DO YOU HAVE A BAD TEMPER?

Christians should never be careless of their temper. Temper is an ugly thing that is hard to manage. So if you have a bad temper better keep it chained, for a loose temper often gets its owner in trouble. The Good Book that should help all Christians teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath but grievous words stir up anger. One can spoil a whole life's work by a single flare of bad temper, one can embitter friends and turn a pure stream into wormwood by that ugly thing called temper. Influence, prestige, prayers, position, good intentions all fall flat when that evil demon called temper is abroad.

On Thursday, March 2nd, 1865 in a beautiful township of Sumit County, lived a prosperous and respected farmer. The most pronounced fault of this thrifty citizen was that he had a bad temper. This man had many heated arguments with his neighbors and others relative to the war then in progress. It was the custom then when troops were called for to raise the necessary money to clear them from a draft, for a committee to assess and collect the required amount. A horse or a cow or other valuables were sometimes confiscated. This farmer was assessed $50.00 which he bluntly refused to pay. When the last draft was pending in 1865 a committee of eighteen men waited on the aforestated citizen urging him to pay, this was expressed with great bitterness of speech, his declaration was that if the assessment should be pressed he would defend his property at all hazards, to this end he got his double barreled shot gun out, bought a supply of ammunition and awaited events, which were not long in coming.

Early in the afternoon of March 2nd, the committee on horseback came riding toward his home, the farmer stood in his peach orchard along the fence, gun in hand, the committee halted and sent forth one man to reason with the farmer assuring him of their peaceful and lawful intentions. The farmer ordered him away on pain of death, two other delegates came riding up to support their cause, and were fired upon by the infuriated man, fortunately without serious results. A neighbor ran across the road and begged the angered man to comply and let the law take its course, all to no avail. The farmer then leveled his gun and shot one of the committee men outright; with this man bleeding and dying in the road one of his friends ran to his assistance to remove him and try to save his life, he too was shot and killed. The angry farmer dispersed the crowd by threats to kill anyone approaching the place. A doctor soon arrived, and finding the the two men dead, he asked privilege to remove them which was only granted if all horsemen should leave. Now the constable arrived with a warrant for his arrest, the officer was told to be off on pain of death, a man known to have a good rifle was sent for to assist the officer; the officer pleaded for peace and insisted he must serve the warrant. The man with the rifle was instructed to level his weapon at the farmer, and in case the farmer would level at the officer the man with the rifle should fire thus to save the life of the officer. The farmer was quick on the trigger however, the report of rifle and shotgun being simultaneous, the officer was wounded in the neck and the angry man had a shattered elbow and fell in a faint calling aloud that he surrendered. This man was placed on trial, was convicted of murder in the second degree. The trial cost his estate the sum of $747.86. He remained in the penitentiary for nine years and was pardoned by Governor William Allen of Ohio in 1874. Civil suits for damage were filed by relatives of the two dead men for $5,000.00 each. Both suits were settled out of court for the sum petitioned for. Here we have the sum total of a bad temper. The government no doubt collected the assessment of $50.00, the court collected $747.86, the two other claims of $5000.00 each were paid in annual installments of one hundred dollars, the
man was imprisoned for nine years and suffered the remainder of his life with a shattered arm. All this happened in 1865 in the quiet village of Stow.

Geo. M. Hulme

BIBLE STUDY LESSON
January 7
The World Into Which Jesus Came.

Golden Text—And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. Gen. 28:15.

The lessons for this quarter will be in the book of Matthew. Matthew presents Jesus as the King of Israel foretold in prophecy and he quotes many passages of scripture as forceful witness to the miraculous way the promises of God are kept.

Wisemen, Gentiles, traveled a long way to offer gifts to a Child born to be King of the Jews, but the Jews themselves were so indifferent they did not even go to see him. King Herod, however, sought to destroy the Child for he was jealous of him and his possible claim to the throne. He issued an order that all male children under two years should be killed. What a cruel ultimatum, but quite in keeping with the character of a man responsible for many deaths by strangulation, drowning, burning and torture.

Joseph and Mary by divine direction had fled to Egypt, that nearby, independent country that had long been a refuge for Israelites in time of trouble. They re-
mained there until God told them in a dream that Herod was dead, when they returned and settled in Nazareth.

In all this the faithfulness of God’s Word is clear and strong. It was foretold that Jesus would be born in Bethlehem and so he was because his parents had to report there for taxation. It was foretold that he would be called out of Egypt and that he would be a Nazarene.

God kept Jesus from harm until his great mission on earth had been accomplished. His promise to “keep thee whithersoever thou goest” has been the inspiration of all missionaries and crusaders for Christ. The Bible Expositor and Illuminator says “God and one constitute a majority, and he who is positive that the Lord is with him, can laugh at a host and put all fear from his mind.” This certainly is a thought to strengthen and encourage anyone who encounters jealousy and opposition while making a stand for Christ. God and one constitute a majority!

Hazel Gillam

Guild

The officers of the Ladies Guild for the next year are as follows: President, Mrs. Coleman; Secretary, Mrs. Davies and Treasurer, Mrs. Dunn.

CLASS MEETING

The regular monthly meeting of Hazel Gillam’s Bible Class will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Belknap on North Sanford Avenue Saturday evening, January 13. Mildred Round will assist as co-hostesses.

S. OF A.

Stow D. of A. Sewing Circle will meet at the home of Mrs. Clyde Myers on Wednesday January 10. On account of the inclement weather, the Christmas meeting was not held, therefore, there will be a Christmas gift exchange at this meeting.

The next meeting of Stow D. of A. Council will be in the Town Hall on Monday, January 8 at 7:30 p.m. There will be installation of officers.

MARRIED

The marriage of Bertha Heiss Martin of Akron and Clinton Peters of Tallmadge was solemnized by Rev. Hulme at the parsonage Friday evening, December 29th. The reception was held directly afterward at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Nichols with eighteen present. After a short trip the couple will be at the home 657 Sanford Ave., Akron.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. and Mrs. F. I. Timperman of Call Rd., Stow, announce the engagement and approaching marriage of their daughter Dorothy Alice to Aviation Student Thomas McIntire of St. Louis, Mo. He attended Kent State University with the Army Cadets. She is a graduate of Stow High School.

NOTICE

The Executive Committee of the American War Mothers Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Mable Bailey 368 West Kent Rd. Wednesday, Jan. 10th at 7:00 p.m.

SNOW AND COLD

Last week I read second-handed a letter from Bob McAdams in the Pacific. Among other things he mentioned a box he had received from his brother here containing some pine cones and leaves. Bob said that all the boys had to feel them and smell them. A news item last week mentioned how a boy in the South Pacific ate his Christmas dinner on Texas soil that his wife had sent to him. We used to say

For Sundaes, Sodas, Ice Cream—All Dairy Products

ISALY’S In Stow
that we would be glad to see even a dog from our home town.

And so I have decided to write something about the snow we have been having here. Maybe it will remind some lonesome fellow in the tropic of other more pleasant Decembers and Januaries. Windows are frozen over solid here tonight, and the wind howls around the house and down the chimney. Last night it was raining at the turn of the new year. I know because somebody had saved a few shotgun shells somehow for the celebration. This morning it had changed to snow, which fell all day. We had a big snow the night of December 11. It was about ten inches on the level, and it drifted plenty. We've had it ever since. About every day it snowed some more to cover up the dirty old stuff.

I had planned some rabbit hunting for my two weeks of vacation. But the snow looked too deep. Finally we couldn't wait any longer. Last Friday Bill Large and I went down on the Mohican farm. The snow was about six inches deep with a hard crust under about an inch of soft snow. We saw plenty of rabbit tracks, and wherever we found cover enough to hold up the snow and provide a dry place underneath, there we found rabbits. There were numerous fox tracks wherever we went. They were hunting the rabbits and the small covey of quail that had been everywhere looking for food. We saw two groups of quail along the road. One was out in an open field apparently feeding on weed seeds that stuck up out of the snow. The other bunch were scratching in the bare earth at the side of the road where the sun had melted off a bank lying to the south. There wasn't any sign of anyone's feeding the quail.

Squirrel tracks were everywhere, even out in the open fields. They too are suffering from lack of food. Rabbits are doing better. They are living off the bark and young shoots of little dogwoods and raspberry bushes. Sometimes they merely peel the dogwoods; at other items they cut off the branch and eat it. I saw one place where one fellow had cut a dogwood and proceeded to eat it. As he ate, he worked himself along without hopping and left marks in the snow where his big hind feet had scooted along for about two feet. The one I brought home was fat.

I don't suppose you folks in Alaska or Western Europe will be so much interested in this story of snow, but what do you say who are in India, New Guinea, Australia, Saipan or the Philippines?
Armstrong Felt Base Rugs
All Sizes—At Mail Order Prices
Hoffman Furniture Co.
218 North Sanford OV-8670

Marie Sampson was at home over the holiday season on a ten day furlough. She expects to leave for overseas duty soon. Her brother Denver was also home at the same time on furlough from his Naval Training Base in Tennessee. Denver who is now somewhere around six feet two in height is in training for the Navy Air Corps.

D. FLICKINGER
Plumbing Repair Work
158 Hiwood Av., Stow Telephone OV-8879

Visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Littell, 152 North Marcella Ave., Stow on Christmas Day were Mr. and Mrs. Milton Long and daughter Jean from Wooster, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Nichols and daughter Jeanne from Cuyahoga Falls, and Mr. and Mrs. John Gromo of Stow with son Sgt. Paul, Aviation student from California.

...For Sale: Universal Electric Stove, mahogany library table, indirect table lamp, complete double bed set, complete single bed set. General Electric sun lamp and timer, day bed, radio stand and numerous miscellaneous pieces of household equipment. OV-8797, or 171 Edgewood Drive, Mrs. Geo. Durbrow.

Mr. E. W. Knight and family, formerly of Stow but now living in Cuyahoga Falls, left last Thursday for Washington, D. C. where on Monday, he saw his son Harris graduate receiving a Lieutenant's commission in the Marines. Then on the following day, Tuesday, January 2nd, Lieut. Knight and Miss Ann Moore of Washington, D. C. were married. Harris was formerly a student at Stow High School.

BUY YOUR MILK AND ICE CREAM at the LAWSON STORES. The company that is holding Milk and Ice Cream Prices DOWN in Akron. Support the company that is helping you to save money.

THE LAWSON MILK CO.
age was received by Mr. Casto the day before Christmas at the place of his war time employment, Good year Aircraft. Taking it home and waiting until Monday night before opening it, what do you think he found? A beautiful apron. Just the thing to protect him from the dish water splatters etc. while doing his home duties.

LETTER
Dec. 10, 1944
Dear Mr. Stockman:
It has been a long time since I last wrote to you, and as I enjoy your "little, big" paper very much, I am taking time out to thank you and the good people from home for sending it. I have been with the invading forces for a long time now, and the letters in your paper helps me find out much about my friends. It is hard to find time to write to all of them. The last issue I received was Nov. 3rd and in it was a letter from J. Dawson. It was interesting to hear about some of the things he has to contend with. I liked the way he linked the Jerry's machine gun up with Butch Arnold's old Ford. But of the two I believe I would rather hop on to Butch's Ford. Oh! yes Jim as for that machine gun of Jerry's it is a bad baby from either end. I tried to fire it one day myself and believe me it is the last time. This is how it went. I did not have a steady mount for it, so I just put it over a stump and let it go. (It fires at the rate of from 1500 to 1800 rounds a minute) but don't think that she isn't hard to hold Jim. So, if you ever think that you would like to try one sometime Jim remember and bolt her down first. Yes, Mr. Stockman, I liked the letter about Lloyd Chipps and his welcomed dental appointment. Having been to the dental clinic (G.I) myself a time or two, I can very well appreciate the jolly manner in which he wrote it. As for myself (and others I think) I am never in the mood even to write on my return from the D. C. Now tell me Lloyd how did you account for the jolly mood upon your return?
Well I guess it is time for me to close for now. I have to go to chow and mail call yet. So will say Bye.
bye and good luck to all.

Yours sincerely,
Frank S. Hamilton 35398220
(censored) APO 230 c/o P. M.
New York, N. Y.

Ed. Note: From what you say about Jeiry's machine gun, it must have a push to the rear something like one of those jet propulsion rocket planes we read about. We are wondering, too, just what you were aiming at when you fired it—Write again and tell us more.

H. J. S.

S/SGT. ORAL S. MARLOW

This cut of Sgt. Marlow was received too late to be included with his letter in a recent issue. However, readers will be interested to know that announcement came over the radio a few days ago that it was his division who were the first to enter Bostogue relieving the American troops trapped there.

LETTER
Dec. 17, 1944

Dear Mr. Stockman:

God bless you people of Stow.

ROBERT IMHOFF

Insurance—All Types
Real Estate
185 Hudson Rd.
OV-8618
Open Evenings

You sure are a swell bunch of people. Your kindness to us servicemen is everlasting. Of all the fellows on this ship, I don't believe there is another fellow whose hometown treats him as good as old Stow treats me. I am always looking forward to the good C. C. News which you publish and I also receive the Stohion regular. And when I or any other fellow comes home on leave Stow stretches her arms out and really gives us a swell welcome. I can remember those pineapple sundaes I used to get in Braunlich's, and to think of Eddie Bell's hamburgers makes me water at the mouth. I owe Eddie a letter and I sure would appreciate it if I could have his address. I have seen quite a bit of the South Pacific and I surely don't see anything pretty about them. These natives make you half sick to look at them. The little kids run around naked and the grown-ups run around almost naked. Mr. Stockman I would appreciate it if you would send me Ray Dawson's address. There isn't an island down here that the U. S. Navy isn't at and they are the only white people you see. I won't know how to act if I don't see a white girl soon because I haven't seen one since I left the (censored), and they were nurses. Well, Mr. Stockman as news is so scarce I guess I will close, thanking you very much for that swell little paper.

A Stowite who wants to return to good old Stow.

J. W. Lawrence S2/c (censored) c/o FPO San Francisco, Calif.

Ed. Note: Address Eddie Bell at the Tip Top, Stow, Ohio. And Ray Dawson's address, possibly that is James R. Dawson 35595910 Det. of Patients Hosp. Plant 4171 APO 121 A c/o Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

We are glad to know how you feel about Stow and its people. May they always measure up to the high regard that you hold for them. After all, there is no place like home, especially when home is several thousand miles away. This brings up another kindred thought—When you come home for “keeps” and become a permanent part of this community of Stow or
any other American "Home Town" and things do not seem just as nice as you had imagined they would be, remember this, you yourself can make living a great deal better by doing a good turn for one of your neighbors. Then do another good turn or deed, and then another, and another, and so on. Before you know it, if your attitude is one of unselfishness and christian consideration the old town will again become that splendid place to live that you once thought it—and what is more, you will be actually living in the best place in all the world. Home. Write again. H. J. S.

LETTER
From S/Sgt. D. L. Markwalder (censored) APO 72 c/o P. M. San Francisco, Calif.
Dec. 17, 1944
Dear Sir:
I have received the C. C. News quite regular. I want to thank you and all concerned.
I have changed address several times since I last wrote to you. It is now APO 72 in the Philippines. The first time in any kind of civilization in twenty months overseas, so it raised my morale one hundred percent.
Bob Sunthimer is over here somewhere but we can't get stationed near enough to visit one another. I will sign off now.
As ever,

Don

Ed. Note: We are glad to have your correct address and know the way you feel about your present location. Write again. H. J. S.

LETTER
Christmas Eve
24 Dec.-44
Dear Mr. Stockman:
As most of the fellows who write you generally start out by saying that they've finally found time to drop you a line about their change in address, etc. I'll do the same.
We've been moving around quite a bit, the last couple of months, so I think our ship will be settled here for some time.
The last time I wrote you. I was at U.S.N.A.T.B., Solomons, Md. in signalling school. After completing the course there, I was assigned to an L. C. I leave replacement crew. After a training program which lasted for three or four weeks, our crew was sent out to pick up a ship. Well, our ship was sent up here to be rebuilt. It's pretty cold here and snows quite often.
We get liberty every other night and the city is a swell place. I'm getting a 72 hr. pass over New Years, and if I'm lucky, I'll make it home. I almost could have been home for Christmas, but didn't quite make it.

There isn't much to say about what we are doing, because it all just amounts to work.
I imagine there has been quite a bit of snow in Stow. My parents write that it's been snowing a lot in Cleveland.
Well, I'll have to cut this note short because it's getting pretty late. I want to thank you very much again for sending me the C. C. News and I hope that I'll still receive it in the future.

Sincerely,
Eugene L. Clifford S1/c (SM) (censored) c/o FPO New York, N. Y.

Ed. Note: We are wondering if you made it home on New Years. If so you certainly ran into some bad weather. Just now, 6:30 a.m. Jan. 2, 1945 we are wondering how we are going to get to work. Our old car is stalled out at the head of our drive. We tried to start it between 12:00 and 1:00 a.m. this morning to go and get a neighbor who was stuck in a drift near Fish Creek—but the old thing wouldn't even cough. Guess it missed the heat from the electric light that usually hangs near the carburetor. As for the neighbor we have not heard whether he got home yet or not. New Year's eve it was raining. Turning to snow that night, the next morning trees and bushes were covered with wet snow, a beautiful sight, later the wind came up, if grew colder, drifts formed, it still kept growing cold and now what comes next? Write us again.

H. J. S.