THE MORNING HOUR

Morning—that is it, that early light at the break of day, the dew drops like tiny gems, the first chirping of the birds, the passing of the right, the opportunity of a new day. Sleep, weariness, cares all be-gone, lost in the darkness and slumber of the right, and now the day dawns, a new day, the freshness of the early hours.

Morning, God given, studded with jewels called minutes and hours. O, how wonderful is the morning. You, who getteth not up at the break of day while the grey of early dawn still lingers on the hills, you know not what you miss.

Morning, the Aurora, the Goddess of Dawn. Morning, with its northern lights and morning star. How lovely is the morning, that hour before the rumble of traffic, before toil and strife have clashed. Morning, the beginning of another day.

Morning reminds one of childhood and promise, it is something akin to pardon and hope. it is likened unto a new lease, it is as one opened a door, and, lo, before him was a wonderland, for no fairyland could be more bewitching than the morning hour.

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.
O, the matchless charm of a Spring morning, fresh, fragrant, buds, flowers, a new carpet, called grass, on the earth, the lowering of the stock, and the promise written everywhere of seed time and harvest, God's care for all his creatures.

This followed in quick succession by the Summer's morning with its sacred hush, its garden, its waking herds that have slept in the fields, the untouched tasks of man that await the hour of work, that cool, refreshing morning dawn like the draught of sparkling water on the breath of pure air.

Then, what is comparable to that early morning hour when the day breaks over the fields of ripening grain, food for all. Providence has not failed, it's the dew and fog, for it is Autumn, and the orchards give unstintingly of fruit and reward to the toiler for it's the season after Summer's heat and before Winter's cold. It's the morning hour, the sky is streaked with a coming light, it is the charm of the morning hour.

Come, look again, the light is the light of snow for it is Winter, and it is the morning hour. God Almighty's whiteness has spread a blanket of great beauty over hills and fields alike. Its greatest glow is in the early dawn, when all is still, before foot or wheel has marred the trackless snow.

Morning, that time when darkness flees and shadows pass away. Morning, when the mind is clear and uncluttered with cares that infest the day. Morning, that hour of confidence when one feels strong. Morning, that pure and heavenly hour unsullied
THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
GEORGE M. HULME..................Minister
859 Ardmore Ave., Akron—UN-1685

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS
Drawer C

by the strife of the day.

One might grow weary, be burdened with discouragement, feel the task of life too heavy, but a breath of the morning, the freshness as of a new creation, one can take heart again. What healing, what strength, what joy comes with the morning.

It was in the morning hour when the Master walked on the sea and spoke comfort to the fearful. It's that early ray of light that brings hope to the sick. It was the early morning hour that the Angels sat on the stone beside the tomb and said, He is risen. And it was early morn with the mist along the sea that the Disciples saw a fire and were invited to dine with their Lord. It was early morn-

ing when the Great Teacher found them, weary and discour-aged an2 He bade them cast the net on the other side.

There is something inexplicably fine about the early morn-

ing hour. It is the announce-

ment of another chance, the di-

vine grant of another day.

Geo M. Hulme

BIBLE STUDY LESSON
January 11

THE INFANCY AND BOYHOOD
OF JESUS

In a hollow of the eastern hills was a little town with flat roofs and narrow streets. Here lived a Hebrew girl, probably poor, but with a noble, highly spiritual character.

To her was entrusted the motherhood of the boy Jesus, and in this country town he lived for nearly thirty years.

We know little about the early life of Jesus. In this lesson we find Mary fulfilling the law of the Lord by presenting herself

ENLIGHTENMENT comes with progress. Our complete equipment and experience make possible the refinements and humanities that mark our Serv-

ice of Sincerity.

The McGowan Funeral Home
and baby at the temple.
At this particular time a devout man called Simeon also went to the temple and on seeing the holy family, immediately—through the Holy Spirit—recognized the child as the long-awaited Christ.

The words of Simeon as he took Jesus in his arms have long been an evening hymn of Christians, teaching simple faith, grateful acceptance of salvation, and peace in Him at departure from this present life:

LORD, NOW LETTEST THOU THY SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE, ACCORDING TO THY WORD.
FOR MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THY SALVATION, WHICH THOU HAS PREPARED BEFORE THE FACE OF ALL PEOPLE;
A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES, AND THE GLORY OF THY PEOPLE ISRAEL.

Hazel Gillam

MEN'S BIBLE CLASS MEETING
This coming Sunday evening at 6:30 P. M. the men have invited the Ladies Class, Mrs. Gillam's class and all teachers and officers of the Bible School to meet with them. A lunch of sandwiches and coffee will be served after which if plans carry an inspirational program will be presented.

NOTICE
Hazel Gillam's Bible Class will hold a regular business meeting at 8:00 P. M. Saturday, January 10, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Camp, Thorndale st. The new officers will take charge. A good attendance is desired.

DEATH

John J. Lorenson, age 67, of Munroe Falls passed away last Saturday. Funeral services were held on Monday at the Weller Funeral Home, Rev. Arthur W. Deutsch officiating. Burial was in Tallmadge. He leaves his wife Ida, daughters Mrs. J. K. Bower of Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Mabel Flitcraft of Milton Dam, also two brothers and one sister in Wisconsin.

REV. E. L. ROBERTS PASSES

Funeral services for Rev. E. Lloyd Roberts, formerly a pastor of Stow Community Church were held Thursday, January 1st at Gomer, Ohio, his former home where he died Monday, December 29th.

Rev. Mr. Roberts was pastor at Stow from 1924 to 1927. On leaving Stow he entered Y. M. C. A. work in Akron and from 1932 to 1938 he was pastor of the Tallmadge Congregational church.

After leaving Tallmadge Rev. Roberts was pastor of the First Congregational Church at Piqua. He suffered a stroke eighteen months ago but retained his title as pastor until his death.

He leaves his widow, Myrtle, and a daughter, Mrs. Herbert Heneman of St. Paul, Minn.
DEATH

Funeral services for Mrs. Katie T. Statts, whose death occurred Wednesday, December 31st were conducted by Rev. Geo. M. Hulme last Sunday afternoon at the Weller Funeral Home in Cuyahoga Falls. Burial was in the Darrowville cemetery.

Mrs. Statts had been a resident of Stow Township for thirty three years. She was characterized by her children as "a good mother" who sacrificed much for them. A member of Stow Community Church she had attended morning services just ten days before her death. Also a member of the Metz Missionary Society, the Darrow Street Grange and the Darrowville Cemetery Association she leaves a host of friends who mourn her passing.

Children who survive are Mrs. Alberta Phelps of Houston, Texas, Albert Statts of Hudson, Mrs. Bertha Hissem of Meadowbrook, Mrs. Leona Ritchie of Cuyahoga Falls and Mrs. Delila Morris of Lakewood, Ohio.

UNITE WITH CHURCH

Mrs. Ellis Schroeder and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Camp with sons Theodore and Richard united with the church last Sunday morning on confession of faith. We are pleased to welcome these people into Christian fellowship and pray that they may always find opportunity for spiritual growth and Christian service in Stow Community Church.

Mrs. Schroeder resides on Baumberger Road and the Camps live on Thorndale. Mr. Camp is an employee of the Ohio Bell Telephone Co.

MARRIED

Mr. and Mrs. William Lawrentz of Diagonal Road, Stow, announce the marriage of their daughter Marjorie to Mr. Jack Boyd of Cuyahoga Falls. The wedding took place on New Year's eve at St. John's church. The young folks are now living at 712 Tallmadge ave., Cuyahoga Falls. Mr. Boyd is a chemist at Firestone.

SCOUT MOTHERS MEETING

Scout Mothers Troop 167 will hold their regular monthly meeting Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 2:00 p.m. in the Scout hall at the Community Center.

FRESH EGGS

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MUNROE FALLS, O.
P-T-A
The Parent Teachers Association will hold a meeting Tuesday, January thirteenth, one thirty P. M. in the Stow grade school building. Mr. Carl Coffeen, Superintendent of Summit County Schools will be the speaker. Music will be furnished by the fifth and sixth grade pupils. There will be a prize for the room having the highest percentage of parents attending.

HORTICULTURISTS TO MEET
Will Lodge, secretary for the Summit County Horticulture Society for the past twenty-three years announces that their next meeting will be held at the Summit County Home Wednesday, January 14th. A basket lunch will be held at noon. Following a social hour reports are usually made by each of the standing committees for the following respective divisions of horticulture: orchards, vineyards, small fruits, ornamental, planting, entomology, ornithology, botany and forestry. A war picture, a talkie summing up all war activities for the year 1941 will be shown. Mr. Lodge states that three hundred Summit County families comprise the membership of this society and next month will be the society's sixtieth anniversary.

BAKE SALE
Sccut Mother Troop 167 will hold a Bake Sale at P-T-A meeting Tuesday, Jan. 13th, at grade school building.

MISSIONARY GUILD
The Missionary Guild of the Stow Church of Christ will meet at the home of Mrs. Chas. E. Perrine, 160 Edgewood Drive on Monday, January 12 at 7:45 P. M. The title of the theme given by Mrs. Carl M. Arnold will be “Christians of the World Unite in Penitence.”

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A FULL MOON AND SNOW

Outside the house this winter night
The moon is big and round and white,
And when I walk upon the ground
The snow gives back a scrunchy sound.

This shows it's mighty cold outside.
How much I'd like to take a ride,
My own best lady by my side.
A spanning filly hooked up single
to rrrke t—3 silver sleigh bells
wh hake and nose are all gle.
No need to urge our willing steed
To any further burst of speed
But roadside snowdrifts we must heed.
This cutter's just the thing tonight;
It suits the snow and full moon-light.
It whisks us off across the snow,
But whither who but us may know?
A taffy pulling or perchance
A party or a gay square dance.
What matter it just where we go
When nights are full of moon and snow?

JOE A. MITTEN

PERSONALS

Again Mrs. Davis' class win the banner.
Mrs. Catherine Huff is visiting relatives in Painesville, Ohio.
Mrs. Ralph Nichols was unable to attend church last Sunday on account of illness.
One birthday celebrated at Bible School last Sunday, that of Mrs. Roy Lockwood.
Valentines—priced at a penny and up, can now be purchased at Holt's Drug Store. (adv.)
88 of Stow spent the last Saturday in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stout of South, Ohio, for victims of the Robert Stout of South, Ohio, for victims of the Robert Stout of South, Ohio, for victims of the Robert Stout of South, Ohio, for victims of

ledgewood. (Adv.)

Marchand and Mrs. L. C. H. Stein last Mon-

day in the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Stein.

(Adv.)

on or Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mitten, 142 Thorndale, Stow. OV-8725.

For Sale: Baled straw. Inquire of Bob Bienz, Hudson drive, opposite Meadow Brook Lake, west of Darrowville. (Adv.)

FISH CREEK

Mr. and Mrs. Werner Stalder of Chagrin Falls, a former Fish Creek boy with his wife called on old neighbors last Saturday.

Werner came to get the signatures necessary to get a birth certificate when a birth has not been recorded at the court house. The certificate being required at his job in Cleveland. He lived with his sister Emma and their parents Mr. and Mrs. John Stalder who owned and operated the Fish Creek factory just west of the creek. The Stalders went to Fullerton, Ohio, about 1905 when Werner was ten years old. He has lost both parents and paternal grandparents who made their home with the Stalders. Inquiries about his sister brought the information that Emma lives in Cleveland with her son, having lost her husband just a year ago when he was stricken by infantile paralysis. He says they have kept partially posted about Stow's progress and the changes.

Lumber—Yellow Pine 2x4's $50 per M Bd. ft; 2x6's and 2x81/2, $52.50 per M Bd. ft. Southern White Pine 6 In. T and $50 per M. Poplar No. 1 drop siding, $55 per M Bd. ft. We are sawing chestnut and other hardwoods and will have on hand our usual sizes within a few days. Dry poplar, maple and black-walnut always on hand.

For Sale: Baled straw. Inquire of Bob Bienz, Hudson drive, opposite Meadow Brook Lake, west of Darrowville. (Adv.)

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Stow, Ohio

OV-8717
at Fish Creek through their cousins Peter, Ida and Fred Fahrny, but they enjoyed hearing more about his former schoolmates and old neighbors.

For the benefit of newcomers it is reported that the cheese factory and the Stalder home beside it burned about 1907. It stood where Marvin Atkins built the shingled semi-bungalow now occupied by the Neumans.

A CORRECTION
Large, Anderson and Mineard had planned to hunt in Noble County on Monday and Tuesday of last week. So early on Monday morning Big and Little Large and Anderson but without Mineard (he had to work) started out for the hills. We got as far as Greensburg by constantly cleaning off the windshield with a razor blade and since the roads were very icy and we saw a few minor accidents along the way which made us think and wonder about the hills and curves in the southern part of the state, much to Phillip's disgust, we pulled into an all night gas station and at day break turned back toward home where we finally arrived safe and sound but without any game.

On Tuesday Phillip and I went hunting with Joe Mitten down in Holmes County on the old Mitten farm. This is my fourth or fifth trip to this hunter's paradise and I think the rabbits get thicker and bigger each succeeding year. Sufficient to say we got the limit.

Wednesday I had to work but Thursday Mitten and I went back over the same ground, Mr. Mitten getting a rabbit, his neigh-
bor also getting a rabbit and I—
got wet. This being the last day
of the hunting season, for the
next 300 days or so I will have
to do some of the things Mrs.
Large for some time has been
wanting done around the house.

"Bill" Large

NO TIRES—NO RIDE

The complaining is getting worse
about tires every day and recent-
ly they've begun to worry over
batteries and gas. Some of my
friends seem to think that life
would hardly be worth the effort
if they couldn't jump into their
cars at the least excuse and race
away the two blocks to the
grocery or the post office. Now
I'm wondering whether some of
these people aren't starting to
squawk before they are hurt. It
seems as though a whole host of
benefits might come from a cur-
tailment of the use of our auto-
mobiles.

It is common knowledge that
most of us don't get enough exer-
cise of our large body muscles and
this is especially true among
business and professional men, of
whom Stow has her share. We are
told that physical exercise is a
powerful antidote for the condi-
tion called hypertension which at-
tacks such men at or past middle
age and causes more deaths in
their class than tuberculosis or
cancer. Many of our men would
willingly take this needed exercise
out in walking in the open air if
they were not afraid of appearing
ridiculous or indigent or anxious
for a free ride to the next town.
Now they will be able to take
their morning conditional without
fear of having sympathetic gentle-
men stop to give them a lift or
the village dogs follow yipping at
their heels as if they were common

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hobos. Now I can walk undisturbed to the post office or the Five and Ten without arousing the suspicion that the finance company has at last lost patience with me and driven the old bus off to storage. Now Bonny and Sandy can trot along ahead of me to the hardware as they have always longed to do.

Not only will it be popular to walk more, as we never should have stopped doing, but saddle horses should again become useful as well as fashionable. How it would recall old times to Jack Chapman or Porter Ritchie to see a long string of saddle horses tied up in front of Isaly's while their riders regaled themselves inside or brought the family groceries from Eddie Ruggles or Joe Fisher. Maybe we'll have to install a long hitching rack behind the Spaght Block to take care of the steeds. Perhaps I could even sell some of my chestnut for posts and hitching rails with our government needing all the steel for tanks and cannons.

No, let's not pity ourselves too much; self-pity isn't becoming. While we are having to conserve rubber we might just as well get some fun out of it. We may even be able to turn it into profit. If it comes to the worst, Jack's garage is admirably located near the shopping district and Baughman's Feed Store for use as a livery stable. Better be looking up some saddles, bridles, stalls and nags, Jack. I'll take a big bay pacer for mine. What'll you have?

JOE A. MITTEN

PURELY PERSONAL PIFFLE

Off on a forty-eight hour camping trip on January second with girl scouts Mrs. H. J. Stockman, convalescing (?) from a siege of the flu the week before chose to take along with a car load (or less) of other items, two pair of heavy wool socks. These socks are built somewhat after the style and size of socks which the Northwoods lumber-jacks wear, big, heavy and warm, only we are not certain that it is customary to wear two pair at the same time. However the weather taking a sudden turn for the worse,—much colder,—(that was the night some thought it too stormy to hold a church business meeting), when they arrived at camp it was decided that two pairs of these woolies would be none too many. But an
unforeseen difficulty arose—Ladies shoes—even those kind which are worn at camp are limited to the usual dimensions of the wearer’s foot and two pair of heavy sox, well! that is just too much. What should be done? Providence is most generally kind—and in this case providence came along in the person of Willard Davis our new Bible School Supt. (His daughter was also at camp). He had some boots. Would they fit? They did fit, and then some. So the problem was solved. Two pairs of wool sox, one pair of men's boots and was well, even if a little awkward. One more thing though. How did Mr. Davis get home? We are not informed whether he drove his car back to Stow in his stocking feet or whether he sat on them in the back seat and let Mrs. Davis drive.

Now one good (?) story deserves another. Since the editor's wife was the victim in the proceeding paragraph, the editor's wife's husband should be next.

For some months past cars have not been discussed in this paper. But the time is now at hand when they are receiving considerable attention. In fact from the President of the United States on down to the president of Marhofer Chevrolet in Stow the motor car is coming in for consideration of one sort or another. Some like H. J. Stockman Ed. of the C. C. News wonder if we are not now on the brink of another dark age in the world’s history. An age when one by one the American citizens will be forced to walk. And what a tragedy that will be!

An old Plymouth of 1935 vintage. That's our car. Having ambled thirty-two thousand odd miles in the last year and a half and goodness knows how far in the years of its youth, no one can especially blame the poor old thing for refusing to perambulate on a cold, cold morning like last Tuesday. But with a little warm weather it runs like a top. So—why not make a little artificial

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THE COMMUNITY CHURCH NEWS

warm weather. One of our old  
Plymouths used to start on a cold  
morning if we'd place a shallow  
dish of burning oil under the  
pan. And once, Mr. Burl Cox, we  
remember, related his car moved  
along very nicely after a nice  
warm newspaper fire. And so that  
is what we try. Newspapers scat-  
tered all around the garage any-  
way. And one by one, no damage  
should be done. But what's that  
snapping and sputtering so? Bet-  
ter lift up the hood and see. Snick-  
ering sailboats! The distributor  
wires are ablaze. Fortunately  
after some genuine confusion,  
snow was thrown over the burn-  
ing rubber and the fire was ex-  
tinguished. Here is another job for  
Marhofer Chevrolet. However  
Marhofer was too busy looking af-  
after other people's cars to come  
right away. It seems that it is  
almost necessary to have a priority  
number issued and signed by  
President Roosevelt before you can  
get a car fixed, especially on a  
cold, cold morning when three or  
four dozen other old jallop's are  
calling out for a push, a pull, or  
a shove. So walk we must. Now it  
as good a time as any to start  
walking. Wife bundles us up like  
a two year old. Ear muffs and also  
her heavy red wool muffler. Re-  
minds us of the time about forty  
years ago when as a small boy in  
Iowa our own mother bundled her  
little cherub up in a monkey skin  
coat with high neck piece and a  
muff for a sleigh ride. We start  
walking, warm enough except for  
mid section of posterior appendag-  
es. Wonder how the school girls  
can stand it with bare knees and  
rubber boots. Stop in at Fursts to  
get warm. Out, and walking again on 91. Big new cars whiz by  
—No rubber conservation here.  
But out in front of Burl Cox's  
place or thereabouts, an elderly  
coupe with young man pulls up.  
Tells us he is Virgil Lambert of  
Darrowville. Works at First Cen- 
tral Trust Co., Akron. Is late due  
to some difficulty in starting car.  
Explains what a good engine he  
has. It seems Marhofer overhauled  
it some time ago. Has had no mo-  
tor trouble since. On the twenty-  
sixth of this month or there  
abouts he leaves for the army.  
Stops in Falls while we leave cus-  
tomary copy for this paper at  
printers. On to Akron. Find out he  
belongs to the Nazarene church.  
Part company at Broad street  
where a new trolley bus picks up  
one passenger and delivers one  
employee, one hour late at Good-  
year. After one day's work ride  
home with C. H. Monteith. Visit  
advertisers. Mr. Casto of Stow  
5c to $1.00 Store brings us home  
in a 1942 Plymouth. Decide that  
walking is not so bad especially  
when one gets such interesting  
people to ride with. But what  
would we do if there was no one  
with whom to ride. Walk.  

H. J. S.

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