TAXES

Strange indeed that the story of Jesus should begin with an announcement of taxation. Luke II. And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, unto the City of David, which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed with Mary, his espoused wife. Taxes and tribute confronted the Master many times during his earthly sojourn. Is it lawful to give tribute to Caesar? Was one of the trick questions answered by Jesus? Does not your master pay tribute? Taxes are intended to be a blessing to a nation or a city, but taxes often become a burden and destroy the very purpose for which they were intended.

An overload of taxes, probably more than any other cause, destroyed the gorgeous Kingdom of Solomon. Many other nations have toppled and crashed because taxes became a burden too great to carry.

I enclose here a clipping, somewhat amusing, yet woven through with facts.

"The reason you were compelled to call my attention to my past due account is as follows:

My present financial condition is due to the effect of the Federal laws, State laws, County laws, Incorporation laws, By-laws, Brother-in-laws, Mother-in-aws, and Out-laws, that have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public. Thru these various laws I have been held down, held up, sat on, walked on, flattened, squeezed, and broke until I do not know what I am, where I am, or why I am.

These laws compel me to pay a merchant's tax, capital tax, income tax, incorporation tax, real estate tax, auto tax, property tax, gas tax, light tax, cigarette tax, school tax, syntax, liquor tax, and carpet tax.

In addition to these laws I am requested and required to contribute to every society and organization that the inventive mind of man can invent. Give to the Society of St. John the Baptist, the Woman's Relief, Navy League, The Children's Home, the Pro-Freeman's Benefit, the Dorcas Society, the Y.M.C.A., the Gold Diggers Home; also to every hospital and charitable institution in town, the Red Cross, the White Cross, the Purple Cross, the Flaming Cross and the Double Cross.

The government has governed my business so that I do not know who owns it. I am suspected, expected, inspected, disrespected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, commanded and compelled until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known and unknown need, desire or hope of the human race, and because I refuse to donate to all and then go out and beg, borrow or steal the money to give away, I am ousted, cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied about, held up, held down, and robbed until I am just about ruined.

The only reason that I am clinging to life at all is to see what is coming next."

—Geo. M. Hulme

BIBLE STUDY LESSON
April 22

AWS FOR THE NEW NATION

Golden Text: Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. Prov. 14:34.

Moses was the leader of a new nation—a nation in tents. Any people congregated together need laws for their guidance and protection. This one was no exception; they had been virtually slaves in Egypt, were ignorant and not trained in self-government; therefore God gave them the Law and the Ten Commandments through Moses.

The law also brought them into the knowledge of the goodness and greatness of God by revealing to them the evil of sin. Once they
knew what was wrong they could better avoid the pitfalls of sin. The law is a sign post which points out the right road to travel and when we travel in the right direction we are much closer to God and to the promised blessings.

The law was given on a mountain in a setting of impressive natural grandeur. The voice of God was heard in a thick cloud, awesome and frightening to the assembled people; they were quite willing to let Moses stand between them and God, and bring the ordinances to them. They were unanimous in their promise to obey the law, forgetting past failures, and human weakness.

The voice of God was heard but no form was seen. They need not concern themselves about a form or shape, only concentrate on the message—the Voice dictated laws for their use; the Voice assured them of happiness and prosperity if they cooperated. Had they seen a form they most certainly would have tried to preserve it in an image or idol, this form of worship being so prevalent at the time.

The wisdom, majestic power and infinite grace of our God could never be even remotely expressed by a little man-made carving of wood or stone.

—Hazel Gillam.

STRANGE PROVIDENCE OF GOD

A young officer was leaving home on a long term of service in India, and just before he said “good-bye” to his mother she gave him a bundle of tracts to distribute when he reached India. He packed them safely away in his kit-bag, and promptly forgot all about the matter.

On the eve of his homeward journey, in looking through his kit, he discovered the forgotten tracts, and remembering his promise to his mother he went through the town, and reaching the seashore he threw the leaflets into the air and they were scattered by the breeze. He returned home feeling that he had carried out the letter, if not the spirit, of the promise in “distributing” these Gospel leaflets.

Years passed away, and the officer drifted far away down the broad road of sin toward the City of Destruction. Once again he set sail, and while on the boat he drank and gambled; but there was a Christian officer who took an interest in his welfare. Taking him aside one day he began to talk to him about his soul, and then told him the following story of how he became converted.

He had been going the pace in India, very much the same as this one was now doing, until one day he became bankrupt, and got to an end of himself. He took his revolver and went down to the seashore with the intention of ending his life, and as he was walking along a paper blew up against his legs. Stooping down he picked it up and began reading it. It was the means of his salvation, and pocketing his revolver he returned to his hotel and gave himself to God.

Deeply interested, the young officer listened with great attention; and asked the Christian officer if he could remember the date. He told him, and where it took place, and the unsaved officer then told him about the distribution of the tracts. One of those pamphlets which he had scattered in the breeze years before had evidently drifted to the other officer’s feet and became the means of his conversion. The telling of this and the subsequent conversation between the two officers was now the means of leading to Christ the officer who had “distributed” the tracts.

This is a true narrative, and shows how wonderful are the ways of God, and how various are the methods He uses to draw men to Himself. Today He is seeking you; desiring your salvation. Don’t wait
for a tract to be blown in your path, but ponder well the message of this article in your hand, and turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy upon you and will abundantly pardon (Isa. 55:7). — The New Zealand Ambassador.

HOME TOWN MISSIONARY
By ALBERTA SHAVER
Mary was a small girl of 10, yes a very small girl, that is physically, but spiritually Mary could not be beaten. Mary, at the age of 10, had won as many, if not more, souls for the Lord than have many of our Christians of today.

One summer eve in the latter part of July, Mary went tripping down the walk that led to the little white church on the corner. Mary was going to choir practice, of course they all told her she was too small to sing, but she went irregardless.

As she walked along a gentleman stepped out of the alley in front of her, he seemed frightened and in a hurry as if he were trying to get away from something or someone. Mary grabbed the gentleman's arm in an effort to keep from falling as the force with which he had stepped forward threw Mary off her balance. The man, evidently frightened further by Mary turned quickly causing Mary to fall and strike her head. She was knocked unconscious. The man was stunned at first and did not know what to do, then he picked Mary up and took her to the nearest house. He told the young man, who let him in, what happened and told him to call a doctor and to get some water. The man (let's call him Mr. Allen) put Mary on the couch and as he sat there rubbing her hands a tear came in his eye and soon many tears flowed down his cheeks and Mary awakened and saw the tears. She asked Mr. Allen what was wrong and he began to tell Mary his story between sobs, yes he was slobbering now and telling his story to a very small girl of 10. He told her of how he had gotten mixed up with a group of gamblers and how he had lost all his money and now the men to whom he owed money were after him and threatened to kill him if he "didn't come across," as they put it.

Mary was sitting up now and she had reached over to a small end table that sat beside the couch and picked up a book, yes the most beautiful of books, the Holy Bible she turned to a page in the book of St. John and read these verses:

“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. For God sent not his Son into this world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved. He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be manifested, that they are wrought in God.”

Mary looked up from her Bible and saw that Mr. Allen was listening and beyond Mr. Allen in the doorway stood the young man that had gone to call the doctor. He walked over and put his hand on Mr. Allen's shoulder. The two knelt to pray. This young man and the Bible had resided in the same house for more than 17 years and yet he did not know of its contents. Mary had done it again. Two more souls saved for the Lord.

SOME THOUGHTS ON AFTER THE WAR SECURITY
We talk a lot and much has been written as to the best method, after this war is won, to promote world peace and especially to keep our country out of future wars.

Under our present form of government we have attained a very high standard of living. We are a peaceful, fun-loving people, but we have often demonstrated that we can and will fight to preserve our liberties.

That I believe is why we now fight.
General Marshall and other military authorities believe that we, after we have won this war, must continue to maintain a great defense organization as protection from outside aggression. That is our greatest danger whether it be political, industrial or military. There is little local government in the states. If we are to have permanent conscription for military security after this war is won is still so great that we must have a great standing army, then we have fought in vain.

—Frank A. Green, April 6, '45.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHURCH SERVICE**

This Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Community church, Stow, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright, missionaries to Africa will be present to tell of their work there. They will bring with them many interesting things collected while working in the Dark Continent. It is expected that the Young People's Brady Lake choir will be present. April 29 there will be a community sing with special gospel choruses led by Miss Hambric of Akron. The Akron Grotto chorus will NOT be present as previously announced, but it is our hope that they may sing here at a later date.

**BIBLE CLASS MEETING**

The regular monthly business meeting of Hazel Gillam's Bible class was held Saturday, April 14 at the home of Mildred and Marvin Round on W. Graham rd.

The next meeting will be held Saturday, May 12, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Beck on Hudson dr. If the weather permits it will be a picnic supper outside. Come and bring your basket.

**DEATH**

Joseph A. Neville, 82, of Cuyahoga Falls, father of Arthur Neville of Stow passed away last Saturday morning at his home. He had been a business agent for the Mason & Bricklayers union 60 years and was a member of St. John's Episcopal church. Besides Arthur he leaves three other sons and two daughters. Services were held Monday at McGowan's. Burial was in Oakwood cemetery.

**CEMETERY ANNOUNCEMENT**

Mr. Frank Green, custodian of our Stow Cemetery announces that he has collected the winter wreaths from the various graves and, for owners who may desire to claim their property, he will keep the same for another week or two at the tool house.
For Sale: Street drum, also music stand. Call OV 8285 (Adv).

A baby boy was born to Sgt. and Mrs. Don Stein this last Tuesday, April 17. This date it is reported, also happens to be GRANDPA EGGER’S BIRTHDAY.

Wanted: Woman for general housework, 8-hours per week; 75c an hour. Call OV 3489 (Adv).

Sgt. Frank A. Sanic, who was reported missing since the breakthrough of December 21, is now known to be a prisoner in Germany. A letter to his wife carried this information.


Birthdays celebrated at Bible school last Sunday were those of Mr. Kenneth Putt, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Ayers, Mrs. Charles Gillam, Mrs. Blazier and Winifred Higgs. Mrs. Cumpson’s class won the banner with an attendance of 127 per cent.


Miss Mildred Oean, biology teacher in Garfield high school, Akron, gave a delightful illustrated lecture to the Stow Garden club and guests Friday night April 13.

For Sale: Roll top desk. Call OV 5302 (Adv).

For Sale: Walnut finish spinet desk; in good condition. $10. Call OV 8590 (Adv).

Wanted—Good home in country for female dog. Black and white, smooth hair; friendly with children. Call WA-2736 (Adv).


A Choice Selection of Mother’s Day Cards now on hand at Stow 5¢ to $1.00 Store. (Adv).


For Sale: Lawn mower, also two wheel trailer, D. Flickinger, 158 Hiwood a v. Stow. Tel. OV 8879 (Adv).

Save your wastepaper. Paper collection will be held April 29. Sponsored by the American Legion and Boy Scout Troops of Stow (Adv).

Eddie Bells Tip Top Hamburger Shop now open from 4 p.m. to 12 midnight on Sundays. Other days as usual. (Adv).

Planing Potatoes this year? If so see Eddie Ruggles, Central Market Stow — Certified Seed.

LETTER

Somewhere in the Pacific,
April 1, 1945

Dear Mr. Stockman:

Just a few lines to let you know that I’m ashamed of myself for not writing earlier, but due to my carelessness or should I say forgetfulness, I’ve neglected to do so.

I want to thank you and all those who help in getting the C.C. News printed and sent to us servicemen and women who are scattered all over the world.

I got the March 2 edition today, and it has been coming two and three at a time, because of your
not having my correct address and
my not giving it to you.
If you possibly can would you
send me Jim Lawrence's correct
address? I would certainly appre-
ciate it. Thank you and thanks
again for your wonderful paper.
A Stowite,
James F. Slater S2/c (RM)
(censored) c/o FPO
San Francisco, Cal.
Ed. Note: We are glad to receive
your correct address. Have sent,
you a note containing the address
for which you ask — let us hear
from you again.—H. J. S.

LETTER
Philippines,
March 27, 1945
Dear Mr. Stockman:
Just a few lines this evening to
let you know of my change of ad-
dress.
I am still in the Philippines, the
better part of the Philippines, at
least it looks better to me. The
climate is pretty good, similar to
the climate of California, warm
during the days and cool during
the nights. The civilians have bet-
ter educations, and the majority
of them can talk good English.
I imagine that it seems strange to
you to hear me talk of their edu-
cations and their speech, but this
is actually the most civilization I
have seen for about 30 months.
We also have some fair-sized
villages that haven't been damaged
to a great extent, also hard sur-
face roads. That is really a treat
to us, especially to a company of
our type.
Have been getting the paper
regularly in spite of all the mov-
ing around I have been doing in
the past several months.
Sincerely,
H. A. Liskey 35503439
(censored) APO 939 c/o PM
Seattle, Wash.
Ed. Note: The word picture you
give of your life in the Philippines
does not sound too bad. What is
considered good and what is con-
sidered bad in the way of living
conditions is largely a matter of
comparison with that which has
gone before. Your experience
seems to bear out that statement.
Following the same line of reason-
ing, boys in hard and difficult
places in foreign lands will appre-
ciate home as never before, when,
as and if they get there. Write
again.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored by Stow
Band Association.

LETTER
April 1, 1945.
Dear Mr. Stockman:
It has been quite sometime since
I have written to you, but have
been pretty busy since I arrived
back here after my furlough. I
have another change of address. It
is now:
Cpl. Robert C. Culver
35503439
(censored) APO 939 c/o PM
Seattle, Wash.
That is the third new address
that I have had since I have ar-
rived back and have had quite a
time keeping all my publications
notified.
I am back again on what is tech-
nically an outpost. We have very
nice living quarters with each man
having a private room. Have
changed jobs since I have come
back and like my new job pretty
well, mostly because I am working
outside instead of staying inside
a building.
We have stopped playing basket-
ball for the year. After hanging-
up a record of 56 wins and four
defeats, the team was broken up
before the playoffs for the cham-
pionship, but had we remained we
would have been conceded a very
good chance of winning the cham-
pionship.
It was really swell to get back
home after having been away for
more than two years. Except for
the fact that there was a lack of
fellows my own age, the old home
town seemed the same as always.
Everyone did all that was possible
to make the stay an enjoyable one.
I was lucky enough to miss most
of the severe winter you had,
which would not have been any-
thing new for me. I am still in the
same place in the Aleutian Islands,
and snow, wind and cold are very
commonplace here as I told while
I was home.
Hoping to see you in the sum-
er next time I am home, and
soak up a little heat and sunshine.
As things stand now, I stand a chance of making it then. The News is coming through very good now. Received the March 16 issue on March 30, with the new address they should arrive in better time than that. Thanks a lot to all of you who make it possible.

Bob.

Ed. Note: Thanks for sending us your correct address. Now that spring is here and summer coming an outside job should not be too bad. But what about next winter? Maybe the war will be over then. The pictures we took of you when home have not been printed yet, though the films were developed some time ago. Will try and send you a print or two as soon as possible. Let us hear from you again before too long.—H. J. S.

LETTER
April 6, Miramar

Dear Mr. Stockman:

Just a revision of an already temporary address. To wit:

MACS-5 Pers Gr.
MFA WC MCMID
Miramar
San Diego 45 Cal.

Today I received my copy of C. C. News, and as always I enjoyed it to the last advertisement. Anything from home in the way of news is most welcome.

This camp is a far cry from what the past year has brought. Everyone from privates to master tech sgt's. do their share of dive-bombing, which consists of daily picking up cigarette butts and other bits of G.I. trash. Not to mention daily combat conditioning which is a stranger to me. It consists of ingenious methods of straining and paining muscles with a minimum of effort on the instructor's part. At least they vary the routine. One week we have it in the morning and the next week in the afternoon. After two weeks in the beautiful sunshine I am beginning to stare at myself! If my nose peels just once more, I'll be down to the bone.

Under the circumstances I am quite happy, though I look forward to the day when that ship will be headed towards the States instead of away from it.

I hope Mrs. Stockman has fully recovered from her self-imposed humiliation. I saw no need for it and say again that I should have seen to it myself that both of you were there when Ginger and I made the final step.

Time to thank you again for the swell little paper that I receive so regularly.

Cpl. Bob Schlarb USMCR

Ed. Note: Thank you for the letter telling us something about your work and the correct address. Look for your picture in the paper soon. Write again.—H. J. S.

This Page Sponsored by Stow Church of Christ.

LETTER
April 5, 1945, Central Pacific.

Dear Mr. Stockman:

Since my last letter I've moved again, this time I have a lot more to write concerning our location, natives, etc.

First, however, I want to tell you of my good luck of running into Bill Hites. I heard his outfit was on the same island and looked him up. We spent several afternoons and evenings together, and of course, the main topic of conversation was Stow.

He's looking well, and, although he is ready to go home any time, I believe this climate agrees with him.

I certainly hated to leave that island and him, because we had some nice times together—I hope I see him in Stow in the near future!

Now for a description of our new camp.

We are located on the edge of a native village and right in the center of a coconut grove! The native children spend most of their time at our camp. There isn't anything they won't do for you—wash clothes, get you coconuts, bananas, help you with your tent, etc. And they ask only one favor in return for all this help—the use of your mess kit at chow time. They really like our chow and they get lots of it. I think most of them are 5 to 10 pounds heavier than when we got here.

The natives who are wealthy
own ranches—now in order to call your place a ranch you must have (1) an acre of land and (2) a caribou, which is a beast of burden, somewhat like a cow. Everyone who has a ranch is looked upon as really one of the higher class, even though he lives in the same type hut, built on stilts as everyone else does.

On these ranches they raise several crops, among which are corn, pole beans, watermelons, etc. We haven't been here long enough to eat any of their garden crops as yet, but are all looking forward to some promised sweet corn.

The native men and boys are mostly dressed in G.I. clothing that have been given to them by the various outfits around here. The women wear bright colored dresses similar to the average housewife's dress at home! Their clothing is always very clean and starched. They don't use starch as we know it, but a juice that is extracted from a tree. It really keeps the clothes stiff and clean looking!

Their food consists of the several crops I have mentioned and fish. I don't know how well they prepare the food, but from the way the kids eat our chow, I'd judge it isn't too well prepared.

That about winds it up for this time. Note the slight change in address.

As always,
Jack.

J. L. Poulton, MM3/c (censored) c/o FPO
San Francisco, Cal.

Ed. Note: As a stranger in a strange and distant land there is something indesirably thrilling about meeting an agreeable person from home. It is certainly nice you could be with Bill Hites for a time. Your brief description of the people around your camp makes it seem, almost, as if we were there too. It is a fine thing to be on such good terms with the natives and, while it gives us a pleasant feeling to know that the children are getting extra food, we had to laugh when we read that they were “five or ten pounds heavier.” Fortunate indeed, are the children of this world who are now getting enough of the right kind of food to eat—and, proper clothing and shelter. In war torn lands want and famine is—and will be—the lot of many an innocent youngster.

Let us hope and pray that somehow those of us who are more fortunate may be able to share our food and our clothes with those of us who are in need.

To so share our abundance will bring untold blessings upon which subject a whole sermon could be written. Furthermore the native conception of a wealthy ranch owner, as you describe him, goes to show that the matter of being wealthy is a relative one. Judging by certain standards all of us are wealthy, by other standards we are poor. So it goes. Write us another letter. We enjoy reading about such things as you have told us.—H. J. S.

LETTER
April 14, 1945.

Dear Sir:

Just a few lines to let you know that I’m in the States again. I’m at a General hospital in Michigan for recuperation. I should be home from here soon on a furlough. I'm really glad to be back in the good old U.S.A. again, those tropical Jap infested islands are the bunk. They are not at all like the “Travel Bureaus” say they are.

Overseas I was getting the paper pretty regular, some of them were late, but they got there. That paper is really wonderful. It tells a fellow just what he wants to know about the old home town. I hope that I start receiving the paper here soon.

Sincerely,
Johnny.
Pfc. J. H. Bousum
35232801
Section 2 Ward 21
Perry Jones
General Hospital
Battle Creek, Mich.

Ed. Note: We are glad that you can come home. It is quite possible that under different circumstances those tropical islands might be quite interesting for a day, which would possibly be the time spent there by an average peacetime vacation traveler. Thanks for the address and write again.

This Page Sponsored by Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Fisher.