MOTHERS

Sunday, May 9th was a milestone marked Mother's Day. Fitting and appropriate it was that we pause on one day in the year to reflect and recall to memory that loving creature called mother. To some of us mother is long since a memory, to others she is a treasure, a reality, one of whom men said, that the great need of France was mothers. That sentiment has been echoed across every land and it moans in the winds of valley, plains and hills alike. Yes! the world needs mothers. But this age makes strange demands on mothers, mothers must give their sons for the glory of war, mothers are expected to take their place side by side with toilers in factory and field. Mothers are considered pikers unless they are home makers and war-workers. This is not a new condition among the children of men, rather it is old as the race is old. Deborah of the Old Testament led her tribe to battle against the enemy. Among the ancient Greeks and Egyptians women slaved, fought and died, even as they do today. But today the home problem is as great as the battlefield problem. Delinquency in Akron has increased sixty per cent in the last year, youngsters are left at home through the hours of the night, while the parents work; word comes from Europe that children, boys and girls alike, and together, roam the streets and country like packs of dogs or wolves. Is it patriotism or necessity that takes mothers from home to the factories or is it the lust of money? The breakdown of the home would be a world tragedy, war is demoralizing; to the gods of war human flesh is cheap, and woman is a pawn for greed and power. A feeling is all too prevalent today that women are instruments by which the race is replenished, that only that. With all the vaunted ad and the power of the nations are brutal age. The gold, the skill and the power of the nations is all used to destroy each other. The two stars that still gleam in a dark and overcast sky is the church and our mothers. None can hold the home together like mother, no hand can rock the cradle like mother, no hand so tender on a fevered brow as mother's, no watch, care and solicitude ever so deep and true as mother's. Mothers instincts and urge has always been upward. Man through all ages has been a plotter and designer to demoralize womanhood and commercialize on her virtues. No wonder that the great law giver in the long ago, wrote "Honor thy father and thy mother"! Let us not dream of turning back the flight of time, on we must go, millions of centuries may lie before us, but mark well, the world's safety lies in honor and regard for home and parents. The old-fashioned mother, mother who combed her own hair, and washed it too, mother who baked for her brood, mother who washed and knit, swept and made the children's clothes, taught them their letters and comforted them when they stubbed their toes, mother who loved them, her earthly Heaven, and made it a place of refuge and comfort for the man she loved. Mothers, O, Mothers, the hearts
of men calls for such as you! This age, an age on ages telling, look to you as a traveler in the night, would look for a light. America needs mothers! Not frivolous, painted dolls, giddy and worldly, seekers of pleasure and flirters with sin, toys and playthings for evil society. But women, with hearts and visions, with souls and mighty purposes. Women to lift men from the dark fit of this evil age.

GEO. M. HULME

BIBLE STUDY LESSON
MAY 16
PETER AND JOHN PREACH TO SAMARITANS

Golden Text—Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest. John 4:35.

The Samaritans were blood brothers of the Jews. They had become estranged from them and were looked on in much the same contemptuous way as thoughtless people in our country treat "foreigners."

Once John wanted to call fire down from heaven on a Samaritan village that would not receive Jesus. Later he and Peter overcame all prejudice and preached in Samaria the salvation of Jesus Christ—the universal religion in which there is no division of race or caste; in which is embodied the spirit of love and brotherhood among all peoples of the earth.

Here Simon the sorcerer was apparently won to Christ by the teaching of Philip, then offered to buy from the apostles the secret of the power they so evidently possessed.

Superstition and magic did not die with Simon. It is practised to a surprising extent at the present time. The mascot, rabbit’s foot and good luck charm are quite commonly used, but they are superstitions nevertheless. Much more harmful are the diviners who delude willing victims regarding the future, anxious war mothers,
unhappy wives, profit-seeking business men, all dissatisfied and lending credulous ears (plus pocket silver!) to anyone who seems to have a mysterious, superhuman power.

Such powers work toward evil ends as much as toward good. They claim secrets which, in effect, harness the power of God to be used as man desires, but the true power of God cannot be so harnessed. Simon could not understand that the secret of Christian power is the Holy Spirit, which cannot be offered for sale or used in a mercenary way.

Hazel Gillam

Sermon
By Rev. Hulme

The Gift That Is Within

Text—II Timothy 1:6.

"Wherefore I put thee in remembrance—that thou stir up the gift of God, which is in thee—by the putting on of my hands."

'Stir up the gift of God that is within thee', the immortal words of Paul to young Timothy. Like any young minister, he was very enthusiastic in the beginning but being somewhat timid, his enthusiasm was not so great as time went on. Paul went to him one day and tried to stir up the gift of God which was within him.

Every human soul has the gift of God within himself. Do not let it die out, don’t let it look after itself, give it some attention. This gift we have is like a spark, it needs to be fanned. Fan this gift God has given to you.

Man’s first argument relative to God is against God. It is, “why should I join church? I can be, and I am, just as good out of the church as in. I am a good neighbor, etc., etc. Why should I join, Man will often fight with God before he sees the light, before he uses the gift of God which is within him.

We are told wonderful stories of the old time religion, the old time church services when people were really touched and called out to God. Is such religion a lost art today? I wonder. What would it take to revive us again?

We think we can call on God at will and do not spend too much time in prayer then. After a whole lifetime of walking without God, a few hours, even many many hours, is not too long a time to plead unto God for our stained soul. Why should we think we can call on God and be saved through the wink of an eye or the snap of a finger, after a lifetime of sin, after years and years of allowing this gift within us to go uncared for.

The gift we have is like unto the seed which fell by the wayside and died and the seed which fell among the rocks and grew but which died when the heat of the sun beat down upon it. Then the seed which fell on good ground and lived and grew and prospered. This gift within us

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needs to be tended and cared for. Do stir up this gift which is within thee.

Pearl Davis, Reporter

THANK YOU

I wish to thank all my friends for the cards, visits, and flowers received during my illness in the City Hospital. Mr. Edwin Davies.

GUILD

The Ladies Guild will meet Wednesday, May 19th in the church basement. Come early and sew. Bring covered dish and table service.

IT'S GOOD TO WORK TOGETHER

I have just come from our Music Festival in which all grades of the school took part. Very few pupils of the school were not on the stage, and most of them had been out of school because of sickness and so had missed practice. It was a fine example of what a large number of people working together can do, and all who had a part in it were pleased and proud of the result. The audience had a prominent part in this musical performance also. Every seat was taken that afforded a view of the stage, everyone was there on time and all had come to hear the singing. They gave the children splendid support, and in return those on the stage did not disappoint them. As one gentleman remarked in discussing the crowd, "It was an Easter Morning Crowd". What delight it gives a person to have a part in bringing to a successful conclusion an enterprise such as this one was! What a pleasure to meet such a generous and spontaneous response from an appreciative audience! What a pleasant experience for teachers and pupils to store in the granary of happy experiences! It is nice when working on an important project to feel the shoulders of your associates at your side pushing in the same direction.

Joe A. Mitten

D. OF A.

The regular meeting of the Stow D. of A. will be preceded by a Mother Daughter banquet on Monday, May 17 at 6:00 P. M. All members and daughters attend. Those without daughters bring someone else's daughter. Covered dish, and table service.

For A Victory Garden

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COW MANURE - SAND - GRAVEL
THE SHEEP OF THE FLOCK

We oft hear the plea for trying to keep
The lambs of the flock in the fold
And well we may, but what of the sheep—
Shall they be left out in the cold?

'Twas a sheep, not a lamb, that wandered away
In the parable Jesus told—
A grown-up sheep that had gone astray
From the ninety and nine in the fold.

Out in the wilderness, out in the cold,
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd sought,
And back to the flock, safe in the fold,
'Twas a sheep the good shepherd brought.

And why for the sheep should we earnestly long
And as earnestly hope and pray?
Because there is danger, if they go wrong,
They will lead the young lambs away.

For the lambs will follow the sheep, you know,
Wherever the sheep may stray.
If the sheep go wrong, it will not be long
Till the lambs are as wrong as they.

And so with the sheep, we earnestly plead
For the sake of the lambs today.
If the lambs are lost, what a terrible cost
Some sheep will have to pay.

C. D. Meigs

Courtesy—Mrs. Alice Carpenter, Peninsula, Ohio.

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WORDS OF LIFE

“For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”—John 3:16.

* * *

“Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near.”—Isaiah 55:6.

NEW BOOKS AT STOW PUBLIC LIBRARY

ADULT

Allen — The Forest and the Fort.
Benson — Meet Me In St. Louis.
Blake — It's All In The Family.
Frankau — World Without End.
Grey — Stairs of Sand.
Hopper — How To Play Winning Checkers.
Kahn — To Meet Miss Long.
Lewis — Gideon Planish.
Capablanca — Primer of Chess.
Rickenbacker — Seven Came Through.
Short — Ride The Man Down.
Talbot — The Complete Book of Sewing.

JUVENILE

Bart — A Book of Battles.
Bishop — The Man Who Lost His Head.
Brier — Swing Shift.
Clymer — A Yard For John.
Lenks — The Little Farm.
Lutz — Instead of Scribbling.
Lutz — What To Draw And How To Draw It.

FOR SALE — 3 piece bedroom suite. Call OV-3271 evenings. (adv.)

At Bible Schol last Sunday Mrs. Mullikin received the plant for being the oldest mother present on Mother's Day, while Mrs. Stokes received the plant for being the youngest mother.

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ton's class won Sunday. One Mrs. Beulah
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Red Gladiolus
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Banty eggs for
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rs. Pearl Cross
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S SERVICE
N ge" is Geo.
cars.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Comment
on each letter that follows might
be made but we feel that maybe
most folks would rather read the
letters without comment. How-
ever, we must say that it pleasure
us to receive our first two let-
ters from the two young ladles
now serving in the armed forces.
May they write again soon.

Then there is the statement of
some—that the C. C. News follows
them whither so ever they go—
while in weeks past others have
Missed a few copies. To those
who expect to move or do move,
we say either let us know or
have your folks inform us of your
new and correct address.

Furthermore, some of you say
you are pleased to receive all the
News from home—or words to
that effect. Now that is an em-
barassing statement. Only seven
personal news items handed in
thus far this week. And at one
time we used to count fifty or
even on occasion seventy-five
personals. Of course that was
back in the days when there was
time to go around and collect
such things. Now there is too
much other work to be done
But — would it be too

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BAUGHMAN'S FEED STORE
STOW, OHIO
much to ask each reader to send in once in a while a short note of interest about themselves or neighbors. The boys "over there" would probably be interested. Let us hear from some who have long been silent. Incidentally we like to have items in by Monday night, and Tuesday at the latest. Thank you.

H. J. S.

LETTER
April 23, 1943

Dear Mr. Stockman:
I want to thank you and all the good people who have made it possible for us boys to receive the Community Church News. I have been receiving the News all the time since I left the states. I want to apologize for not writing sooner but I have been moved so fast that I haven't had time. I was in Hueneme, California before I was shipped out. California is a very beautiful state. I spent a five day leave in Los Angeles and Hollywood which was all too wonderful. I only wish that I could have gone home but time wouldn't permit. I must go now I want to thank you all again for sending me the C. C. News and I am hoping to receive the next issue soon.

I remain as ever,
Charles W. Harris, Slc
4th Naval C. B. Special Batt.
Co. A Plat 1
Fleet Postoffice
San Francisco, Calif.

LETTER
Lowry Field, Colo.
April 30, 1903

Dear Mr. Stockman:
In the last letter I wrote I told you I was soon to change my address, well it has happened again. They really split our bunch up this time. I still know where Paul Gromo is. He is the only Stow fellow I know here. I just received another copy of the C. C. News today and was also glad to get most of the class of '41 boys addresses. My address will change again in six weeks when I finish my armour course here.

Respectfully yours,
Pfc Herbert L. Carpenter
41st T. S. S.
Lowry Field, Colo.

LETTER
Sunday, May 2
Purcell, Okla.

Dear Mr. Stockman:
Just a few lines in appreciation for the C. C. News that you send me and I am now writing to let you know of any change in address. Although I have never written to you very much it does not mean that I don't think of

Diarrhea In Your Chicks?
Chicks with a diarrhea need the astringent medicines in Dr. Salsbury's Phen-O-Sal, a double-duty drinking water medicine that also checks germ growth in the drinking water. Always ask for genuine Dr. Salsbury's Phen-O-Sal. We have it.

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A Member Dr. Salsbury's Nation-Wide Poultry Health Service.
the splendid work you are doing for the boys away from home.
While in the base at Memphis, Tenn., I never missed a copy and I always looked forward to receiving it.
I am now in an aerial gunnery school and it really is tough work, but it will be worth it in the end. I will be here for about another month and then I don’t know where.
I will have to close for now and thanking you again for the C. C. News. My new address is:
Robert Timperman, A M M 3/c
N A G S Barracks 2
Purcell, Okla.

POSTCARD
Fort Bragg, N. C.

Mr. Stockman:
I send my apologies for not writing and thanking you for the C. C. paper. I do appreciate it. It gave me some addresses of my friends. I am going to have my address changed very shortly. In the next week I believe. I’ll send it to you as soon as I am settled. I hope you’ll continue to send the paper to the boys in the service. It sure is comfort to us.
Pvt. Merle Patterson
35003558
D-8-3 F A - R T C
Fort Bragg, N. Carolina

LETTER
May 4, 1943
Dear Mr. Stockman:
Just a word to let you know my new address:
Cpl. Howard J. Schlarb,
ASN 35393865
177 Q.M. Co. S. G. (Avn.)
APO 3932 c-o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

Received the April 23 C. C. News yesterday and again thank you and the good people of Stow for such a swell paper and their good work. I really look forward to getting the paper and not only finding out where the boys are and what they are doing but getting news from home that otherwise I wouldn’t hear.

Was planning on seeing Ken Shuman while in Calif. but missed out. Had a pretty nice trip again.

Am able to get 12 hour passes now and from here we can get to N. Y. City in short order. Am writing from Nyack, N. Y.

Received your ever welcome letter but haven’t had too much time to write.

Will close for now and I thank you all again.

Respectfully yours,
Howard J. Schlarb

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—WA 0869—
LETTER
May 6, 1943

Dear Mr. Stockman:

I know I should have written sooner but, they keep us so busy, we’re lucky to get a letter home. I have been receiving the C. C. News every week. It is one thing I look forward to each week. I am now stationed about 15 miles north of Memphis, at the Naval Air Technical Training Center. I guess I should consider myself pretty lucky having two fellows here from the same town, Burch Arnold and Jim Bidwell. They are going to school here too. Jim is in aviation radio and Butch and I are in aviation advance. It’s very interesting work and I like it very much. After I am through here, I’ll be sent to gunnery school. Bob Timperman was also here, but has gone to Oklahoma for further training. I know its almost impossible to write to all my buddies, so I’ll just say hello, and keep on pluggin’. I guess I better get back to work before I get the brig.

Yours till victory,
Robert Fietz, S2/c
Barracks 2, Section L 3
U S N A T T C
Memphis, Tenn.

Addendum:

Don has told you about everything except that we are going to school here to become radio operators and mechanics.

I also wish to thank you for the paper as I have enjoyed it very much.

Pfc. John Chambless
Sqd. 809 Bks 409
Sioux Falls, So. Dak.

LETTER
Tulsa, Okla.
May 6, 1943

Mr. Stockman:

I have been receiving the News regularly and really appreciate it. Its the only means of keeping myself informed of the whereabouts of my many Stow friends. Although there are a few service men from Stow.

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whom I don't know, the majority are good friends of mine.
I really got a lucky break when I was sent to Tulsa. The town is a soldier's paradise. The civilians are really good to the soldiers.
We go to school six days and are off duty for one day. The schedule is pretty tough, 16 hrs. a day, and we don't get time and a half for overtime. The work is really interesting and the time flies.
Tulsa is not overcrowded with uniforms as are some of the larger cities. The nearest army camp is about 100 miles away.
It's just about time for school so I'll be saying so long,
Pfc. Eugene T. Finks
Class 147-43 Bks 9
Spartan School of Aero.
Tulsa, Okla.
P. S. I hope some of my friends see my address and drop me a line.

LETTER
May 5, 1943
Dear Mr. Stockman:
I have been receiving the Community Church News since I have been in the WAAC's and I can't thank you enough for sending it to me. I surely do enjoy getting news from home and hearing about the folks I know. When I moved from Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., to my present "home", the C. C. News was the first mail I received and I certainly appreciated it.
The state of Texas is very nice (but I still like Ohio), this is a very small college town, reminds me so much of Kent. The people here are so friendly and so pleasant that it is a pleasure to walk down the street, everyone speaks to you.
We have quite a busy day, up at 5:30, our first class starts at 7:30 and we have classes up till 3:40, then we have 45 min. of drill. This course lasts 6 weeks and we are nearing the end of our 3rd week, and then we will be sent to a permanent location, at least for a time anyway.
We have Sat. afternoon and all day Sunday off and we surely do look forward to those Sundays. I have been to quite a number of different churches since I have been in the WAAC's and it surely is a wonderful feeling to go into a strange church and to know you can feel at home there.
We have to go to study hall every night from 7:15 till 9:00 o'clock so I will have to close. Thanking you again for the Community News, I remain,
Sincerely yours,
A.F.C. Genevieve Cross
Co. A Army Adm. School
WAAC Branch 4
Denton, Texas

LETTER
Ft. Sill, Okla.
May 8, 1943
Dear Mr. Stockman:
I'm very sorry I didn't write sooner but have been kept very busy since my induction into the army December 29, 1942 and I certainly do apologize for it. I have just graduated from an Adjutant Generals Administrative School and am now working on a job. I think you will understand as the army moves very fast and just every minute is well occupied.
I certainly do want to thank everyone who is responsible for me getting the C. C. News. I enjoy it very much and look forward to it.
Fort Sill is a very beautiful place. There are many interesting things to see. Since I've been in the army I also have spent 5 weeks in Des Moines, Iowa, 6 weeks in Russellville, Arkansas, 3 weeks in Camp Polk, Louisiana and at present am in Oklahoma. I think Oklahoma is the prettiest place that I've been in and wish everyone could see it. I've been enjoying summer weather very much since I left the cold weather in Des Moines, Iowa.
Well its time to retire again and would be very glad to hear from anyone at home.
Thanking you again for the News.
Yours sincerely,
Aux. 1st Cl. Elizabeth Darrow
85 W A A C Post Hq Co.
c/o F A S Detachment
Ft. Sill, Okla.
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