CIVILIZATION

Civilization, a state of progress, being refined in manners, improved in arts, a social culture and refinement. Having reached an advanced stage of material well-being, in enlightenment and comforts of life. Civilization is an advanced stage beyond barbarism and savagery. Civilization is a means of expressing the aspirations of the human soul, in love, mercy, religion, home, work and education. Civilization implies the art of living together, of human society of nations and mutual cooperation.

Has the human race failed then in this great adventure called civilization? Did the Indian and other savage tribes have any ground for spurning our vaunted civilization? Surely the great majority of people who live on this earth are somewhat disappointed with the way of human life as it rages on land and sea. The world is filled with strife and hate, the bitterness of contending forces is terrible to read about, the loss of life is appalling, the destruction of property, the ruin, the waste is frightful. All this in a civilized world, all this among Christian nations, with the one exception of Japan. It is unbelievable; is it then a mad dream, or is it a world tragedy, a reality so awful as to threaten the foundation of all society?

A civilized state among the people of the earth is a plan by which all may expect life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. By life we expect food, clothes, shelter, security. By liberty we expect privilege to go and come, free of taskmasters and overlords; in the pursuit of happiness we expect a state of contentment, of peace, of joy, of general satisfaction.

Now the question arises: What is the cause of such a disturbed state among all people of the earth? There is plenty of education, plenty of religion, plenty of all natural resources for the well-being of the earth's people. But something has poisoned the stream of life, therefore the people perish. No doubt the sorrows of all people can be attributed largely to the evil that overtakes us. Good and evil are two enemies, one seeks to overcome the other, the earth is their battle ground and human souls are the contending forces, it was so from the beginning and the battle appears to rage more fiercely as the years go by. The greatest question that confronts us is: What must we do about it? What is our task? No doubt there is a job for each of us; a path of duty, if followed will lead to victory and a new world order.

Personally, I feel that the teachings of Jesus, the Bible, the Spirit of the Almighty among the children of men should be the deciding factor on the side of truth and righteousness on the earth. If conditions of civilization were at a fair average when Jesus came to earth to teach all men how to live; then since his advent the average of moral and spiritual life should show a marked advance. If evil and wickedness continue to engulf us, then the last plan that God has for mankind is a failure; this to me is unbelievable. I am of the persuasion that there is a way out; that the human race is now at the cross-roads; that man sees now as never before that the world's sin and the world's folly, is costing him too dear, that the way marked out from the beginning is the best
way, the only way of life and happiness. Let us then take courage, for a Christian civilization, a world order with Christ as King may soon be ushered in.

Geo. M. Hulme.

DEATH

Services were held at McGowan’s chapel Saturday afternoon, at 3 p. m., for Ora C. Roxbury, 58, 137 S. Sanford ave., Stow.

Mr. Roxbury died suddenly Tuesday evening at his home. He was employed as a machinist with the Akron Machine, Mold, Tool and Die company and has been a resident of Stow for 24 years. He is survived by his widow, Lottie G., four sons, Oscar L. of Cuahoga Falls; Sergeant Arnold in Panama, Private Rowland of Port Jackson, S. C.; and Sergeant Harold, overseas; a daughter, Mrs. Lena Twiggs of Akron; three brothers and five grandchildren.

We extend our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

CAMPING

We went for a short vacation last week, the family of us. We chose as a camp site a spot down on the old home farm, the farm where I was born and where I lived until I was about 10 years old. There under the over-hanging branches of a wide-spreading oak at the edge of the corn we pitched our tent, the old umbrella tent that we had taken on many a delightful trip in the past. The oak leaves provided a cooling shade at all hours of the day. A few rods away a well-shaded spring of soft water was available for every need. A safe distance from the wood we built our stove of flat rocks between the corn rows. Wood for the fire was everywhere. We were a happy distance from the road. I doubt whether an aeroplane passing over would have spotted us unless he had seen the smoke from our fire. There we camped for three days. There we cooked and ate our bacon and eggs, peaches and cream, and home-cured ham. Tuesday, Anna, Pet and Grace came with their families to eat a picnic at noon. That day we ate fried spring chicken too. There we sat at evening and listened to the friendly night noises, the whip-poorwills calling in the nearby woods and the katydids without number sawing out their shrill music from every corn stalk and sassafras leaf. There we woke to a chorus of dozens of songbirds serenading the awakening day. There Martha ran about in her dirty bare feet and stubbed her toes and David searched for salamanders under the stones at the edge of the spring. Sally wallowed in the cool water of the ravine and dug and sniffed after chipmunks in the soft soil.

On Tuesday evening, the last in camp, we took down the tent and moved out on top of the hill where we spread it out flat among the clover, made our bed of blankets upon it and slept the night through under the stars with Sally keeping a constant watch over our slumbers.

So we spent three days. The spot is there waiting for us whenever we want to go back. I just believe we can’t disappoint it long.

Joe A. Mitten.

SAVE YOUR PAPER

PAPER DRIVE Sept. 3. Sponsored by American Legion and Boy Scout Troops.
For Sundaes, Sodas, Ice Cream—All Dairy Products
ISALY'S In Stow

GUILD NOTICE
The Ladies Guild of Stow Community church will meet Wednesday, Aug. 16 at 10 a.m. The meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. C. M. Woodring, Hawthorne Ave. A covered dish dinner will be served at 12:30. Come, bring covered dish, table service, and sewing equipment.

FOR SERVICE MOTHERS
Service Mothers meet in the town hall Aug. 15, for the purpose of completing the organization of the Stow chapter of "American War Mothers." Be present and become a charter member. Remember the date Tuesday, August 15 at 8 p.m.

WANTED TO BUY: Tree Lopper. Must be in good condition. Call OV-8771. (Adv.)

PERSONALS
WANTED TO RENT: House in Stow or Silver Lake. Call OV-3449. adv.

After a ten day furlough Sgt. George Chandler left this last Sunday evening for Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

THERE IS STILL TIME to clean that furnace and basement of yours before cold weather sets in. We have new equipment with which we can thoroughly clean your furnace and furnace pipes, also remove the dust from all parts of your basement—at no inconvenience to you and at moderate cost. Call us today and make an appointment...

WAGNER HEATING CO.
Tel WA-4635 Evenings FR-1631

Mr. Burton Guise of Miami, Florida, a visitor in Stow this past week was a visitor last Friday at 360 West Arndale. We (editorially speaking) were sorry not to have been at home when he called. He remarks that the weather up here is hotter than in Florida. He left us the address of his son Homer, who is a Staff Sgt. with a Bomber Group, care of the Postmaster San Francisco, Calif.
Remember the Bible School picnic at Adell Durbin Park, Saturday, August 19th. Afternoon and evening. Bring well filled baskets and come prepared for a good time.

Visitors at the home of the editor last Friday evening were Staff Sgt. Ralph Kutinsky and his mother. Sgt. Kutinsky of a Ranger Battalion came direct from Italy, surprising his folks, Mr. and Mrs. George Kutinsky on Wednesday. Wearing the Purple Heart Sgt. Kutinsky modestly claimed no particular credit saying one could receive the decoration for cutting their finger while opening a can of beans—or for losing a leg. He will be home until August 27th when he leaves for a camp in Florida.

Oyster Shell—now available at Baughman’s Feed Store, Stow.

Another soldier who paid the editor a short call last Friday evening was James Starner home this week on furlough from a camp in Georgia. Jim was looking fine and feeling considerable better than when he returned from foreign service last winter.

LETTER
Aug. 7, 1944.
Dear Mr. Stockman:
I guess I had better write and thank you a lot for sending me the C. C. News as I enjoy getting it very much. Hope everything is running fine in the best little town in the United States, I mean Stow of course.

Well navy life isn’t too bad. The only thing I have found wrong with the navy is they said we would have seven weeks of boot training and now we have 10, which will keep us here until September, which is not too good.

Well I had better sign off as it is almost time for lights out. Will try and write more next time.

Bye for now.
Earl Buck A/S
Co 1523 USNTS
Great Lakes, Ill.

Ed. Note: Glad to receive your letter. Do not feel too badly about the extra training. It is well to be well prepared and write again. H. J. S.

LETTER
Aug. 1, 1944—Italy.
Dear Mr. Stockman,
I am merely trying to show my appreciation for the C. C. News.

For just about 2 years you have been sending me the paper. I have enjoyed it very much. The June
C. C. News had the pictures of the home town in it which made me feel right at home again.

Well I have been over here just about 16 months this month. That is not as long as some, but it is a long, long time. I have been in North Africa from one side to the other—Sicily, then to Italy. I was in Naples. It was not like you would think. There was old and new parts of the city I saw where they were going to have the World’s Fair of '44 near Naples. Very beautiful. I have been to Bari. It was a large town, then to Anzo. From there I got to see Rome and from there on Jack Beckley can tell you about where I am.

You see Jack and I were together three times in Italy. I sent some pictures home of Jack and I. If you want one my Mother has one of them.

They say Jack is on his way home, I hope that is true. Because it is—here. Well I am writing too much for this time.

Keep up the good work with the News. It is the best way to keep up with the boys from home and news from home. Thanks again.

Yours truly.

Howard F. Grether 35396943 (Censored) APO 782 c/o P M New York, N Y

Ed. Note: We are glad to receive your letter and know something about what you are doing. By reading the daily papers we can imagine the rest and as we have said before it is our hope and prayer that this war may be over soon—then—home again for all.

Write again, and best wishes for you. H. J. S.
LETTER
Saturday, Aug. 5, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

I'm writing this from the G. I. heaven, the telephone room. I had better use this as an opportunity to thank you for sending me the News so quickly. I was pleasantly surprised; I have received two issues already. Thank you for sending me "Home, R.F.D." so to speak.

I have been out on bivouac for four days ending yesterday and am richer a family of chiggers on my left knee. Settled near water, I suppose. I don't mind when these bugs use me for a housing project, but I do object to their bringing in their relatives to live.

We were 20 miles from camp on this bivouac. If we get any farther out I'll be able to commute home!

The roads I was driving over were so bad the gophers gave a shudder and gave them back to the Indians. The Indians gave the army four fish to take it off their hands. (Case history of Camp Van Dorn). One company commander seemed pleased with the area as a whole or as a "hole" as the case may be and was.

Pine cones and spicy pine needles are some stuff on a Christmas card, but as a substitute for a Beauty-Rest mattress they succeed in giving me a beautiful case of curvature of the spine.

We were four miles from a place called Liberty which brings up the subject of Mississippi towns. (I'd have found some way to bring up the subject if I had had to use castor oil). They are all about as big as Stow and smaller. They are the type of which you say as you go into them, "This is a nice little town, wasn't it." Thanks to the Gay Nineties for the joke. You can find nearly 12 people in some of them. One place near camp has two pigs that play about the T.J.S.O. building. They share in the annual census, I suppose. The buildings in and near these alleged towns are a topic for comment. I believe they are designed on a mixture of our barracks and something a cliff dweller might have dreamt up. The poles that lean against these buildings holding them up give a guy a morbid air of expectancy. Unlike radio serials where the widow is in the street, tossed out on her ear, down here the house is more likely to be in the street through a lack of cooperation on one of the poles' part. Maybe I just don't appreciate the rustic aspect of the South.

The weather outside right now has prompted the rumor that Van Dorn is to be evacuated to be made into a submarine base. I could have told them that was a good idea the first time I was on bivouac and was rained out of my tent. That was the same week somebody's migrating cow knocked my tent down. Not that I minded putting the tent back up; it was just getting out from under it that presented a problem.

I'm almost tempted to build a fire and send up smoke signals home rather than wait for a call to go through. But Mom never was much of a Campfire Girl so I'd better wait, I guess.

My digestive system suddenly reminds me of the food here at camp. And I can say now that while the soldiers across are griping about Spam we here at Van Down close our eyes and bite another raisin. We have raisins in everything. In salad, soup, pie, cake, bread, pudding and even alone for variety. It's rather wasteful in the puddings though since we never can detect the raisins from the lumps. After floating in ham juice they are reminiscent of amphibious beetles. But we GI's are rugged! So it says in my field manual.

But now with another "Thank you" for the paper, I'll blot out for this time and go over and see if the Southern Bell lines have been confiscated for jumping ropes or if the telephone girl decided to let me wait till the war is over and see my folks in person.

Until then, I remain—that's all, brother.

Lloyd Chipps.

P. S. Sometime I may grow up and write a sensible letter, but I'm not trying too hard. I can't see the advantages of it as yet.

Ed. Note: We are wondering if your telephone call came through.
One of our boys down your way writes that he doesn't call because it is so hard to get a call through—once he was informed it would be 10 hours—which of course was too long.

As for writing a "sensible letter" we would not advise you—as you say, to try too hard.

And that brings up the question of—"What makes sense?" For instance, in a difficult situation—in place of a bitter—sour attitude, a "wise crack" or two will cause a smile or a laugh thereby oiling the machinery of the situation. That is sense. However, one should be careful to distinguish between funny and foolish, though what is funny to one may be foolish to another. It depends on the person.

That your letters are much appreciated should go without saying—but just in case someone (maybe your mother) may have given you instructions to write in some other way—possibly we should inform you that more Stow people told us they enjoy your letter than has been the case for a long time. So keep it up. Pick out another phase of army life—as you see it and write again. H. J. S.

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V-MAIL LETTER

From

Pfc John L. Barkocy 35609360
(Censored) APO 565 c/o P M

Dear Mr. Stockman,

Have been meaning to write to you giving you my change of address, but decided to wait until we settled down. As far as scenery from where I live I can overlook a magnificent lake and several beautiful mountains. Facing as we are kept rather busy the days travel by fairly fast. Stow is quite a ways from here—a lot farther than I ever expected to be. I imagine a lot of things have happened since I left in March of '43. Since then I've crossed the U. S. from coast to coast and an ocean besides. My job is operating the various types of instruction that we have. You can be sure that the boys over here are doing their best so that they may get back as soon as pos-
sible.

I appreciate your sending me the C. C. News very much, it brings back the memories of Stow.

John L. Barkocy.

Ed Note: Thank you for sending us your correct address—and the letter telling us a little something about what you see and do. And may it not be long until you are back—safe and sound. Write again.—H. J. S.

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INFORMATION ON MAILING OVERSEAS CHRISTMAS PACKAGES TO SERVICEMEN

'Save strong string and box material and start to plan shopping.' Postmaster Gen. Frank C. Walker advises Americans in announcing the rules for mailing of Christmas gifts for Army and Navy personnel overseas.

This year the Christmas mailing period for both army and navy overseas forces is the same—Sept. 15 to Oct. 15. After Oct. 15 no gift parcel may be mailed to a soldier without the presentation of a written request from him.

The great demands upon shipping and the need for giving preference to arms, munitions, medicine and food is the prime reason for early mailing date. Moreover, gift parcels must travel great distances to reach army and navy personnel who are located at remote points, and frequently the transfer of large numbers to new stations necessitates forwarding of packages and additional time is required.

'The response that our people made last year during the overseas mailing period demonstrated that they will cooperate in any measure designed for the welfare of our armed forces personnel,' Mr. Walker said. 'It is not easy to concentrate on Christmas gifts in the midst of warm weather here at home but our people recognized the need, and because they want the men and women who are absent from their homes to knew that they are not forgotten at Christmas they took pains to assure prompt delivery of Christmas gifts.'

'I know that our people will observe the overseas schedule once more this year but I do wish to
stress this fact: More care must be taken in wrapping and packing parcels securely and addressing them clearly and correctly.

'Is not a pleasant thing to visit a postal concentration center and see the numbers of Christmas parcels which will never reach servicemen and servicewomen. Post office personnel have orders to do everything they can to effect delivery of such gifts, because we know how important they are for the happiness of the armed forces. Too frequently, nothing can be done.

'I am sorry that anyone ever mentioned that the size of a shoe box is the approximate limit for packages intended for gift mailings overseas. Unhappily many people became convinced that a shoe box is the best possible container. We must be mindful that these gifts must travel far, with shipping space crowded. If the gifts are to be protected in transit they must be packed in boxes made of metal, wood, solid fiberboard, or strong double-faced corrugated fiberboard, reinforced with strong gummed paper tape or tied with strong twine. If both tape and strong twine are used, so much the better. If the outer wrapper is crushed—and this is likely to happen—the loss of contents may be prevented if fiberboard boxes are wrapped in heavy paper.

'We were unable to deliver many parcels which families and friends sent to men and women overseas last year because they were crushed in transit and the gift and the outside wrapper became separated. We would have been able to make delivery if the address had been shown on the inside wrapper. We advise that everyone write the address of the sender and addressee inside the package as well as outside.

'Christmas gifts mean much to our people overseas. Because strong twine, heavy paper and boxes and fiberboard will prove of real help in making delivery of gifts possible I urge those at home to begin saving these materials now. As time goes on they are going to become even more scarce than they are now.'

Among the more important rules for Christmas mailings to the armed forces overseas are the following:

The parcel must not exceed five pounds, and must not be more than 15 inches in length or 36 inches in length and girth combined. It should be marked 'Christmas parcel' so that it may be given special attention to assure its arrival before December 25.

Not more than one parcel may be mailed in any one week to the same member of the armed forces by or in behalf of the same mailer.

When combination packages are made up of such items as miscellaneous toilet articles, hard candies, soaps, etc., the contents should be tightly packed so that they will not become loosened in transit and damage the contents or the cover. Hard candies, nuts, caramels (including those covered with chocolate), cookies, fruit, cake and chocolate bars individually wrapped in waxed paper should be enclosed in inner boxes of wood, metal, or cardboard.

Perishable goods, such as fruits and vegetables that may spoil, are prohibited. Intoxicants, inflammatory materials such as matches or lighter fluids, poisons, and anything that may damage other mail also are prohibited. Gifts enclosed in glass should be substantially packed to avoid breakage. Sharp instruments, such as razors and knives, must have their edges and points protected so that they cannot cut through the coverings and injure postal personnel or damage other packages.

Relatives and friends who know that the personnel in the armed services to whom they plan to send gifts are at far distant points should begin to mail their packages on the opening day—Sept. 15—of the mailing period. Last year late mailings, causing concentration of great numbers of packages in the final days of the mailing period, threatened to defeat the program. It is stressed that success can be assured, with the limited personnel and facilities available, only if the public gives full cooperation through prompt mailings of the overseas gift parcels from the opening of the mailing period.