MEMOIRE OF CHRISTMAS

Christmas when I was a boy came on the twenty-fifth of December as it always does, but Christmas was different. Snow, sledding and skating was a dependable arrangement of the weather man. We weren't annoyed then by such as automobiles; sleds and sleighs aplenty, but in the town people walked. Walking was the order of the day and a pleasure of the night. Some good folk of our church had a good three miles to come but they seldom rode, walking in groups was wonderful, it took longer to reach home and there was more time for talk and courting. The Methodist Church was an old brick building, but when the chandeliers were all lit, it was a cozy place. The Christmas tree was big and bushy and studded with candles. Plenty of presents were piled at the foot of the tree, many of them ridiculous, to cause a laugh. The Sunday school treat and entertainment was always on Christmas Eve, a chimney of wood blocks painted red was arranged on the platform back of the tree and down this chimney with a great pack of toys, Kriss Kringle would come stumbling. This brought forth a shout and much clapping of hands. The entertainment was always good, the little people had parts, singing and speaking. But Christmas singing by the adults was also in evidence, and a reader of outstanding ability was invariably a part of the program. I remember a maid by the name of Wilson, a woman probably in her forties, she was a member of the church. Well Miss Wilson was a scream, she delighted both old and young. It may be youthful fancy but it seems as though none could recite "The Night Before Christmas" or "Little Jack Horner", as Ella Wilson could. All received a treat, a box of candy, an orange and a popcorn ball. What a treat that was. One went home to thank God they were so well blessed and to lie down to peaceful dreams. Our Sunday school teacher, a good man by the name of Garman, taught us boys to contribute as we could, he adding liberally to the sum, and something useful was bought and given to some poor family. I remember one Christmas the present was a half dozen kitchen chairs. We all filed along, our teacher leading, we stacked the chairs carefully against the door; one of the boys was told to knock loud and hard and as the door was opened from within the chairs tumbled into the room and we all ran away. When our teacher prayed the next Sunday before the class, as was his custom before teaching the lesson, there was a little break in his voice and he wiped with his kerchief a drop of moisture from his cheek. Such pranks as the one with the chairs are cherished memories that one loves to recall. I think I had fifty cents in on that deal, it seemed plenty in that day for a poor boy going to school, but I never invested fifty cents that comes up before me after many years with such pure satisfaction. The minister's only part in the program was to offer prayer, then during an intermission to shake hands with all elderly folk and not to
miss one. The Superintendent invited everyone to come to Sunday school, wished us a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and we were all off for home. The little people of that Sunday school, at least most of them, have grown up and are scattered the world over, the middle-aged and elderly folk are probably all gone, gone to their eternal home. New life has evidently sprung up even as the violets and birds come anew in the spring time. It was ever thus and perhaps it may continue for countless ages. So my good people see to it that the warmth and cheer and love and goodwill and dear memoirs of Christmas shall never perish from the earth.

Geo. M. Hulme

BIBLE STUDY LESSON
December 27
DYNAMIC CHRISTIAN LIVING

Golden Text—Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good. Romans 12:21.

They who call themselves Christian imply that they have within them the Spirit of God and are saved from the power of sin. Such claims are substantiated by the kind of life we live and the kind of life we live is motivated by the thoughts we allow to germinate in our souls. Paul gives in the twelfth chapter of Romans an outline of what should be expected of a true Christian.

1. His Inner Life. He is to present his body a living sacrifice—not necessarily to die, but constantly to yield his entire body to whatever service God wills. If in short sighted perspective this may seem much to ask, we forget that God is a loving father whose will is for our best interest and by failure to cooperate we work against our own good and bring about much of our suffering and sorrow.

2. His Life Among Other Believers. A Christian is to be sincere in his living, not "put on a front" for appearances. He is to avoid evil and hold tight to good. He is to show respect and consideration to others without thought of gain. He is to be an industrious servant of Christ. He is to be joyful, patient and prayerful. He is to be hospitable to God's servants. He is to share the joys and sorrows of others. He is to be tolerant and humble.

3. His Life in the World of Men. He is to be honest and consistent. He is to be peaceable. He is to leave vengeance to God who will see that justice is done perfectly. He is to be kind to his enemies. He is to fill his heart with things fine and good so that there is no room for evil to get a foothold.

Hazel Gillam

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. Matt. 2:2.

The wise men or Magi, from far off Persia, men who occupied high positions in the state, learned they were, men who were students of astronomy and astrology. These men evidently were seekers after truth and searchers for God. They had a distinctive religious bent, this was evidenced by their long
journey following the star. A King is to be born they said, evidently among the Jews, for were not David and Solomon mighty men of God? And have we not heard what the Jewish Prophets have written that a great Law Giver shall come from this people; therefore it is reasonable, seeing the star is in the direction of Palestine that the King will be born in or near their capitol city. Let us go then and see for ourselves, this strange phenomenon so wonderful that even the heavens bear witness of it. So the wise men travel over land and rivers, hundreds of miles and for weary weeks. The roads were poor and part of the journey was robber infested, but on they traveled. at last they rejoiced to see the dome of Herod's Temple and the walls of the ancient city, so here they inquired, saying: Where is he that is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him. The officials about Jerusalem were annoyed and startled by such news; they had seen no star; they had their Temple on the hill, and Herod the Great was their king; the world was at peace, so why be disturbed with this silly story of a star and a baby King. But Herod reasoned that they better have the scribes check the records of the Temple, so there, sure enough a prophecy was recorded that Bethlehem should be the birthplace of the King. These good and wise men sought a principal, a life principal; that which would give answer of man's relationship to the power that made him, and that made the world. On then to Bethlehem, six miles to the south; here they find a village along a limestone ridge with one inn, and that crowded to capacity. But the star! the star twinkles low over a shed where the stock was sheltered and fed. So here humble and without trappings to suggest royalty they find the King of all Kings. Where is He? That is the sob of a war torn world. Where is He? That is the gem for our rulers to discover. Where is He? That for the sinner to seek and find. Where is He? O that all mankind might follow the star, find and worship him. The wise men were not disappointed when, at the end of a long weary journey they sat on their camels looking at a cattle shed on the limestone ridge, strange, unbelievable, queer place for Royalty, the comforts of the inn denied, earthly parents with absolutely no prestige, throngs coming and going with no concern whatsoever. A male child in a manger, the adjoining stall an ox munching fodder. How very strange? But the heavens were telling and the wise men felt the power and the Glory that is God's. Some weeks later three travelers with their attendants reach their homes in Persia, they have crossed again the great Euphrates River, they have been exposed to the heat of day and the dew of night, they have plodded homeward seeing not the friendly star. It disappeared at Bethlehem. But Oh! The inner glow, the unspeakable joy; we have seen Him of whom the Prophets wrote, we have had warning and counsel from Heaven, we have had dreams and visions, a peace and happiness has followed all our way. We feel we have been messengers of God; we are now convinced of a reality that exists between Heaven and earth; man is not deceived, he is not mocked for we bear witness to an experience that will be told throughout all ages world without end.
A King has been born; the circumstances are unlike any similar event in all history. We were shell bound and fall before his crib, and worship him. so then, now and evermore we shall find our deepest joy in our worship of this King.

Geo. M. Hulme

CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE

The general public is invited to attend the Christmas Eve Candle Light Service to be held from 11 to 12:00 p.m. at the Stow Church of Christ. It is to be largely a program of music under the direction of the choir. There will also be a brief message by Rev. Gregory.

DEATH

Mr. Floyd Albert Simms, age forty-one of 224 Berger ave., Stow passed away at his home Sunday, Dec. 13th after an illness of several years. He leaves his wife Josephine, son Charles Rex, daughter Phyllis Vergene, mother Lydia Ann of New Plymouth, Ohio and a sister Ruth Todd, also of New Plymouth. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at Welker's Funeral Home, Rev. L. M. Gregory officiating. Burial was in Stow cemetery.

DEATH

Gertrude N. Nelisse, age seventy-two, passed away on Tuesday evening of last week at her home, 210 Hile Rd., Stow. Funeral services were conducted Friday afternoon by Rev. S. A. Mayer at the McGowan Funeral Home. Interment was made at Chagrin Falls. Mrs. Nelisse had been ill for some time being cared for by her husband Girard, who was ill in the hospital at the time of the funeral.

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHRIST CHILD

The following dissertation on Christmas and the Christ Child by Mr. A. S. Phelps written by him in his diary or notebook sometime before his death was not intended for publication. It may be that it is not finished. However, it in an article which shows the workings of Mr. Phelps' mind. It is seasonable. It should cause you to think. Read it.

I am quite sure there is nothing I could say about Christmas that would be new to anyone here. All of us know that nearly 2000 years ago a child was born in an unimportant town in one of the smaller countries of the world to a humble family of the Jewish nation.

All of us know, too, of the story of the manger where He was born, of the over-crowded inn, of the great crowds of people filling every corner of the little town of Bethlehem who had come in response to a summons from Caesar to appear to have their heavy burden of taxes increased, of the star in the east that guided the wise men in their journey bringing gifts, of the shepherds watching their flocks, of their amazement when the whole heavens seemed filled with singing and, clearly, as from an angelic chorus, came the words "Glory to God in the highest and on Earth peace, good will toward men", of the troubled Herod, trembling with fear lest an heir to the throne be coming to take away by force his office of king.

You know there were two interpretations of the prophesies; one group expected a Messiah who by miraculous power would wrest the government from them fully for a messiah, but only teacher relations.

"Beautiful are the feet of them that bring glad tidings, peace."

In this teaching be found the concise, for peace Good Will an Christmas messaged are we will own making it when handed a part of the plot to as thrust it unread folds of our cloth, and so beauty and ines.

It is significant men saw the are many great men these three. Wof these see the great many whom the news event could have who probably were greater public; herds. Why we "Unto you is born a great of these the news City of David a Christ the Lord?"

It was not be recognized the Star and the because, they were wise; and rize the funda of the humble bir of the child progress in our life Peace on Will toward Me.
In behalf of those who advertise in this paper, we wish one and all

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A HAPPY NEW YEAR

The Community Church News

When we consider man’s accomplishments in education, in science, in art, and our knowledge of the world, we are apt to think we have outgrown the teaching of the lowly man of Galilee. Let me quote from one of our ablest writers and lecturers who says “We are being destroyed by our knowledge, made drunken by our power, and we shall be saved only by our wisdom.”

Where shall wisdom be found?
Ask of Him, Listen.
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself and more. Therefore, whatsoever ye would that all men should do unto you, do you even so to them.

And, lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth doth corrupt and thieves break thru and steal.

Only the wise may see the Star in the sky, and only the humble and pure of heart discover the

A. S. Phelps

Note: A small paper is being printed this week on account of the Christmas holiday. Advertising may be entirely eliminated except for a Christmas greeting and

PERSONALS

Remember New Year’s eve watch night service and business meeting will be held at the Community church this year. Plan to attend.

Miss Mary Jo Woodring is visiting with the Sanner family in Washington, D. C. this week.
Pfc. Clarence Wilcox of Camp McCoy, Wisconsin returned last Sunday after a week’s visit with his parents and friends in Darrowville and Stow.
Roy Olson of Washington, D. C. is visiting this week at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Olson, Munroe Falls Rd.

Fresh Eggs for Sale: J. G. Etter, 227 Marhofer Road or call OV-8845. (Adv.)

Lloyd E. Williams of Camp Pickett, Va., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Williams is now home on an eight day furlough.

NEW MEMBERS

CHURCH OF CHRIST

Ten new members were added to the membership roll of Stow Church of Christ last Sunday. They are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sauer, daughter Nancy and son Joe Jr., Mrs. Laura Linn, Warren Thomas, Lester McCurdy, Billy Hosfield and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson.

MARRIED

Attended by the bride's two sisters, Miss Marie Olinger of Barberton and Mr. Wilbur C. Gaylord of Copley were united in marriage by Rev. George M. Hulme at his home in Akron, 11:00 a.m. Wednesday December 16th. They will live in Copley.

FISH CREEK

The Moodys moved to East Akron this fall near Ellet and the Youngs, a young couple from Kent with their very young baby, bought the home vacated by the Moodys.

Camilla Confer, daughter of Mrs. John Mitscher recently came from Florida and is employed at Black and Decker.

Mrs. John Shroyer is back in the Auditing Dept. at Ravenna Court House giving a lift to their shortage of help, filling the position she held before her marriage twenty-one years ago.

Mrs. Herman Schuette voices her appreciation for local greetings coming to her in Denver, Colorado where she has gone for her health.

CARD

Phoenix, Ariz.
Dec. 14, 1942

Dear Friends:

I am on my way to San Diego, Cal. This trip surely has been nice. I have been to Chicago where it was cold, New Mexico where it was too warm. And now, or so far, none could ask for a more pleasant surrounding. Have seen no military training as yet. Have no definite address. Will send one soon.

Pvt. Kenneth J. Shuman
S No. 511-311
San Diego, Cal. U. S. M. C.

LETTER

Dec. 13, 1942

Dear Stow:

I just now at 2:00 o'clock received the C. C. News, it is Sunday and that is the only day that I have any time whatsoever to myself. I really should be studying right now but I feel that I should write at least a few lines to show my appreciation for the paper. It has been quite sometime since I have written you, so I will try to give a short account of my activities here. This is the third field that I have been stationed at, and it is by far the strictest. It is run almost exactly as West Point is, there is an upper and a lower class and the upper class either keeps us on the ball or else they catch it from higherup. Everything that we do wrong we get demerits for and the upper class can certainly find a lot wrong with us. We have at least ten formations to meet every day and before each one we must shine our shoes (with pol-
We have three classes of studies a day and although we only need 70 percent to pass, if we don't have 85 percent or better the upper class gets after us. Then we have an hour of callisthenics each day with professional leaders, some days we run as far as 7 miles and that is one long way over hills and dales. Then we have two hours of drill a day and I am getting tired of that, some of our leaders have only been in a couple of months and they keep trying to tell us how to drill when some of us have been in as long as 7 years. But in another week and a half I will be an upper classman if all goes well and then I will be doing the same things to more underclassmen and they will justly cuss me out behind my back. We have a beautiful camp and barracks to live in that many people would feel proud to have as homes. Myself for one. We have a huge recreation hall and fair food in a big modern mess hall. It will seat about 3000 men at one time and we have colored waitresses to wait on us.

As long as we are underclassmen we do not get to go to town at all and after we become upperclassmen we get Saturday night and Sunday till 6:00 o'clock. But I am not worrying about anything now except getting through pre-flight and getting to primary.

Of course I would like to get home for the holidays, but after hearing the sermon this morning I agree with the chaplin that we have so much to be thankful for, just being Americans in America is enough for the present.

When I think of the Brown twins (my buddies) both being so far from their parents and many others in just the same fix all over the world, it makes me think that I am fortunate indeed.

I know if we pray hard enough, God will see to it that we return home in the very near future.

Bible S. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass."

So for this time I'll close saying thanks always for the C. C. News and a very Happy Holiday Season to my friends and buddies.

As always,
A/C Robert E. Green
Squadron L, Group 6
Maxwell Field, Alabama.

I HEARD THE BELLS ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play
And wild and sweet the words repeat
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.

But in despair I bowed my head,
'There is no peace on earth,' I said,
'For hate is strong and mocks the song
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men.'

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead, nor doth He sleep;
The wrong shall fail, the right prevail,
With peace on earth, goodwill to men.' A-men.

Longfellow 1863

IS GAS RATIONING GOING TO HELP STOW?

I never knew before what a short distance four gallons of gas would take a fellow. How it does leak out! That gas gauge has suddenly developed dropsy. I've gone into an intensive study of different brands of gas to see whether there is any difference in the num-
number of blocks I can squeeze out of them. If any inventor can find a sure-fire gasoline stretcher, that fellow is in for the big money for a fact.

Nowadays it isn't "How much does it cost?" but "How much farther do I have to go for it?" that counts. Place value has suddenly taken on tremendous importance. I believe this gas rationing will have far-reaching effects on business. No longer will we sail blithely away forty or fifty miles to shop. If it can be bought all reasonably at home, that is where it will be bought. Local store keepers should note a marked increase in local business as a result. On the other hand, some of our eating places that depend on the automobile to bring hungry patrons in for their steak and chicken dinners may have to depend on a more local clientele to take the place of the coupon counters who stay away.

As we come to understand these things more fully, we look about us and take stock of what we have. What other community of this size can boast of two drug stores, a variety store, two dairy stores, two plumbing shops, a greenhouse, two barbershops, a shoe shop, a general feed store, several restaurants, a hardware store, beauty parlors, several filling stations, a body repair shop, two garages and several modern food stores? Within a short walk I can have a sirloin steak, a toasted hamburger sandwich, a butcher knife, a bottle of cod-liver oil, a pineapple soda, a potted geranium, a hair cut, a spool of thread or a bag of laying mash. I can cite you, also, to three splendid cabinet shops.

In Stow we have a doctor, an optometrist and dentist in residence—truly a mighty convenience in these days. Two enterprising churches open their doors for our spiritual uplift on Sundays and spread their inestimable benefits abroad among our citizenry. A splendid library is ours for all to use free. Schools of which we may all be proud are in our midst, and high-grade universities and special schools are within short bus distance. Ours is indeed a handy place to live. My good neighbor, Mr. Woodring, found this out some months ago and exchanged his car for a wheelbarrow. I hope he doesn't mind lending it about the middle of January when my "3" coupons run out.

The boom day of the local community may be close at hand. The local store may be due for a vigorous comeback. If we can’t travel to the larger centers for trade and entertainment, we may find that we have had what we needed right here at home all along. Our local stores are ready to do their part, and I have no doubt that our churches, schools and Town Hall offer facilities that have not been dreamed of for entertainment and instruction. Maybe we'll provide the entertainment from our local groups—and enjoy the providing — and a better brand at that than we have been buying farther away ready-made. I am sure we have the talent. This is the chance to show it.

I believe if you look about you, you will agree with me that we are a most favored community. It may be that I have omitted some businesses; but if I have, I assure you that it was not intentional. Oh, yes. I almost forgot two newspapers.

Merry Christmas and our heartfelt sympathy to the Phelps family.

Joe A. Mitten