192 D. of A. will have installation of officers at their next meting in the town hall Monday, July 2nd. All officers please wear white and all members please attend this meeting.

THE WEEK'S WORK

This past week has been a busy one; this one coming up looks just as busy from here. When I think of the numerous things there are to do this week, I think I should be two or three instead of one. There are a lot of fine big cherries that I should help to pick; some of them may not be saved, and we'll need them next winter. I know where the wild raspberries wait on the bushes. What good pies they make. I should like to see twenty quarts at least on our fruit shelves within the next week. Our garden needs hoeing; some of it isn't painted yet. The yard fence should be painted. I know of at least a dozen places where I would be welcome in the hay fields every sunny afternoon and as many more where I should be helping with the wheat cutting next week.

Then there is the business of getting lumber out for our business here. I'd like to get a hundred trees cut this week; maybe we'll have to settle for a dozen. Not only must they be cut down and sawed into logs but they must be hauled to the truck, rolled up on the truck and hauled to the mill. If anyone should ask you, this is work. Some of my acquaintances express surprise that I can swing a crosscut saw after teaching school all winter. For the sake of truth I must state here that I do no swing it very vigorously or very long at a time.

In order to get any work done in the rural regions, where help is very scarce, a great deal of coordination is required, and this planning takes time and close application. While the hay is drying in the morning, the men cultivate corn or help me with cutting logs and getting them to the mill. On rainy days they saw the logs. When the hay gets dry, I become a harvest hand and use my truck to haul hay. In this way we get a lot of work done in the aggregate, but the amount of lumber produced is small compared with what we should get out if we worked at lumbering all the time.

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It must not be thought that this work is all drudgery. Farm people enjoy working in groups, and there are a lot of laughs. Take the yellow hornet's nest that we raked up in the hay field. That's good for a dozen laughs on any hay field. It recalls all the times that hornets, yellow jackets and bumblebees have made it hot for folks. As the city fellow put it, "And how they can bite!" Maybe I'll get to go on that fishing trip yet before the summer is over. Russell Anderson advises me that I need to do so for my health. Good for you. I had been noticing a little weariness coming on in the hayfield about five o'clock in the afternoon, since you mentioned it. That might grow into something really dangerous if it weren't tended to in time. I'll not neglect the matter much longer.

Joe A. Mitten

JUST AMONG "US MEN"

Joe Mitten spent most of last week "down on the farm" near Millersburg, hauling logs, hay, corn and lumber.

Guy Cole, West Arndale Rd. gardened most all of last week, except when he went "some place or ruther" and brought home two pigs which he and Lynn Snyder (across the street) expect to raise. Snyder keeps the pigs, which makes it pretty nice for Guy.

Mr. Chas. Gillam spent most of last week pushing a hand mower at the cemetery. Seems the rubber tires on the power mower have just worn out and the thing just won't go without tires. So its work-work-work to keep the grass down.

"Doc" Henry, Stow's leading optometrist, spent most of last week examining people's eyes, tho one afternoon he did go up to the Town Hall and work on the kitchen equipment being install-

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ed by the Lions Club in their room. Incidentally, his boy Colonel D. F. Henry of the Army Air Force after an absence of approximately two years in Europe called him on the phone one day last week from New York saying "I am home and OK". Doc expects his boy out here to visit him soon.

Will Lodge, busy as usual this year with a three acre garden says the weeds are about to get ahead of him. Just this last week he finished planting—let's see—it was either corn or potatoes.

S. P. Bauder, Silver Lake Florist, while spending most of his time last week among the flowers, took time out to wonder where he could purchase a good second hand sail boat cheap. A sail boat you know does not use any gasoline.

School Board Chief Charles Monteith spent most of his spare time when not working at Goodyear in slicking up his garden, which looks now almost perfect??

Goodyear Plastics Expert "Cliff" Saurwein, formerly of Adelina Drive, Stow but now of Cuyahoga Falls (& Hudson) spent his vacation last week in New York City helping friend wife look for that which was quaint, odd and curious for her Shoppe in Hudson.

C. V. Shakespeare, Munroe Falls, for a change tore his Plymouth car down and put it back together again. He installed new piston rings, new muffler, tail pipe, grease retainer and temperature gauge.

Jack Marhofer got in a truck load of Willard Storage Batteries last week. He hopes that his advertisement in the C. C. News this issue will enable him to sell them all within a few fours after the paper is out.

Jack Chips spent most of his time last week spreading calcium chloride on Stow Township roads. Thus far this year he says there are only two places in Stow where they have applied oil to keep the dust down.

Other than having Griggy cut his "hay crop" back in the orchard, Charles Furst kept store about as usual last week.

Dr. Burt Johnson, East Kent rd. in place of tearing down his barns to build bigger and better—is pulling down the big barn to make one that is smaller and more usuable. He hopes to have doors on this one which his wife can open easily.

J. Willard Davis, on Thursday evening of last week, brought his wife, daughter and several friends to help at the office of publication preparing the C. C. News for the mail. In case you didn't get your copy last week blame the editor for poor supervision. He ,poor thing, was somewhat addled with all the beautiful help. Incidentally last week more than two dozen people had a hand in getting this paper out and into the hands of Postmaster Fred Wetmore.

PERSONALS

Mite Boxes are due Sunday—Remember yours.

Mrs. W. L. Belcher will entertain the River Road club on Thursday, July 6th.

For Sale: 1934 Ford Tudor. $60.00. 290 Marhofer Ave. (Adv.)

Mr. Edward Fortune and Mr. Frank Fisher left Wednesday June 28th for the Navy.

For Sale: Plymouth Coupe, driven 24.000 miles. Original rubber tires. Call WA-7990. (Adv.)

Mrs. George Conley of West Arndale Rd. returned recently after a three week's
mother.

Berry Boxes, Q and Peck Baske Feed Store, Stow.

Mrs. S. W. Bi a group of friend evening in honor birthday.

Late Sour Che quart or by the Rd., Stow. Tele (adv.)

Those of the S School last Sund Harold Hamilton, Stein and SPAR

For Sale: Chi Kitchen utensils. Earl B. Bailey, (Adv.)

Richard Weyri from Bible Schoo account of vacati town.

Wanted To Buy or mule for light cash if price is OV-3438. Adv.)

Bob Shakespea taking V-5 traini College, Tennesse week on furlough.

Plumbing repair inger, 158 Hiwoo (Adv.).

Mr. and Mrs. H Arndale Rd. c thirty-first wedd last Sunday.

The Valley Spo ation meet on the evening of each Town Hall. Rem

Miss Helen Jan ter of Mr. and Mrs of Call Rd., havi WAVES May 31st is stationed at the

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(Adv.)

Birthdays celebrated at Bible School last Sunday were those of Don and Bob Stein (by Bob), "Bill" Camp and Miss Gladys Weyrick.

Armstrong Felt Base Rugs
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Malvina Kaminski and Joanne Hodge of Wyandotte, Michigan, are visiting this week at the home of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Davies, Hawthorne Ave., Stow.

Miss Clara Gillam S1/c

June 12th graduated from Yeoman's School at Palm Beach, Florida following which she was home on furlough. Leaving Sunday evening, June 25th, she reported on Tuesday at Norfolk, Va., where she will be assigned to duties in the 5th Naval District. She expects to do general office work.

Rev. and Mrs. William Moody of Navarre, Ohio, were guests last Saturday and Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. David Flickinger, 158 Highwood ave., Stow. Rev. Moody is Mrs. Flickinger's nephew.

For Sale: One 5 burner Oil Range, Oven attached. Good condition, Joe Hilliard. OV-3424. (Adv.)

Mr. P. R. Trent of East Kent Rd., was operated upon Monday in St. Thomas Hospital. It is reported that he is getting along nicely and hopes to be home the first of this next week.

DID YOU KNOW—that it costs you only 50c to ride from one end of Stow to the other in Stow Cab? Call OV-3313. (adv.)

With open house to friends and relatives Mr. and Mrs. William Hamilton, Diagonal Rd., celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary last Sunday. Around a hundred and twenty-five guests were received that day. Among this number was Sailor son Harold Hamilton home on two day leave from Philadelphia Their older son Robert, who is alsa a sailor is some where on the Pacific Ocean on a big supply ship and could not be present. Out of the twenty-five years that they have been married, twenty-three have been spent in Stow.

Many cards and gifts were received from friends and relatives for which both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton wish to express their thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Cross of King Drive, Stow, had the pleasure of having daughter Corp. Geneive Cross from Freeman Field, Indiana and her brother Edwin from Northern Michigan to see their brother Homer off to the Marines. He left Tuesday morning for Paris Island.

For Rent: Five Room Bungalow. Either partly furnished, or unfurnished. On Call Rd., 1½ miles North of Stow, off Diagonal Rd. No objection to one child. Ask for Edw. Hilliard. (Adv.)

NOW ON HAND

New Batteries

All Sizes - All Shapes

Marhofer Chevrolet

For Sale: Window screens as follows: six 28¼ (W)x54½ (L), one 28¼ (W)x38½ (L), one 28¼ (W)x38 (L), one 24½ (W)x46½ (L). L. C. Stein, 137 Thorndale Ave., Stow. (Adv.)

Walter Scott S. 2/c son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Scott, East Graham Rd., was home over the last weekend on a two day furlough. Walter returned to Boston, though previously he had been in Bermuda.

Wanted in home of Stow teacher: Girl for evening work after school and on Saturday or to stay full time while attending school. To be available after Sept. 1st. Call OV-8468 or write G. O. Vough, R. 1, Cuyahoga Falls, O. (Adv.)

GRAHAM ROAD NOTES

Attendance at Bible School June 11th, 54; June 18th, 77; June 25th, 78.

Mrs. Lawrence Reiling of Gilbert Rd. is home from the hospital, convalescing from a major operation.

We were glad to welcome the Douglas sisters Lois and Faye. They rendered some very good singing which we all enjoyed very much.

The Superintendent gives some very interesting talks every Sunday morning.

An interesting and welcome letter from Paul Duncan was read in the morning service. He is stationed at Capi Meares.

The Graham Road people are pleased to hear of John Trowbridge's promotion. John, our thoughts and prayers are with you and all the others in the service of Uncle Sam.

Rev. Oliver preached a wonderful sermon from the 18th Chapter of John. If more of the people near the church would come and hear him, they would soon be regular attendants. He

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Mrs. Evelyn Templeton and son Robert are visitors for two weeks at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Templeton, Lake View, Ohio.

A NOTE FROM THE PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICE, NINTH NAVAL DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS, GREAT LAKES, ILLINOIS.

Henry E. Robinson, Jr., 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Robinson, Stow, Ohio, is receiving his initial naval indoctrination at the U. S. Naval Training Center, Great Lakes, Ill.

His "boot" training consists of instruction in seamanship, military drill, and general naval procedure. During this period a series of aptitude tests will be taken by the recruit to determine whether he will be assigned to a naval Service School or to immediate active duty at sea.

His recruit training completed, the seaman will spend a period of leave at home.

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LETTER

June 19, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

I had better take this opportunity while I have it to notify you of my change in address. We have been busy moving the last few days or I would have written you sooner. I am now stationed at Mitchel Field and puts me much nearer my brother Melvin who is stationed in New York City.

I am still in the same outfit, only our name has changed somewhat. My present address is:

Pvt. Wayne L. Myers 35922516
165th AAF Base Unit (Ftr Control)
Sub Post No. 2
Mitchel Field, N. Y.

I am still controlling fighters, but we are dealing with different types of planes than we were before.

By the way, do you know of any other Stow fellows who are located at Mitchell Field? I would like to look them up when I have time.

I must sign off for now, but I'll write soon and let you know if I locate any Stow fellows down here.

A Stowite,
Wayne Myers

Ed Note: No I do not know of any other Stowites at Mitchell Field though if any are there and receive this paper they will probably read your letter and look you up. Thanks for the correct address. And write again.—H. J. S.

LETTER

Glynco, Georgia
June 18, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

I'm finally getting around to writing to thank you for the C. C. News and tell you how much I appreciate the news from home.

I am stationed in the lighter-than-air base at Glynco, Ga. Its hot here but pretty. I have seen pretty much the same thing as my brother-in-law, Keith Rorabeck has seen. There are several things here that I heard about when I was in school.

My wife and new baby daughter and I went out to St. Simons Island Beach today to get a little sun and cool ocean breeze.

I also wish to inform you that my address has been changed. It is now:

Donald C. Nighman, S2/c
USNAS (LTD)
Glynco, Georgia.

I will close now thanking you again and sending my best regards to all the folks back home in Stow.

Sincerely,
Donald C. Nighman

Ed Note: We are glad to receive your correct address and to know a little about what you are doing. Let us hear again.—H. J. S.

LETTER

Fort Jackson, S. C.
June 21, 1944

Mr. Stockman:

I wish to thank you and the people of Stow for the many enjoyable issues of the Community Church News I have received.

The last issue containing the pictures of Stow brought back many pleasant memories.

At the present time I am convalescing from an operation and acquiring a South Carolina tan.

The C. C. News has been a great help to me in following many of the boys I know, through the letters you reprint.

Thanking you again I remain.

Sincerely yours,
Pvt. R. C. "Toad" Roxbury
35829239
Hq. Btry, 222nd F. A. Grp.
Fort Jackson. S. C. North Camp

Ed Note: Sorry to hear that you have been in the hospital, but glad to know you are getting better. And since you mention the pictures, how about sending us one of yours?—H. J. S.

This page sponsored by N. L. Ritchie.

LETTER

England
June 15, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

Its been quite a while since I last wrote to you and the good people of Stow, so I'll try to scribble a few lines today.

I'm receiving the C. C. News okay, although it takes over three

weeks and want to thank you and all responsible for it. We fellows overseas appreciate it more than ever because we miss what is going on in Stow.

I have been busy day and night, especially since the Invasion has started. The weather has been terrible for flying, hindering us from bombing the Germans.

Occasionally I get to visit a town named Norwich. It has a large museum and many very old buildings including a large cathedral built in the eleventh century. The cathedral is divided into about fifteen different rooms. One big room running from one end of the building to the other. The rest of the rooms all branch off of the big room. In the big room are four big Bibles, centuries old. Each of the smaller rooms have a Bible also. Near the ceiling about in the center of the large room is a large pipe organ, the largest that I've ever seen. The seats are all made of crude wood with figures carved in them. A pillow is on each seat to put under your knees when you kneel to pray.

It was odd to see people of all ages riding bicycles through the streets. The girls all wear black or dark gray stockings. I have seen some with their legs painted. It looks terrible because they don't know how to put it on.

Of course you know traffic moves on the left side of the road here but it just comes natural to me now, to drive on the opposite side of the road.

A hardware store here is called an ironmonger and a drug store is a chemist, trains are trams, trucks are lorries, and a baby buggy is a pram.

Movies (or cinema here) cost one shilling six pence which is about thirty-eight cents in our money. They look like palaces from the outside but are similar to Loew's of Akron on the inside. They show one American and one English picture. Confidentially, the English pictures are no good.

The first place that I head for is the Red Cross when I go to town. I sure do appreciate being able to get eats, something to drink, and a place to rest and read. You can't buy everything you would like over here. I haven't seen ice cream since I've been here. We get plenty of food, usually chicken on Sunday. Our eggs and milk are powdered and potatoes are dehydrated. It was pork and beans the last war, this war it's stew.

Every Friday there is a Red Cross Clubmobile which comes to our base and serves coffee and doughnuts. Ours is called "Boston."

I got to go to London once and really saw history. London in my estimation is the largest city in the world. The first thing that I noticed there was the great amount of taxies. They aren't modern like ours but serve their purpose. The buildigs are pretty old but artistically beautiful.

I saw the King of England's Palace and gardens, Westminster Abbey, The House of Parliament Big Ben, London Bridge, The Thames River, Hyde Park, Green Park, Piccidily Circus, and many other buildings of interest. The busses there are all double decker. It feels like you are in an airplane from the top of one of them.

The part that I didn't like about London was the streets. They are all winding and crooked. Its very easy to get lost there at night.

Well I must close for now and get back to work.

Thanks again for the C. C. News.

Yours truly,
Cpl. Richard Durst 35600611
APO 558 c/o P. M.
New York, N. Y.

Ed Note: Certainly yours is the kind of a letter the home folks like to read. Those of us who are left here in the States by reading it can gain a fair idea of how you have spent your spare time, and what's more you seen to have not missed much. We do not doubt that many other boys over there have seen the same things, but few there are who will take the time to write and tell us as much as is contained in your message. We like description and details. Write again.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored by Mrs. William Dalcher.

V-MAIL LETTER

From Sgt. R. F. Brock 35596122
(Censored)
APO 885 c/o P. M.
New York, N. Y.
June 10th, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

I just finished reading the Mar. 24 issue of C. C. News. I liked your article very much. I had a trip all around Stow before I had finished. It has been too long since I wrote last, but I have done a lot of traveling, and quite a bit of work since then. I am in India now. The customs are vastly different over here. People, especially ladies, carry things on their heads. The streets are full of carts drawn by bulls or camels. Bicycles are plentiful and what few cars there are, travel on the left side of the road. The temperature runs about 115-120 degrees. Well, I must close for now. Keep the excellent little paper coming.

Many thanks,

Dick

Ed Note: While it did not take us so long to receive your letter, it certainly takes a long time for our paper to get to you. March 24 to June 10th is about two and a half months. Yours, so far as we can remember, is the first letter to come from India. We are very much interested in what you have to say regarding that country. Maybe some time soon you will send us a longer letter telling of your experiences. Yes, the Lord permitting, we shall do our best to keep the "little paper coming." —H. J. S.

LETTER

566 AAF Base Unit
Reno Army Air Base
Reno, Nevada
June 21, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

Just a note to let you know there is a slight change in my address.

I have moved to another squadron on the same field and I am now waiting to start to a refresher course in radio and then get 30 hours flying time in and then!! Guess. A ten day delay enroute.

I am really looking forward to getting back to Stow again. I was home the last of March on an emergency furlough. My wife had a baby girl the 25th of March and I am anxious to get back to see them both.

I started this out to be just a note but it has developed into a fairly good sized letter (for me.)

I want to thank all the people of good old Stow for the C. C. News because it gives me a pretty good idea what is going on around home while I am away.

I will close for now. Hoping to see Stow soon again.

Dale

Pfc. Jos. D. Stitt
566 A.A.F. Base Uuit
Reno Army Air Base
Reno, Nevada.

Ed Note: We can appreciate your desire to get home and see the home folks. And we hope it will not be too long before all our service men and women may be home, to stay. Thanks for the correct address, and let us hear from you again.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored by Thomas and Doran with special regards to our former associates now in the service — "Butch" Arnold, Harvey Boyles, Charles "Pud" Bradley, Jimmy Dawson, George Gaylord, Clyde Gerber, Clinton "Red" Jarrett.

LETTER

22 June 1944

Mr. Stockman and Folks of Stow:

Today I received the June 9th issue of the C. C. News, which was forwarded from New York, so I thought I'd better write and change my address.

I always enjoyed the C. C. News while at home, but now I enjoy it more than ever. I particularly liked the picture of Gene Lawson and the one of Stow High, it was just like putting a little of Ohio way out here in this state of Oklahoma.

I'm out here at Oklahoma A. & M. College going to school again after so many years, but I really like it and hope that I can soon do a job to help win the war

sooner.

By the way could you send me the address of Genevieve Cross, who is in the WAC? If you could I'd greatly appreciate it.

Well as I am pressed for time I had better close for this time. Thanks again for the C. C. News.

Sincerely,
Frances Cook

Here is my new address:
Frances E. Cook, S2/c USNR.
USNTS (Y) Willard Hall
Sec. 557 Room 405 M.
Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Ed Note: Our address books are some four or five miles from here right now otherwise we'd give you Genevieve Cross' address. However she gets the paper and maybe she will send it to you herself. Speaking of pictures. How about sending us one of yourself.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored by the Ladies Bible Class.

Ed Note: The following letter was received last week and could have been included in last week's issue had we pushed things a bit. Two days after it was written the writer was reported missing in action over Germany.

LETTER

Italy
Sunday, June 11, 1944

Lt. John H. Olson,
APO 520 c/o P M,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Stockman:

On thinking back, I don't remember having written you since entering navigation school 10 months ago. In December I had a nice chat with you and the Mrs. while home on 10-day leave. And now six months later I will try to bring you up to date on my travels.

From home I reported to Boise, Idaho, and started my training on these Liberators. After a few weeks here with my new crew we moved to Nebraska to finish our training. Thence to Florida, South America, and on to Africa where we spent a month with the group smoothing up our formation a bit before entering combat. The first of May we moved to our present location in Italy and spent a couple of weeks getting settled.

Then on Friday, May 12, we climbed aboard our good ship, the "Patty Ann' and flew our first combat mission. We also received our baptism of fire over this first target. No fighters but quite a bit of fairly accurate flak. One piece came through the windshield and bounced off the pilot's flak-suit. No harm done though and everybody returned safely.

Since that date our crew has participated in 13 missions with no injuries and very little damage to the Patty Ann. These missions have taken us to France, northern Italy, Germany, Austria, Rumania, and Yugoslavia. (At least I am getting a birdseye view of a good part of this old world).

I was reading George Dike's letter in the "News" last night and he gave you a picture of this country, so I will skip that and tell you a bit about the working day of a combat crew in Italy.

You are awakened around 2 a. m. and have an hour in which to get ready, eat breakfast, and get on a truck. You are then transported to the briefing building where you first find out your target for the day. All pertinent information as to the route to and from the target the target area (defenses, etc.) and your fighter cover as well as expected opposition is given in an hour or so here. This is ended with a short prayer by the chaplain and we are off to our individual ships. Here the pilot inspects each crew member's equipment to make sure that he has everything. The lack of any part of the heated clothing might result in severe frostbite as it gets down as low as 20 below zero while we are at

high altitude. Then a missing "Mae-West" or a parachute can be a matter of life or death in case the ship becomes too badly crippled to get home.

After the inspection I climb aboard and get busy setting out my "flying book-keeper" equipment and plotting the courses and checking on the route information to make sure that all courses and distances are correct. The rest of the crew lounges around until take off time.

At the designated time everyone gets aboard, the engines are started and we are ready to go as soon as it is our turn to takeoff.

Once off you circle and move into place in the formation. Then formation complete — off to the target. Along the way you pick up your fighter escort (the most welcome sight a bomber crew ever sees) and continue on to the target. Upon making the last turn toward the target the lead bombardier takes over and from then until "bombs away" everything is concentrated on hitting the target flak or no flak—enemy fighters likewise. Our gunners plus our escort take good care of the latter, but the flak just has to be endured. It really doesn't look harmful — just black blossoms all around you —until a burst is very near and you hear chunks of steel tearing into your ship. On an ordinary target you only are in the stuff for three to five minutes, but on a Wiener-Neustadt raid a couple of weeks ago we had a solid 15 minutes of it that seemed like an eternity. That time a small aluminum casting on my astro-dome saved me frim swallowing a piece.

Once we leave the flak area our main worry is fighters until we get home. Our route keeping us away from other flak defended areas.

Soon after landing a truck picks us up and transports us back to the briefing room for interrogation by intelligence officers. After which we are hauled back to our squadron area for a belated dinner. Then our time is usually our own for a day or two until we have to fly again.

The food for the most part is excellent and this is quite the life but for those few hours over enemy territory.

I visited Bari on a three day pass this last week and hope to get to Naples ere long. While in Bari I took an interesting ride in a horse-drawn carriage of the "Gay 90's" type with red plush upholstering, folding top and all.

I will tell more about the town and natives next letter (or should I say short story).

Many, many thanks to you and your co-workers for sending me this little bit of Stow each week. May God bless your work and insure your continued success.

Sincerely,

Jack.

Ed. Note: Yours is another one of those letters where we can say that any comment of ours will be superfluous — and an anti-climax. However, we do wish to thank you for this splendid letter which we have read not once but several times. Other folks will probably do the same thing—We will be looking for that "next letter" about the towns and natives real soon. And we would appreciate all the details. Also do you have any pictures of yourself and the "Patty Ann?"

Finally—our prayer is that the Lord may direct your ways, keep you from evil and those of evil intentions, and bring you home safe and sound.

—H. J. S.

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