

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS

Vol. XII

STOW, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEB. 23, 1945

No. 8

A MAN'S PARADISE

I would like to organize a township, with old-fashioned roads and horses and buggies, and rail fences and wholesome folk. I would like to withdraw from the confusion, the fret and the worry of this present age. It is hazardous to be on the highways, someone is often tooting their horn behind you and one is obliged to conform to the signal light ahead. Then this generation has turned night into day, traffic rattles on along the arteries of travel the same at midnight as mid-day. Men and women alike go to and come from work the first or last watches of the night as methodically as the clock ticks off the hours. The whole system is merciless, I say we ought to turn the clock of time back about 140 years and all start on the new. About the time that 1800 passed into history and the new century 1900 had a beginning, Joshua Stow was marking off roads and making a final survey of the township that bears his name. In November of 1806, David Bacon, the pioneer preacher, was surveying the circle in Tallmadge and blazing the eight roads so methodically leading from the hub. Those were the days, those were the days. Taxes were something you read about, if you were fortunate enough to own a dictionary; wild geese, turkeys and pigeons were plentiful so no points were demanded on meat. You could raise your own corn and grind it in a coffee mill, knowing that all the God-given elements of food value had not been extracted from the grain, leaving a little more than the yellow color that they sell us today. I am somewhat out of step with this day and age, therefore, I propose that we club together and organize a township. Nice shade trees, quiet streams, beautiful landscape, and all that. Neighborly folk to bid you the time

of day, and a little time to talk about that unfortunate thing called civilization; but everybody with interest and goodwill for everybody else, like it used to be in the olden day. We might have a stone house or a slab house, or bake our bricks to build our houses; but in the kitchen on the back of a six lid coal or wood stove keep a two-gallon crock of buckwheat batter always stirred, and ready for the griddle. A little trickle of batter down each side of the crock being quite suggestive of the feast within. I haven't any ambition to sail around 1000 miles more or less up in the sky, neither have I ambition to dredge the bottom of the ocean, I prefer to be left alone in my new township and spend my years in happy fellowship with friends tried and true. I would want it clearly understood upon entering into this glorious venture that undesirable folk are not to move in and encroach upon my happiness. I would bar all land wizards, real estate sharks or whatever title they are known by. I would make a law that no automobiles be permitted to zip through and endanger the life of the children, trains or rapid moving vehicles of any sort should not come within 40 miles of my paradise. What's the sense of being driven like a shuttle, day in, day out and to get nowhere, only to topple over with a heart attack. In the center of this new venture I would have a church; I would put the church up on a hill not too high up, but high enough so people could see it from afar, the school could be in the valley with a great campus for the children to play upon. We would be better off without newspapers, they are full of evil and sin, and the news of the world is the story of war and bitterness among the children of men. This new township idea, a fable or a dream, maybe silly or a bit old-fashioned, however it spells happiness and somehow I feel that in the carefree days of the long ago there was happiness; a lost art of today.

--Geo. M. Hulme.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
Elm Road Stow, Ohio

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THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS

Drawer C

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BIBLE STUDY LESSON

FEB. 25

JESUS THE SON OF GOD

Golden Text: Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven. Mat. 10:32.

Jesus asked his disciples, "Whom do men say that I the Son of man am?" No one could deny that he was a very extraordinary man. Some thought he was John the Baptist, some Elijah or one of the other great prophets. Like men of our time they were quite willing to admit he was a wonderful man.

The next question was more searching, "Whom say ye that I am?" That must be answered correctly for on it hinges all hope of eternity. Peter replied, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living

God." Not just a prophet, not just a healer, not just a miracle worker, not just a perfect man, but Christ the Son of God. A humble fisherman knew this because the Holy Spirit revealed it to him for men cannot reason or persuade themselves into the knowledge that Jesus is God; the Spirit brings them into this truth when their hearts are open and ready to receive it.

Peter's confession of faith was confirmed when with James and John he was allowed to witness the transfiguration while on the mountain Jesus was transformed so that his body had a heavenly glow and his clothes became whiter than anything known to human art. With him appeared Moses and Elijah, representing the law and the prophets. This glimpse of the glory of Deity made a profound impression on Peter who later spoke boldly for Christ until he was put to death.

Faith grows with the experiences of the years, though we may not actually see any vision of heavenly light as Peter did, or Paul. Faith grows, too, with each confession made "with the mouth" that Jesus is the Son of God.

—Hazel Gillam.

LADIES BIBLE CLASS

The Ladies Bible class of Community church will hold their reg-



We have earned the commendations that have come to us. In every way, at all times, we are faithful to our trust and we are studiously capable.

THE MCGOWAN FUNERAL HOME

ular monthly business meeting Tuesday evening, Feb. 27, at the home of Mrs. Florence Davies, Hawthorne av. All ladies of the class are urged to attend.

SENTENCE SERMONS

Many a man's temptations are of his own making.

No man has ever been bitter and happy at the same time.

No man is apt to discover the truth who is unwilling to act upon the truth he knows.

No man ever improved his own work by tearing down the work of another man.

There are many ways of confessing our Lord before men besides standing up in a testimony meeting.

Some of the most beautiful flowers bloom in the deepest shade.

Behold, how great a fire a little gossip kindleth. — Christian Advocate.

MARRIED

A bride of Saturday evening, Feb. 10, is Mrs. George Buchanan, the former Miss Mary Ann Saiben of Akron, O. Her wedding to Cpl. George R. Buchanan took place in the Holy Trinity Lutheran church, Akron, at 8 p. m. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Saiben of Main st., Akron. Cpl. George R. Buchanan is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Buchanan of Stow, O.

A reception was held immediately after the ceremony at the home of the bride. The groom has been overseas and they will make their home in Detroit, Mich.

MARRIED

Miss Connie Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wilson, 52 W. Arndale rd. Stow and Richard Brust, MoMM3/c son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brust, 803 Hudson rd. were united in marriage this last Saturday afternoon at the North Hill Methodist church, Rev. Sivard officiating.

Only immediate members of the family were present. After a short honeymoon trip to Columbus, O., the groom returns to his station at Fort Schuyler, N. Y., while the bride will remain at the home of her parents.

NOTICE

On account of indisposition of the editor, much copy and advertising intended for this weeks issue is omitted.

FISH CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. John Mitscher recently sold their Akron Food Products business in Akron and having had a small building erected on their property at Fish Creek are now bottling horse radish there. The Mitscher horse-radish factory is the first factory to be erected west of the Creek since the John Stalder cheese factory burned down about 1907 or 1908. Of course it's this thriving metropolis of which Stow is a western suburb—there is another factory east of the Creek where Fred Myers manufactures cement blocks and other articles.

The Mitschers honored their neighbor, the Mayor of Fish Creek (none other than Ted Brittan I) by presenting him with the first bottle of horse radish to be bottled locally.

Ed. Note: The above item mailed to us over a month ago was found this past week by our wife in an unopened letter along with other items, addresses and other letters which must have been misplaced by the editor in an absent-minded moment.

DENTIST

DR. W. B. OCKER

Credit Extended

OV-8510 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

SPAGHT BLDG.—STOW

For Sundaes, Sodas, Ice Cream—All Dairy Products

ISALY'S *In Stow*

SUNDAY NIGHT SERVICES STOW COMMUNITY CHURCH

The Young Peoples' Stewardship Group, George Lyon Captain, will sponsor the evening service Sunday, Feb. 25th.

A special feature of the meeting will be the singing of gospel choruses.

Dr. Beck will deliver a prophetic sermon entitled "Hitlerism Must Loose."

These evening services, held at Community Church, are for both young and old. You are invited to attend. Come at 7:30 P. M. and enjoy a profitable hour.

SCHOOL NOTES

The success of the Stow P.T.A. carnival was the result of ready cooperation, generous donations and loyal support of parents and friends of our community. We are proud to say you have added \$884.40 to our treasury. Our project committee including our school principals are studying plans by which our school can best benefit by the money. To each and every one who donated services, time, food or money, we extend our sincere thanks.

Mrs. Wm. McClaren,
P.T.A. President,
Mrs. Ford Grubb,
Mrs. Joseph Sauer,
Activity Committee.

Last Monday, Feb. 12, the Stow Girl Reserves traveled to the Y.W. and returned with the score of 19-8 in their favor. The opposing team was from Garfield. Also on Wednesday they won a victory over North Canton, 24-20.

Last Friday was a big day for Stow high as they defeated Springfield 34-31. Stow was ahead at the quarters. As the score was very close at the last of the game, there was really some fast playing.

Next Friday Stow will play the Norton, and if we beat them we will be the champions of the Metropolitan League.

After the Springfield game the dance band played until 11 o'clock.

On March 2, the Sub-Debs and Debbies are sponsoring their annual formal, the "CHERRY BALL." It will be semi-formal and the tickets will be \$1.23. There will also be an orchestra.

In order to raise money for an electric score board, the Booster club is selling programs at the games. It will cost between \$150 and \$200.

Last Friday during an assembly held at 3 o'clock, members of the Thespians Troup No. 155 gave a series of short skits. The names of these were "The Lesson," "The Solicitors," "The Girl Friend," "Friend Wife," "The Blankville Bus."

Recently a few junior high girls

volunteered to be Sitters." Tel. OV-8754, Nat. 3481, Kate M. Virginia Gless.

PEO

Frank J. Sawyer reported home one week.

Carl Lantz was last week-end in chant marine.

One birthday celebration for the "Billy" Beck.

"Jerry" Gray and H. Gray in town last week.

It is reported Stein recently was wounded on the

FOR SALE and few other 26, 177 Main (Adv).

Mrs. B. B. the River Road on Thursday

WANTED: one day or two (Call OV-3392)

Mr. Belknap have been killed in Ravenna.

FOR SALE dell Upright (Adv).

Ralph Haas the last week taking special in Philadelphia, Pa.

Garden Plot Good Work. Tel. OV-8904

It is reported that he has the reason for his last Sunday.

FOR SALE and Jonathan (Tel. OV-8904)

Mr. and Mrs.

EAST
For the
STOW
SO

H. C. HAYES
Welding and Blacksmith Shop

Farm Implements repairs a specialty

Corner Hile and Graham Rds.
Call OV-3207

Services as "Baptism": Marcy Holt, Lou Nellis, OV-8426 and OV-8209.

NALS

an, QM 3/c was on furlough last

at home over the weekend is in the merchant

celebrated at Birthday, that of

presumably George was reported to be on furlough.

that Sgt. Don received a shrapnel

in his living room suite. Call Feb. 10, av. OV-8737

heard entertained at her home is week.

man for cleaning 4 days per week. (Adv.)

brother is said to be in action in Belgium. His home was in

the Marshall-Wentworth. Call OV-8761

was home over the weekend. He has been working in Philadelphia

and Fitting — Griggy, Ritchie (Adv.)

that Cecil Rearps which is the distance from church

Golden Delicious apples. B. B. Mineville. (Adv.)

Henry Harruff are

leaving this Saturday for Washington, D. C. and Maryland to visit the Camp family and relatives. They will be away one week.

FOR SALE: Frigidaire Electric Stove, also 11x15 Wilton Rug. Inquire 120 Franklin rd. or call OV-8763 (Adv.)

"Bud" Monteith, HA 2/c of Sampson, N. Y., was home last Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning. With him as his guest was a friend, C. C. Crandall, HA 2/c.

WANTED: We have four children under 5 years of age and no washing machine. Has anyone a washing machine they would like to sell? Call OV-3392 (Adv.)

Eddie Beil of Tip-Top Hamburger fame relates that when a small boy he used to occasionally visit his grandmother who served tea at 8 o'clock in the morning, 10, 12, 3, 6 and 9. It's not hard to guess of what country his grandmother was a native.

FOR SALE: Thirty-inch fireplace damper, never used, \$5. Sittler 291 Lillian rd. Stow. Tel. OV-8410 (Adv.)

Robert "Oscar" Dawson passed his exam. to enter the army last Saturday. Like several others, Uncle Sam is now selecting, "Oscar" is married and will leave a wife and three babies. He will be the sixth Dawson to enter the service. Other members of the family now in Uncle Sam's armed forces are "Bumps," Donald, Jimmy, Ray and Clara.

FOR SALE: Extracted Honey—Any amount, 20c lb. Call WA 8191 (Adv.)

After living in Stow for 18 years at their home on Marhofer av. Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Watson move March 1 to Sabina, O., where Mr. Watson is opening up a new machine shop. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Sandercox have purchased the Watson home.

FORCED TO SELL ON ACCOUNT OF ACCIDENT

Tractor and double plow, mowing machine, rake, cultivator, one, two-horse plow, spike harrow, 6-year-old mare (ride or work), hand picked apples \$2 bushel. S. P. Farmer, 40 Kline av. Stow, O. (Adv.)

A baby girl Judy Darelene, was born Jan. 2 to Corp. and Mrs.

Herbert D. Clem. Mrs. Clem is the former Helen Mault and is living with her parents at 484 E. Graham rd. Corp. Clem is now overseas in an army Ordinance Maintenance Bn. APO 444.

The regular monthly meeting of Hazel Gillam's Bible class was held last Saturday night at the home of Guy and Martha Cole, W. Arndale rd., with Elma Snyder and Ruth Vogel assisting as co-hostesses. The class were pleased to have as their guests Mrs. Weyrick, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Monteith and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stockman. Several members not present were missed and we hope they will attend the meeting next month.

FOR SALE: One overstuffed chair, one occasional table, garden cultivator, heating stove, portable oven. Call WA-8805 (Adv.)

On Wednesday afternoon of last week the Editor of this sheet was "caught off balance" by Well Driller Rus Anderson who extended an invitation to attend the dinner that evening of the Stow Business Men's association. We accepted. The meal was very good and the speaker, the new Jewish Rabbi of Akron, was a master of words and ideas the like of which we have seldom heard expressed in a public address. We will let Joe Mitten tell you about that however. As a decided anticlimax this editor was "caught off balance" again by this same Well Driller Anderson, who being president of the Association, requested that "we" make a few remarks. Since public speaking is not our habit, this little incident might well have been the first of a series of direful events that completely upset our digestive apparatus and caused an extra low mark in our state of health over this last week-end. Other than the few seconds spent in public speaking our "night out" was a most enjoyable occasion.

Mrs. A. B. Babbitt, 130 Hudson rd. Stow — Antiques — Will buy old china, glassware, jewelry, dolls, etc. Telephone OV-8837.

Mrs. Mullinax, neighbor of Mrs. C. E. Scott, who hadn't heard from her son, Alden, in more than seven months, received a call from him in Seattle recently. Then, a

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Whole Family
TO \$1.00
RE

few days later, Feb. 13, he arrived in Stow for a visit. He has been in five major battles in the South Pacific. In fact he has been in most of the hard fighting in the Pacific war section. Alden is a sailor on the U.S.S. Alabama.

LETTER

Feb. 9, 1945,
Western Pacific.

Dear Mr. Stockman,

I received my third issue of the C. C. News today and would like to thank you and the people of Stow who make it possible for us to receive this fine paper. The paper was dated Friday, Dec. 8, '44.

It certainly was a boost to see some pictures of Stow and the people of Stow. I saw a letter from Phil Teagle in the paper. I've often wondered where Phil was and how he's doing. He surely is doing O.K., a corporal; in this outfit they forget about giving you rates. Maybe we'll get some rates sometime, but so far none of us have received rates. One thing Phil, don't wish for that E.P.O. too hard. There is a lot you miss when you get out here! If you ever find time Phil, how about writing?

Mr. Stockman, one of my buddies received a Coronet for January, 1945. If you ever get a chance read the first story in that magazine. That's about right.

I was released from the hospital on Jan. 21, 1945. I had just arrived at my tent and was arranging my gear when I glanced up, there in the doorway stood a fellow resembling Jack Poulton. I thought it couldn't be Jack, but he said, "Bill," and I jumped across the tent. I guess you can imagine how happy I was. Out here on a small island and to meet a fellow from Stow. We talked all afternoon. Jack said, "Ida was taking nurses training in Akron." I just wanted to say if Ida sees this, Jack looks fine. He is big and this climate must agree with him. I surely hope I see him again before we push on.

I better close now and again I wish to thank everyone for such a fine paper. Say, will you send me Bob Calhoun's address?

Sincerely,

Pvt. William (Bill) R. Hites

USMCR (censored) c/o FPO
San Francisco, Cal.

Ed. Note: Glad to hear that you are out of the hospital and that you could meet Jack Poulton. His wife receives the paper so she should read your comments. Will try and send you Bob Calhoun's address. Write again and good luck.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored In Honor
Of Our Servicemen and Women By
The Folks From Fish Creek and
Marsh Rds.

LETTER

Friday, Jan. 12, 1945.

Dear Mr. Stockman,

Socially, the army, from this point forward, will no doubt be held in definite esteem by even the elegant Post herself. Trumpets blow and bells ring for the big occasion. Because a select group of bearded social butterflies ate from honest-to-goodness places on a somewhat antique table. The effects of a few shells on a table lend the same effect as gentile aging under less violent conditions. So we close our more critical eye and send it to the columns that G. I. Incorporated dined on wedgewood from crystal china. I hope I don't have wedgewood mixed up with the bed company. I know I have crystal china mixed up with what we ate off of. (My, how a sentence will end!) But our dishes were glass at any rate.

And the reason for our elevation is solely dependent on the situation we find ourself in as far as the war goes.

We are lodged in a town and being minus population we are staying in houses for the time being.

Hence when this soldier's crow calls for food, there is no thought of opening a can and mess kit. Perish the thought. I just walk down the hall, missing the places where the floor isn't and take the door from in front of the kitchen doorsill. There it is! dinner for the group.

Rations came in and so we have hamburg done in the manner of Napoleonic cooks. At any rate, it took our somewhat reluctant cook long enough to cook it; I feel that

Napoleon had ample chance to prepare it himself.

The peas were not rations, but the product of French culinary art. We found them in the cellar along with a can of cherries. The cherries weren't pitted however, so we are leaving a note to that effect just in case we happen through again.

Our fore-mentioned cook was thoughtful enough to slice our bread ration although as he said, "You can't cut it very straight with a trench knife." We got around that difficulty by starting a new French style of bread on the bias. That is somewhat similar to this "watch on the rind" you hear about although not half so lucrative! (And Private Chipps crawls away).

We were greeted somewhat disconcertingly where we sat down this noon. It seems that there is a war on and the chef smiled and said, 'Come on and eat, guys. before they blow the kitchen up.' Makes the meal more appetizing, somehow. Yes, indeed, these Nazis sure do bring the house down when they throw a mortar party.

One inconvenience that we had a hard time overcoming was no washing machine. Every time we dirtied a table cloth or napkins we had to wash them. That is until we discovered a linen closet among the debris of a not-too-distant place. There doesn't seem to be any end to the supply but the laundry men are just as unpunctual here as at home, so before long I'll have to look for another closet. Oh, the problems of war-time housekeeping!

By the way, excuse me, while I get off the wood-pile. My buddy here insists that it is either me or the wood because the room is getting cold.

There now. Although our small stove spilled coals all over me and probably won't give out enough heat to pay for the exertion, I am content for now. Just knowing that my mode of cuisine has been so raised gives me an inner glow.

And when you gotta glow, you gotta glow.

Yo ur fox-hole epicurian,

Lloyd Chipps.

P. S. Mr. Stockman, war is everything Sherman said it was,

but if they get me, they'll get me laughing. The news sheets tell you what we go through as a whole, but we can find some joy and laughs in anything. After all, we're Americans.

V-MAIL

From Lloyd F. Chipps
(censored) APO 17827 c/o P M
New York, N. Y.
Sunday, Jan. 23, 1945.

Dear Mr. Stockman,

I don't know what these people put in bottles, but anyway the one we found has a snazzy label and burns like gasoline. Hence, a light to write by. That is I could write if there were room. This cellar is about a girdle's breadth of a wasp waist dress. And with these characters with me everything is cozy as all outdoors. The town we're in is just a heap of rubble with animals straying about aimlessly. The other part of this cellar is occupied by a few remaining civilians who seem not to have ever heard of sleep. They gabble madly for a while, then they sing like something from a Bette Davis movie for a while. The baby takes up at night and rounds everything out nicely. I'm sending to Sears Roebuck for a complete set of war nerves. I haven't received but one C. C. News since my European tour started, but I sure am looking forward to the next one. Home news is home news whether its ancient history or not. I hope this anemic substitute for a letter will suffice for now.

The downstairs maid,

Lloyd Chipps.

Ed. Note: We certainly appreciate your letters and hope the situations never become so difficult but that you can somehow write them. This letter written the 23rd came to hand the mid-part of last week, while yours of the 12th of January came yesterday (2-19-45). We wonder at your APO number and if that has anything to do with not receiving your paper. Or possibly you are moving about so that it is hard for the mail to catch up. Good luck and may the Lord be with you.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored by Mr. Henry Marhofer.

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